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# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XVII.]

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 25, 1897.

[No. 39.]

## A Little Gentleman

I knew him for a gentleman  
By signs that never fail,  
His coat was rough and rather  
worn,  
His cheeks were thin and  
pale.  
A lad who had his way to  
make,  
With little time for play;  
I knew him for a gentleman  
By certain signs to-day.

He met his mother on the  
street;  
Off came his little cap,  
My door was shut; he waited  
there  
Until I heard his rap.  
He took the bundle from my  
hand,  
And when I dropped my  
pen,  
He sprang to pick it up for  
me—  
This gentleman of ten.

He did not push and crowd  
along;  
His voice is gently pitched;  
He does not fling his books  
about

As if he were bewitched.  
He stands aside to let me pass;  
He always shuts the door;  
He runs on errands willingly,  
To forge and mill and store.

He thinks of you before himself,  
He serves you if he can;  
For, in whatever company,  
The manners make the man.  
At ten or forty 'tis the same;  
The manners tell the tale,  
And I discern the gentleman  
By signs that never fail.

## TO THE NORTH POLE IN A BALLOON.

The North Pole, despite the long, ominous list of martyrs to scientific or commercial curiosity, continues to exert a fascination over many minds. This fascination Jules Verne has graphically depicted in his "Adventures of Captain

Hatteras." The problem at present discussed is whether there is land, ice or an open polar sea at the pole. An attempt is soon to be made to solve the problem by a Parisian aeronaut and a Parisian astronomer, Messrs. Besancon and Hermite, neither of whom has attained the age of thirty. The plan they propose to adopt, while original with them, is by no means new. In 1870 Silberman, and in 1874 Sivel, published studies dealing with the practicability of reaching the North Pole by balloon. In complete ignorance of these researches, Messrs. Hermite and Besancon conceived the same idea. In honour of these researches, which they later discovered, and as a tribute to the memory of an illustrious martyr to aeronautic science, they decided to call their balloon by the name of "Sivel."

The "Sivel," when inflated, will measure 16,250 yards, and have a diameter of thirty-two and one-half yards. It will be capable of carrying seventeen and one-half tons, and will have an ascensional force of three pounds to the cubic yard. The envelope will be composed of two thicknesses of Chinese silk, covered with a new, specially devised varnish, which renders it absolutely impermeable and augments the resistance of the envelope, rendering it capable of supporting, without rupture, a pressure of 6,400 pounds to the square yard.

The balloon, which is spherical in shape, will contain an immense internal balloon, so constructed as to be perfectly and permanently inflated by 3,250 cubic yards of gas always under the same pressure. This is intended to remedy, in great part, the grave inconveniences—the chief cause of balloon instability—produced by altitude changes. The "Sivel" will carry several pilot balloons to be used in studying aerial currents, and sixteen balloonets to supply, through its valves, the gas of the interior balloon of the "Sivel." The balloon's altitude will be regulated by means of a trail rope of considerable weight, which trails as a species of anchor over the ice.

Figure 2 represents the "Sivel" with its circlet of supply balloonets and its mobile anchor trailing over the ice.

The car, which is of osiers, is so strengthened by steel armatures as to be absolutely rigid. It is so arranged as to maintain in its interior a

regular temperature. A safety petroleum heater is used for the purpose. The car will be prepared for all emergencies by making it unsubmersible and furnishing it with runners for use as a sledge. It is ten feet wide by sixteen long, and will contain, besides the two explorers and their three aids, eight Esquimaux dogs, a sledge, an unsubmersible canoe, provisions, and water rendered unfreezable by a chemical procedure. The total weight of car and contents is fifteen tons. Above the car is a bridge accessible by a rope ladder.

Figure 1 represents a section of the car with its contents.

The cost is defrayed by Mr. Hermite and some English capitalists of scientific aspirations. While the idea of reaching the North Pole by balloon is not a new one, it has had its details on this occasion for the first time worked out in the above outlined plan with great care and accuracy.

## CROSSING THE OCEAN BY BALLOON.

A Chicago paper has the following:

"In a few months from now a man will be able to fly over to the continent of Europe on Saturday night and return in time for business on Monday morning," said Mr. W. C. Dewey, of Grand Rapids, after witnessing the working of the Pennington air-ship at Chicago a few days ago, and subscribing largely to the stock lists. "It is really the simplest practical matter in the world," he asserted, "and if successful it will revolutionize the world even more than the railroad or telegraph has done. We are already in correspondence with the Post Office Department in Washington, and have been assured that the mails will be sent by our air-ships as soon as we can go faster than the present mail trains. The thing grows on you as you consider it. It is cheap, and that recommends it. There are no lobbies to pay, no franchises to purchase, no tunnels to dig, and no tracks to lay. The air is free."

While hundreds of partly successful attempts have been made in the direction of the solution of the problem of navigating the air, the reason the feat has never been accomplished, Mr. Pennington says, is that knowledge of electricity has not until now reached the necessary point of perfection.

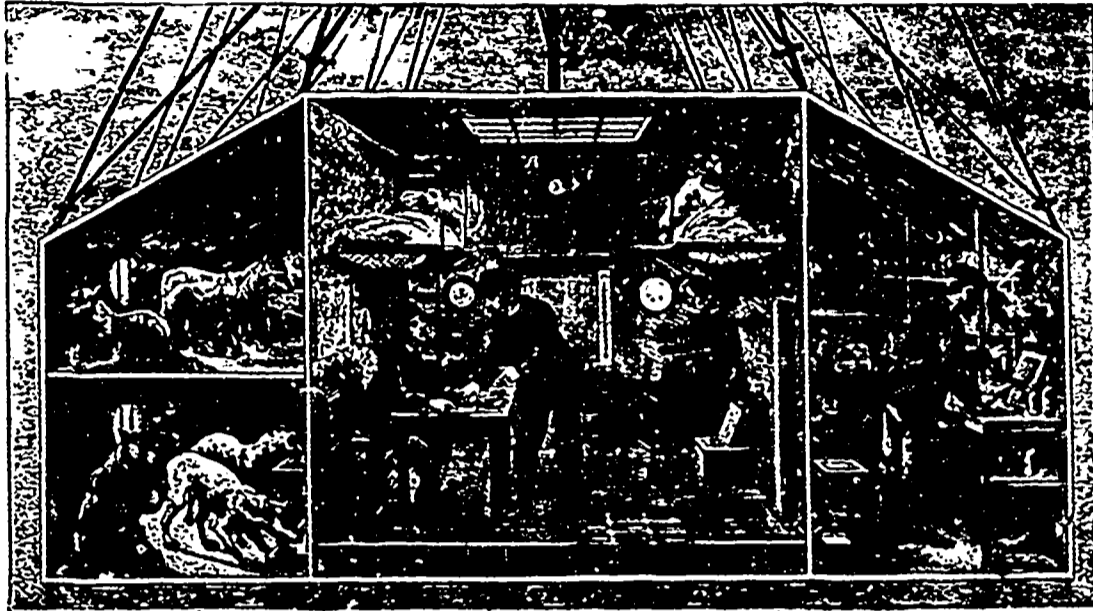
The Pennington air-ship will carry cars about the size of the present Pullmans, and will contain fifty persons each, special cars to be manufactured for quick mail and passenger service. The air-ship that is to be given a trial in a short time, will weigh about 1,350 pounds. It will be in shape very much like the hull of an ordinary sea vessel, and the crew will consist of but two men, who will, however, have the most perfect control of her. On either side, and extending the entire length, are large wings, arranged so as to be convertible into parachutes in case of accident. At the ends of these wings there are propeller wheels, by means of which the ship can be raised or lowered at will. A large propelling wheel at the bow furnishes the power by which she can be made to go either backward or forward.

The vessel proper is a huge buoyancy chamber, composed almost entirely of aluminum, and the ship that makes the

test trial will be 170 feet in length, with a diameter of 28 feet. Underneath this is a storage carrying a 100 horse-power engine, weighing 250 pounds. When every compartment is full of hydrogen, which is the buoyancy power used to elevate the vessel, the full lifting power will aggregate 5,500 pounds. The plan for carrying the hydrogen gas is an aluminum cylinder, which will act as a counter-balance, so that in fact the vessel will weigh practically nothing.

The chief factor in this final and successful (according to the inventor) solving of the problem of aerial navigation has been aluminum. The company manufacturing the ships makes its own aluminum at a cost, it is stated, of about ten cents per pound. It is also stated that the cost of the vessel will be but about \$3,500.

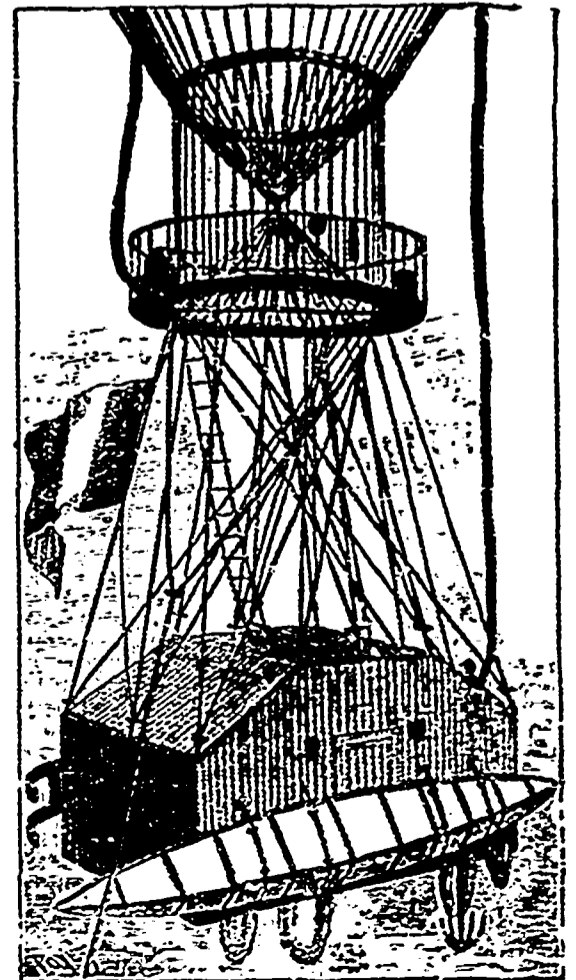
All the machinery in the new vessel is of entirely new design, and of the lightest weight possible. But even should everything break, the automatic parachutes, formed instantly by the side



INTERIOR OF BALLOON CAR.



THE "SIVEL" SURROUNDED BY "BALLOONETS."



BALLOON CAR.

wings, would allow the ship to descend gently to the ground, and as special cars are to be made for crossing the ocean, the ship would float on the water, should anything happen while making the voyage.

When everything is in readiness for a trip the machine will be lifted into the air at the height desired by the aerial engineer by a vertical propeller. The height it is proposed the ship shall attain is about one hundred and fifty feet above the ground, and when that point is reached a propeller in front of the machine will be started. The gas used to supply the machine is to be furnished from a cylinder by a gas engine through a hose, and when the vessel has been directed on its course it is expected that it will whirl through the air at the rate of fully two hundred miles per hour, according to the computations made of the resistance of the air. It will be steered by an electrical appliance, whereby a compass course will be laid and the ship automatically guided through the air.

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## Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

REV. W. H. WITHROW, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 25, 1897.

JUNIOR EPWORTH LEAGUE.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

OCTOBER 3, 1897.

God save the Queen. Canadian Hymnal, 340.

THE QUEEN'S JUBILEE.

The year 1897 will ever be an epoch in the history of England. During this year representative persons from every part of the British Empire met in London, the great metropolitan city, to take part in the Jubilee services of her most gracious Majesty's reign. The Jubilee itself will have a lasting influence, and will not only encourage all loyal subjects of the Queen, to be proud of their position, but will also tend to give other nations a better idea of the status of the empire, among the various nationalities of the world.

THE GREATNESS OF THE EMPIRE.

Foreigners are often surprised that the little island called England, should be at the head of such a powerful nation. Various reasons for this greatness have been assigned, but doubtless the Queen herself gave the true reason when she informed the African prince that the Holy Bible was the true secret of England's greatness.

A STRONG PERSONALITY.

Altogether, aside from her position as Queen, Victoria has been illustrious as a wife, a mother, and now as a widow. She has nobly filled all those positions. No woman could more reverence her husband, who was justly called "Albert the Good," than Queen Victoria did, and though years have rolled away since death removed him from her side, she still holds his memory dear. Her children revere her. When they travel abroad, or are called to go from home, as soon as they possibly can they return to the royal household, and greet their beloved mother.

PIERS FROM HER YOUTH.

Before she had attained to maturity, it was known to her that she would soon

sit upon the throne of England. She did not assume any lofty airs, or manifest proud notions in anticipation. She seemed to tremble at the thought of the responsibility which would soon rest upon her, and when the fact was made known to her that she was monarch of England, she requested the archbishop to kneel with her and pray, that she might have grace and wisdom to conduct the affairs of the nation, so that they might secure the divine approval.

OUR DUTY.

We should be grateful to God that we have such a noble woman at the head of our nation. Compare her with any monarch who has reigned during the same period, and where is there one with whom she can be compared? She has outlived all those who were monarchs when she began to reign. Her long life has been a noble example of righteous living and pure morality. The breath of scandal has never had occasion to tarnish her name. Her noble life should prove a blessing to her people.

IMITATE HER EXAMPLE.

Her position from the commencement of her reign gave her ample opportunities to gratify herself with all the pleasures of life, but she has never been known to do so. Even when young, she was not known to be fond of gaiety. Young people in our day are in great danger of being carried away with those things which are frivolous. The tendency needs to be guarded against. The indulgence of pleasure is ruinous to morals, as well as injurious to health, and endangers reputation. Acknowledge God in all your ways.

## THE LIFE OF A CLAM.

The clam's body is completely enshrouded in the mantle, except for two openings, through one of which the food can be pushed out. The other is for the siphon, or what is commonly known as the "neck" of the clam. In some respects the clam may be better off than we are, for he has a little brain in his foot and also a gland for secreting strong fibres. With this he spins a byssus, by which he can attach himself to whatever he likes. He does not even have to search for his food, but waits for it to come to him. He makes a burrow in the mud or sand, attaching himself to the bottom by the byssus. Then he thrusts his siphon up through the mud and water until it reaches the surface. The siphon is made up of two tubes, the water flowing in through one and out through the other.

When the inflowing current, laden with minute plants and animals, reaches the gill chamber, some of these are sifted out and retained for food, while the water and waste matter flow out through the other tube.

The clam's eggs are carried by the mother on her gills. When there are fish in the water with them, the mother clams discharge the eggs, which soon hatch, but if there are no fish they carry the eggs until they decay. The reason of this strange behaviour is this. When the eggs are set free in the water they soon hatch, and the little ones swim about until they find some fish to which they attach themselves. They live for a time on the mucus of the fish, and then drop off, sink to the bottom and form burrows for themselves. This curious, parasitic life is no doubt a reversion to the habit of some ancient ancestors.—Popular Science Monthly.

## APPEARANCE OF THE MUSK-OX.

The musk-ox lives in the land of perpetual cold, and its appearance is so odd and striking that when once seen, it is seldom forgotten. You see an oblong mass of tremendously long brown hair, four and a half feet high by six and a half long, supported upon wide hoofs and very short, thick legs, almost hidden by the body hair. There is also a blunt and hairy muzzle, a pair of eyes, a pair of broad, flattened horns, that part like a woman's hair and drop far downward before they curve upward—and that is all. The mass of hair is so thick that, as the robe lies on the floor, it is about as easy to walk over as a feather bed. Over the loins you will find, if you look closely, a broad "saddle-mark" of dirty-white hair, shorter than the rest of the coat.

Next to the body is a matted mass of very fine and soft hair, like clean wool, so dense that to snow and fog it is quite impenetrable. Over this lies a thick coat of very long, straight hair, often twelve inches in length, and sometimes twenty, like the grass rain-coat of a Japanese soldier. Sometimes it actually touches the snow as the animal walks.

## An Indignant Scholar.

BY EMILY H. MILLER.

Such a horrid jogafray lesson!  
Cities, and mountains, and lakes,  
And the longest, crookedest rivers,  
Just wriggling about like snakes.  
I tell you I wish Columbus  
Hadn't heard the earth was a ball,  
And started to find new countries  
That folks didn't need at all.

Now, wouldn't it be too lovely  
If all that you had to find out,  
Was just about Spain and England,  
And a few other lands thereabout?  
And the rest of the maps were printed  
With pink and yellow to sav,  
"All this is an unknown region,  
Where bogies and fairies stay!"

But what is the use of wishing,  
Since Columbus sailed over here,  
And men keep hunting and 'sporing,  
And finding more things every year?  
Now, show me the Yampah River,  
And tell me, where does it flow?  
And how do you bound Montana,  
And Utah, and Mexico?

## THE TWO PAINTERS.

There is an old story, but a good one, of two painters who were employed to fresco the walls of a cathedral, and both stood on a rough scaffolding constructed for the purpose some forty feet from the floor.

One of them was so intent upon his work that he became wholly absorbed, and in admiration stepped back from the picture, gazing at it with intense delight. Forgetting where he was, he moved still farther back, surveying the work of his brush, until he had neared the edge of the plank upon which he stood.

At the critical moment his companion turned suddenly, and, almost frozen with horror, beheld his imminent peril. Another instant, and the artist would be precipitated upon the pavement beneath. If he spoke to him, it was certain death; if he held his peace, death was equally sure. Suddenly he regained his presence of mind, and, seizing a wet brush, he flung it against the wall, splattering the beautiful picture with unsightly blotches of colouring.

The painter flew forward and turned upon his friend with fierce upbraids; but, startled at his ghastly face, he listened to his recital of danger, looking shudderingly over the dread space below, and, with tears of gratitude, blessed the hand that saved his life.

## THIN PLACES.

"There! my darnin' is done for this week—every hole is mended."

"And the thin places?"

"Thin places! Why, Auntie, I never look for thin places. There are always holes enough to keep me busy."

"When I was a little girl," said Auntie, "I had a dear old grandmother who taught me to mend and darn, and with the teaching she slipped in many a lesson about higher things. 'Look out for thin places,' she used to say 'it'll save thee a deal of time and trouble. A few runs back and forth with the needle will save a half-hour's darnin' next week. There are a few thin places in thy character,' she said one day, 'that thee'd better attend to—little failings that will soon break into sins.' I did not quite understand her, so, sweetening her talk with a bit of the chocolate she carried for the buns, she said, 'I see thy mother pick up thy hat and coat, putting away thy rubbers again and again. I hear thee sometimes speak pretty sharply when some one interrupts thee at thy story reading. I heard thee offer to dust the parlour several days ago, but thee forgot it, and to-day thy mother put down her sewing to do it.'"

"I felt so ashamed that I never forgot about the thin places after that, though I'm afraid I did not always attend to them at once."

"Why, Aunt Mary! If you hadn't said Grandma, I'd think you meant me! There are my rubbers under the stove, and I promised mamma to dust the sitting-room this very day! But I don't quite understand what holes she meant."

"If you can't find your things, and you are in a hurry, what might happen, Grace?"

Grace coloured, and her eyes fell. "I did get real mad about my grammar. I was sure I had put it on my desk!"

"And you found it on the divan! Then, if you promise and do not perform, does it not lower your notion of truthfulness, and so give Satan more power over you?"

"Why, auntie, I went right up and tidied my room."

"I don't understand, Grace."

"I thought you knew," said the girl in a shame-faced whisper. "I told mother I had tidied my room (for I promised I would) when I had forgotten it and was ashamed to own up. Oh! I see how thin places become holes, and I mean to look out."

"With God's help," said auntie softly, and Grace, giving her a hug, ran to put away her rubbers and dust the sitting-room.

"How about your thin places?"

## THE LUCKY HORSESHOE.

The horseshoe superstition which obtained a foothold in a number of countries, had several different origins, among them being the facts that its shape is an emblem of good luck; it is worn by the horse, which is considered a fortunate animal, and it is made of iron. Iron is popularly believed to be endowed with protecting qualities beyond those of any other metal. The opal, which is a beautiful stone, is considered unlucky, while the flint stone, which is made up of about the same matter as the opal, is considered lucky; and in many stables a piece of flint, with a natural hole through it, is hung over the door to prevent the entrance of witches, who would otherwise ride the horses all night and leave them exhausted next morning. Even now, the most rabid enemy of superstition will, half-laughingly, pick up an old horseshoe and carry it home with him.

The Romans drove nails into the walls of their cottages as an antidote for the plague. The Arabs believe that the evil god which sends the simoon upon them can be appeased by the shout, "Iron, iron," and when overtaken by that storm, that is the cry they raise. The Scandinavian constantly carries in the bottom of his boat an open knife, or nail driven in a reed, to ward off the water-spirits. Many nations have long held that iron is a potent breaker of the spell of witchcraft, and so the finding of old iron is lucky; and as old iron is mostly found in the shape of horseshoes, and as the horseshoe is the lucky crescent shape, the horseshoe has become to be considered a lucky emblem.

In the mythology of England, horses were looked upon as luck-bringers, and in Yorkshire it is still thought that a disease may be cured by burying a horse alive, while in some rural districts it is a common practice to place horses' hoofs under the bed of invalids to cure diseases. Near the close of the last century, the belief in the power of horseshoes reached its height, and in the west end of London a horseshoe was nailed over the door of almost every house. Fifty years later there were but half as many, and the present day sees only a scant few, as education overrides superstition.

Over the door of one of the principal churches of Suffolk a prominent horseshoe was worked into the architecture, probably with the idea of keeping the witches out. At that time, fifty years ago, many churches had horseshoes nailed over the doors. The Irish peasants modify the custom, and nail horseshoes on the thresholds, planting cloves of wild garlic over the door. There is a prevailing custom of affixing a horseshoe to the foremast of ships, and many of the most famous battleships have carried this emblem.

The horseshoe has often been the means of saving life. English lore tells how Queen Margaret watched the battle of Blenheim Heath, in 1459, and when she saw the battle would be lost, made her escape on horseback, having the blacksmith reverse the shoes of her horse, so that it would appear that she was galloping the other way.

When Stanley started across the continent of Africa, he had seventy-three books in three packs, weighing one hundred and eighty pounds. After he had gone three hundred miles, he was obliged to throw away some of his books through the fatigue of those carrying his baggage. As he continued on his journey, in like manner his library grew less and less, until he had but one book left. You can imagine its name—the Bible. It is said that he read that book through three times during the journey. The Bible is the only book that has stood the test of all centuries and earth's greatest minds. It alone contains that which will meet the deepest yearnings of our immortal souls. It is the book that we should read daily, and "hide in our hearts," as did the Psalmist, and it will help to keep us from sin.

**Be Careful What You Sow, Boys.**

BY G. C. CASE.

Be careful what you sow, boys;  
For seed will surely grow, boys.  
The dew will fall, the rain will splash,  
The clouds grow dark, the sunshine  
flash;  
And he who sows good seed to-day,  
Shall reap the crop to-morrow.

Be careful what you sow, boys;  
The weed you plant will grow, boys.  
The scattered seed from thoughtless  
hand

Must gathered be by God's command;  
And he who sows wild oats to-day,  
Must reap wild oats to-morrow.

Then let us sow good seed, boys;  
And not the briars and weeds, boys.  
The harvest time its joys shall bring;  
And when we reap our hearts shall sing;  
For he who sows good seed to-day  
Shall reap the crop to-morrow.

**NEMO**

OR

**The Wonderful Door.**

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CHRISTIE'S OLD ORGAN."

CHAPTER XI.

THE SHADY LANE.

What was it in the words and the tune of the hymn which Nemo had sung that made them cling to Abel, and sound in his ears, in spite of all his efforts to forget them? When he lay down to sleep that night, he seemed still to hear the child singing—

"No room, no room; ye cannot enter now."

And even in his dreams the song haunted him; for he dreamt that he was standing outside a beautiful house, the windows of which were shining brightly, and that he could hear from inside the sound of more lovely music than he had ever heard before.

Presently, as he watched, many people dressed in white came up to the door of the house and entered it, and after a time he saw Nemo and Amos coming up the road hand-in-hand. The door was thrown open to them at once, and a stream of light came out as they went in and fell on the road outside. Abel hurried to the door, that he might follow them in, and he would have passed into the light and the warmth inside, but the door was closed in his face, and he found himself left alone in the darkness outside.

Then he stood for a long, long time by the door, knocking and beating with his fists against it, but no one took any notice of him. He cried for Amos, for Nemo, for any one who was inside, to take pity on him and to open the door; but the hours passed by and no one came near him. The wind blew chill and cold, and he shivered as he stood by the door in the darkness, with his ear closely pressed against it, and as he strained it to listen for voices inside. But no one came to open to him, and he thought that he heard the glad music within turn to a dismal, mournful air, and all at once he was persuaded that they were singing Nemo's hymn—

"No room, no room; ye cannot enter now."

When Abel awoke, he shivered almost as much as he had done in his dream; but he roused himself, and, muttering that dreams were silly things, he at once set about the work of the day, and did all he could to forget what had passed the night before. But somehow or other, in spite of all his efforts, he could not shake off the remembrance of it, for as he drove along the very wheels of the cart seemed to be repeating—

"No room, no room; ye cannot enter now."

About midday they passed through a quiet little village where a funeral was going on, and the tolling bell seemed to Abel to be saying, "Late, late—late—too, too late," and to be just the echo of Nemo's words to him the day before.

They had left the forest far behind now, and had turned off in the direction of the moors. Already they had come across patches of pink and lilac heather growing by the wayside, and Nemo had brightened up at the sight of it, and had seemed more cheerful than he had done since the dog left them. Soon after, they saw, stretching out before them, the great moors they had crossed the year before, and over which they now

intended to cross in order to reach Everton. But between them and the moors still lay a green, fertile valley filled with trees, and at the bottom of this valley, and nestling amongst the trees, lay a large village, in which Abel hoped to do a great deal of business, and in which he intended to pass the night.

Near this village, and only a little way removed from it, stood two large houses, belonging evidently to wealthy men, for they were surrounded by gardens, lawns, hothouses, and stables, and were approached by smooth carriage drives, leading through fine masses of shrubbery and plantation. The high road divided the grounds belonging to these houses, and Abel made up his mind to call at both of them, and try to dispose of some of his baskets.

The house which stood on the right-hand side of the road was built of white brick, and was almost hidden by the fine trees which surrounded it. Abel did not venture to open the gate and to lead his donkey up to the grand entrance, so he stood waiting outside for some time, and looking down the road for some one who would be able to direct him. At length a boy in a smock-frock passed, and bade him drive about a quarter of a mile farther down the road, where he would find on the right-hand side a green shady lane, which led to the coach-house and stables of the great house.

Abel soon discovered this lane, and they turned down it at once. There was a wood on either side of it, and the trees met overhead, and made a quiet, cool shade, which was very refreshing to them after the heat and dust of the unshaded road. When they had passed some way down this lane, they saw to their right a large gate, and they found that this opened into the stable-yard, and that close by was the coachman's cottage, with a pretty garden in front of it, and that there were bee-hives standing in a small stackyard close by.

Abel opened the door, and at that moment a woman crossed the yard on her way from the cottage to the stables. He told her who he was, and why he had come, and asked if he might be allowed to show some of his baskets at the great house. Just at that time a gentleman came into the yard, and, after inquiring who Abel was, he bade him return to his cart and bring any basket tables or chairs that he might happen to have with him. He told him to take them up to the rose-garden, where his wife and daughters were then sitting, as he felt sure they would like to buy some.

Abel was only too glad to do as he was told, and the coachman's wife offered to show him the way to the rose-garden. "But what shall I do with my cart?" he asked; "is there any place in which I can leave it?"

"Oh, it will be all right outside," said the woman. "No one will come down the lane. I see you have a boy there; he can hold the donkey, can't he?"

"Yes, he can hold it," said Abel doubtfully, for he did not like the idea of leaving Nemo alone.

But the woman did not notice his hesitation, and assuring him that the rose-garden was not far away, and that she would carry some of his things for him, she took hold of two basket-chairs and led the way to the gardens, leaving Abel to follow her as quickly as he could.

"Sit still, Nemo," said Abel, "and just hold the reins; I shan't be long."

"Oh, it's nice here," said the child, who was turning over the leaves of a book. "You needn't be in a hurry, Abel; I'll take care of everything."

The little man then hastened to follow his guide up to the gardens, where he found the lady and her daughters; and they were so pleased with his goods that they bought everything he had brought to show them; and Abel hurried back with empty hands and with a pocket full of money, to tell Nemo how well he had prospered. He had been away about a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes, and he wondered if the child would be tired of waiting.

He opened the stable gate and turned into the lane, but to his surprise he could see nothing of the cart. The lane was a very winding one, so that he could not look far down it, and he concluded that Nemo must have driven on a little farther, though he felt somewhat surprised that he should have done so after he had bidden him to remain where he was.

No knowing in which direction the cart might have gone, he went first towards the high road which he had left, thinking that perhaps the child was waiting for him at the place where they had turned down the lane. But seeing no sign of the cart in that direction, he came quickly back, and ran as fast as he could down the lane beyond the stables. To his great joy, about a quarter of a mile from the coach-house gate, he saw in front of him the cart, safe and sound, standing by the side of the road, whilst the

donkey was nibbling the ferns and grass that grew on the high bank by the side of the road.

Abel hurried forward, only too thankful that he had at last caught sight of the lost cart.

"Nemo," he cried, "turn round, we're not going that way! Be quick!"

But no answer came from the cart. "He must be very much taken up with what he's reading," said Abel to himself. "What a boy he is for a book, to be sure!" So he called out no more, but went quietly forward, intending to surprise Nemo by climbing on the back of the cart and looking at him through the little window. He soon came up to the place, and the donkey, hearing his footsteps, turned round to look at him; he mounted on the back of the cart and peeped in; expecting to see the child curled away in his usual corner and intent on one of his story-books, of which he had brought a good supply with him.

But, to his horror and dismay, no child was there. Nemo was gone; his little darling, the very joy of his life, had disappeared.

"Nemo, Nemo!" he cried, with a wild piercing cry, "where are you? Come back to me, Nemo!" But no answer came, although he cried aloud till he was hoarse; no sound was to be heard but the buzzing of the flies under the hedge, and the cawing of the rooks in the trees near the great house.

Turning the donkey round, Abel drove back as quickly as he could to the stable, calling Nemo all the way; and then he sought out the coachman's wife, and told her his boy had disappeared, and begged her to find out if any one about the stable-yard had seen him. There was, however, no one near the stables at the time except a lad who was employed in the gardens for part of the day, and who had come in tired, and had fallen asleep on the hay in the loft. Nor was there any one in the coachman's house but the baby and a little girl who was looking after it, and who declared that she had never been out of the kitchen, and had not even seen the basket-cart go by.

In the greatest distress, and with every kind of fear filling his heart, poor Abel went on towards the village, asking for news of Nemo from every one he met on the road, but receiving none, and becoming more and more disheartened and miserable every moment.

As soon as he arrived at the little inn, he left his cart there, and went to the house of the village policeman and told his sorrowful tale. Then they set forth together, and wandered about until late at night, looking for the child in all directions, and making inquiry of every one in the neighbourhood. But no one had seen Nemo, no one knew anything of him, nor was it until late that evening that they discovered the slightest clue to the direction which he had taken when he left the cart.

Then, whilst they were searching the wood on the opposite side of the road to the coachman's house, Abel's foot stumbled against something, and, picking it up, he found it to be the book that Nemo had held in his hand when he last saw him. This book was lying about a hundred yards from the road, at the foot of a Scotch fir tree. They now looked eagerly about for footsteps, but the ground was too dry for any to be seen, nor, although they returned to the spot with lanterns and searched until late at night, could they discover anything further.

The country policeman was a kind and active man; he was thoroughly touched by the dwarf's anxiety; and he showed so much sympathy and feeling, that Abel unburdened his heavily-laden heart by telling him Nemo's strange story, and by describing to him the man they had seen on the moors, and by relating to him the extraordinary disappearance of the dog, and all the strange and suspicious circumstances that had clustered round them ever since they had had that mysterious encounter on the moors.

The policeman was strongly of opinion that the child had not wandered away nor been lost in the ordinary sense of the word, but that his disappearance was in some way connected with the strange man who had frightened them so much before. This thought made Abel very miserable, yet he could not but own that there was every probability of its being correct.

It was terrible to have to give up the search on account of the darkness of the night, and to have to go to bed in the village inn, in awful uncertainty as to the fate of his own little Nemo. He never closed his eyes, but lay awake, turning over in his mind first one plan and then another which might lead to the discovery of the child. And as soon as dawn came, Abel was on foot again, wandering through the woods, searching on the moors, and inquiring at the cottages, as he had done the night before.

Later on in the day the policeman went with him to the house of the county magistrate, and he told his tale to him; and notice of what had occurred was sent to the other police stations in the neighbourhood, and an advertisement was drawn up for insertion in the county newspapers, describing the child, and offering a reward for any information which might lead to his discovery.

For a whole week poor Abel hovered about the place, trying to obtain some news of his lost darling, but at length he felt it was of no use to remain longer, for by that time Nemo had probably been taken many miles away, so he inquired which was the nearest way home, and set off on his lonely dismal journey back to the town. How should he tell Amos what had happened! How could he ever bring himself to break to him the terrible news that their little lad was gone!

Leaving the donkey in the stable on his arrival he went to the house in which Amos lived, and slowly ascended the steep staircase. Amos knew his step, and opened the door at the top.

"Why, Abel, my lad," he cried joyfully, "it does my heart good to hear thee. I've counted the days till thee should come. Where's the child? Bring him up, and we'll have tea together. The kettle's just on the boil, and ye shall have a good cup of tea to refresh ye after your drive."

Abel made no answer, but came slowly on, and when he entered the room he had no need to speak, for his face of utter despair and misery told its own tale.

"Abel, my lad, what is it?" said Amos. "Tell me quick. It is some heavy sorrow—I know it is! Is the little lad dead?"

"No, not dead, Amos, not dead!" said Abel.

"Thank God for that," said the old man in a trembling voice,—"thank God for that! Then he is ill, Abel, ill, and likely to die—is that it?"

"No, not ill, Father Amos, not ill—at least, not that I know of; but he is gone."

"Gone! where, Abel?" asked the old man.

Then Abel told him the whole sorrowful story; and they sat together until midnight, talking it over, and sharing their fears and surmises and suspicions regarding it.

Abel did not forget to tell Amos that he had also lost the dog, and they both agreed that the two disappearances were very closely connected together.

"Before we part, Abel, we must tell the Lord about it," said the old man; "let us kneel down together," and taking the dwarf's hand in his, old Amos prayed in a trembling voice, often choked by sobs: "O Lord, thou knowest how we love our little Nemo, our own little lad, the only treasure me and Abel has got. Lord, we know not where he is this night, but thou knowest. Lord, be with him. Lord, save and keep him from all harm to body and soul. Lord, bring him back safe to us, if it be thy blessed will. O Lord, have pity on us, for the Saviour's sake. Amen."

He could say no more, for words failed him; nothing but sobs could be heard, and Abel wept as he had never done in his life before. It was a very terrible blow which had fallen on these two men, and neither of them had as yet recovered from the first shock of it. But the old man had a friend, ever present and ever full of love, on whom he could rely for help; the young man had to bear his grief unaided and un comforted. He had not prayed when Nemo was with him and when all went well, how could he pray now?

So Abel was alone in his desolation.

(To be continued.)

**WHITE AND RED ROSES.**

The white and red rose—the York and the Lancaster—are associated with warlike memory. For as fierce and deadly a battle as any recorded in English history was fought upon a field where a rose peculiar to the spot used to grow. It is a rare plant now; and the reason for this is explained in an account of the Yorkshire battles. Mr. Leadman, after describing the terrible conflict at Towton, England, on Palm Sunday, 1461, says:

"I cannot conclude this story of Towton Field without an allusion to the little dwarf bushes peculiar to the 'Field of the White Rose and the Red.' They are said to have been plentiful at the commencement of this century, but visitors have carried them away in such numbers that they have become rare. Such vandalism is shameful, for the little plants are unique, and said to be unable to exist in any other soil. The little roses are white with a red spot in the centre of each petal. As they grow on the under-surface reddens."

### The Cliffs of Easterhaze.

BY EMMA HUNTINGTON MASON.

O happy cliffs of Easterhaze!  
Like giant sentinels ye stand,  
And guard the sweeping water-ways  
That softly lap thy yellow sand.  
And golden green above the strand,  
Or with thy scarlet lamps ablaze,  
Ye guide the fisher-folk to land,  
O happy cliffs of Easterhaze!

Above thy heights, the sea-gull dips,  
With flashing wing, or gray or white.  
Beneath thy feet, the sea moss drips,  
And hides the cruel rock from sight  
I mind me of thy welcome light.  
And cry, "Ahoy!" with eager lips,  
As beating shoreward, left and right,  
Sail home the tardy fishing ships

A lad I love climbs up thy pier,  
O happy cliffs of Easterhaze!  
The breezes laugh his voice to hear:  
The sea, in music, curls and plays;  
And here a glory glides the days;  
And here the stars are wondrous clear.  
O happy cliffs of Easterhaze,  
Because thy haunts to him are dear!

### VALLEY OF JEHOSEPHAT.

The valley of Jehoshaphat, (Valley of the Judgment of Jehovah), is a valley mentioned by Joel only, as the spot in which, after the return of Judah and Jerusalem from captivity, Jehovah would gather all the heathen (Joel 3, 2), and would there sit to judge them for their misdeeds to Israel (ch. 3, 12). The scene of "Jehovah's judgment" has been localized, and the name has come down to us attached to that deep ravine which separates Jerusalem from the Mount of Olives, through which at one time the Kedron forced its stream. At what period the name "valley of Jehoshaphat" was first applied to this spot is unknown. It is not mentioned in the Bible or Josephus, but is first encountered in the middle of the fourth century. Both Moslems and Jews believe that the last Judgment is to take place there. The steep sides of the ravine, wherever a level strip affords the opportunity, are crowded—in places almost paved—by the sepulchres of the Moslems, or the simpler slabs of the Jewish tombs, alike awaiting the assembly of the last Judgment. The name is generally confined by travellers to the upper part of the glen. Others suppose that the name is only an imaginary one, "the valley of the judgment of Jehovah" referring to some great victories of God's people in which judgment was executed upon the heathen; or perhaps, as Kell, etc., to the end of the world. The valley is full of ancient tombs, the one to the left of James, and the other as the tomb of St. Zechariah.

### PAPER AND THE FIRST PAPER-MAKERS.

BY ELIZABETH DAVIS FIELDER.

"Mamma," said Jill, "when I was making mud pies to-day Uncle Bob said that there was a mill where they put in dirty little girls and ground them up, and they came out nice, clean little boys, just like a paper mill, where you put in dirty rags and they come out nice, white paper. Is that true?"

"Which?" mamma asked; "the paper-mill or the other?"

"Oh, both!"

"Uncle Bob was only teasing about the mill for grinding up little girls—not that there wouldn't be business enough for it—but it is certainly true about the rags and the paper-mill."

"Tell us all about it!" Jack and Jill both exclaimed.

"It would take a long time to tell all about it," mamma answered, "but I can tell you some things that will help you to understand how we get paper. After the rags have been gathered up by the rag-pickers—or more familiar 'ragmen'—they are carefully sorted, and those suitable are sent to the great paper-mills. There they are boiled in a strong lye, which cleans and softens them. They are then placed in a large iron

vessel called a washing-machine. In the middle of this vessel is a cylinder with a great many teeth around it. As it revolves, these teeth seize and tear the rags until they are partly pulped, or 'broken in.' After the water has been thoroughly drained from them in the draining-chests, they are placed in the great bleaching-vats made of stone. Here for twenty-four hours they are stirred in a strong solution of lime until they are bleached to a beautiful white. When the rags have been revolved five hours in another machine they are reduced to pulp, and are then ready to be made into paper. The workman has a sheet, or mould, made of a network of fine wire, and on this mould is a thin frame called a 'deckle.' He dips these into the vats containing the pulp, and the deckle forms a ridge which holds just enough pulp to make one sheet of paper. As these moulds are taken out they are placed in an inclined position, and the water soon drains through the wire gauze. Then comes another man with a board on which is tacked a piece of felt. He turns the sheet of pulp upon the felt, and they are piled one upon another with a piece of felt between each one, until there is enough to make what the workmen call a 'post.' These posts are pressed, and then the sheets are hung upon hair ropes in the drying-loft. After being passed between hot iron rollers to glaze and polish them, the paper is at last ready to be folded and made into quires."

"Who made the first paper, mamma?" Jack asked.

"They were very tiny workmen," she answered. "Here you can see the picture of some of them."

"Wasps and hornets!" Jack ex-

claimed in disgust. "You don't mean that, mamma?"

"Yes, I do. We are told in very old books that many hundred years ago paper was made in Egypt from the cloth in which mummies had been wrapped, and long before that papyrus was made from the stem of a plant; but before any of these methods were discovered, wasps and hornets were building their nests of a coarse paper, which they manufactured themselves. Nature taught these little creatures to do in a small and quiet way the same work which is being done with much whir and noise by the great paper-making machines."

### AN INTERESTING FAMILY.

The "Listener" is a writer who contributes regularly to the Boston Evening Transcript. He is known to have "sharp eyes," and is credited with having keen ears as well. He therefore sees and hears a great deal, and he tells it all in a most delightful way.

A family of robins once attracted his attention, and having watched them long enough to become fully acquainted with their mode of living, he has told all that he found out about them. He says:

"The scientists have discovered that a young robin can eat forty feet of worms in one day. There were five little robins in this nest, so the father bird had to get two hundred feet of worms every day to satisfy his children.

"This father, you see, had to work very hard. If any one was in sight he would not fly to the apple tree where his family were, but into another tree, until

he was sure he was not watched, then away he flew to his family, who sat, all of them, with their mouths wide open waiting for a worm.

"But one day there was a great commotion in the nest. Suddenly the largest baby fell to the ground, and the strongest baby had attempted to fly away. He did not know how to use his wings, so he fell instead of flying. Suddenly there was a crouching figure, a spring, and the cat and the baby robin disappeared under the piazza.

"Not far away was a grove of trees. It was soon evident that father and mother robin were going to emigrate to this grove with the babies. A little way at a time flew Mr. and Mrs. Robin, and the children kept close to them. Finally the family were lost sight of in the grove of trees.

"Down in the garden the potatoes were growing finely. After the robin family emigrated the leaves of many of the potato plants began to turn yellow. The gardener dug down a very little way, and in every hill where the leaves turned yellow he found a cut-worm.

"Mr Robin had earned the rent of the apple tree and the few cherries he took many times over. While he lived in the apple tree he had kept the potatoes free from worms, but now the worms were free to eat in the garden, and the gardener, try as he would, could not destroy as many worms as Mr. Robin with five babies to feed.

### SALARY OF THE RULERS.

The Prince of Wales gets two hundred thousand dollars a year for the labours of being heir-apparent.

## LESSON NOTES.

### FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE ACTS AND EPISTLES.

### LESSON I—OCTOBER 3.

PAUL'S LAST JOURNEY TO JERUSALEM.

Acts 21. 1-15. Memory verses, 12-14.

### GOLDEN TEXT.

I am ready not to be bound only, but also to die at Jerusalem, for the name of the Lord Jesus.—Acts 21. 13.

### OUTLINE.

1. Fellowship, v. 1-9.

2. Self-surrender, v. 10-15.

Time.—In the spring of A.D. 58.

Places.—The Aegean Sea, with the islands Coos and Rhodes, Patara, a seaport of Asia Minor, the Mediterranean Sea, and the three cities, Tyre, Ptolemais, and Caesarea.

### HOME READINGS.

M. Paul's last journey to Jerusalem.—Acts 21. 1-15.

Tu. Arrival in Jerusalem.—Acts 21. 16-26.

W. Fury of the Jews.—Acts 21. 27-39.

Th. Bearing the cross.—Mark 8. 31-38.

F. Christ's reproof.—Luke 13. 31-35.

S. Choosing affliction.—Heb. 11. 20-27.

Su. In nothing ashamed.—Phil. 1. 18-30.

### QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. Fellowship, v. 1-9.

Trace the voyage from Miletus to Caesarea.

Why did Paul land at Tyre?

Whom did he find there?

How long did he remain there?

Of what was he warned?

What city did Paul next enter?

Who entertained him at Caesarea?

With what gifts were Phillip's daughter's endowed?

2. Self-surrender, v. 10-15.

Who came from Judea to welcome Paul?

What did Agabus do with Paul's girdle?

What prophecy did he utter?

What counsel was offered Paul?

What was Paul's heroic reply? Golden Text.

What effect did it have on the disciples?

### PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

How does this lesson illustrate—

1. Christian sympathy?

2. Christian heroism?

3. Christian resignation?

### INVALUABLE FRAGMENTS.

"What are our young people doing with the odd moments of their lives?" asks some one who has their interests at heart.

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1. TOMB OF ST. JAMES.

VALLEY OF JEHOSEPHAT.

2. ZECHARIAH.