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THE LEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

Vol. XII.]

TORONTO, JUNE 4, 1892.

[No. 23.]

Pretty Is That Pretty Does.

The spider wears a plain, brown dress,
And she is a steady spinner;
To see her, quiet as a mouse,
Going about her silver house,
You would never, never, never guess
The way she gets her dinner.

She looks as if no thought of it
In all her life had stirred her;
But while she moves with careful tread,
And while she spins her silken thread
She is planning, planning, planning still
The way to do some murder.

My child, who reads this simple lay,
With eyes down-dropt and tender,
Remember, the old proverb says,
That pretty is that pretty does;
And that worth does not go or stay
For poverty or splendour.

'Tis not the house, and not the dress,
That makes the saint or sinner.
To see the spider sit and spin,
Strut with her webs of silver in,
You would never, never, never guess
The way she gets her dinner.

SAGACITY OF A FAVOURITE DOG.

BY MRS. C. H. JOSSELYN.

BONAPARTE, or Bony, as usually called, was the name borne by our old friend, purchased on account of his immense size and build, for a watch dog at the store.

But for all his ferocious appearance, his noble,—and when off duty—gentle and domestic qualities soon caused him to become the pet of the household; and children on the street frolicked with him as one of their own playmates.

Bony was much attached to a little child, just old enough to sit alone upon the floor, who for some months was an inmate of the family. He would lie down beside her, allow her to pass her tiny hands through his long hair, and use her fists as hammers upon his prostrate body, with apparent delight.

During a summer shower, he ran in through an open door to the room where the child sat upon the floor, at her mother's feet, busy with playthings scattered about. His feet being damp, left prints upon the white matting; and as he approached the babe his mistress fearing for the clean white frock, involuntarily exclaimed, "Oh, Bony, your dirty paws!" The dog immediately raised each paw in succession; licked it clean carefully, and then stretched himself contentedly beside the child. The remark was made at the time, "If we had read this we would not have credited it."

Changes occurring in business, the store was closed, and Bony became the home dog. His favourite position on summer evenings, was at the open street door, in the front hall, his fore-paws hanging over the threshold. One evening it chanced his mistress was to be alone through the night. Heavy clouds were gathering, and a thunder storm of considerable violence was imminent. A caller expressed regret on going out the door, to have the lady stay alone, and remarked, "I wish Patrick (a former servant in the family, then living some quarter of a mile below) could come and sleep in the house." The evening was sultry, and the lady afterwards sat reading with open doors. By and by the dog sprang to his feet, hunted a short

distance down the road, rushed back to his mistress' side, repeating it several times, with apparent anxiety, so that at last the lady followed him to the door if possible to ascertain the cause. The night had become fearfully dark, footsteps were approaching. Bony left her side, and sprang joyously upon the man, who proved to be Patrick on his way to the store. Whether the dog intended it or not, he

DR. SUTHERLAND IN JAPAN

The General Secretary thus describes one of his journeys in Japan during his recent visit to that country. On Friday, July 5th, in company with Bros. Saunby and Hiraiwa, I took the 6:30 a. m. train on the way to Kofu. As yet this line extends only about thirty miles, but will soon be completed all the way. On reaching the terminal station we took a basha,

not at all about a basha, for it requires including very often. One of these vehicles will accommodate six persons, without luggage, fairly well, but Japanese ideas of economy will crowd in ten if you let them.

A most interesting part of the journey was that over the Sassago Togo Pass. At Kuronaka the bashes had to be abandoned, owing to the steepness of the way, and the choice was between packhorse, kago, or walking. Inquiry revealed the fact that no packhorses were to be had, and in an evil hour I consented to try a kago. This conveyance consists of a bamboo pole from which depends two end pieces, in a sloping position, attached to a bottom piece, on which a cushion is placed. There is also a top piece to keep off the rain. You seat yourself on the cushion, lean back against the end piece, and bestow your limbs where you can. But, like the prophet's bed, a kago is "shorter than a man can stretch himself on it." "and it shall be a vexation only to understand the report." Moreover, the roof part was too low to permit me to sit upright, and my position was like that of a double bladed jack-knife when half open. When all is ready, a couple of coolies put their shoulders under the ends of the bamboo pole, lift it up, and away we go. I sat it out for nearly half a mile, and then explained to the brethren that I wasn't hungry for any more kago, and would prefer to take the rest of the meal on foot.

The walk I enjoyed very much, for though the whole distance was over five miles, and the ascent in places very steep, the road was fairly good and the scenery grand. The exercise in a close, warm atmosphere induced free perspiration, but as we reached a higher altitude the atmosphere rapidly cooled, and near the top we found ourselves enveloped in a mist as cold as a "January fog." In clear weather the view from the summit of this pass must be magnificent. Descending the pass, we again took a basha, and as the principal part of the route was now on a down grade, we made good time. Here, as well as on some other parts of the journey, the road, as it skirts mountain sides and descends by a succession of leaps into the valleys below, presented a piece of engineering skill that would do credit to the most highly civilized nation on the globe.

[For a small-sized Japanese lady, as shown in the cut on our last page, the kago may do very well, but for a man of the inches of Dr. Sutherland, it must be anything but comfortable.]



BONAPARTE.

conveyed a pleasant message to his mistress.

Bony had two bad tricks, of which in spite of punishment he was never broken. One was sucking hen's eggs on the sly, thus getting into disgrace with his neighbours sometimes. And though the cruel joke of filling an empty shell with pepper for his benefit was played upon him, the fault remained. Barking at horses was another grave offence, which nearly cost the life of the old village physician as he passed one day on horseback.

and had as fellow passengers the nation of the Azabu Girls' School, and one of the pupils who was returning home. For the information of the uninitiated, I may explain that a basha is a very primitive four wheeled vehicle, with no springs, but the body is swung on leather straps. As a travelling conveyance for those who desire comfort, it cannot be highly commended, but as an instrument of torture it is a tolerable success. If the old proverb, "the least said is soonest mended," holds true, then the wisest thing is to say nothing

A DUTIFUL SON.

GENERAL GRANT, as a youth, honoured his parents, and his days, in the language of Scripture, were "prolonged," and so in truth were theirs. Nearly fifty years ago he wrote to his mother from West Point.

Your kind words of admonition are ever present with me. How well do they strengthen me in every good word and work. Should I become a soldier for my country, I look forward with hope to have you spared to share with me in any advancement I may gain, and trust my future conduct will prove me worthy of the patriotic instruction you and father have given me. His written desire was realized in a wonderful manner.

Telling the Bees.

BY LUIGNE FIELD.

Out of the house where the slumberer lay
Grandfather came one summer day,
And under the pleasant or hard trees
He spoke thus to the murmuring bees:
"The lover I am that kissed her feet
And the pious beds where she used to play
Have honey store, but none so sweet
As ere our little one went away.
O bees, sing soft, and bees, sing low,
For she is gone who loved you so."

A wonder fell on the listening bees
Under those pleasant or hard trees.
And in their toil that summer day
Ever their murmuring seemed to say:
"Child, O child, the grass is cool
And the posies are waking to hear the
song
Of the bird that swings by the shaded pool,
Waiting for one that tarrieth long."
"Twas so they called to the little one then,
As if to call her back again.

O, gentle bees, I have come to say
That grandfather is asleep to day.
And we know by the smile on grandfather's
face
He has found his dear one's lying place,
So bees sing soft, and bees sing low,
As over the honey fields you sweep!
To the trees above and the flowers below
Sing of grandfather fast asleep.
And over beneath these orchard trees
Find cheer and shelter, gentle bees.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Rev. W. H. WITHROW, D.D., Editor

TORONTO, JUNE 4, 1892.

A LETTER FROM THE EDITOR.

THE BOYS AND GIRLS OF EGYPT.

I WANT to write for the boys and girls of Canada a short account of the boys and girls of Egypt. I write this letter on board the Nile steamer, *Cleopatra*. We have just left the town of Assuan, about eight hundred miles up the Nile, a place of over ten thousand inhabitants. It is the chief town in Nubia, a very interesting and picturesque place. Here the great cataract of the Nile occurs. Here come long caravans of camels from Dufaer and Khartoum, bringing dates, doura, a sort of grain, gum arabic, elephants' tusks and other products of the regions of the Upper Nile.

I have been greatly pleased with the boys and girls who swim all through the eight hundred miles of the Nile Valley, and especially with those of Assuan. They are the handsomest, brightest and cleverest children I ever saw. Most of them learn in the mission schools and in the Arab school, both Arabic and English and also some French. I was in two large schools to-day, one of eighty Arab children, the other a mission school of about forty, chiefly Copts or native Christians. The boys, handsome, yellow skinned lads, with large lustrous eyes, have very nice manners.

They all rose when I went in and read very nicely in English from a primer and from the Bible. I have since visited another mission school at Lalfou, under the very shadow of the most perfect pagan temple of ancient Egypt, a tremendous pile, which was one hundred and twenty-five years in construction. Yet this humble mission school is doing more for the uplifting of the people than all the temples of the land ever did. The children sang very prettily in English and Arabic. "I heard the voice of Jesus say, come unto me and rest," also, "Twinkle, twinkle, little star."

The native children are very fond of asking "backsheesh" (in plain words, of begging), but they try to do something for one to earn it, offering things for sale, gathering flowers, keeping off the flies, which are a great nuisance, with a long horse-hair whisk and the like. We were especially interested in a number of Berberese Arab boys and girls. They were orphan children whose parents were killed by the Mahdists during the late Soudan war. The Government has distributed them among the Nile villages. They are generally very black, but very beautiful, with handsome features as any children I ever saw, with large dark eyes, beautiful pearly teeth, a very winning smile, nothing of the Negro type about them. The girls wore their hair plaited in a great number of braids. The boys wore theirs in curls about their necks. They wear a single long piece of cotton or muslin draped round and round the body very gracefully, leaving the arms bare. One boy, of fifteen, was tall, slim, handsome as a girl, and walked with the grace of a young fawn. They have very nice manners and say very prettily, "Good morning, gentleman, how are you? Thank you very much." This they repeat over and over whether one gives them anything or not. I wish I could have brought that boy to Canada to educate him to become perhaps a missionary to his own people.

We all fell in love with one dear little nearly naked black baby of about three years old, as lovely as a cherub, with such pretty eyes and smile.

Yesterday we all rode five miles on donkeys to the famous temple of Isis at Philae, the most beautiful in Egypt. It is one of the newest of the temples, being only a little over two thousand years old, while many of them are twice that age, as was one we visited this morning. The steamboat people sent a lunch over on catals for the whole ship's company, and after exploring the ruins we all sat down in a great court surrounded by majestic columns, with the mild smiling faces of Isis and Hathor looking down upon us, as they had looked down upon successive generations for over twenty centuries. In the background among the columns sat groups of Arab and Coptic children and Arab or Nubian guides, dressed in white or yellow or blue gowns, with large white turbans, or scarlet fezes, and eagerly waiting the close of the repast.

One bright-eyed Arab boy, about fourteen, Achmet by name, took special charge of me. I did not need his help, but he would give it, brushing off the dust from my clothes, whisking away the flies, taking me by the arm and helping over rough places and fallen stones of the ruins. I found it useless to resist, and gave myself up a prisoner to his care. He knew all the best points about the temple and was really quite useful, especially in keeping the other would-be guides away, and was made lappy by a few cents. He was very proud of a paper which he showed containing a number of testimonials in French and English, given him by tourists. Some of them made fun of his rather comical features. If he had a chance he would make a very clever man.

Another set of boys that appealed very much to my sympathies was the donkey boys. We all rode out about five miles and back, to and from Philae, by donkey—as we go everywhere in this country—and these boys ran behind the donkeys all the way, although much of the time the little animals went full gallop. The boys recommend their donkeys very highly as "Mine very good donkey. Name Prince of Wales," "name Yankee Doodle," "name Telegraph," or, as one said, "name Grand Old Man." One of these boys complained of a pain in his chest and asked me to prescribe

for him. I had to explain that I was not that sort of a doctor.

We all went yesterday to see the great cataract of the Nile. We went by boat as far as we could and climbed a hill above the rushing and turbulent river. A number of men and boys leaped into the stream and swam the rapids, dancing like black corks on its surface, as they swept by. Others rode on palm logs about six feet long, waving their hands and shouting as they were carried down the rapids. Then they scrambled out and came about us begging in their dripping and scanty garments.

At every village through which we passed the children rushed after us offering beads, toys, bracelets, and clamouring "Howay, backsheesh," i. e., "alms, traveller," till we got beyond their reach. I supplied myself well with a lot of small coins, less than half a cent, for the very little ones. Even babies scarce able to speak stretch out their little hands for backsheesh.

I was glad to find that so much was being done for the education of those interesting boys and girls. I visited in Cairo a large school—over forty years old—founded by Miss Whateloy, daughter of the famous Archbishop Whateloy. She died only four months ago. In every considerable town in Egypt is a mission school of the American Presbyterian Church, which is doing noble service in giving a religious education to these boys and girls. Many of the boys become teachers and preachers, and others enter the civil service of Egypt, the railway, post-office and other departments.

Our Canadian boys and girls cannot be thankful enough that though they live in so new a country they have so much greater advantages than the children of this oldest country on the face of the earth.

I shall have the pleasure of writing other letters in this paper, in *Onward*, and especially in the *Methodist Magazine*, about these interesting people. In the latter periodical I shall publish a number of illustrated articles which will, I think, prove instructive to the young people of Canada who may favour them with a reading. Many schools are ordering copies of that magazine containing these sketches of travel in Bible lands for circulation instead of library books.

MYSTERIOUS PERSIAN WELLS.

In the neighborhood of Shiraz, on a hill an hour's ride to the northeast, the traveller comes upon some very, very ancient wells. Near the top of this steep hill, with no trace of masonry to mark the site of fort or palace, there yawns an opening about eight yards long by six yards wide, which is the mouth of a well going straight down into the bowels of the mountain. The shaft is cut in the rock. The sides are as perpendicular as the plumb line could make them; and the depth, as ascertained by the time of a falling stone, must be something under four hundred feet, the bottom at present being dry. Within a distance of fifty yards, on the same hill, are two other smaller wells; and it is said that there is an underground communication among the three. This theory finds support in the fact that when a pistol is fired at the mouth of one of these wells, to disturb the pigeons that flock thither at noon, the noise of their wings, at first very loud, gets gradually fainter, as though the birds were escaping through some lateral galleries. They certainly betake themselves in some manner away from the perpendicular shaft, without coming out of the upper mouth, though where they go does not appear.

The labour expended on the boring of these wells must have been enormous, and it is a puzzle whether they were indeed wells, or intended as passages for the sudden exit of troops from some fortress built on the hill to hold the plain in awe. In the latter case, some sort of spiral staircase would necessarily have been attached to the walls of the shaft, of which, at the present day, no trace remains.

No traveller has yet visited Shiraz who was sufficiently enterprising to go down the four hundred feet of perpendicular side with rope or ladder. Curious relics of by-gone times might certainly be found at the bottom; but without a proper windlass and better ropes than those now made in Persia, the risk of a broken neck would cool the

ardour of the most venturesome antiquary, and so up to the present the pigeons alone enjoy the sight of the secret treasures which possibly lie at the bottom of these mysterious and most astonishing shafts.

EFFIE'S INVITATION.

BY ANNIE S. TILTON.

SHE was a bright-eyed, rosy cheeked school-girl, and as the town's people saw her sauntering home from school with one and another friend, they would nod smilingly towards her, and say to each other,—"There goes a pleasant little girl. Good scholar, too, and she does have about the best time, in a quiet way, when school is out."

But even these kindly disposed people didn't give Effie credit for some serious thoughts that crowded upon her as she considered her responsibilities in life. Only a few months before she had given the life to her Saviour, won by his great and marvellous love for her, and, as always happens, she wanted all her friends and schoolmates to participate in that love. She had found a new pleasure in the weekly prayer meeting of the school, although she had always been a regular attendant before her conversion; but now she was one of the workers, and these heads were full of new plans for winning others to Christ. Only last Thursday at the Christian boys and girls had pledged themselves to ask, at least, one schoolmate, who did not usually attend the meetings, to come the following week, and to secure their attendance if possible; and now the week was almost gone and still Effie hadn't given her invitation. Don't think the child meant to shirk! Oh, no! but there were so few of her friends whom she had not previously invited, and they occasionally attended the meeting. So this had been a great subject for Effie's prayers, and as yet she had received no answer. One or two positively refused, and others carelessly answered, "Perhaps."

She was thinking of this on Thursday afternoon as she hastened up the street to school, and realized that she had only one more recess for her effort, when she was suddenly joined by a tall youth who just then emerged from one of the yards fronting the street. They had hardly exchanged friendly greetings, when there came a great choking in Effie's throat, and her heart thumped as loud as the school-house bell, for she knew that here was her opportunity. Like a lightning flash all the old excuses went through her mind: "What will he think? I know he won't go; I shall only get laughed at," and so on indefinitely, as all the while they were gaily chatting and rapidly nearing the school house. Almost before she knew it she said, as they turned in at the gate,—

"Won't you stop to our prayer-meeting to-night? They are very interesting, and Charlie B. leads this time."

A wondering look passed over his face, but he answered in quite a new and gentle tone, "I don't know. I can as well as not. Do you stay?"

"Oh, yes, always," was the prompt response, as they hastened to their respective desks.

Outwardly Effie was calm and studious, and attentive all that afternoon, but there was a subdued inward excitement, which was only partially quieted by the frequent petitions which arose from her inmost heart; and as the closing bell was rung, and twenty or more of the scholars repaired to their usual place of meeting, she didn't even dare to raise her eyes to see if Bert C. were coming.

Yes, he did come; and that was only the beginning. He came again and again, and in a few months he had asked his schoolmates to pray for him, and soon joined the church he had always attended.

Can anything ever sound sweeter to Effie's ears than Bert's words one afternoon, after they had been to the meeting and were quietly talking it over on their way home? As they parted, he suddenly grasped her hand and said,—

"How can I thank you? You did it!" and was gone.

Effie is not the only gay and happy school-girl who looks up and thus lifts up her companions. —*Zion's Herald*.

Discontent.

It was in a field, one day in June,
The flowers all bloomed together,
Saw one, who tried to hide herself,
And drooped, that pleasant weather.

A robin who had soared too high,
And felt a little lazy,
Was resting near a buttercup,
Who wished she were a daisy,

For daisies grow so big and tall,
-He always had a passion
For wearing frills about her neck
In just the daisies' fashion.

And buttercups must always be
The same old tiresome colour,
While daisies dress in gold and white,
Although their gold is duller.

"Dear Robin," said this sad, young flower,
Perhaps you'd not mind trying
To had a nice white frill for me,
Some day, when you are flying."

"You silly thing!" the robin said,
"I think you must be crazy!
Whether be my honest self
Than any made-up daisy."

"You're nicer in your own bright gown,
The little children love you;
Be the best buttercup you can,
And think no flower above you.

Though swallows keep me out of sight,
We'd better keep our places;
Perhaps the world would all go wrong
With one too many daisies!

"Look bravely up into the sky,
And be content with knowing
That God wished for a buttercup
Just here where you are growing."

he heard a feeble wailing cry; and the tears started into his eyes, why he did not know, but he brushed them off his face hastily, and kept his head turned away, lest anyone should see them.

"Sandy!" shouted a woman's voice from the stairhead, "Sandy, give us your jacket to wrap the baby in."

If it had been the depth of winter, he would have stripped off his ragged jacket willingly for the new baby. He had a passion for young helpless creatures, and he had nursed and tended two other babies before this one, and had seen them both fade away slowly, and die in this unwholesome air. He did not care much for his mother, how could he, when he seldom saw her sober? but the babies were very precious to him, dearer even than the money he had contrived to keep in secret for a long time, but which had been taken from him because he could not pay the tax. There was no tax upon babies. Sandy remembered that joyfully. The police would take no inconvenient notice of this new little creature. He might carry it about with him, and play with it, and teach it all sorts of pretty tricks, with no danger of losing it.

"Is it a gel or boy?" he asked eagerly from the woman, who hurried downstairs for his jacket.

"A little gel!" she answered, "a regular little gypsy, with black eyes, and black hair all over its head."

"Let me have her as soon as you can, urged Sandy, rubbing his hands, and dancing upon the doorstep, to let off a little of his pleasurable excitement.

"You can have her dreckly," said the woman; "it's as hot as an oven every where to-day."

"I'll come for her," replied Sandy, following her up to the door. In a few minutes a small bundle was handed out to him, wrapped in his old jacket; and he trod slyly and cautiously downstairs, with it in his arms. He was at a loss for some secluded corner, where he could look at his new treasure; for he did not wish to have all the bawling, shouting children in the alley crowding about him, as he knew they would be in an instant, if he sat down on the doorstep with that mysterious little bundle on his lap. A rapid glance showed him a costermonger's barrow reared on one end in a corner, with a basket or two on the ground. He stole behind it, and sat down on one of the baskets; then, slowly opening the jacket, peeped at the new little face.

How was it that the tears dimmed his eyes again? The recollection of Tom and little Vio, lying now in their tiny coffins deep down in the ground, came back so vividly to him, that he could not see this baby for crying. He knew it was a bad thing to do, and he was angry with himself and dreadfully afraid of anyone finding it out, yet for a minute or two he could not conquer it. But after rubbing his eyes diligently with the sleeve of the jacket, he found them clear enough to look carefully at his prize.

A thorough gypsy, no doubt of that. Eyes as black as coal, and the little head all covered with blackest hair. She lay quite content in his arms, looking seriously up into his face, as if she could really see it, and wanted to make sure what sort of a brother he was going to be to her. Sandy puckered up his features into a broad smile, whistled to her softly, put his finger into her small mouth, and trotted her very gently on his knee. The baby was "as good as gold," she did not cry, and so betray their hiding-place. But her black solemn eyes never turned away from their gaze at Sandy's face.

"Oh! I wish there were somebody as could keep it alive for me," thought Sandy, sorrowfully. He had a vague notion that there was someone, somewhere, who could save the new-born baby from dying, as Tom and little Vio had died. In the streets he had seen numbers of rich babies, who did not want for anything, and whose cheeks were fat and rosy, not at all like the puny, wasted babies in the alley. But how it happened, whether it was simply because they were rich or because there was somebody who could keep them alive, and cared more for them than for the poor, he could not tell. He had often watched them with looking eyes, and knew how pretty they looked in their

or scarlet cloaks and white bonnets, and he wished now with all his heart that he could find some one who would keep them to pay alive for him. He called to the gipsy to himself and others, and told her in the alley took any trouble to give her another name. What was the good of registering a baby that was sure to be dead in a short time?

Sandy's mother was up and about her business again in a few days. She earned her living, when she was the trouble to earn it, by going about as a costermonger, as most of her neighbours did. When she had enough strength of mind to save four or five shillings from the putrified vault at the corner of the street, she would hire a barrow for a week, and lay in a stock of cheap fruit and vegetables, and Sandy would go with her to push it. But that was very occasionally, it was seldom that her strength of mind did not fail before the temptation of another and another drink. Then Sandy was thrown upon his own resources, and gained a very scanty supply for his wants by selling fuscias near the *Mansion House*, or any other crowded spot, where one in a thousand of the passers by might see him, and by chance patronize him. Often, when there was no baby at home, he did not go there for weeks, but slept wherever he could find a shelter in an empty cart, or under a tarpaulin; even without a shelter, if this could not be had. If his mother came across him during these spells of wandering, the only proof of relationship she manifested was her demand for any and all of the halfpence he might have in his possession, and her diligent search among his rags for them. It was only when there was a baby that Sandy went home as regularly as the night fell, carrying with him a sticky finger of some cheap sweet meat, which contained almost more of poison than of sugar.

Gip was left to his care even more than the other babies. By this time his mother had become too inebriated a drunkard to take much interest in her. Now and then she would bear her off in her arms to the spirit-vault, and come reeling back with her, to Sandy's great alarm. But in general she took no notice of Gipsy, and left the boy to tend her as well as he could. It was a good thing for the baby. Sandy carried her out of the foul air into the broader and open streets, often lingering wistfully at a baker's window till he got a whole some crust for her to nibble at. His jacket continued to be almost the only clothing she had, and as the winter came on he shivered with cold, till his benumbed arms could scarcely hold her. But that he bore without a murmur, for who was there to complain to? He had never known a friend to whom he could go and say, "I am hungry, and cold, and almost naked." He had never heard that it had ever been said, "Verily I say unto you, inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." Was it possible that Sandy could be one of the least of these his brethren?

There was, however, this great and last difficulty in Sandy's case. If any one had clothed him, during his wanderings, if the Lord, his mother would have immediately pawned the clothes and spent the money in the spirit vault.

(To be continued)

FEMALE LOVELINESS

Do not think you can make a girl lovely if you do not make her happy. There is not one restraint you put on a good girl's nature—there is not one check you give to her instincts of affection or of effort which will not be indelibly written on her features with a hardness which is all the more painful because it takes away the brightness from the eyes of innocence, and the calmness of the brow of virtue. The perfect loveliness of a woman's countenance can only consist in the majestic peace which is found in the memory of happy and useful childhood, which is still free of change and promise, opening always, modest at once and bright with hope of better things to be won and to be bestowed. There is an old age where one is to stand that promise—it is a young girl's heaven.

THE LITTLE MOTHER.

A poor widow with four little children comes to our Sabbath-school. They are little girls, the eldest barely eight years old and the youngest only a baby. The good woman used to come into the infant class, and sit through the lesson with her baby in her arms and the others about her. Poverty forced the mother to be away from home all day long, and it was sad to see how the eight-year-old tended the house and tended the toddlers. She acted very old for such a wee thing—a real little mother.

That "little mother" died and a good many older people have cried when they knew how she died. In one way and another, a cent at a time, the daughter had saved a little money. "When I'm gone, mamma," she said feebly, "I want you to open my bank and take out the money that's there. Half of it is for you, mamma, to do what you want with. And I wish you would take the other half and give it to some other poor little girl like me, that doesn't have things much." The mother promised, and the little girl looked happy, thin and wasted though her white face was.

"And, O mamma," whispered the sweet voice, the music of heaven beginning to ring in its tones, "mamma, I'm going to heaven now; but I'll be on the watch for you after I get there. I'll be the one to meet you when you come in at the gate; and I'll get Jesus to save the very best place in all heaven for you."

That is the way a little Christian dies. She had never in her life been selfish and at the last she was thinking of the other people and trying to do things for them. What happiness there is in heaven when such a little lamb is folded. Shall there be the same rejoicing over us—Sabbath School Advocate.

THE MOST DREADFUL TREE IN THE WORLD

It is not so much in its ways that it is called the devil-tree. It is a tree which catches and devours living creatures, as birds and little wild beasts, and even human creatures, if they get within its fatal reach. Happily there are very few places in the world where this monster tree grows. In the island of Sumatra, in Australia, and lately in Mexico, it has been found. It grows, fortunately, in inaccessible places, its roots twisted about great, bare rocks, in dense forests where few people go. The devil-tree is not of very high growth and its shape is something like a huge pine apple, it is about twelve or fifteen feet high and ten or twelve feet around the base.

The leaves spring from the top of the tree, or what you would call the tip of the pine-apple, they are dark green and as long as the height of the tree. They hang down to the ground loosely, like the foliage of a closed umbrella. They are from fifteen to eighteen inches wide, and nearly twenty inches thick. Above the leaves, on the top of the tree, are two round fleshy plates, growing one above the other. From these plates constantly drops a juice which is rather sweet and very intoxicating. Around these plates are set long, green, rope-like arms or tentacles, much like the arms of a cuttle fish. When a bird or wild animal climbs up to the plates or discs to taste the juice, at once these long arms begin to rise and twist into snakes. The juice intoxicates at once the creature that tastes it, and it begins to jump and stagger. This motion increases an action of the green arms, they wrap around their prey and hold it close. Then the huge, innumerable leaves begin to rise and close together, forming a mighty press, which crushes the struggling captive, crushing it into a soft pulp, which is sucked up by hundreds of little mouths upon the long, green arms. When morning is not but dry, mush, skin, feathers and bones, the leaves open, relax, fall back, the plates spread out at once their intoxicating honey, and are ready for another victim. Even people are sometimes killed by the devil-tree. The account was told of the one in Mexico, though it would be more to touch one in the long, green arms. The little black monkey was fast upon his finger that he could hardly pull it away, and, as it was, the cruel plant stripped off the skin.

LOST IN LONDON

By the Author of "The Man Trap."

CHAPTER I.

GIP'S FIRST BREATH.

GOING along one of the back streets of the East End of London on a sultry summer day is by no means a pleasant or refreshing walk. The middle of the street is narrow, and the kennels bordering the side pavements are usually choked up with refuse thrown out from the dwellings on either hand. Heaps of rotting fruit, potato-parings, and decaying cabbage-leaves lie about the causeways, to be eagerly turned over and over in search of a prize by half-famished children, whose only anxiety, during the summer months, is to satisfy, if possible, the hunger always gnawing at them. There is no sweet scent in the air—no freshness, whatscents there may be are the very reverse of sweet. The sun smites down upon the closely-built houses and dirty pavement and unwatered street, till fever seems to follow in the trail of the sultry days. At each end of such streets there generally stands a busy spirit-vault, which carries on a thriving trade, for the dry air makes every one achy, and the door swings to and fro incessantly with the stream of men, women, and children passing in and out.

It was in one of these close, pent-up alleys that a boy was idling, one hot summer noonday, about the door of a small dwelling in the corner farthest from the street—a poor house, like all the rest, with paneled windows and brown paper in its windows and of glass. The four rooms of it, two on each floor, were tenanted by as many families with their lodgers. There seemed to be a little excitement within, and several women were busting about, and could be seen through the open door going up and down the staircase. At that time of the day there were but few men about the yard; but the most of them were costermongers, and were away at work. But the alley was curiously filled with almost naked children, playing noisily in the open gutter, or fighting with one another with still louder noise. The boy joined none of them, but looked on with an absent and anxious face, from time to time peeping in through the open door, or listening intently to every sound in the room at the top of the crazy staircase. All at once



Under Green Leaves.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW

PLEASANT it is, when woods are green,
And winds are soft and low,
To lie amid someylvan scene,
Where, the long drooping boughs between,
Shadows dark and sunlight sliken
Alternate come and go.

Beneath some patriarchal tree
I lay upon the ground;
His hoary arms uplifted he,
And all the broad leaves over me
Clapped their little hands in glee,
With one continuous sound;—

A murmurous sound, a sound that brings
The feelings of a dream,—
As of innumerable wings,
As, when a bell no longer swings,
Faint the hollow murmur rings
O'er meadow, lake, and stream.

Dreams that the soul of youth engage
Ere Fancy has been quell'd;
Old legends of the monkish page,
Traditions of the saint and sage,
Tales that have the rime of age,
And chronicles of Eld.

The green trees whisper low and mild;
It was a sound of joy!
They were my playmates when a child,
And rocked me in their arms so wild!
Still they looked at me and smiled,
As if I were a boy;

And ever whispered, mild and low,
"Come, be a child once more!"
And waved their long arms to and fro,
And beckoned solemnly and slow;
Oh, I could not a horse but go
Into the woodlands hear;

Into the blithe and breathing air,
Into the solemn wood,
Solemn and silent everywhere!
Nature with folded hands seemed there,
Kneeling at her evening prayer,
Like one in prayer I stood.

And, falling on my weary brain,
Like a fast falling shower,
The dreams of youth came back again,
Low hissing of the summer rain,
Dropping on the ripened grain,
As once upon the flower.

Visions of childhood! Stay, oh, stay!
Ye were so sweet and wild!
And distant voices seemed to say,
"It cannot be! They pass away!
Other themes demand thy lay;
Thou art no more a child!"

HOW DIAMONDS ARE CUT.

The *Juvenile* gives a jeweller's description of the three processes necessary to be gone through before the uncut diamond becomes the polished gem.

First, a piece of stone the required size must be cut off. To do this we use a circular saw made of sheet iron and without teeth. It is worked like a wood-worker's saw, and two men stand at the treadle. One man holds the stone to be cut tightly against the edge of the saw, while the other, using a small feather dipped in oil, applies diamond dust to the edge of the saw. The saw is made of very ductile metal, and the particles of diamond dust becoming firmly set in it soon wears through the hardest stone.

Now the piece of diamond passes to the cutting table, upon which is strapped a wheel running parallel to the top of the table.

The stone is fastened to the end of a stick six inches long. The lapidary takes the stick in his right hand and holds the stone firmly against the wheel until one facet is ground down. Diamond dust and water are constantly applied to the wheel.

The table and the upper facets of the stone are cut this way, and the stone is then removed from and readjusted to the stick before the lapidary cuts the under sides, callets, and the remaining facets. The stone is manipulated the same way in the third or polishing process as in the cutting process. The wheel, however, is composed mainly of tin; and tripoli and rotten stone are used in the polishing process.



JAPANESE KAGO.—See "Dr. Sutherland in Japan," on first page.

REVIEW EXERCISE.

1. To what position was Daniel raised in his old age? "To be one of the chief rulers of Babylon."
2. How were his principles tested? "He was forbidden to pray to God."
3. What did he do? "He obeyed God rather than man."
4. What was done to him? "He was cast into a den of lions."
5. What did God do for him? "He sent his angel to keep him from harm."

CATECHISM QUESTION.

14. How are believers kept in this state of salvation?
By the power of the Holy Spirit, given through Christ, in answer to fervent prayer.
1 Peter 1. 5. Ephesians 6. 14-18; Jude 20, 21.

of being well shod when in dangerous places. No boy is prepared for dangerous climbing unless he is well shod with Christian principles.

Fathers and mothers, who this list may read,
Do not delay, but with the utmost speed,
Secure these Stories, at the Book Room found,
And read them to the children gathered round.
How many "pleasant hours" may thus be spent,
How much of charm to home enjoyment lent!

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE PSALMS AND DANIEL.

B.C. 536.] **LESSON XI.** [June 12.

THE DEN OF LIONS.

Dan. 6. 16-28. Memory verses, 19-22.

GOLDEN TEXT.

No manner of hurt was found upon him, because he believed in his God.—Dan. 6. 23.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

God delivers his faithful ones in time of trouble.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

The story of the plot should be read in the earlier part of the chapter. The occasion of it was partly envy that a foreigner—an old man of an exile race—should be exalted over the young natives, and partly because Daniel's strict honesty stood in the way of their schemes for unjust wealth.

The den of lions—A cave, or large place dug in the rock, open above for giving food, and with a door for entrance at the side. *Sealed it with his own signet*—A custom originating in the fact that few could read. Both parties sealed the stone, so that neither could interfere. *God hath sent his angel*—Whether visible or not is not said. *Those men which had accused Daniel*—Not the whole one hundred and twenty, but the leading accusers. Many of the others were doubtless scattered over the kingdom and would not be there. *I make decree*—By this means the natives were prepared to respect the Jews, and help them to return home. The Jews themselves would be strengthened in faith. The decree reads as if Daniel himself wrote it for the king.

Find in this lesson—

- An example of faithfulness.
- A specimen of God's loving care.
- Two things to avoid.
- God controlling man's evil for good.

SLIPPERY PATHS.

THE safety of a mountain climber greatly depends on his being well shod; therefore the Swiss guides wear heavy shoes with sharp spikes in the soles.

One bright July morning a famous scientist of England started with two gentlemen to ascend a steep and lofty snow mountain in Switzerland. Though experienced mountaineers, they took with them Jenni, the boldest guide in that district. After reaching the summit of the mountain, they started back, and soon arrived at a steep slope covered with thin snow. They were lashed together with a strong rope, which was tied to each man's waist.

"Keep carefully in my steps, gentlemen," said Jenni, "for a false step here might start the snow and send us down in an avalanche." He had scarcely spoken when the whole field of snow began to slide down the icy mountain side, carrying the unfortunate climbers with it at a terrible pace. A steeper slope was before them, and at the end of it a precipice! The three foremost men were almost buried in the whirling snow. Below them were the jaws of death. Everything depended upon getting a foothold. Jenni shouted loudly, "Halt! halt!" and with desperate energy drove his iron-nailed boots in the firm ice beneath the moving snow. Within a few rods of the precipice Jenni got a hold with his feet, and was able to bring the party up all standing, when two seconds more would have swept them into the chasm.

This hairbreadth escape shows the value

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CHEERFUL, active labour is a blessing. An old philosopher says. "The firefly only shines when on the wing, so it is with the mind; when once we rest we darken."