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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XVII.]

TORONTO, JULY 24, 1897.

[No. 30.]

A Queer Race.

I saw the queerest race to-day
Out at the county fair,
The riders all were tiny tots;
The racers all were rare.

I saw a little winsome maid,
With flying yellow hair,
Hold fast and ride around the ring,
Upon a big brown bear.

Another one laughed loud in glee,
And raced around the track,
And she was seated fearlessly
Upon a lion's back.

And one rode on a tiger fierce,
Another on a deer,
While others rode on prancing steeds,
Without a sign of fear.

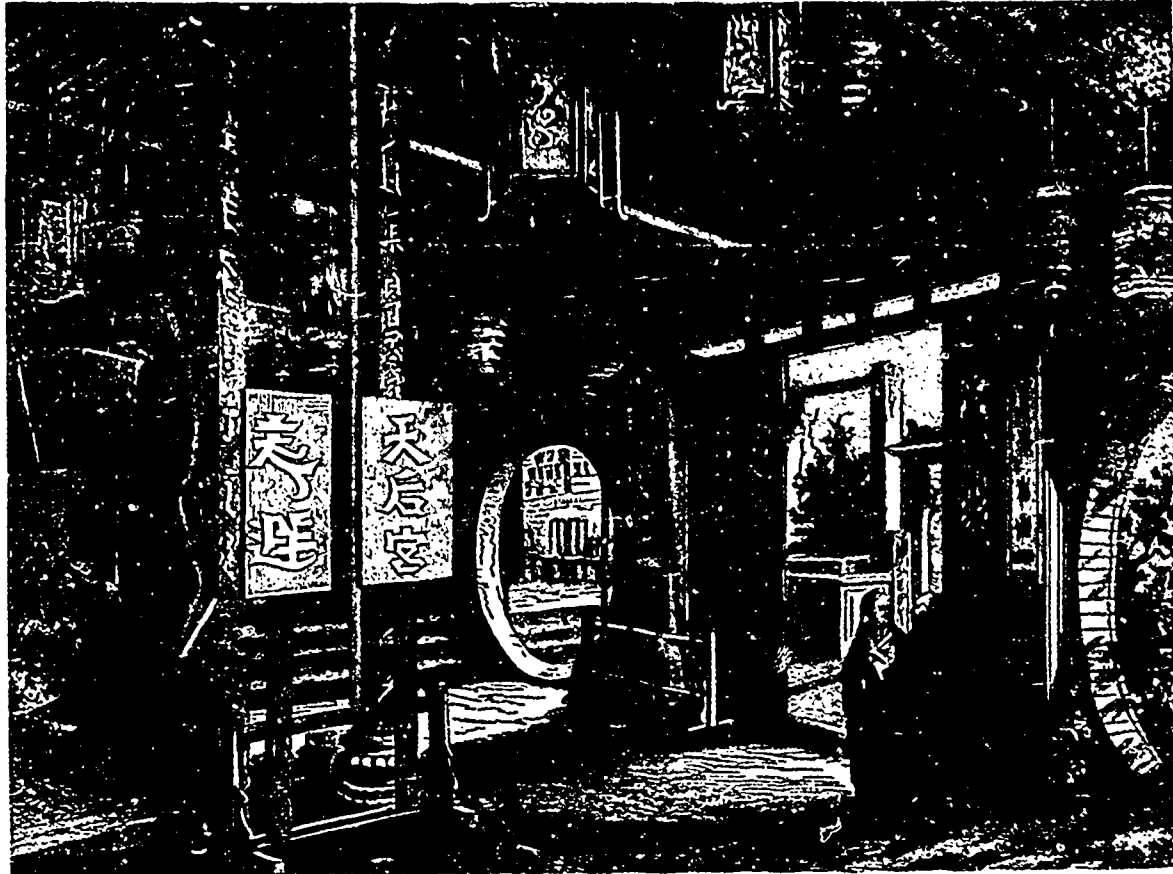
And round and round the track they rode,
All at a rapid pace,
And no one beat, though all tried hard
To win the funny race.

At last the racers came to rest,
The music ceased to sound,
And all the little tots went home,
And left the merry-go-round.

—Youth's Companion.

RECEPTION ROOM, CHINESE MANSION.

The Chinese are a very hospitable, and a very polite people. They are very fond of entertaining their friends, and the rich folk entertain them most magnificently. They are very profuse in their salutations and compliments. The mansions of the rich are often situated in the midst of elegant gardens, and are adorned with very great taste. In the engraving, we are shown the interior of one of these mansions. It will be observed from the size of the figures how lofty and spacious the apartment is. Through the latticed doorway and the large oval windows, without glass, is caught a glimpse of the beautiful gardens without. The numerous and elegant lanterns hanging from the ceiling will attract attention. When these are all lighted at night, the effect must be very beautiful. The sentences inscribed in gold or vermilion letters are for the most part moral maxims or proverbs, of which the Chinese are very fond. An artist will be seen copying the extraordinary



RECEPTION ROOM, CHINESE MANSION.

looking dragon on the screen to the left of the picture. The grave and dignified figures, with their bald heads and pig-tails, and rat moustaches and almond eyes, are very queer looking. It is sad to think that one-third of the human race living in China have never heard the Gospel of Jesus.

COLD WATER AND CLOUDS.

BY GEORGE H. MERRIL.

Did you ever stop to think when you look out of the window and saw dull, gray clouds from which the rain was so steadily pouring, and which seemed to shut in the world all around, that, in reality, they extended over a very small part of the country; that somewhere else, perhaps only twenty or thirty or a hundred miles away, the sun was shining, and all was bright and beautiful? This is really the case. For storms, however long and dreary, do not extend over many miles; and though it always is raining at some place in the world, yet always, and at the same time, it is pleasant somewhere else. Now, let us see why this is.

Suppose that on a warm summer afternoon we were to bring a pitcher of clear,

cool water, fresh from the well, and to place it on the table in the dining-room. Now, no matter how carefully we may have dried the pitcher before bringing it in, we shall discover, if we watch closely, that the outside soon becomes wet or misty, and that the mist grows heavier and then gathers into drops, and perhaps even runs down the pitcher to the table.

Now, where does this water come from? Not through the sides of the pitcher; that is impossible; but from the air. We cannot see it, perhaps, but still it is there in the state of vapour. How came it there? Did you ever notice after rain how in a short time the puddles become dry, and how the moisture disappeared from the grass and leaves as soon as the sun shone out and the wind blew? Or did you ever notice that if you left a pan of water out of doors the water each day grew less and less, until all was gone and the pan was dry?

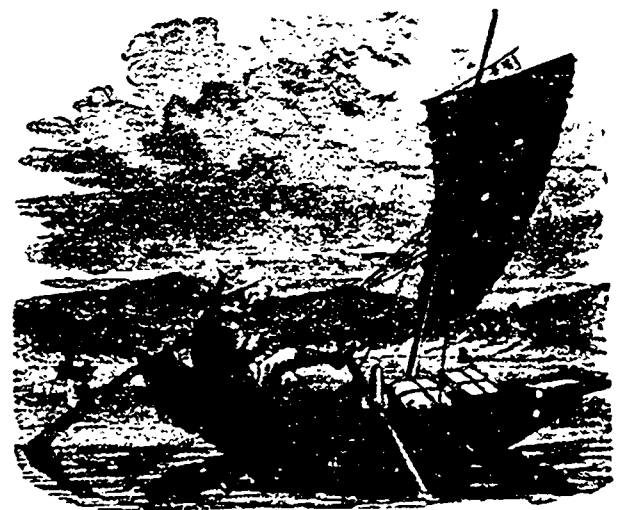
All the water that was in the puddles, on the grass and leaves (except that which soaked into the ground), and in the pan, was taken up as vapour into the air—it "evaporated," as we say. The same thing happens when water boils, only it then evaporates more rapidly, and we can see the vapour arising as steam. If you live near a river, or in a country where there are brooks, perhaps you can see this evaporation actually taking place. Get up early some morning, before the sun rises, and look out toward the river. You may see a long line of mist or fog, like a big white cloud, hanging over the water. Now, this mist is only the water evaporating from the river, and is just now visible as fog because the air is cool. After the sun has shone the air becomes warmed and the fog disappears, but the evaporation goes on, nevertheless. Indeed, it is going on continually, and all over the earth; so that if the water were not returned to us as rain, snow and dew, all the

reached the corner where the constable was, he touched the constable on the arm with his trunk. The constable, turning, saw the huge beast at his shoulder, and, frightened almost to death, began running down the street and the elephant after him. The keeper called and called, but the animal paid no attention. The constable ran until he reached an open gateway, into which he rushed, shutting the iron gates after him. The keeper says that the elephant fairly chuckled, as though he had had a great deal of fun.

"Germany," says St. James' Gazette, "has had five sovereigns since Queen Victoria began to reign. She herself will in future be recognized as the ancestress of one of the most powerful rulers. Her grandson wears the Iron Crown of Germany. Her granddaughter is Empress of Russia. Another granddaughter is the Crown Princess of Roumania. Her second son rules over the Principality of Saxo-Coburg. The Hereditary Princess of Saxo-Meiningen is her granddaughter. The heir to the throne of Greece is her descendant, the Grand Duke of Hesse is her grandson. She has no fewer than sixty-one descendants who one day between them promise to be at the head of more than half of Europe."



BOAT SCENE IN CHINA.



CHINESE SAMPAN.

Which Are You?

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Now the two kinds of people,
On earth I mean,
Are the people who lift,
And the people who lean.

Wherever you go,
You will find the world's masses
Are always divided
Into just these two classes,

And oddly enough,
You will find, too, I ween,
There is only one lifter
To twenty who lean,

In which class are you?
Are you easing the load
Of overtaxed lifters,
Who toll down the road?

Or are you a leaner
Who lets others bear
Your portion of labour
And worry and care?

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, JULY 24, 1897.

JUNIOR EPWORTH LEAGUE.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

AUGUST 1, 1897.

The Messiah's reign righteous.—Psalm 72. 1-7.

SUBLIME PSALM.

Some have entertained the idea that this Psalm refers to Solomon, but there are several reasons which can be given in opposition to this theory. Solomon, we should rather say, is the author of the Psalm, and he uses several expressions which it seems improbable that any one would use respecting himself. To whom can the writer so likely refer as to the Messiah, who was the object of universal expectation among the Jews, even though some of the phrases used may not be strictly applicable to him.

OBJECT CONTEMPLATED.

Verse 1. Righteous judgment or faithful administration of the law. There was often misinterpretation of the laws, and an administration which was unjust and tyrannical. A careful reading of the Psalm proves that the author contemplated principles of peace, and the exercise of mercy toward those who were enduring affliction. The course pursued by the Saviour, and the laws which he laid down for his followers proves under his administration there would be equity and mercy, and there would be no reasonable ground for complaint.

UNIVERSALITY.

Kings of nations and administrators of law could not continue by reason of death, but the Psalmist here contemplates the perpetuity of the mild reign of the Son of God. The expressions used in this prayer are most beautiful and poetical. Verses 5 and 6. Showers replenish the earth and make the grass to grow, without which all would be barrenness and sterility.

HAPPY PEOPLE.

Verse 7. Righteous monarchs make righteous people, who prosper under

righteous administration. Other kings inflict unjust taxation, and involve the people in war with other nations, but Christ, as the righteous monarch, rules in such kindness that his principles spread and permeate all classes of the community to such an extent as to excite the admiration of all other nations.

STEADY PROGRESSION.

Verses 5 and 7. His dominion is to spread as long as the sun shines and continue as long as the moon is seen. This is a figure of speech which implies perpetuity of existence. The same figure is repeated and reiterated again and again, clearly proving that it had taken such hold of the writer that he was completely absorbed with it, and could neither see nor contemplate any other theme. Jesus is the fairest among ten thousand. He is the king of kings. He reigns in the hearts of all his people, and they in turn labour and pray for Christ's kingdom to spread from shore to shore.

THE BOYS OF INDIA.

The boys of India that go to school leave home for school at six in the morning, and stay there studying until about nine. Then comes a recess, when they go home and get something cold to eat; then school again from ten until noon or later; and after a second recess they come and stay until dark. So they spend nearly all day at school, although they do not study very hard.

A Hindu teacher does not try to teach very much. He has one of the older children repeat the letters or multiplication table, or some lines of poetry, and then has the others say them after the leader. Instead of slates they get clean sand and cover the floor and write the letters in that with their fingers. The larger boys take long bits of dried cocoa leaf and scratch their sentences on these with a sharp iron. They commit to memory the multiplication table to sixteen times sixteen, and also the multiplication of fractions. When they wish to count up an addition they first use the fingers of both hands and then go on counting on their toes, so that they can count up to twenty. But they do more than that; by counting the joints and tip of each finger they can make twenty on each hand.

As they commit most of their lessons to memory, the teacher has not much to do but sit by and see that they make plenty of noise. If this is accomplished, he and the parents think that the school is doing well. Sometimes he will be in his own house next door lying down; and if the children keep up a loud noise, he thinks that it is all right; but if the noise stops, he shouts out to them to go on with their studying.

The boys that do not go to school are usually kept at work. Many of them take care of cattle. All the cows and oxen and buffaloes of the village are let out every morning, and the herd boys take them off over the fields wherever they can find grass. But the boys often get sport out of the younger and livelier animals, for they are always practicing catching cattle, just as Canadian boys practice baseball.

HOW TINY DICRAN LEFT ARMENIA.

The Boston Herald tells the following story of a boy six years of age, who came to Boston, Massachusetts, from Armenia, a few months ago.

His brother, a robust, rosy-cheeked fellow of twelve years; his father, and a cousin, twenty-five years old, came with him, but their experience was quite unlike that of their little companion, Dicran Dichtchekian, who left Armenia in a barrel; and a not very large-sized one, at that.

The father was certain that he and his boys would be murdered if they remained in Armenia another week, so he made a careful survey of his surroundings and hit on a plan of escape. It is a well-known fact that many Armenian refugees have allowed themselves to be packed like so much beef in barrels, and then rolled over the hard, hilly roads to the shore, where they were transported out to the ships in the bay by small boats. In almost every case the poor fellows have died of suffocation. The father of young Dicran was a practical man, however. He provided breathing places in the barrel for his boy before he was packed in and the barrel headed up and labelled for shipment.

The father had a small amount of money left for the crisis. He bribed the Turkish officials, and they allowed him and his elder son and nephew to go aboard a ship in the bay that was bound for England. They were, of course,

permitted to carry their barrel of old clothes with them, for such were the contents of the barrel, so far as the Turks knew.

After all were safely on board the good ship and she was far out on the ocean on her voyage to this land of freedom the head was knocked out of the barrel and the little Jack-in-the-box was tenderly lifted out. He was almost crippled by his close confinement, but after a good rubbing and the proper exercise little Dicran was all right and just as playful as he ever was in his life.

After the little party arrived in Boston, the father soon got work, but his pay was but six dollars a week. Little Dicran proved so bright that he speedily won recognition, and he has been taken to the home of Mrs. C. M. Cleveland, in Newton, where an almost complete change has been made in his make-up. He has pretty clothing, and attends the public school. Already he speaks good English, and, being fluent in French, he is quite a little lion, socially, in that city of culture and refinement.

One of the remarkable things surrounding this boy's individuality is the literal translation of his Turkish name, which is Dichtchekian. The "Dicht" means "tooth;" the "cheken" means "puller;" and the "ian" means "son of." Thus the vocation of his ancestry is explicitly told by the translation of the name. He is the son of a tooth-puller.

COURTESY.

It is related that in Germany there stood a castle having two towers, and the old baron to whom it belonged stretched wires from one tower to the other, thus constructing a harp upon which the winds could play, making music for the inmates of that home. Soft winds made gentle harmonies, and the strong tempests, rushing down the mountain side, hurled themselves against the wires, and they began to roll out the most majestic strains.

There is sweet music in every home where the heart strings are touched by gentleness and courtesy.

The mild word, the gentle answer, the tender act, the patient consideration, will touch chords of kindness and make sweet melody in the family life, as everywhere.

A desolate, dreary place is a home devoid of those little courtesies which are practiced in the best social life.

STORY OF THE QUEEN'S LIFE.

VIII.

LITTLE TRIPS.

Through the Queen's Journals we see frequent mention of John Brown. In 1849 he came into her service as "gillie," i.e., as a page or boy-servant. He was so faithful, so much to be trusted, that he was selected by Prince Albert to go with the Queen's carriage. In 1851 he was appointed to lead the Queen's pony, and so, through good conduct, he was promoted, step by step.

"He is singularly straightforward, simple minded, kind-hearted, and disinterested," writes the Queen. These are good qualities, whether in Queen or servant. For thirty-four years, John Brown was the Queen's good servant and "faithful friend."

The Prince and the Queen used to like to go off on trips with just one or two attendants—little trips among the hills, for a few days; going about just as other people do—having a "good time" all by themselves, without any parade. On these trips, John Brown always went with them, as one of their attendants.

The Queen tells in her Journals about a carriage accident that happened, once upon a time. It was after the death of the good Prince Albert. They had gone, the Queen, Alice, and Helena, for a little trip to Altnaghlinasach. (You need none of you try to pronounce that word).

After they got there, they had a little lunch. Brown was with them, and the coachman, and Alice's little black serving boy, Willem. They warmed up some broth, and boiled potatoes for lunch. After lunch they drove over the hills—green hills made white with slight snow showers. It was all very beautiful and very pleasant, although the poor Queen "felt very sad and lonely."

When they left the place with the long name, it was quite dark. The carriage lamps were lighted, but the coachman kept getting out of the road. At last over went the carriage on its side. They were all thrown out, and the Queen had her face bruised.

The horses were thrown, and the Princess Alice held the lamp, while Brown cut the traces and helped them

up. Then the party had to wait while the coachman went back with the horses for another carriage.

Pretty soon they heard the sound of horses' hoofs and Kennedy, another good servant, appeared with the ponies. He had feared there was an accident, and so had come out to meet them. So they mounted their ponies, and Brown led the Queen's and Alice's ponies, and somebody else led Helena's and Willem's, while Kennedy carried the lantern in front. A sorry procession they were, and when they got home to Balmoral, the Queen says, "the people were foolishly alarmed and made a great fuss."

Queen Victoria never makes a "fuss" about things. She has fortitude. I suppose she is one of the bravest women in England.

IN THE CATHEDRAL RAFTER.

BY J. R. MILLER, D.D.

In one of the old cathedrals in Europe the guide bids the visitor watch a certain spot, until the light from a particular window falls upon it. There he sees, carved on a rafter, a face of such marvellous beauty that it is the very gem of the great building.

The legend is, that when the architects and masters were planning the adornment of the cathedral, an old man came in and begged leave to do some work. They felt that his tottering steps and trembling hands unfitted him for any great service; so they sent him up to the roof, and gave him permission to carve upon one of the rafters.

He went his way, and day by day he wrought there in the darkness. One day he was not seen to come down, and going up they found him lying lifeless on the scaffolding, with his sightless eyes turned upward. And there they saw, carved on the rafter, a face of such exceeding beauty that architects and great men bared their heads as they looked upon it, and recognized the master in him who lay there, still in death.

In the church of the living God we are all set to carve the beauty of the face of Christ; not on the rafters or on the walls of any cathedral, but on our own heart and life. Be it ours to do this work with such care and skill, that when our eyes are closed in death, men may look with reverence upon the beauty of the face our hands have fashioned.

Some of us may feel ourselves too feeble, or too unskilled, to do any great work in this world for Christ, but none are too feeble or too unskilled to carve the beauty of Christ on our life. And it may be that in the time of the great revealing, it shall appear that some trembling disciple among us, timid and shrinking, whose voice is not heard in our meetings, whose work is in some quiet corner, out of sight, has wrought the beauty of Christ-likeness in an exquisiteness which shall outshine all that any, even the greatest of us, have done. It is not the greatness of the deed that makes it acceptable to God, but the love for the Master that is in it.

A nautical mile is called a knot, from the method in which a vessel's speed is calculated by the log line, which has knots at certain distances, the number of which run off from the reel in half a minute, showing the number of miles the vessel sails in an hour. The ordinary mile is 5,280 feet, nautical mile, 6,086 feet. A furlong is one-eighth of a mile; a league, three miles; a fathom, six feet.

A proposition is at present in the wind to make the sails of ships of rubber instead of canvas. It is supposed that if roped strongly along foot, luff and leech, the result will be superior to the canvas sails. Surely, however, a sudden increase of wind power would expand the sail too much and cause some difficulty in governing the course of the boat. Paper pulp is again suggested as being an adequate substitute for canvas. When pressed into sheets and stitched together it would make a light and effective sail.

The X-ray has come to the relief of a woman who had bought, some years ago, in Thebes, what purported to be a hand stolen from a mummy. It was enveloped in resin, and her friends destroyed her delight in her acquisition by assuring her that it was counterfeit. She did not dare to open the wrappings, for fear the hand would crumble into dust, and she feels a debt of gratitude for the invention which enabled her to set her mind at rest. The photograph came out very clearly, showing the bones of the hand in their wrappings as they had been for three thousand years.

Vacation Song.

BY KATHARINE LEE BATES.

I have closed my book and hidden my slate,
And thrown my satchel across the gate,
My school is out for a season of rest,
And now for the school-room I love the best!

My school-room lies on the meadow wide,
Where under the clover the sunbeams hide;
Where the long vines cling to the mossy bars,
And the daisies twinkle like fallen stars;

Where clusters of buttercups glid the scene,
Like showers of gold dust thrown over the green,
And the wind's flying footsteps are traced, as they pass,
By the dance of the sorrell and dip of the grass.

My lessons are written in clouds and trees,
And no one whispers, except the breeze,
Who sometimes blows, from a secret place,
A stray, sweet blossom against my face.

My school-bell rings in the rippling stream,
Which hides itself like a schoolboy's dream,
Under a shadow and out of sight,
But laughing still for its own delight.

My schoolmates there are the birds and bees,
And the saucy squirrel, less wise than these,
For he only learns, in all the weeks,
How many chestnuts will fill his cheeks.

My teacher is patient, and never yet
A lesson of hers did I once forget;
For wonderful love do her lips impart,
And all her lessons are learned by heart.

O come! O come! or we shall be late,
And autumn will fasten the golden gate,
Of all the school-rooms, in east or west,
The school of nature I love the best.

—The Pansy.

NEMO

OR

The Wonderful Door.

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

CHAPTER II.—Continued.

It was not a pleasant conclusion to arrive at, and Abel felt the perspiration streaming down his face, and his little legs shook with fear as he stood in the empty bedroom.

The crying had ceased when he entered the room, all was now quite still, and he was turning round to go downstairs that he might search the lower rooms in the house, when he thought he heard a sigh. A very small sigh it was, and yet he felt sure that it came from something or some one close to him.

Abel noticed now that behind the door, in a recess, was a small cupboard, which he had not seen before. Could it be that the sound he had heard came from thence? Summoning up all his courage, he threw open the closet door and looked inside.

Was the cupboard empty? No, it was not. A bundle, a long, narrow bundle, lay on the lower shelf, and just as Abel caught sight of it, the same dreary wall to which he had been listening for so long broke forth again, and went straight to Abel's heart.

He lifted the curious little bundle out of the closet, and, carrying it into the next room, he laid it on his bed. A thick woollen shawl was pinned tightly round it, but with trembling fingers he took out the pins, one by one, and then there lay before him the contents of the bundle.

"Why, it's a little baby, bless it!" said Abel Grey pitifully;—"a poor little lonesome baby, that's what it is!"

The child was weak and exhausted, and did not cry long, but lay quietly on the bed, moaning every now and then, and softly sighing to itself, as Abel had heard it do before. It was neatly dressed, and its clothes seemed to be quite new and clean. It had a little white nightgown, with tiny frills on the top and sleeves, and round its neck was a small card on which some words had been printed in capital letters.

Abel untied the blue ribbon with which

this card had been fastened, and, holding it up to the candle, he read aloud—

Nemo,
From Nemo,
For Nemo.

"Well, to be sure!" said Abel to himself; "whatever does that mean? Who can Nemo be? Is it the child's name, I wonder?"

It was a night of wondering—there was no more sleep for little Abel Grey. He did not even attempt to go to bed, but sat all the rest of the night holding the tiny hand in his, wondering who the child was and where it had come from. It must surely belong to the people he had seen in the house when he came to look over it, and yet he had neither seen nor heard a baby when he had visited the house earlier in the day.

And now, what was he to do? It was clear he must wait until daylight came before he could do anything, and then he thought he would find the landlord, and ask for the address of the people who had been in the house before him. Meanwhile, he could only wait and wonder.

The child slept nearly all night, only now and then waking to cry, and then falling asleep again.

"It must be hungered to death, poor little thing, bless it!" he said; "why, it can have had no food for hours, and I've nothing in the house to give it—nothing at all."

But the child was not hungry, it was exhausted and weary, and there was a strange faint smell about its breath which Abel did not like, and which made him very uneasy.

"I believe it has had chloroform or some such drug given to it," he said to himself, and then there followed a terrible thought. Perhaps the child would die before the morning. Ought he not to go for help at once? Yet where should he go, and whom should he bring?

He was a nervous man, with very little presence of mind, and he was not quick in thought nor ready in action. So the

There was old Mrs. Riddings in the next street, she sold milk. He wondered if she was up, and whether, if he went to her, he could get what the poor child so sorely needed. He determined to try.

There was no one in the street when Abel turned into it. The men who had to be at their work at five had all gone by, and the six o'clock men had not yet started. He wondered if old Mrs. Riddings would be asleep, and if so, whether he should have the courage to awake her. But, to his great joy, when he drew near the house he saw smoke coming out of the chimney.

It was churning day, and Mrs. Riddings was up early, and was making herself a cup of tea before she began her work. The door was open, and Abel almost sent the old woman into a fit by walking in and standing behind her as she poured the water from the kettle into her little black teapot.

"Ay, man, but ye scared me!" she cried. "Why, it's never you, Abel Grey, at this time of the morning! Whatever in the world are ye after now?"

"Mrs. Riddings," said the little man, "I want a pennyworth of milk."

"Milk at this time o' morning, man! What, are ye going off on your travels, and want maybe to make yerself a cup o' tea afore ye go?"

Abel was very much tempted to say Yes, that he might save himself from further questions, but he was a truthful little man, and so he answered,—

"Well, no, Mrs. Riddings, not exactly; in fact, it isn't for myself I want it."

"What, it's for a friend, is it?" said the old woman, all her woman's curiosity rising within her.

"Well, no," said Abel, as he pictured to himself the poor crying baby which had so disturbed his night's rest, "I couldn't exactly say it was for a friend."

"Well, it isn't for an enemy, I suppose?" said Mrs. Riddings, laughing.

"Oh, dear, no, not an enemy!" said kind-hearted little Abel; "not a bit of an enemy, Mrs. Riddings."

"Ah, I have it at last," said the milk-

search. It makes a boy really scholarly and enterprising. It gives promise of success in later life, and of real interest in its work and study.

This must be done for the most part out of school, as recreation. The same is true of a love for literature, which a child must acquire at home and not at school. That comes best by reading poetry. Let the parent plan to have at the best poetry, in the cheapest form, if necessary, in the house, especially narrative poems, like those of Walter Scott, Wordsworth, Moore, Whittier, and Longfellow. Nor let the humorist be missing—Hood and Holmes, which children will easily learn to love. The advantage of these is that children can be encouraged to commit such verses to memory, descriptive and sentimental, and not think it work. One thus will acquire a literary instinct, and for this purpose poetry, and a great deal of it, committed to memory, affords the very best discipline. We make a great mistake in not cultivating the memory enough, as if it interfered with the logical faculty. The memory is far the more important for the first fifteen years of life.

No matter how poor the parent may be, if the child shows unusual ability, if the boy (or girl) leads his classes, then nothing should stand in the way of giving him every opportunity for education. The parent may not be able to afford to send him to the higher and the highest school; but no matter. Let him go just the same. Any sacrifice should be made, and the child should be told to plan for it, and earn his own way through. There will be scholarships and ways of earning money by teaching. We want no mute inglorious Miltons in this age of opportunities. In our fathers' day the minister in the country town, who was the school committeeman, used to pick out the bright boys in the district school, and see that they went to college. I wonder if teachers and public school superintendents do this duty now, and give the parents of such children no rest and guide the ambition of such children into worthy channels.—New York Independent.

"Ready-made bridges are something new under the sun," explained a well-known and prominent bridge builder to a reporter of the Washington Star, "but there are a number of concerns now that keep on hand a full stock of ready-made iron bridges of nearly all sizes."

"By this," added the bridge-builder, "I do not mean that I could pick up, ready-made, a bridge as long as the Long Bridge. I would have no difficulty, however, in finding ready-made and packed, so that it could be shipped in less than a half-day after the order was received, a bridge as long as the so-called chain bridge on the Upper Potomac. The customers for the ready-made bridges are mostly railroad companies, who, when they want anything, want it mighty bad and are in an awful hurry for it. Only recently a railroad bridge was washed away from a stream in Pennsylvania. In less than two hours a bridge ninety-seven feet long and nineteen and a half feet wide was ordered by wire. In six hours every part of it was shipped, and in two hours less than three days' time trains were running regularly over it. It had to be hauled over two hundred miles, too."

Margaret W. Leighton says that scarcely a day passes in which we do not see some forms of fungi, so common are they—inhabiting every nook and corner. If we walk in the fields, the woods, even in the dooryard, we see the little white, gray and brown umbrellas of the toad stools and mushrooms. Going to the preserve closet, we see that on the tops of many of the bottles a white growth has formed. Our old shoes hidden away in the dark have a greenish dust upon them; this is another fungus; and the "mother" in vinegar claims cousinship with the yeast which raises our bread. The paste-pot is flecked with pink, green and gray spots, all fungi. Some of the grain crops are often subject to partial or complete destruction from different kinds of fungi—the "smut" of wheat and corn, ergot of rye and others.

When the Roman Emperor Titus had let a day pass without accomplishing anything worth while, he used to say in the evening, "I have lost a day."

A class of girls in a certain Sabbath school were so impressed when they learned this fact about the emperor that they formed themselves into a Titus Society. The condition of membership is that each one shall allow no day to pass without speaking some kind word or doing some helpful deed.



THE POWER OF A SMILE.

night passed away whilst he tried to decide what was best to be done, and when the grey morning light stole into the room he was still holding the tiny hand in his, and still gazing anxiously into the pretty little face of the sleeping child.

The baby was so quiet, so terribly still, that several times he thought it must be dead, and he stooped down and strained his ears to listen for its gentle breathing, and he felt for the tiny beating of the small pulse, in order to assure himself that life was still in the child, and that it was not yet too late to save it.

But when the cocks in the next garden began to crow, and the sounds of life began to be heard in the street, the baby woke, and cried more loudly than before. Then its little hand went into its mouth, and it began to suck it ravenously.

"It must have something to eat, poor little thing," said Abel Grey. "Could I fetch it anything from home?"

He went over in thought all that his little larder contained. There was a bit of Cheshire cheese, and a smoked haddock, and a slice or two of Bologna sausage, and a small box of sardines, but he fancied he had never seen such things as these given to babies.

There was old Mrs. Stubbs, who had that baby from the workhouse to nurse—what did she give it? Why, she had a little, and a nasty dirty bottle it was, and it looked like milk inside it. Yes, it was milk he wanted, and how was he to get it? The man who brought him his pennyworth every day did not come round until eight o'clock, and it was now half-past five, and before eight o'clock the child might die.

woman; "it's for your old tabby cat, now, isn't it?"

"Nay, you're wrong again, Mother Riddings," he said; "but I want the milk in a great hurry, so if you'll promise not to ask me a single question more, I'll tell you what it's for."

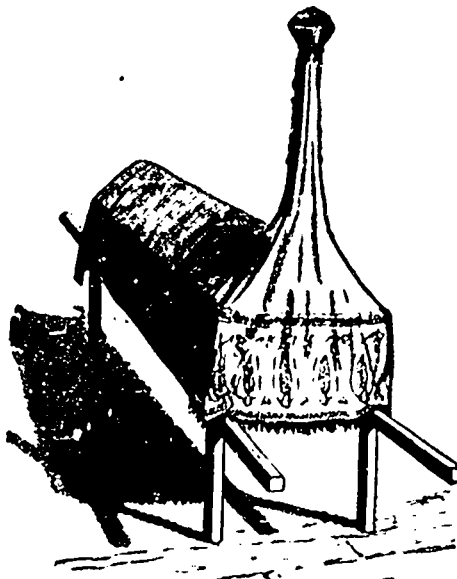
"All right! tell away then," said Mrs. Riddings, laughing heartily as she went to the dairy to get the milk.

"Well, then," said Abel, as he took it from her hand,— "not another question, you remember,—the milk is for—is for—is for—a baby. Good morning, Mrs. Riddings."

(To be continued.)

GIVE THE BOYS AND GIRLS A CHANCE.

I wonder that there is not in every town one man or woman who knows plants and animals and birds and insects, who will take classes of children in their vacations, or on their holidays, into the fields, and there instruct them. While a child one should learn how to analyze a plant, and should have been taught the nature and habits of things that walk or fly, and should make collections of them. The enterprise thus learned is often the best part of a boy's education. It is more valuable to him than half the scientific biology he will now be taught in college. I would give more for a cabinet of minerals which a boy has collected by hard breaking of rocks, going on expeditions to localities, and trading with his fellows, than for all the trigonometry he is ever likely to learn. This has in it the element of re-



EASTERN BIER.

Bier is a word which occurs twice in the Bible—once, 2 Sam. 3. 31, where it is the translation of a Hebrew term generally rendered bed; a second time, Luke 7. 14, where it represents a Greek word whose ordinary meaning is coffin. In the passage from Luke, however, the term coffin is perhaps the more appropriate rendering of the original. Our Lord touched the coffin of the widow of Nain's son, and bade him arise, who thereupon sat up and began to speak. The Jewish coffin, not being covered and fastened as are ours, would offer no impediment. The passage in Samuel seems to suggest the term bier; but, in order to understand what a bier was, we must go to the Egyptian tombs in which biers are found painted on the walls. Among the sculptures found in the sanctuaries of the temple at El Khargeh, in the great oasis, are found many biers represented as actually sustaining dead bodies; in some instances placed in a coffin or sacred chest, in others without coffin. Our cut shows a common Eastern type.

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE ACTS AND EPISTLES.

LESSON V.—AUGUST 1.

PAUL'S MINISTRY IN CORINTH.
Acts 18. 1-11. Memory verses, 8-11.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ.—1 Cor. 3. 11.

OUTLINE.

1. Not Slothful in Business, v. 1-3.
 2. Fervent in Spirit, v. 4-6.
 3. Serving the Lord, v. 7-11.
- Time.—A.D. 53.

Place.—Corinth, one of the most beautiful and wicked cities in the ancient world.

HOME READINGS.

- M. Paul's ministry in Corinth.—Acts 18. 1-11.
Tu. Persecution.—Acts 18. 12-21.
W. Letter to the Corinthians.—1 Cor. 1. 1-10.
Th. One message.—1 Cor. 2. 1-8.
F. A voluntary worker.—1 Cor. 9. 13-23.
S. A faithful minister.—2 Cor. 6. 1-13.
Su. Warning to rejectors.—Luke 10. 8-16.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. Not Slothful in Business, v. 1-3.
What journey did Paul make?
What Jewish couple did he find in Corinth?
Why had they left Italy?
Why did Paul seek their company?
What was their business?
Why did Paul work at his trade?
2 Thess. 3. 8.
What does he say of any who will not work? 2 Thess. 3. 10.
2. Fervent in Spirit, v. 4-6.
Where and when did Paul preach?
What people were in his audience?
What fellow-workers joined Paul?
To what did Paul then testify?
How was this teaching received?
What did Paul then do?
What did he say?
3. Serving the Lord, v. 7-11.
Where did Paul go?
What ruler became a convert?
Who else were won by the truth?
What encouraged Paul, and how?
What did the Lord say?
How long did Paul remain in Corinth?
How was he engaged?

In what respect is he an example to teachers to-day? Repeat the Golden Text.

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

- Where in this lesson are we taught—
1. The duty and dignity of labour?
 2. The duty and privilege of worship?
 3. The duty and reward of courage?

TWO LITTLE MISSIONARIES.

I know two sisters, sweet, bright little people, the light of the household and the cheer of many hearts outside.

They have all that they can wish, for it is a home of wealth where they belong. But, although they have everything, it does not make them selfish as it does some young people with whom I am acquainted. All the more it seems to draw their hearts to others.

"O, it makes me all the sorer," said one of them the other day, "to think how much I have and how little others! I must do all the more."

These two little sisters belong to the mission band, and how they love the meetings! It is but seldom that they are absent from their places. If they are, then you may be sure that they are either sick or away from home.

Dear young people, how many of you feel with these two little missionaries that the more I have the more I must give, the more I can the more I must do? God measures always our gifts and our deeds not by their size, but by the size of our opportunities.



A BIG SPONGE.

A BIG SPONGE.

Sponges are the most truly manifold in form of any animals; they are met with of all shapes, all sizes, and all colours.

Some branch out like trees; many resemble a funnel or a trumpet; others are divided into lobes like great fingers. For instance, the Neptune's Glove; and there are some which are known by the name of sea-muffs and sea-tapers, on account of their form.

A closely allied variety produces regular sponge monuments, which grow from one to two metres high (three feet three inches to six feet and a half) on the submarine rocks.

They have a narrow stalk, which at a certain height expands considerably and gives the structure the look of a cup, symmetrically hollowed out and exactly like an immense drinking goblet. To such a colossal vase the imagination of the sailor could only give one name, that of the redoubtable god of the sea; this living vase is the Cup of Neptune.

THE HABIT OF PLEASANTNESS.

BY AGNES LEE.

"So you thought pleasantness came by nature? I could tell you better than that!"

Aunt Sue's face was funny. It always was when she was making what Joe called her "sharpest digs at a fellow."

"You!" he said with a sceptical kind of snort, expressive at once of scorn and admiration.—"you! When everybody knows that you are one of the comfortable kind that can't worry, so what's the

use! And yet you're always wanting me to smile and smile and be a villain. Take a fellow that's all crazybones, like me, and I'd stump you to stay pleasant when you hit 'em!"

Aunt Sue laughed.

"I know about crazybones, myself, Joe! 'Tisn't so many years since—but no matter. It's the habit of pleasantness I'm thinking of. It is largely a matter of habit, and now is the easy time for you to make your life habits."

"You wait till some young hyena gets at your bicycle down in the school basement and sticks a pin in the tire!" cried Joe hotly. "I tell you pleasantness don't do that fellow any good! It's a different kind of medicine he's aching for! I'd be the doctor, too, if I could catch him!"

"I dare say!" said Aunt Sue, laughing, in spite of her real sympathy. "But my point is, that it would have done you good. You can't afford to always come around like 'Killmungo on the war-path,' as Charles Reade tells about. We don't think enough, I often feel, of the kind of atmosphere we carry around with us."

"What do you mean?" asked Joe thoughtfully; "I don't know about atmospheres."

"Well, the kind of feeling or impression people get of you, just by being near you, without your saying anything. You needn't even look. What you are talks to me. You don't have to touch ice to be chilled by it."

The only way is really to keep sweet inside—and let that leak out!"

"I can spruce up and be pleasant enough when I have to!" said Joe. "I ain't a bear!"

"That's just what you can't!" said Aunt Sue earnestly. "It's the everyday training that tells. Don't you know what Curtis says of Wendell Phillips? He was the model of fine manners. 'He faced his audience,' says Curtis, 'with a tranquil mien, and a beaming aspect that was never dimmed.' That was when they were hissing him and vowing all manner of vengeance on him. But there he stood—that way. If you want that beaming aspect on a platform, have it now. Sermon's done."

Joe seized his hat with a laugh, and went out without waiting for the benediction. Ten minutes later she heard him calling out quite cheerily, to know if anybody had happened to see his new tennis racket. She laughed to herself thoughtfully and thankfully.

"Yesterday it would have been, 'Huh! hah! who's been touching my brand-new tennis racket, I'd like to know!' I do hope I wasn't too proachy! All that boy needs is a little more sweetening."

Grasshoppers.

BY LAURA D. NICHOLS.

In the forests of the grass,
Where the fat, black crickets pass,
Where the twinkling fireflies hide,
Where the yellow spiders glide,
Where the clumsy beetles creep,
Where the ants their hillocks heap,
Where the rushing showers descend,
There their lives begin and end.

Hatched within the friendly earth,
Up they creep, a myriad birth;
Clinging to the stems of grass,
Swinging as the breezes pass;
Soon the tiny, helpless thing
Learns to hop, to jump, to spring,
Finds himself with life in tune,
Revels in the sun of June.

No tight-rope this gymnast needs,
Only through the air he speeds;
From blade of grass to tip of fern,
Anything will serve his turn;
North or south, or east or west,
Never stopping long to rest—
Black or brown, or green or yellow,
Saw you e'er so gay a fellow?

Like a rocket through the air,
Without forethought, without care;
Reckless where his leap may end,
On land or water, foe or friend;
Never storing winter grain,
Never building nest or den—
Reckless, sunshine-loving rover,
What's your fate when summer's over?

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