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# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XVII.]

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 4, 1897.

No. 36.

## At School.

We are all at school in this world of ours,  
And our lessons lie plain before us;  
But we will not learn, and the flying hours,  
And the days and the years pass o'er us,  
And then we grumble and mourn, and say  
That our school is so tiresome and weary,  
And we ask for a long, bright holiday  
That will banish our lessons dreary.

But what is it God is trying to teach?  
Is it patience, or faith, or kindness?  
Is the lesson really beyond our reach,  
Or made hard through our willful blindness?

If we were in earnest, and tried to learn,  
If our little study we mended,  
Who knows but our holidays we would earn,  
And our school-days be gladly ended?

Who knows but we make our lessons long,  
And hinder their meaning from reaching  
The hearts that would be full of joyous song,  
If we knew what our God was teaching?

Then let us study his will while we may;  
There's a warning for us in the rule  
That the scholar who will not learn all day  
Is the one that is kept after school.

## A NEW STORY OF AN OLD SONG.

The first time that the tender lyric, "Home, Sweet Home," was sung in public, was when an Indian, brooding over the death of his beloved squaw and papoose, committed suicide on the spot where they were buried.

It was a time when the boundary lines between Georgia and Tennessee were in dispute, and the half-breeds were constantly making trouble. In order to harmonize contending factions, our Government established a trading post there. John Howard Payne appeared on the scene, and on suspicion of inciting the Indians to insubordination, was arrested and carried to the council-house.

With others he witnessed the burial of the heart-broken Indian, and began softly singing to himself the song which has since echoed through every land on earth. The sequel is told by the Atlanta Constitution, in these words: General Bishop, who had kept a close scrutiny on his actions, heard the song and called Payne to him. "Young man," said the stern old Indian fighter, "where did you learn that song?"

"I wrote that song myself," replied Payne. "And where did you get the tune?" "I composed that, also." "Would you let me have a copy of it?" "Certainly I will." "Well, a man who can sing and write like that is no incendiary. Appearances may be against you, but I am going to set you free. I shall write out your discharge immediately, and a pass to carry you anywhere you choose through the nation."

Payne had been housed at the home of a family living near by, and on his return there he exhibited his pass and re-

lated the circumstances. That was the first time that "Home, Sweet Home," had ever been sung in public.—Youth's Companion.

## THE MOST VALUABLE GLASS IN THE WORLD.

The most valuable piece of glass in the world when brought to Chicago did not come as freight or express. No, indeed! It is far too valuable for that. It rode at the centre of a parlour car, and was guarded night and day on its journey from Cambridge, Mass., by four

Then Prof. Clark began rubbing and polishing and testing the glass, and that took him almost three years—think of it! As the lens now stands it is three inches thick in its thickest part, nearly four feet across, and weighs, ready for shipment, one thousand pounds. Altogether it cost one hundred thousand dollars; but who can tell what marvellous things the astronomers will find with it when they turn it on the heavens?

Perhaps they will be able to prove that Mars is really inhabited and—but no one knows of the wonders that may be revealed.

## DAVIE'S SURGICAL HINT.

"Davie, I think I left my spectacles upstairs," said grandpa, after he had searched the sitting-room for his accustomed helpers.

"Oh, dear!" began Davie, who always thought it a great nuisance to go up and down stairs unless he wanted something for himself and couldn't get anyone to go; but before he had finished his grumbling sentence, little Lillie had deposited her lapful of patchwork on the sofa, and with a cheery "I'll get them, grandpa," was on her way upstairs.

"Davie, you forgot to put your tools away," mamma said a little later.

"Oh, dear! It's such a bother to put everything away," fretted Davie. "Can't I leave them where they are till to-morrow, for I want to use them again?"

"No, I want them put away at once," said mamma, in such a decided tone that Davie knew she required instant obedience.

"Oh, dear! I never can learn this long lesson," he grumbled that evening when he sat down to prepare his recitation for the next day. "It's such a lot of work to translate all the sentences!"

Dr. Morton had dropped in for a little chat with Davie's father, and he looked up as he heard the impatient exclamation.

"What do you think I have been doing to-day, Davie?"

"What, sir?" asked Davie, glad of a diversion from his books.

"Breaking a little girl's arm."

"Do you mean mending it, doctor?" asked Davie, thinking that the doctor had made a mistake.

"No, I broke it," answered the doctor. "Some time ago this little girl broke her arm, and it was very badly set, and had been so stiff ever since that she could not use it as she wanted to. She makes lace very cleverly, and her earnings have been a great help to her family; but since her arm was hurt, she has not been able to work at all. We held a consultation at the hospital to-day, and decided that the only way to help the child would be to break her arm again, and reset it."

"I think I'd rather never be able to do anything than have that done," exclaimed Davie.

"Why, that's unfortunate, remarked the doctor. "I've been thinking that there is a bone about you that ought to be broken very soon, if you expect to become an active man. I've been meaning to mention it to you for some time."

Davie turned pale. He was not at all fond of bearing pain.

"Where is the bone?" he asked, with a frightened tremor in his voice. "Will you have to break it?"

"No; I can't very well break it for you," answered the doctor. "You can break it for yourself better than any one can break it for you. It is called the 'lary bone.'"

"Oh, that is what you mean!" And he was so relieved that he smiled at the doctor's words.

"Yes, my boy, that is the bone I mean; and it is a bone you ought to break very soon, if you ever expect to be of any use in this world. It will take a pretty determined effort to break it, for it's one of the toughest ones I know anything about; but you can break it, if you make the effort. Will you try?"

"Yes, sir, I will," promised Davie manfully, his face flushed with mortification at the thought that he had earned a reputation for laziness.

"I suppose it just means that he hired 'em out," was the reply of a staff Sunday-school child when asked what was meant by the expression, "And the king rent his clothes."



THE RESCUE.

men. For its further protection it was first wrapped, says the Chicago Record, in flannel, and packed in curled hair at the centre of a strong box; this box was then packed in a large box filled with excelsior and set on springs, so that the motion of the train would not jar the precious glass.

Now what, think you, is this valuable piece of glass? It is the finest and largest telescope lens in the world, and its place is in the new Chicago University Observatory at Lake Geneva, Wis.

The making of such a lens is a very great task, and Prof. Alvin Clark, of Cambridge, Mass., was trusted to do it. In the first place a perfect piece of glass of the shape desired has to be secured. There must not be a bubble of air or a crack anywhere in it. No American manufactory can do the fine work necessary, so the glass for the great lens had to be brought from Paris at a cost of over forty thousand dollars.

## THE RESCUE.

Hawks and eagles are very fierce and daring birds. Their hooked beak and talons enable them to seize and carry off their prey as the one in our picture has done, but here the companions of the stolen bird come to his rescue, and seem likely to deprive the marauder of his stolen meal.

Little Isabel's mother had very injudiciously allowed the child to drink weak tea with her meals instead of milk. One day Isabel was taken out to lunch at a friend's house, and the friend, never dreaming that a child could drink anything other than milk, placed it before her in a broad, low, fancy cup. The child gazed at the milk in silence for a while, and then astonished her hostess by remarking disdainfully: "I are no cat!"

September.

BY JANE MANN PARKER.

Purple asters here at last!  
And thistle seed a-blowing!  
And what is this in the blackbird's  
song?—

The locusts pipe it shrill and long,  
Over and over: "Past—past—past—  
The summer days are going!"

Stay, chattering squirrel! Why this  
fret

For hoard you're sure to gather?  
And, cunning spinner, why so soon  
A shroud to weave—a last cocoon?  
The bitter frost is far off yet,  
Though summer days are going.

Perhaps (who knows?) to grass and  
fern  
Comes bitter pang in turning  
From youth to age. Perhaps the wood  
Rebels against a faded hood,  
And would escape it if it could;  
And that with wrath the sumachs burn,  
When summer days are going!

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**Pleasant Hours:**

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Rev. W. H. Withrow, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 4, 1897.

JUNIOR EPWORTH LEAGUE.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

SEPTEMBER 12, 1897.

The friends and servants of the godly.  
—Psalm 91. 11-16.

PREDICTION.

Verse 11. The ministry of angels is often mentioned in the Bible. From this verse we are not to understand that only one guardian angel attends every Christian, but that angels—how many we know not—are the servants of those who fear God and work righteousness. How angels do what is here predicted we are not told, but this is of no importance so long as we feel certain that they are commissioned to be our attendants.

THEIR TENDERNESS.

Verse 12. The figure is that of a nurse carrying a child. She is careful lest the least injury should befall it. There may be dangers which we do not see, as when we are walking we do not see the small stones which lie in our path and which may hurt our feet. Little accidents are sometimes painful, and the angels even preserve us here.

GOD SPEAKS.

Verse 14. "Because," etc. Love begets love. When God's people display their gratitude for mercies received, they then secure greater favours. God will exalt those who trust him. Wherever their lot is cast, he will be with them. They are never where God cannot see them, nor where he cannot hear them.

FURTHER PROMISES.

Verse 15. Nothing is more common than to pray in trouble. Many pray then who do not pray at any other time. Troubles sometimes befall even good people. They are permitted to come for wise ends. Not unfrequently they are blessings in disguise. When they beget in us more earnestness on behalf of spiritual things, they answer the end

intended. God's promises are sure. He never deceives. His every word of truth is sure as that which built the skies. In another Psalm he says, "Call upon me," etc. Psalm 51. 15.

LENGTHENED LIFE.

Verse 16. Some think this refers to heaven. There is no night there. The people live forever and grow in perpetual youth. It also applies to the present state of being. Religious people often live longer than the ungodly. Bloody and deceitful men do not live out half their days. The fear of the Lord tendeth to life. In the time of old age people often fret and complain. Life is then generally lonely, and it seems almost natural to complain, but this verse mentions "satisfy," which is the opposite of complaining and dissatisfaction. Paul says, "I have learned in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content." Nothing but loving God can produce this feeling.

**GOOD TO HAVE FUN SOMETIMES.**

You have heard the rhyme, "All work and no play, makes Jack a dull boy," and it is often the case that boys and girls would be far better if they would occasionally enjoy themselves in a little nonsense. Here is the way some famous personages had fun:

"Boys, be wise, here comes a fool!" exclaimed a great theologian, as he stopped jumping over chairs with his lads, when a solemn friend, who was afraid of his dignity, approached.

"You don't know the luxury of playing the fool," said Lord Chancellor Eldon when he was larking about in his own house.

"You are a father, signor, so we shall finish our ride," said Henry IV. of France when the Spanish Minister found him with his little son riding round the room on a stick.

Dugald Stewart, the philosopher, was once found by a friend trying to balance a peacock's feather on his nose. His competitor in the game was none other than Patrick Fraser Tytler, the historian.

Faraday regularly played marbles and balls with his little boys, and took part in children's charades, playing once the "learned pig."

William Pitt delighted to romp with children. He was once playing with his nieces and nephews, who were struggling, amid much laughter, to blacken his face with a burnt cork. In the midst of the fun two Cabinet Ministers were announced. He would not give up the fun at once, and in the fray he did get his face blackened.

"Now I must attend to the grandees," he finally said.

A basin was fetched and the great Prime Minister washed his face, hid the basin, and had the Cabinet Ministers shown in.

I once knew a famous physician who delighted in the performance of Punch and Judy, and was himself such a successful mimic of Punch that he once saved a patient's life by the great drollness of his imitation.

The patient was suffering from a swelling in the throat, and the doctor, turning his wig, suddenly appeared at the bedside with the voice and expression of Punch.

The sick man laughed so heartily at this grotesque and unexpected sight that the gathering broke, and a complete cure resulted.

**DECORATED FOR HER HEROISM.**

BY BELLE V. CHISHOLM.

Jennie Creek is the little dark-eyed, ten-year old girl who a few years ago was presented by the French Government with a medal bearing the insignia of the Legion of Honour. She lives near Milford, Indiana, and this honour was conferred upon her for her heroism in saving a train load of World's Fair passengers on the Pan-Handle Railroad, in the summer of '93.

Her home is some distance from the village to which she was going on an errand, when she discovered the danger. It was a scorching July day, and as by walking along the railroad she could save climbing a steep hill, she crossed the pasture lot in front of her father's little farm-house, and began her long walk in the broiling sun.

The road is a lonely one, and for fully half a mile in one long stretch not a human habitation is in sight. Just at the edge of this dreary section is a deep ravine, not long, but precipitous, and over it is built a trestle. She had almost reached the dangerous spot when she was surprised to see smoke issuing from the place—only a few feet in front of her. Not knowing but that the section

men might be burning some rubbish in the ravine below, she quickened her steps; and when she reached the edge of the trestle and looked down into the dizzy depths, her heart almost failed her, for there, far down the steep declivity, she saw a bright blaze which already had burnt off some of the heavy timbers which supported the great iron bridge above.

There were none of the section men in sight, and it was a long run to the nearest house beyond the hill; hence, knowing that our World's Fair express, heavily loaded with passengers, was almost due, she quickly decided that if help reached them it must come through her. But what could she do without a danger-signal? Already she heard the rumbling of the train in the distance, and, fortunately, she at that moment thought of her red flannel skirt. It was but the work of an instant to take it off; and then, without waiting to look for a stick for a flag-staff, she ran rapidly down the railroad until she came in sight of the flying train. Here she stopped and began a vigorous waving of her danger-signal.

On and on came the great iron horse, and she could feel the trembling of the steel rails where she stood. Did they not see? Would they never stop? she wondered, as the heavy engine came thundering on. But just at that moment there was a deafening screech from the throat of the great monster; then a succession of several shrill, quick screams, which was immediately followed by a slowing-up of the train, until it stood panting and blowing only a few feet in front of her.

Immediately the officers in charge of the train came to inquire the cause of the danger, and then the passengers began to pour out of the coaches in such numbers as to frighten the poor child, who had never been accustomed to talking before strangers. She managed to make the officers understand what the trouble was, however; and, after investigating the situation, they were warm in their congratulations, assuring Jennie that her presence of mind had saved the train from destruction, and that the hundreds of passengers on board owed their lives to her. Of course, the passengers were very grateful, and many were the appreciative words that fell on her ears.

A number of French passengers were on the train, and when they reached Chicago they called the attention of their own World's Fair Commissioner to the incident, and he in turn laid it before President Carnot, who at once ordered struck off a medal of the Legion of Honour, given only in recognition of acts of true heroism.

**INGENUITY OF THE INSANE.**

In speaking of various devices that are practical and promise to be valuable, a London correspondent of one of our Western exchanges has this to say in regard to lunatics as inventors:

"A lunatic asylum is about the last place any one would search in for ingenious and valuable inventions, isn't it?" said the resident physician of one of the largest of these institutions. "We have a patient in this asylum now now who believes he is shut up in the old Fleet Prison for the national debt. In the hope of raising the money to pay this trifle off and obtain his release, he has for the last two years devoted his poor brains to inventing things. Strange to say, among a host of utterly absurd ideas, he actually has produced two which are really practicable. His friends and I have supplied him with such harmless materials as he requires and he has just completed a simple automatic contrivance for the head of a lawn tennis racket, to pick up the balls and abolish stooping. It acts perfectly well, and I'm so convinced there's money in it that I've advised his friends to secure a patent for him in case he becomes cured. His other invention is of a different kind, being a really efficacious preventive of seasickness.

"It's very simple; two of its components are in every kitchen and the rest in every chemist's shop. I have successfully tested it myself on two occasions recently, when crossing the Channel in very stormy weather.

As an instance of the cleverness of lunatics, it may interest you to know that a very valuable improvement connected with machinery, and now in daily use everywhere, was invented by an inmate of an asylum well known to every one by name. As he is now quite cured and is a somewhat prominent man, I won't mention any details, but his invention, designed and modelled as a diversion while absolutely insane, has since brought him in thousands of pounds."

**HOW CAN WE PAY HIM BACK?**

There was a ripple of excitement all through the orphan asylum, for a great lady had come in her carriage to take little Jane home to live with her as an only daughter.

Jane herself was bewildered with that thought. The kind matron led her down the wide stairway; and as she passed the hall door, she saw the shining carriage, the fine horses, the liveried servants; and then it seemed to her like a dream.

"I hope she is glad to go," said the great lady, in a gentle tone. "Do you want to go home with me and be my child, my dear?"

"I don't know," said Jane, timidly.

"But I am going to give you beautiful clothes and a gold ring and a box of candy and books and dolls and blocks and a swing. Now do you want to go?"

"I don't know," said the child, still frightened.

"You shall have a little room of your own, with a beautiful bed and table and chair; you shall have a bird in a cage, and a little dog with a silver collar. Don't you want to go with me, Jane?"

There was a moment's silence, and then the little one said, anxiously: "But what am I to do for all this?"

The lady burst into tears. "Only to love me and be my child," she said; and she folded the little girl in her arms.

God finds us orphaned and desolate and defiled with sin and naked and blind. He adopts us into his family, and gives us all that we need in this life, with care and protection, and his own name and forgiveness and the companionship of the Holy Spirit and an inheritance in glory; and all that he asks in return is that we should love him and be his children.—Olive Plants.

**SOCIABILITY OF INDIANS.**

Indians, contrary to widely received opinions, writes Alice C. Fletcher, in The Century, are of a social nature, and fond of paying friendly visits, the etiquette of which would make a chapter of itself. Not much attention is given to the order of their going while in the dust of travel, but when arrived within a short distance of their destination a halt is called, the ponies are relieved of their burdens, the rawhide packs are opened, and gala dresses and fine ornaments come to light. The two young men selected to be the bearers of gifts of tobacco deck themselves for their mission and ride on in advance. A surprise party is not in the Indian's list of amusements; he takes his enemy unaware, but not his friend. The young men return with messages of welcome; sometimes members of the family to be visited come with them to conduct the party.

Meanwhile all have been busy prinking, brushing and braiding their locks, painting their faces, and donning their best gear, the wide prairie their dressing-room, their mirrors each other's eyes. When the visiting party is again en route, there is not a man or woman who is not gorgeous with colour and the glitter of shell or feather finery. Even the children have daubs of fresh paint on their plump little cheeks, while the dudes are wonderful to behold, resplendent in necklaces, embroidered leggings, and shirts, and with ornaments innumerable braided into their scalp-locks. Their visit over, the Indians go back to their homes pleased and contented, happy if they find, as may not always be the case, that the enemy have not been at work in their absence.

**MORE IMPORTANT THAN COLOUR.**

"Handsome is that handsome does," is an old saying. Very likely you have many times heard it quoted, and, it may be, have seen the truth of its meaning in more than one instance.

Mrs. Prosser makes the following fine allegory out of this much-used phrase: "What a splendid fellow!" said a tadpole to a minnow, as they met on a stone at the bottom of a clear stream; "did you ever see anything like him? It dazzles one's eyes to look at his jacket in the sun."

"That kingfisher?" asked the minnow.

"I don't know the gentleman's name," said the tadpole. "I've never seen him before."

"Ah! well, I have; and I don't care if I never see him again. He may be good-looking, but I've lost half my friends since he came to live in that bank; and, to tell the truth, I don't quite like the way he's looking at me now; so I think I'll wish you good-morning. By the time you're a frog, you'll know that there are things more important than the colour of your coat!"



The Best For Christ.

Give Christ the best! O young men,  
Strong and eager,  
And conscious of your own abounding  
life,  
Ready to throw your soul's fresh growing  
powers  
Into some noble cause, or lower strife,  
Christ Jesus was a young man, strong  
and brave,  
Give him your heart's allegiance, give  
to him  
The best you have.

And you in whom the same young life  
Is throbbing,  
But with a steadier pulse and gentler  
flow;  
Whose hearts were made for sacrifice  
and loving,  
When souls' ideals grow with you as  
you grow,  
O give to Christ your first, most sacred  
love,  
And of your hearts' devotion give to  
him  
The best you have.

And is our best too much? O friends,  
let us remember  
How once our Lord poured out his  
soul for us,  
And in the prime of his mysterious man-  
hood  
Gave up his precious life upon the  
cross.  
The Lord of lords, by whom the worlds  
were made,  
Through bitter grief and tears gave us  
The best he had.

NEMO

OR

The Wonderful Door.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CHRISTIES OLD ORGAN."

CHAPTER VIII.

ONLY A TRAMP.

"Well, I call that a reglar bit of  
manana," said Crumpets, when the old  
man had finished his story.

"Ay, it would make a book," said the  
man who was sitting next Nemo; "why  
don't you write one, Tom?"

"Nay, Dick, book-writing isn't in my  
line," said the old man; "but I'll tell  
you what I must be doing, and that's go-  
ing home. Why, my daughter and her  
husband will be abed and asleep if I  
don't look sharp. So, good-night, gen-  
tlemen all," he said, rising with a sigh,  
as he thought of leaving Jemmy's blaz-  
ing fire and of turning out into the  
darkness and storm.

"Wait a minute," said Jemmy; "I'll  
give you a light and a hand down, Tom;  
the steps are slippery with the wet and  
I'm going down with a basin of soup for  
your poor tramp. There's a drop left in  
the pan, and it'll warm him and make  
him sleep, poor chap."

"You haven't such a thing as a bone  
or two you could spare for my dog,  
master?" said Abel. "I left him in the  
cart, for he's lame, and I thought he  
would be best there; but he's done noth-  
ing but bark and howl the last hour. I  
think maybe he's hungry."

"Yes, poor beast, I'll take him a plate-  
ful," said kind-hearted Jemmy. "He  
started barking when I took you tramp  
through the stable on the way up to the  
loft; he tried hard to get out of the cart  
to him, but he couldn't manage it. I  
s'pose he took him for a queer customer,  
just as I did."

Jemmy and the old man left the room  
together, and turned out into the dark  
night. When the landlord returned, he  
had left the dog's bones behind, but he  
brought back the basin of soup.

"What, wouldn't he eat it?" said one  
of the men.

"He's gone," said Jemmy; "there  
isn't a sign of him; and how he's gone,  
that's the mystery. I saw him in the  
loft myself, and I bolted the door after  
him, for I didn't much care for the looks  
of him, and I thought maybe he will be  
walking off with some of them baskets."

"Was the door bolted when you went  
just now, Jemmy?"

"Yes, it was bolted all right, but no  
man was there; he's clean gone alto-  
gether."

"It's a ghost, depend upon it, said one  
of the men. "My grandmother's aunt  
saw a ghost one night, and he came in  
and went out just like that."

"Nay, it's no ghost," said Crumpets,  
with his hearty laugh; "I don't believe  
there is such things. He's under the  
hay, Jemmy, depend upon it; he's cov-  
ered himself up to keep himself warm,  
and you haven't seen him."

"Just you go and look," said Jemmy  
in a solemn voice; "here's the candle."

"Give me his supper, then," said  
Crumpets.

"Not till you've found him," said the  
landlord, laughing.

Crumpets was away for some time, and  
when he returned, all that he said was,  
"It's vory strange—vory strange indeed."

"Well, he isn't under the hay?" said  
Jemmy.

"No, nor nowhere else, neither. He  
must have gone out of that shutter-  
window, Jemmy; I see it's only fastened  
by a hook; and he's let himself down  
the spout outside. That's the only  
thing I can think of."

"He's a reglar cat, if he's climbed  
down there," said Jemmy. "He might  
do it, that's true enough, but whatever  
made him do it is what puzzles me; it  
beats me out and out, that does."

Abel Gray had started from his seat  
as this conversation went on, and now,  
white and trembling, he laid his hand on  
Jemmy's arm, and asked what the man  
was like and how he was dressed.

"Oh, he was a queer-looking fellow,  
tall and thin, and he had a long tattered  
coat and a soft felt hat, and his hair  
hanging all down his back."

"It's him! It's our man," cried little  
Nemo. "Oh, are you sure he's gone?"

"He's gone, sure enough," said the  
landlord. "I went all round the house,  
but I could see nothing of him."

Abel then gave the little company an  
account of the encounter with that  
strange man on the moor, and told them  
how positive the child had been that he  
had seen the same man looking out from  
amongst the trees of the park as they  
drove by.

"Seems just as if he was some kind of  
a ghost," said the man who had related  
the story of his grandmother's aunt.

It was time now for Jemmy to close  
his house and for the little company to  
disperse, and this nervous man did not  
at all like turning out into the darkness  
of the night, lest he should meet the  
ghost on the road; but the cheery  
Crumpets offered to see him home, and  
Jemmy stood at the top of the stone  
steps, holding the candle and shading it  
with his hand, as the four men made  
the best of their way down to the road.  
Then he gave the candle to Abel, and  
showed him a neat little place, more like  
a cupboard than a room, separated from  
the large parlour by a lath-and-plaster  
wall, in which were two small beds for  
himself and Nemo.

The child was very tired, and the  
sweet smell of the hay, with which his  
pillow was filled, made him very sleepy,  
but he did not go to sleep without kneel-  
ing up in bed to say his prayers. First,  
Abel heard him repeating the little  
prayer Father Amos had taught him,  
and then came the words—

"O Jesus Christ, you are the great  
door; please let me come inside. Amen."

It was his last thought at night, as it  
had been his first thought in the morn-  
ing.

As for Abel, sleep fled far from him;  
visions of the strange man in the long  
cloak seemed to fill the room, and he lay  
listening to the rain beating pitilessly  
on the roof, and the wind shaking the  
rickety windows and banging the pig-  
sty door, and, oh, how he longed for  
morning!

He was up as soon as Jemmy was,  
and that was before five o'clock. The  
maid-of-all-work, who was also Jemmy's  
niece, a stout country girl, had been in  
bed the night before with a headache,  
but had now made her appearance on  
the scene, and was busy with broom and  
duster in the long parlour.

So Abel went with Jemmy to feed the  
pigs and to milk the cows, and then he  
brought out his basket-cart, and put all  
in readiness for an early start. Nemo  
did not wake until breakfast was ready,  
and a grand breakfast it was—Jemmy's  
good coffee, fresh eggs laid on the pre-  
mises, and hot rolls which the niece had  
baked that morning.

Abel felt less nervous than he had  
done the night before. He was glad to  
feel that their adventures were well-  
nigh over, and that they would soon be  
at home. He found that if he went  
slowly, and let the donkey rest by the  
way, it would be quite possible for  
him to reach home that night, and their  
store of baskets was now so small that  
it was useless to think of doing more  
business without having a fresh supply.

So, when breakfast was over, they  
took a friendly leave of Jemmy, who ran  
after them with more bones for the dog,  
and then stood watching them from his  
high steps till a turn in the road took  
them out of sight.

"Now for home," said Abel, with a  
righ of content.

"Won't we have a lot to tell Father  
Amos," said Nemo, "and won't he like  
my picture? Abel, are you knocking  
at the door?"

"I don't know," said Abel. "Are  
you?"

"Yes," said the child, "I knocked last  
night, and I knocked this morning, and  
I'm going on knocking till I get inside.  
Do you think he'll soon open the door,  
Abel?"

"I can't tell," said the little man;  
"you must ask Father Amos; he'll tell  
you a deal better than me."

Old Amos gave the travellers a hearty  
welcome, and they sat long over his fire  
the next morning, giving him a history of  
their adventures in the new country.  
He was much pleased with Nemo's pic-  
ture, and very glad to hear that he was  
knocking at the door, for he felt sure  
that the Lord's words were true—"To  
him that knocketh it shall be opened."

"Abel says he don't know whether he  
is knocking or not, Father Amos," said  
the child.

"It's a funny sort of knocking, then,"  
said the old man, "if he can do it with-  
out his knowing about it. He knows  
well enough when he knocks at your  
door of mine; doesn't thee, Abel, my  
lad?"

"Yes, Amos," he said, "you're right  
there, of course; if a fellow knocks, he  
must know he's knocking, and I'm glad  
enough that Nemo has begun to knock.  
But you see I've never been brought up  
to think of these things; it's different  
for me."

"But, Abel, my lad, thee would like  
to get safe to thy journey's end, wouldn't  
thee? Thee would like to arrive at the  
city of God, whether thee has been  
brought up to walk on the road there or  
not, wouldn't thee, Abel?"

"Yes, Amos, yes; of course I would,"  
said the little man uneasily.

"Then begin knocking to-day," said  
the old man. "Knock, and it shall  
be opened unto thee,—unto you, Abel,  
my lad—unto you."

"Yes, do, Abel," said little Nemo.

"Well, I'll see about it," Abel an-  
swered. "I won't make any promises  
about to-day; there's plenty of time yet,  
and some day or other I'll think about  
it. But there's lots to do to-day; there's  
baskets to buy—we've sold out, Amos,  
clean sold out; and there's the house in  
a filthy mess with being shut up; and  
there's Nemo hasn't a tidy pinafore nor  
a clean shirt. I'll have to be busy early  
and late to get all straight. So I'll be  
off, Amos, and leave the lad with you  
awhile."

"Do you think he will knock?" said  
Nemo, when he had gone.

"Maybe he will, maybe not," said the  
old man sadly.

"But you think he will, don't you,  
Father Amos?" said the little fellow  
earnestly.

"I hope he may," said the old man,  
"but I'm afraid not. Lots of folks  
think they're going to knock, and say  
they will knock, and mean to knock  
some day; but some day never comes,  
Nemo, and then the door is shut, and it's  
too late. That's just what I was read-  
ing in my Testament last night; fetch it  
here, and we'll read it, Nemo."

"Many, I say unto you, will seek to  
enter in, and shall not be able. When  
once the Master of the house is risen up,  
and hath shut to the door, and ye be-  
gin to stand without, and to knock at  
the door, saying, Lord, Lord, open unto  
us; and he shall answer and say unto  
you, I know ye not, whence ye are."

"So it will be too late to knock,  
Nemo, thee sees, when the door is shut,  
and who knows how soon the Master  
will rise up to shut it?"

"Oh, I do hope Abel won't be too  
late!" said the child.

And from that time, almost every day,  
he would ask his foster-father very anx-  
iously, and sometimes with tears in his  
eyes, "Have you begun to knock yet,  
Abel?" and when the answer came  
which disappointed all his hopes, he  
would say, "Oh, Abel, do be quick!  
He'll be shutting and bolting the door  
soon, and me and Father Amos will hear  
you knocking outside, and we won't be  
able to let you in."

Sometimes Abel would laugh when he  
said this, and tell him old Amos had  
filled his head with strange notions,  
sometimes he would pat him on the  
back, and tell him to cheer up, for he  
would be all right some day, but most  
often he simply turned the subject, or  
went on with his work without speaking.

As for Nemo, he constantly repeated  
his little prayer, he knocked day by day  
at the door, and he looked very earnest-  
ly for it to be opened to him.

"Amos," he said one day, "it's a long  
time."

"What's a long time, my lad?" asked  
the old man.

"That door," said Nemo, "it's a long  
time coming open."

"I think it is open, Nemo," said Amos.  
"Open now?" asked the child, "open  
for me, Father Amos? Why do you  
think it is open?"

"Because the Lord's word wouldn't be  
true if the door was still shut, Nemo."

He says, 'Knock, and it shall be opened  
unto you.' You have knocked, and so I  
am quite sure he has opened."

"Then do you think I've got inside  
the door, Amos? Ab, I do wish I  
knew I was inside!"

"Yes, Nemo, I believe you are inside.  
Why, the Lord longs to let you in much  
more than you long to come. He died  
that he might be able to open that door;  
he could never have let us into the way  
if he hadn't died. And now his heart  
longs for everybody to come to the door.  
And, Nemo, you have come to Jesus, the  
only Way, the only Door, and I believe  
he has set your feet in the way of peace."

"Oh, Amos, what have I got to do  
now?"

"Just to keep in the way, dear child,  
till you reach the city of God."

A strange new light and joy came in-  
to the boy's face, a sunshine that was  
of heaven and not of earth. When he  
went home again, he said solemnly and  
gravely, "I'm inside, Abel."

"So I see," said the little man, laugh-  
ing; "you're not in the street, that's  
clear enough."

"I'm inside the door," said Nemo;  
"Father Amos says so."

"Oh, that's what you're after," said  
Abel, "is it?"

"Yes," said the child. "I wish you  
were inside, too, Abel—I do wish you  
were!"

"Well, it's washing day to-day, and I  
must not stop to talk," said the little  
man. "Fetch me all the dirty towels,  
Nemo, and we'll set to work."

The sunshine on the child's face was  
not quite so bright after that. He  
thought he would be so happy if only  
Abel would come inside too, and would  
walk along the road with him. And  
he was very much afraid lest the Master  
of the house should rise up and shut the  
door, and Abel should be left outside.

Abel had told old Amos all about the  
strange man they had met on the moor,  
and Amos had said nothing whilst Nemo  
was there; but as soon as he had left  
the room he had shaken his head  
solemnly, and had declared that he did  
not like it at all, he was sure that that  
man was up to no good, that was clear  
enough for any one to see; and it was  
the old man's opinion that he knew  
something of Nemo's history, and had  
taken the opportunity of finding out  
what the child was like.

"I hope we shall never see him  
again," said Abel.

"Was he at all like that man you saw  
in the house when you took it?" asked  
Amos,—"the man whom the woman  
called Alexander, I mean?"

"No, not a bit like him—not the least  
little bit. I think I should know that  
man again anywhere."

The poor dog soon became a great  
favourite, not only with Abel and the  
child, but with the old man also. As  
for Nemo, he was devoted to him; by  
day he followed him about everywhere  
he went, and by night he lay stretched  
at the foot of his bed. He quite lost his  
lameness, and when for some time he  
had been well fed and cared for, he be-  
came strong and healthy, and altogether  
a different creature from what he had  
been when he was brought to them on  
the moor. They tried to give him the  
name of Trusty, but he would not an-  
swer to it; and if Abel wanted to call  
him, he was compelled, though sorely  
against his will, to call him Nemo, for  
in spite of all his efforts he would an-  
swer to nothing else.

The strange ring Abel locked up care-  
fully in the box in which he kept his  
money, that it might be safe until such  
time as he might happen to see its  
strange owner again. But he could not  
help hoping, from the bottom of his  
fearful little heart, that that time might  
be far distant.

(To be continued.)

DYING FOR HER BROTHER.

A tender story is told of a French girl  
only twelve years old, who succeeded in  
saving her little brother from wolves.

It was during a severe winter, in a  
remote village of France, and wolves  
were constantly seen prowling about.  
One day a wolf with five little ones burst  
into the cottage, attracted by the smell  
of the bread which the girl had been  
baking.

By means of a heavy stick, the brave  
girl had almost succeeded in driving the  
mother wolf off, when, seeing one of the  
cubs about to attack her brother, she  
seized the boy, thrust him into a cup-  
board, and buttoned the door. That  
gave the wolf time to fly at her, and in  
a moment she was the prey of the sav-  
age beast. Her brother remained quite  
safe, and was rescued from the cup-  
board by some neighbours.

He lived to be an old man, cherishing  
the memory of the sister who had died  
to save him.

**LESSON NOTES.**

**THIRD QUARTER.**

STUDIES IN THE ACTS AND EPISTLES.

**LESSON XI SEPTEMBER 12**

**CHRISTIAN LIVING.**

Rom. 12. 9-21. Memory verses, 16-18

**GOLDEN TEXT.**

Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good—Rom 12. 21.

**OUTLINE.**

1. Loving Those that Love Us v. 9-16
  2. Loving our Enemies, v. 17-21.
- Time.—A.D. 58.  
Place.—Written from Corinth.

**HOME READINGS.**

- M. Reasonableness service.—Rom. 12. 1-8.  
Tu. Christian living.—Rom. 12. 9-21.  
W. Loyalty and love.—Rom 13 1-10  
Th. Clean hands and pure heart.—Psalm 24.  
F. Dead to sin.—Rom. 6. 11-23.  
S. A shining light.—Matt. 5. 1-16.  
Su. Family religion.—Eph. 6. 1-9.

**QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.**

1. Loving Those that Love us, v. 9-16.  
From what should love be free?  
What should we shun, and to what cling?  
How should Christians treat one another?  
What counsel is given for business life?  
How should we treat the needy?  
How should we punish enemies?  
In what way should we show sympathy?  
What is said concerning self-conceit?
  - 2 Loving Our Enemies, v. 17-21.  
Is it ever right to take revenge for wrongs suffered?  
Is it ever right to be indifferent to the thoughts and feelings of those about us?  
What does the apostle say about peaceable living?  
What is the severest punishment for a man who tries to harm us?  
How can we be true victors in life?
- Golden Text.

**PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.**

Where in this lesson do we learn that a Christian should be—  
1. Sincere?  
2. Sympathetic?  
3. Humble?  
4. Kind?

**AN ADVENTURE UNDERGROUND.**

Recently six labourers who were working in a great clay pit near Chateaudun in France, were overwhelmed by the caving in of the pit. A great mass of earth had fallen upon them. No one connected with the work believed that their lives could be saved. They were simply somewhere in the midst of a vast deposit of clayey earth, and must already, it was said, be smothered.

Nevertheless, the aid of science was invoked. Not very far away was Versailles, and from there an army engineer and a little corps of sappers were brought at once.

The engineer ascertained as nearly as he could the spot where the clay workers must have been when they were overwhelmed, and, using his technical knowledge in calculating distances, drove a long tube cautiously in the direction of this spot.

Crouched in a little air space beneath a couple of timbers the six clay miners, all still alive, heard the dull scounds of the blows upon the cylinder, and knew that an effort was being made to save them. This buoyed them up, though they were nearly suffocated.

At last the sound of the blows came nearer. They seemed to be struck in the clay itself not far away. The men had with them a bit of candle. They lighted it, and by-and-bye its flame, flickering faintly in the foul air, revealed a strange object entering, in little jerks of a quarter of an inch each, their place of refuge.

It was the capped head of the tube. The engineer had calculated with such nicety that he had struck the very spot where the miners were crouching. One of the men sprang at the tube, and knocked off the cap with his pick. Then he put his mouth to the tube and shouted as loud as he could. The sappers at the other end heard what seemed a faint wail from the bowels of the earth. They stopped their pounding, and shouted through the tube in their turn.

"Halloo!" the engineer called. "How are you?"  
"We're all right!" the voice came from the pit.

"Have you anything to eat?"  
"Not a thing."  
"Can you breathe?"  
"Yes, through this tube."  
"Have you a light?"  
"About an inch of candle."  
"What would you like to eat—milk or bouillon?"

"Bouillon," called the voice, eagerly.  
"Then watch the end of the tube."  
A big kettle of bouillon had been prepared for such an emergency. It was poured into the tube, and the six men took their turns in catching the liquid as it came through.

By-and-bye one of the buried miners called: "What time is it?"  
"Midnight," answered the engineer.  
"Midnight! We thought it was noon the next day."

The miners were asked what they had been doing, and said they had been playing "jack stones" with pebbles.

The sappers had now but to follow the tube with their digging operations, and in due time they reached the imprisoned miners and restored them to daylight and the open air.

both's reign were wonderful years. She became the champion of the Protestant faith, and if, as many think, it was more from policy than from heart-felt conviction, yet it resulted in much good. She gave the name to her time—the Elizabethan age, it is called. An age which held within its limits Shakespeare, Bacon, Spenser, Sidney, Raleigh, Drake, and many other men of genius and bravery—men whom the whole world honours.

Thinking of all which centred in the reign of "good Queen Bess," we turn, with feelings far exceeding curiosity, to look upon the cradle in which, so many years back, she was rocked.

In his "English Lands, Letters and Kings," Donald G. Mitchell says of her: "She would have been great if she had been a shoemaker's daughter; I do not mean that she would have rode on a white horse at Tilbury and made the nations shake, but she would have bound more shoes, and bound them better, and looked sharper after the affairs of her household than any cobbler's wife in the land."

classes of people on the island. The objection which many of the residents make is that it treats them all as though they were convicts. The truth is that it is the only positive means of identification. It is claimed that the lines on the thumb of no two people are exactly alike, while it is not infrequent to find people whose resemblances are so close as to make identification difficult. The Asiatics are invading the island of Hawaii to such an extent as to arouse the people settled there to some plan to prevent the overcrowding of the island, and this registering of the thumb-mark is believed by those who succeeded in having the law passed to be one of the ways in which it will be possible for them to regulate immigration into the island of Hawaii.

It would afford an evening's entertainment, remarks a writer in The Outlook, for a company of young people to compare the marks of their thumbs.

**SHOWING HIS CAPACITY.**

The Young Churchman tells the following story of a young man who was commencing life as a clerk.

"Now, to-morrow," his employer one day said to him, "that cargo of cotton must be got out and weighed, and we must have a regular account of it."

He was a young man of energy. This was the first time he had been entrusted to superintend the execution of this work; he made his arrangements over night; spoke to the men about their carts and horses, and resolved to begin very early in the morning. He instructed the labourers to be there at half-past four o'clock. So they set to work and the thing was done. Between ten and eleven o'clock his master came in, and seeing him sitting in the counting-room, looked very much displeased, supposing that his commands had not been executed.

"I thought," said the master, "you were requested to get out that cargo this morning?"

"It is all done," said the young man, "and here is the account of it."

He never looked behind him from that moment—never! His character was fixed; confidence was established. He was found to be the man to do the thing promptly. He very soon came to be the one that could not be spared; he was as necessary to the firm as any one of the partners. He was a religious man, went through a life of great benevolence, and at his death was able to leave his children an ample fortune.

"I'm going to be a minister," said Tommy, forcibly.

"Why, Tommy, dear?" asked his father.

"So's I can talk in church," said Tommy.

Our little boy came to me one day, after he had been reading in the Bible, exclaiming: "Papa, papa, I have found a place in the Bible where they were all Methodists!" "How so?" said I, "Because all the people said 'Amen.'"

A dude clerk was dressing a show-window, and at his feet was a notice which read: "Any article in this window, 25 cents." Several girls stopped outside to watch, and one said: "Let's buy him." After a gentle giggle, another replied: "Oh, no; he's too dear at that price."

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CHINESE BARBER.

**CHINESE BARBER.**

It has been said that the Chinese are an uncleanly race. Our own observation does not confirm that statement. Indeed, we never saw people so devoted to scouring and scrubbing and steeping themselves in hot water as the Chinese. We have seen them at the canneries in British Columbia preparing huge vessels of hot water for their daily ablutions and have seen wandering barbers by the railway holding their victim by the nose while they shaved his head and performed other delicate attentions as shown in the above cut.

**A CRADLE OF RENOWN.**

BY HELEN A. HAWLEY.

To modern eyes a cradle with clumsy rockers and heavy carving does not compare favourably with the dainty resting-places, draped in soft silk and lace, in which our babies are now laid. If you will examine the headboard of the cradle in which Queen Bess was rocked, you will see traces of royal lettering. This cradle is interesting because of this one fact alone: more than three centuries and a half ago in it the baby was rocked to sleep whom all the world knew later as "good Queen Bess."

The baby grew to be a woman, and the woman whom she was twenty-five years old became Queen of England. She was "good" by comparison with her sister who preceded her, who was known by as dreadful a name as any in English history.

The forty-four years of Queen Eliza-

**DOWN IN THE DEEP SEA.**

There are wonderful things in nature, if one has eyes to see, in whatever direction he may look; yet, after all, they are chiefly wonderful because, from their simple adaptation to their surroundings, they are in harmony with nature, as we all would be.

As one goes higher and higher up a mountain, the weight of air upon his body becomes less and less, and the blood presses more and more upon the surface, till, at last it pushes through at the nose, the eyes, the ears, and wherever it can find an outlet.

If one went down into the deep sea, instead, the effect would be just the opposite; but for creatures living far down below the surface, the effect of being brought up is quite the same as for men to climb a mountain.

Three miles down into the ocean the pressure of water is about two tons to the square inch. There are fish living there; strangers to fish-markets; dead-black in colour, and for the most part without eyes. When by chance they are forced to the surface their bodies swell, even their bones grow soft and loose, and some have even burst open because of the pressure being removed.

**FOR IDENTIFICATION.**

A new law has been passed in Hawaii which compels every man who is registered to leave his thumb-mark on the certificate of registration and on the stub which is left in the book. That is, he must ink his thumb, and leave a clear, distinct impression of it for future recognition. This applies to all