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# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

## THE LICK OBSERVATORY.



JAMES LICK.

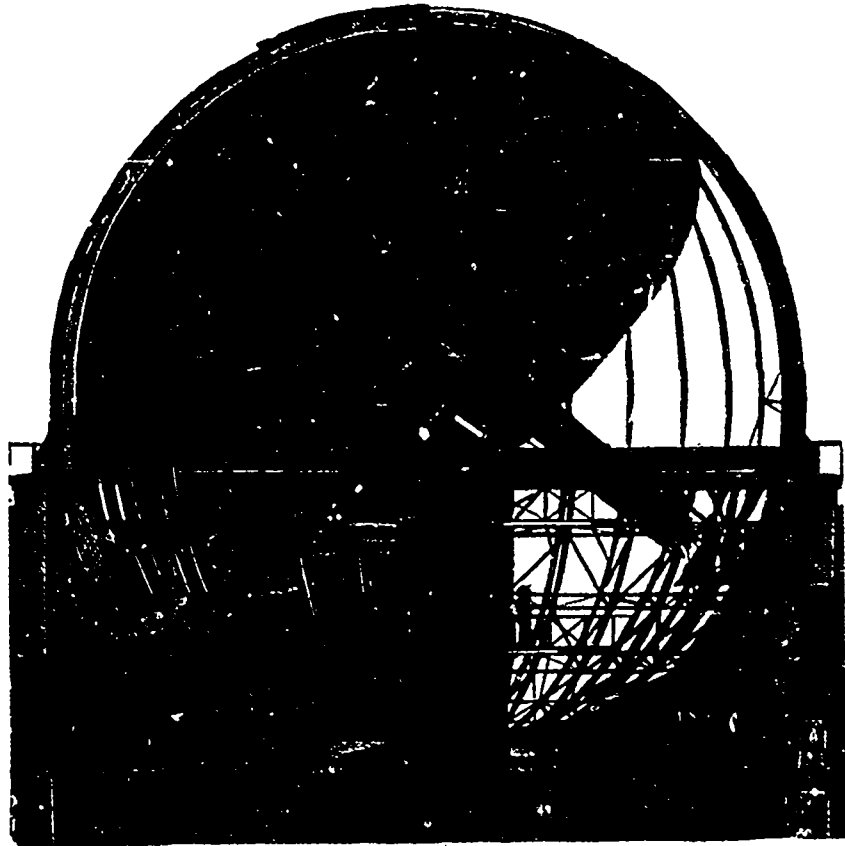
A person standing at the south end of San Francisco Bay, and looking almost due east, will observe a point of light of dazzling brilliancy on the top of what appears to be a small flat-topped knob, no larger apparently than a half-section of a billiard-ball. The

little knob is the summit of Mount Hamilton, and the bright point of light is the reflection of the sun from the north dome of the Lick Observatory, from fifteen to twenty miles off as the crow flies.

The donor, James Lick, was born at Fredericksburg, Lebanon County, Pennsylvania, August 25th, 1796. He began life as an organ and piano maker, first at Hanover, Pennsylvania, then at Baltimore, Maryland. In 1820 he started in business on his own account in Philadelphia, but soon after emigrated to Buenos Ayres, where for ten years he successfully prosecuted his trade. He subsequently moved to Valparaiso, and later to California, where he arrived with a moderate fortune in the latter part of 1847. He spent the remainder of his days in California, dying in San Francisco on October 1, 1876, leaving an estate worth nearly \$4,000,000. He was such an unlovable, eccentric, solitary, selfish, and avaricious character that, it may be fairly said, had it not been for one of the last acts of his life, he would have died "unwept, unhonoured, and unsung."

This one act was a contradiction of his whole life. A little more than two years before his death Mr. Lick conveyed all of his great fortune by trust-deed to a board of trustees, to be divided mainly among public charities, and for the erection of important public, industrial, scientific, and hygienic institutions. The trust-deed provided for the expenditure of \$700,000 for the construction and equipment of an astronomical observatory for the University of California. There is good reason to believe that he had nursed the idea for a good many years before he began to put it into practical shape. His ambition concerning it knew no bounds. He imposed the obligation in the trust-deed of erecting a powerful telescope, superior to and more powerful than any telescope yet made.

In January, 1881, the trustees contracted with Alvan Clark & Sons for the manufacture of "an achromatic astronomical object-glass of thirty-six inches clear aperture" (this being the largest the Clarks would venture to contract for), to be delivered November 1st, 1883. The price was fifty thousand dollars, of which amount twelve thousand dollars was paid when the contract was signed. The



NEW SYSTEM OF DOME, LICK OBSERVATORY.

flint-glass disk was successfully cast by Fell & Sons, Paris, France, early in 1882. Its companion, the crown-glass disk, was cast ready for shipment at the close of 1882, but the material was so brittle that it unfortunately cracked in packing.

The difficulties attending the casting of the crown disk have been extraordinary. No class of the dimensions required had ever been cast or attempted before the Lick Observatory contract was awarded to the Clarks. Thirty or more blocks were cast by the Fells before one was obtained that would be acceptable. The wrecks are arrayed along the walls of their factory as curiosities. The first block, as has been already stated, was broken in packing for shipment. Many contained irremediable flaws. Others were destroyed in annealing, and others again were damaged beyond repair in cooling.

At one time the prospects of the great telescope appeared hopeless. The elder Fell had retired from business, leaving his glass-works in charge of his sons. They made a great many castings and experiments in annealing, but without success. It took the Clarks a year to grind and polish the glass, after it reached their manufactory.

James Lick reserved for himself the selection of a suitable site for the observatory destined to bear his name.

The wisdom of his selection has since been abundantly demonstrated. Mount Hamilton is situated fifty miles south of San Francisco. Its summit is 4,285 feet above the sea. In due season a road was built, at a cost of \$75,000, twenty miles and a half in length. In the last two miles the road has to overcome a vertical rise of nearly two thousand feet, and ascends in a zig-zag course. At some points a dozen laps of its windings can be seen at one glance within the distance of half a

mile. Near the summit it winds twice around the peak.

A cosy cluster of white frame buildings nestle in the shadow of Observatory Peak, which protects it from the keen west wind. Few people have any conception of the difficulties which had to be overcome before the enterprise could have hoped of success. Everything—food, tools, building materials, and water—had to be carried to the top of the mountain from the valley.

Lick Observatory consists of a structure 287 feet in length, a transit house, meridian circle, a photo heliograph and heliostat, and a photograph house. The south dome contains the great telescope. This dome is the largest of any observatory in existence. Its great size presented many difficult problems for solution. The outcome has been the devising of a dome which is a seven-eighths sphere, resting and revolving on a tower 75 feet in circumference. The object of the seven-eighths sphere dome is manifold. In the first place, the friction in moving it will be a minimum. A hemisphere of the same diameter would rest on a tower having a circumference of 217 feet. The tower would need to be of enormous strength to carry the weight, and the friction in revolving the dome would offer a resistance over one hundred per cent. greater than the seven-eighths sphere.

The frame of the dome is of steel. The inside of the envelope of the upper hemisphere is of paper, and the outside of steel plates. The lower half of the sphere is a mere skeleton of the framework. Around it are two fixed galleries for observers, assistants, and students. The observer's chair is hung opposite the shutter, sliding on an arc nearly corresponding with that of the eye-piece of the telescope. The observer in the Lick dome is able to perform all his work free from intrusion or interruption, and is saved the fatigue and loss of time incurred in ascending and descending a ladder chair thirty feet or more in height. The dome weighs fifty tons. It rolls on an endless harnessed carriage. The sole and bed plates are perfectly protected from any variations of temperature, so that there is no trouble from expansion and contraction.

The view from Observatory Peak is magnificent in its range and varied beauty. The horizon in almost every direction is unobstructed. The Sierra Nevada, 130 miles to the east, comes out sharp and distinct at sunrise. The astronomer may be sure of at least 250 good nights in every year on Mount Hamilton, 150 of which are such as are rarely enjoyed at any of the Eastern observatories. The atmosphere is remarkably dry.

Strange to say, James Lick made no provision in the trust-deed or any other written instrument for the disposition of his remains; but some time during the last year of his life he expressed a wish to a friend that his body be buried on Mount Hamilton, within or adjacent to the observatory. In the base of the pier sustaining the great equatorial telescope, is constructed a vault in which the body of James Lick found its last resting-place. He was a solitary in life, and in death he also was isolated. But the observatory is his magnificent tomb and monument, as well as a precious instrument for the advancement of the most sublime of the sciences.

Mummery was originally an adaptation of the name of Mohammed, and, in its first form, was Mohammedy. During the Middle Ages so many strange tales were told of the doings of the Moslems that all the rites of the Mohammedan religion were classified as mummery.



LICK OBSERVATORY IN THE FIRST OCTOBER SNOW.



MOUNT HAMILTON—SITE OF LICK OBSERVATORY.

In God We Trust.

The Rev G J Bishop pastor of the Methodist church Brampton who was in Orillia, and a member of the Company Street Foresters in the other cities is the author of the following verses in the metre of the National Anthem written on hearing the news of the relief of Kimberley by the conquest of the city by our army on Sunday morning's service

God bless the noble man Who from our shores have gone To serve the Queen. Help them defend the right, For God and Empire fight, And in thy holy might Freedom maintain

Praise God for Kimberley, First of beleaguered three To be relieved, Will thou our Leader be, Till each in turn is free, And let the nations see Thou art our God?

Praise God, our heavenly King, Bringing all ye creatures bring Your praise to him, O ye heavenly host, Praise him, the nations trust, Praise ye the Lord

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK Rev. W. H. Withrow, D.D., Editor. TORONTO, APRIL 28, 1900.

THE FAMINE IN INDIA.

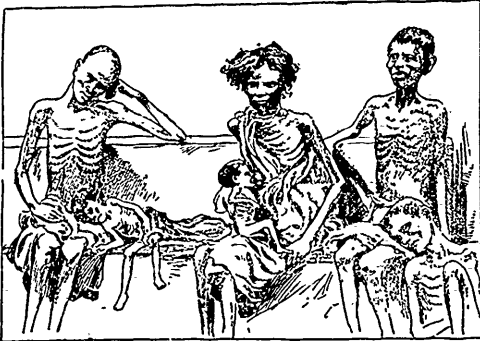
India is once again overshadowed by famine in many of her provinces. Owing to the failure of the crops the continual drought the wheat and cotton crops will be very short, especially in Northern India; the Southern and Western provinces will also be seriously affected. How great the dangers may prove cannot yet be ascertained, but the evidence in the shortage is of a serious character. While the Indian Empire as a whole produces sufficient food each year or its aggregate surplus may prove sufficient to last the adults in the family three days, thousands died in the streets and highways an English writer at the time, describing an incident of frequent occurrence, said he was present in a part of one of the cities where the native relieving officers were distributing rice. Men and women were sitting around patiently waiting, many with gaunt hunger written on their faces. But they got nothing, although the rice bags full to bursting were piled up in a corner. The native officials had lists of names, and only those who were on the list received relief. The turn of the patient watchers would come some time

If they lived. A few questions by the English officer, a sudden exclamation, and then drawing his sword, he ripped the rice bags open one after another and scattered the precious food in the direction of the watchers. The natives, who were horror-stricken, and explained that their names were not on the list and now they would be fed twice."

Better fed them a dozen times than have them die here," was the impetuous answer

This famine seems to be very likely to threaten the country lying between Madras, Bangalore and Bellary in the north. The people inhabiting this portion are largely agriculturists and cotton-weavers. For several seasons suffering has been on the increase, and a few months ago the rivers overflowed and washed out all the fields that had been planted chiefly with rice. There was practically no rain during the last four months

The people are largely vegetarians," said Mr. Hutman, the young Hindu lecturer, to the writer, "and when they are deprived of the natural products of the land, they will necessarily look forward to the government officials or the missionaries for help. In the year 1876, when they had one of the worst famines India ever saw, the Government took up the relief work, and the people were provided with one scanty meal a day, and the only alternative left for the poor was to go into the jungles and feed on the noxious weeds. Many people who had not even these weeds to eat went to their graves, and took wet clay and swallowed it. A great many died in that way. More than a hundred thousand perished during this famine. My brother-in-law said that he went and found all the servants who were in charge of the relief work looking well



THE FAMINE IN INDIA.

fed, while the people who were supposed to have received relief looked thin and sickly. I hear that the ambassador at St. Petersburg is arranging to send wheat to Northern India through Tibet. A large part of the population lives on the great deal of rice. In Northern India they live on wheat. When deprived of rain, everything stops short. They do not eat meat; those who live on wheat could manage to get along on rice, and I likely to spread over Northern and Central India, and that the Government is already making preparations to start relief work in Rajputana, Punjab, and Ouch."

DAVID'S GOOD-BYE.

BY MRS. HELEN H. PARLEY.

Two gray-haired men were walking along the street, one of them carrying a bouquet of beautiful and fragrant flowers. "What a tribute," said the latter, he stopped before a small cottage and rang the bell. A little girl opened the door. She smiled as she took the flowers. "I know who they're for," she said; "they're for gran'ma." "Yes," assented the giver, "with my love." "Well I do declare!" observed his friend, as they passed on. "You surprise me! I had no idea you went around leaving flowers and your love with old ladies." "Just with one old lady," laughing. "You see, it is this way. When I was a boy this dear old lady's son and I were chums. We were going away to school. I was an orphan. With a heavy heart I left the house where I had been board- ing. No one cared that I was going away, no one would miss me."

"I stopped for Dan—that was my chum's name—on my way to the station. As I entered the yard he and his mother were saying good-bye. The hot tears rushed to my eyes as I saw Dan's mother kiss him."

"Good-bye, my boy; God bless you!" I heard her say.

No one had kissed me. No one had asked God to bless me. Well, God was not blessing me, I said to myself bitterly, and then my tears vanished. I felt defiant and set my lips hard. Then Dan's mother looked up. She must have read my feelings in my ugly face.

"Good-bye, Dave," she said gently, holding out her hands to me. I knew my face looked stern and hard, I pretended not to see the outstretched hands, and I wouldn't look into her face.

I was turning away without a word of farewell, when she called, oh, so sweetly, "I can hear her now, even after all these years. I was going to say good-bye to Dan's mother? Aren't you, Dave?"

I turned and took her hands; the loving compassion in her voice had won me from myself and my despair. I held myself loosening my grasp of her hands, she drew her arms around me.

"Good-bye, Dave," she said; "I love you, too, my boy, and may God bless you!"

The gentleman's lip quivered. "The world grew bright to me then and there," he continued. "I did something to live for, and I did my best in school and in college. Over and over that tender good-bye of Dan's mother rang in my soul."

"Good-bye, Dave; I love you, too, my boy, and may God bless you!"

"Where is Dan?" asked his friend.

"Dan died six years ago; that is his

Heve that he can trace his lineage to some ancestors of the name of De Brecel, he recommended the man to the Consular agent, the Channel and fought under his banner at the battle of Hastings nine hundred years ago.

Lord Brassey did not rail his father's fondly remembered name in vain, in which he had first formed the acquaintance of his wife.

Old Brassey began his career as a "navy" or day labourer on railroads, entered Parliament, contributed largely by step until he became the greatest railroad contractor of his day, leaving each of his three sons at his death an income of \$400,000 a year, in addition to a profitable steamship contract and ship-building business.

The eldest of the sons, Tom Brassey, turned his attention to politics, married an extremely ambitious and clever wife, entered Parliament, contributed largely (it is said nearly half a million dollars) to the campaign fund of the Liberal party—and in due course received the customary rewards in the shape, first of all, of a peerage, and then of a Knightship of the Bath, and lastly a peerage.

HIS OFFICE A DOUTIFUL COMPLIMENT.

To-day he is Governor of the Australian Colony of Victoria, with which he was invested by the Queen in order to enable her to dispense with his services as a Lord of the Realm. She is somewhat old-fashioned, and does not relish the new trick among her entourage, especially when they put forward pretensions to lineage.

The present Lady Brassey is the second wife of Lord Brassey. It was his first wife who achieved distinction as a yachtswoman and as an author, her best known book being the popular "Voyage of the Sunbeam," and she was at least in the English ladies of title to qualify herself as a sailing-master, and repeatedly navigated her yacht, the Sunbeam, through long and tempestuous voyages, and finally met with a death that was at least in keeping with her career. For it was a death in the waves.

While on the way from Ceylon to Australia, the Sunbeam, and when a thousand miles from any land, she mysteriously vanished, leaving no trace. In fact, the only way by which it was possible to account for her disappearance was that she must have quietly slipped overboard and popped up in the sea with out even a splash to attract the notice of her children or her husband.

What her motive can have been for this act of self-destruction it is impossible to imagine.

For if ever there was a level-headed, shrewd and clever woman, opposed to nonsense and humbug in every manner and form, it was the first Lady Brassey.

CERTAINLY.

"Mother, I believe God always hears who we scrape the bottom of the meat barrel, don't you?" said a little boy whose home was one of very limited supplies; but their heavenly Father never allowed them to suffer seriously for common necessities. Does God hear? "Without a doubt," does He not always honour the confiding soul? Mungo Park was in the centre of Africa, five hundred miles from any European settlement. He had been robbed and left to die. Overcome by despair, he fell to the ground and there epied a tiny mouse. It attracted his attention. "How fragile! How delicate! How exquisite! Who made it? The stars for it? If God protects that helpless little plant, will he not much more care for me?" These reflections created courage. Trust awakes and clings. He rises to find deliverance at hand. Wonderful is God, and so is the whole universe to the welfare of his dear children! For the timid and weak and lowly he has a tender care. Lowell's world charmingly tells the story:

"I feel as weak as a violet, Alone 'neath the awful sky, As weak, yet as trustful also; For the whole long year I see You bent above me, and I know Still worked for the love of me. Winds wander and dew's drip earthward, Rains fall, sun's rise and set, I'm ready, as I ought to prosper As a poor little violet."

ROMANCE OF TWO HAPENCE.

A starving lad wandered ragged and forlorn in the streets of Liverpool. Newly fainting with hunger, he espied a barefooted girl almost as ragged and forlorn as himself, selling matches. Knowing that the poor are more inclined to respond to the voice of charity than the rich, he turned to her and asked the loan of a penny to buy a loaf of bread.

"I have not got it now," was her simple reply, "but I'll try and get you one. Stay here."

A few minutes afterward she succeeded in selling a couple of her boxes of matches, and ran to the lad and banded him the two half-pennies

"I'll marry that girl," was the vow registered by the grateful boy. And he kept his word. In after years, poor as any couple ever more devoted than this once beggar boy and Liverpool match girl, who died possessed of enormous wealth, leaving a name honoured and respected throughout the industrial and financial world, the good English name of Brassey.

This charming, old couple, whose lack of aspirants in their speech was more than atoned for by their kindness of heart, their freedom from all pice and affection, were the father and mother of Lord Brassey, who recently passed through Canada on his way to Australia.

THE HOUSE OF BRASSY. Lord Brassey would have the world be-

**Three Little Servants.**

I have a little servant  
With a single eye,  
She always does my bidding  
Very faithfully;  
But she eats me no meat,  
And she drinks me no drink—  
A very clever servant, as you well may think.

Another little servant  
On my finger sits,  
She the one-eyed little servant  
Very neatly fits.  
But she eats me no meat,  
And she drinks me no drink—  
A very clever servant, as you well may think.

Now one more little servant,  
Through the single eye,  
Does both the other's bidding  
Very faithfully;  
But she eats me no meat,  
And she drinks me no drink—  
A very clever servant, as you well may think.

A needle and a thimble,  
And a spool of thread,  
Without the fingers nimble,  
And the knowing head,  
They would never make out,  
If they tried a day.  
To sew a square of patchwork, as you well may say.

—Troy Budget.

**The Dog That Found a Fortune.**

By Florence Yarwood Witty.

CHAPTER I.

"Call up the dead from their cold, cold graves,  
Summon up memory's link,  
And see if a human tongue can tell  
The mill'ns lost through drink."

What a glorious morning for a spin on a wheel! It was a perfect summer day—neither too hot nor too cold. The air was laden with the fragrance of new-mown hay, and the music of the birds made one think that they were wild with joy.

Dick White stood before his father's beautiful residence giving his handsome wheel a few finishing touches before setting out. He was dressed in a stylish bicycle suit, his fine, tan-coloured shoes had just the right point to be in the latest style; the cap on his head was quite up-to-date, and his outfit in general would lead one to think that there must have been plenty of money at hand when all these stylish things were purchased.

But his clothes were much more attractive than his countenance. Although not more than sixteen years of age, a careless, dissipated look was already stamped on his face.

Just as he was about to mount, a boy about his own age came along the street, and Dick called out in a proud tone: "I say, wouldn't you like to have a dandy new wheel like mine?"

"I would," replied Ernest Brown, quietly, "but I can't afford it, so there is no use thinking anything about it."

"Pooh! I should say not!" replied Dick, with lofty sarcasm. "Everybody knows that your father is a drunken sot, and can't afford anything!"

Ernest Brown's dark eyes flashed as he took a step forward, and with clenched fist angrily retorted, "Yes, and your father sells him the liquor, don't he? And the fine clothes you wear, and the wheel you ride, are bought with our money, or else some other poor creature's, while the family goes without bread. I consider that my father is just as respectable as yours!"

"That was quite a remark!" sneered Dick. "I wouldn't wonder but what you will make a good preacher some day. Oh, I wouldn't bother fighting if I were you," seeing Ernest take a step nearer, "because you see you really couldn't catch me." And, springing on his wheel, he was soon a mere speck in the distance.

"Oh, how I hate that Dick White!" exclaimed Ernest to himself, as he walked on down the street. "It is true I can't wear such fine clothes as he can," and he looked rather sorrowfully down at his own shabby ones, "but I hope to see the day when there is more man about me than there is about him!"

Ah, Ernest, there is more man about you already. We have only to look at your honest, open countenance to read there that you are upright and manly.

But we will follow this morning the fortunes of Dick White—or rather misfortunes, for it proved to be an unlucky day for him.

He sped swiftly along over the hard country road, and in a short time reached the neighbouring city of —, which was only a short distance away from the pretty little town of Pleasant Valley, where he lived.

It was market day in the city, and there was an unusual jam of rigs crossing and recrossing the streets, and the trolley car kept running back and forth every few minutes, so that it made wheeling rather dangerous work—in fact, it was not at all wise to attempt it; but our young wheelman held his head proudly up, and kept on his wheel, assuring himself that he was expert enough to wheel through anything. Reaching Main Street, he saw the trolley coming, but he was sure that he could get safely across the track before the "old slow coach," as he called it, could get within reach. So he made a dash.

Bystanders saw his danger, and shouted to him to wait, but he curled his lip in scorn. He did not need any advice. His head was level enough to take care of himself.

The next moment there was a collision and a crash, and he reached the opposite side of the street it is true, but he there a little quicker than he counted on.

He was wildly conscious of flying through the air with his heels straight up and his head down, and the next moment he landed in one dejected heap clear over on the opposite side of the street.

Strange to say, he was not hurt much. Beyond a little scratch on his arm, and his new suit of clothes completely covered with dust, he was not any the worse. But, instead of thanking the Lord for his miraculous escape, he picked himself up, and began using some rather bad words, for, alas, his beloved wheel had not been so fortunate.

It was "completely smashed," as he termed it, and slowly he gathered up the fragments and took them to the nearest bicycle shop, and left it there to be repaired.

No delightful wheel home for him in the cool of the evening, somewhere near the hour of midnight, after he had "bummed around," as he called it, all he wanted to! He must go back on that horrid four-o'clock train.

The thought made him frown, but there was no help for it; so, after completing his errands, he found it was nearly train time, and hurried over to the station.

Quite a number of people were in the waiting-room. Here on one side sat an intelligent young school-teacher discussing the Boer war with an elderly gentleman. Yonder sat a Salvation Army woman with her papers under her arm. Her gentle face and quiet garb were restful to look at.

Near by sat a very stylish young lady, dressed in the extreme of fashion, who seemed constantly alarmed lest some one should step on her rich velvets, though the way they swept the floor made one wonder how such an accident could be avoided.

Over near the door sat a middle-aged man and woman—I call her woman, but she is not worthy of that title—for her countenance was coarse and repelling, at once giving the index of her life. When she spoke, her voice corresponded with her appearance—it was harsh and grating. She found it necessary to use her musical voice quite frequently in upbraiding her old man, who sat in the opposite corner of the seat, just tipsy enough to be silly, and kept making faces at two little girls over near the stove, which sent them off in convulsions of laughter.

Presently the door opened, and another man appeared on the scene, so drunk that he could scarcely keep on his feet at all.

Presently a woman came in, and as she was this drunken man's wife, he, of course, tagged in after her, and sat down by her, much to her annoyance, although it was evident that she had been drinking too.

Every one hoped that he would keep his tongue still, but presently he commenced singing some idiotic song in a loud tone. It reached the station agent's ears. He came in, and catching him by the arm quickly dragged him across the door and put him in the baggage room until train time.

Dick White watched this scene all the way through with much contempt; and yet his father had sold this man more liquor than any one else ever did, for this man is none other than Henry Brown, "old Hank Brown," as everybody in Pleasant Valley generally called him, and the bright boy named Ernest Brown, whom we met this morning, is his son.

Perhaps it will also add to the interest of my story to tell you, dear reader, that this scene in the railway station is a true incident.

(To be continued.)

**A NEWSPAPER CLIPPING.**

BY ESTELLE LEONARD.

Charlotte was an enthusiastic member of the Junior Epworth League. At the last meeting, before adjourning for the summer, it was decided to raise a fund for the support and education, for one year, of a young girl they know. She was very poor, and had no opportunities except such as these young people gave her. This League was well known for its helpfulness to others, but this year they decided not to search in distant localities for some one upon whom to bestow their charities, when at their very door was a young girl very needy and very worthy, and very ambitious for an opportunity to improve herself. To raise a part of this fund each member was requested to earn twenty-five cents during the vacation, and bring it to the first meeting of the League in the fall, with an account of the manner in which it was earned. As the summer days passed, Charlotte was puzzled to know how she could really earn that much money.

One morning her little brothers, George and Donald, suffered from a severe attack of ennui. They had been playing hard all morning. Nobody in all the village had been busier. They had run around the square with their express waggon so many times there was no more fun in that. They rode down town with a neighbour several times. Even that pleasure had ceased to be greatly desired. They did not want to swing in the shade any more. They looked with disgust on their stick horses. Their rubber balls were spurned with an impatient foot.

They were tired of all the old things, and did not know what to do next. Donald tumbled down and began to cry. George helped him up, and, hand in hand, they went in search of their mother, who always knew how to comfort them in one way or another. A guest in the house heard the lamentations, and saw the children wearily crossing the yard. She intercepted them at the door, and with sympathetic words coaxed them into the parlour.

"Come in here, children, where it is cool, and perhaps we can find something nice to do. George, find the scissors for me, and Donald, you may bring me that newspaper over there."

Passively the little fellows obeyed, but it did not seem likely that scissors and paper could do them any good. They had often tried them on rainy days with poor success; but they would give them one more trial.

"Now, children, let us see what we can find in this newspaper."

Mrs. J— was a scissors artist of unusual gifts, and delighted to amuse little people with her creations. George and Donald drew near, watching her fold the paper many times.

Snip! snip! The scissors flashed in and out of the paper, and as the scraps fell to the floor Donald caught gleefully at the floating bits of paper, forgetful of his recent griefs. George looked on quietly, his bright eyes reflecting his growing interest.

In a moment there appeared between Mrs. J—'s thumb and forefinger a little boy in blouse waist and knee-pants, his arms stretched out as though joyful that he had burst the bonds of obscurity, and was now an individual of some importance. At least, two very bright-eyed little boys seemed so to regard him.

What was their surprise and delight when, at Mrs. J—'s magical touch, the paper boy sprang forward, and, behold! there were a dozen boys standing in line, holding fast to each others' hands.

"Oh! Oh!" cried Donald, touching each small figure with an inquisitive forefinger.

George placed them along the wall, where they were joined by a similar line of little girls. At last, here was something new under the sun. The children were not slow to see wonderful possibilities in scissors and paper.

"Make a dog!"  
"Make a pig!"  
"Make a fish!"

The procession along the wall grew rapidly in length. A horse and waggon, with a boy sitting on the front seat holding a whip, was cleverly produced with a few quick clips, and was received with exclamations of wonder and satisfaction. But the greatest marvel of all, was a barn with a waggon standing under the shed, and a horse looking out of a window and the door of the hayloft swinging open.

Mrs. J—'s skilful fingers seemed capable of turning a newspaper into anything she might fancy.

During the afternoon George and Donald were much occupied with their new toys. The paper boys were made to climb in and out of the barn loft at breakneck speed, and otherwise display their athletic skill, when suddenly Donald said:

"Want to show 'em to Jia. George, shall we show 'em to Jim?"

"Yes, we will put them all in our express waggon and go now." And away they went, showing their treasures to all their playmates in the neighbourhood. Forthwith everybody tried to make paper toys, but all, except George's sister Charlotte, soon grew tired. Charlotte soon became an expert scissors-artist. She was quick to observe how fond of paper toys all the children were, and how very stupid they thought it was to try to make them nice. Remembering the quarter she must earn for the Junior League, she formed a little plan that proved to be a great success. One day the children saw a sign in Charlotte's yard:

Charlotte L—, Scissors Artist  
Paper Toys, Two Cents a Dozen.  
J. Epworth League Fund.

That toy-shop became a popular resort, and pennies were plenty. It was a never-ending delight to George and Donald. Every morning Donald would say: "Want to go to toy-shop, George; shall we go to toy-shop?" And George always answered: "Yes; come on."

Charlotte was well pleased with her efforts, as she could give more than twenty-five cents without asking the home folks for one penny.

The first meeting of the League was unusually interesting. The little people told of making money in many funny ways, and the fund was much larger than expected.

Hoax—"Klumsy is very fond of horses, isn't he?" Joax—"If he is, it's something new." Hoax—"Well, I saw him out riding the other day, and he had both arms around the horse's neck."

Layman—"Realism, eh? Now, you don't mean to tell me that the sun really sets like that?"

Artist—"Ha, ha! My dear fellow, you don't grasp the significance of the new art at all. That, sir, is the way the sun ought to set."

"I dunno how Bill's a-goin' to vote on this election," said the campaign worker. "I've heard tell he's on the fence." "He wuz thar," replied his neighbour, "but one of the candiderates let fall a dollar on the offside o' the fence, an' Bill got dizzy an' fell over!"

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**The White Stone Canoe.**

BY THE LATE J. D. EDGAR, M.P.

The works of Schoolcraft contain many beautiful Indian legends, some of which, Longfellow tells us, he wove into his "Song of Hiawatha." "The White Stone Canoe" is one which he did not terest, and is rich in poetry and curious terest, an dis rich in poetry and curious traditions. He made use of one of its incidents, however, where Chibiabos—

"In the stone canoe was carried  
To the islands of the blessed,  
To the land of ghosts and shadows."

[Mr. Edgar, in a long poem, tells the story. We make a brief extract.—Ed.]

"In the distance rose an Island—  
Clad with verdure all its mountains,  
Bright with blossom all its valleys,  
Floating on the crystal waters,  
A canoe of dazzling whiteness,  
Fashioned out of purest White Stone,  
Walted, ready for Abeka,  
Stepping lightly in the centre,  
Scarcely had he touched a paddle,  
When he turned and saw beside him  
His dear Wabose, his long lost one,  
With her own canoe and paddle,  
White and shining like the other.

"When, in after years, Abeka  
Told the story of this journey  
To the listeners in his Wigwam,  
Sometimes doubters were among them,  
In his long and weary vigils,  
He had seen a mystic vision,  
And had never left his body,  
Never crossed the stormy water,  
Never seen again his Wabose

But none ever dared to show him  
That they doubted what he told them;  
For he faithfully believed it;  
And he ruled his people wisely,  
So that he might take them with him,  
When he next should cross the water,  
In the bright canoe of White Stone,  
To the Island of the Blessed"

Money flows freely for political purposes, why not for religious? Millions are expended in public improvements, yet the Christian pocketbook lacks the consecration that will expend proportionate sums for the religious elevation and reformation of the masses. We want a more liberal devising for the Lord along educational, missionary, reformatory, and ecclesiastical lines. The wealth of the land is largely in the hands of the church, and the world will not be converted until she useth it without stint and according to arising need.

**Two Little Girls.**

BY MARGARET E. SANSTER.

**THE POOR RICH GIRL.**

This little girl is very poor:  
She has troubles, she finds, she can scarce endure,  
And yet, my dear, she has playthings plenty—

Dolls as many as two-and-twenty,  
Houses and arks and picture-books,  
Something pretty wherever she looks,  
But half the time she's puzzled to know  
What to do with the wonderful show,  
Tired of dollies two-and-twenty,  
And bored with her various toys a-plenty

**THE RICH POOR GIRL.**

That little girl is very rich,  
With an old doll like a perfect witch,  
A broken chair and a bit of delf,  
And a wee cracked cup on the closet shelf,

She can play with only a row of pins,  
Houses and gardens, arks and inns,  
She makes with her chubby fingers small,  
And she never asks for a toy at all,  
Unseen around her the fairies stray,  
Giving her bright thoughts every day.

Poor little girl and rich little girl,  
How nice it would be if in Time's swift whirl  
You could—perhaps not change your places—

But catch a glimpse of each other's faces,  
For each to the other could something give;

Which would make the child life sweeter to live;

For both could give and both could share  
Something the other had to spare.

**LESSON NOTES.**

**SECOND QUARTER.**

**STUDIES IN THE LIFE OF JESUS.**

**LESSON VI.—MAY 6.**

**JESUS WARNING AND INVITING.**

Matt. 11. 20-30. Memory verses, 28-30.

**GOLDEN TEXT.**

Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.—Matt. 11. 28.

**OUTLINE.**

1. The Consequences of Impenitence, v. 20-24.
2. The Mystery of Godliness, v. 25-27.
3. The Simple Terms of Salvation, v. 28-30.

Time.—November, A. D. 29.

Place.—Capernaum.

**LESSON HELPS.**

20 "Upbraird"—Rebuke. "Mighty works"—Miracles. "Repented not"—Did not turn from their sins to his service.

21. "Sackcloth"—A coarse kind of cloth worn by people as a sign of grief. "Ashes"—Sprinkled on the head as a token of mourning.

22. "More tolerable"—Their condition less terrible. "Day of judgment"—The final judgment at the end of the world.

23. "Exalted unto heaven"—By the privilege of being the home of Christ. "To hell"—Here meaning the place of death, rather than of punishment hereafter.

25. "Hid these things"—The knowledge of Gospel truth. "Wise and prudent"—Learned people, such as the scribes. "Babes"—Meaning people of a teachable and humble heart.

27. "Of my Father"—By my Father "Knoweth the Son"—Understands all the mysteries of Christ.

28. "Ye that labour"—The burdened souls. "Give you rest"—Peace of heart.

29. "My yoke"—Of obedience and cross-bearing.

30. "Yoke is easy"—"Because it is a yoke lined with love."

**HOME READINGS.**

M. Jesus warning and inviting.—Matt. 11. 20-30.

Tu. Rebellious children—Isa. 1. 1-9.

W. Pretence and sincerity.—Isa. 1. 10-20.

Th. Responsibility for privileges.—Matt. 25. 14-30.

F. Worldly wisdom rejected.—1 Cor. 1. 18-31.

S. Hated without cause. John 15. 18-25.

Sa. Made nigh Eph. 2. 11-22.

**QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.**

1. The Consequences of Impenitence, v. 20-24.

To what place did Jesus declare woe? For what cause was the woe proclaimed?

What miracle was wrought near Bethsaida? Luke 9. 10-16.

What was the privilege of Capernaum? Matt. 4. 13.

To what should such blessings have led the people?

What punishment followed the neglect of such blessings?

What was the fate of Sodom? Gen. 19. 24, 25.

Why would the people of Capernaum deserve a heavier punishment?

Who are there now living whose sin is even greater? (Those among us who do not obey Christ.)

What is the meaning of Heb. 2. 3?

2. The Mystery of Godliness, v. 25-27.

For what did Jesus offer thanks to God?

What things were hidden? (The truths of the Gospel.)

From whom were they hidden?

To whom were they revealed?

What is meant by "babes"? (Those who felt and confessed their own ignorance, and were willing to be taught.)

How may we know God? See John 14. 6.

3. The Simple Terms of Salvation, v. 28-30.

What is the invitation of the Golden Text?

To whom is it given?

How may it be accepted?

What rest may we find in Jesus?

What is the promise of Jer. 6. 16?

Who find Christ's yoke easy?

**PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.**

Where in this lesson do we find—

1. The duty of repentance?
2. The rewards of humility?
3. The promise of rest?

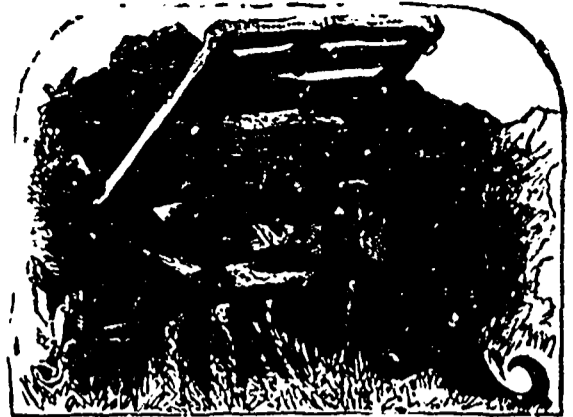
**TEACH THE BOYS AND GIRLS.**

BY DR. J. O. HOLLAND.

It is a cruel thing to send a boy or girl out into the world untaught that alcohol in any form is fire, and will certainly burn him if he puts it into his stomach. It is a cruel thing to educate a boy in such a way that he has no adequate idea of the dangers that beset his path. It is a mean thing to send a boy out to take his place in society without understanding the relations of temperance to his own safety and prosperity, and to the safety and prosperity of society.

What we want in our schools is to do away with the force of a pernicious example, and a long-cherished error, by making the children thoroughly intelligent on this subject of alcohol. They should be taught the natural effect of alcohol upon the processes of animal life. (1) They should be taught that it can add nothing whatever to the vital forces or to the vital tissues, and that it never enters into the elements of structure, and that, in the healthy organism, it is always a burden or disturbing force. (2) They should be taught that it invariably disturbs the operation of the brain, and that the mind can get nothing from alcohol of help that is to be relied upon. (3) They should be taught that alcohol inflames the baser passions, blunts the sensibilities, and debases the feelings. (4) They should be taught that an appetite for drink is certainly developed by those who use it, which is dangerous to life, destructive of health of body and peace of mind, and in millions of instances ruinous to fortune and to all the high interests of the soul. (5) They should be taught that the crime and pauperism of society flow as naturally from alcohol as any effect whatever naturally flows from its competent cause. (6) They should be taught that drink is the responsible cause of most of the poverty and want of the world. So long as six hundred million dollars are annually spent on drink in this country, every ounce of which has ever entered into the sum of national wealth, having nothing to show for its cost but diseased stomachs, degraded homes, destroyed industry, increased pauperism, and aggravated crime, these boys should understand the facts and be able to act upon them in their first responsible conduct.

The national wealth goes into the ground. If we could only manage to bury it without having it pass thitherward in the form of a poisonous fluid through the inflamed bodies of our neighbours and friends, happy should we be. But this great, abominable curse dominates the world. The tramp reminds us of it as he begs for a night's lodging. The widow and the fatherless tell us of it as they ask for bread. It scowls upon us from the hovels and haunts of the poor everywhere. Even



THE TIGER.

the clean, hard-working man of prosperity cannot enjoy his earnings because the world is full of misery from drink. The more thoroughly we can instruct the young concerning this dominating evil of our time the better will it be for them and for the world.

**THE TIGER.**

In no other country are tigers so numerous, so large, and so bloodthirsty as in India and the adjacent islands. The average height of this beast is from three to four feet, and his average length from six to nine feet, though tigers are sometimes found fifteen feet in length from the head to the tip of the tail. The tiger is a magnificent-looking animal, and so strong and fierce that the elephant alone is able to withstand him; but, though relentless when he is attacked, he is nevertheless a cowardly animal, and retreats on the approach of a foe, unless wounded or provoked. He is found both in the mountains and in the plains of India. When the hot season approaches he seeks the neighbourhood of streams, where he can be concealed in the thickets of long grass or brushwood.

An Indian officer, learning on one occasion that a path to a spring had been monopolized by tigers, resolved upon their destruction. He therefore caused a support to be placed in the branches of a tree that hung just above the path, and, taking his station there with his gun, succeeded in killing several of the savage creatures.

In one of the beautiful valleys of India, two thousand feet above the sea, tigers as well as wild elephants abound. Over the mountain pass which leads to this valley a road has been made. There are a few dwellings along the route, but this low mountain range is for the most part the "habitat" of wild beasts, and tigers sometimes come down to the streams by the roadside to drink. In passing over this mountain range after nightfall the natives of the country always carry torches. The roar of the tiger is terrific. It is said that on the approach of a tiger monkeys betake themselves for safety to the nearest tree. They are then out of the reach of the tiger, but not beyond his influence, for the monster, as if understanding his power, immediately begins to roar with all his strength of lungs, and at the awful sound the little creatures are seized with trembling, until, losing their hold, they tumble from their perches upon the ground, and are quickly snapped up by the expectant animal.

A man-eating tiger is the scourge of the neighbourhood, and through his depredations whole villages are sometimes deserted, the inhabitants fleeing in dread of their lives. The tiger throws himself upon his victim with a bound, springing a distance of fifteen or twenty feet.

That a creature so savage as to be alike a terror to man and beast should be hunted is but natural. Tiger hunting in India is a favourite and most exciting diversion; in this sport elephants in great numbers are often employed. On entering a jungle the presence of a tiger is soon made known by the conduct of the elephants, who are able to scent the enemy from a considerable distance, and who give expression to their displeasure by a peculiar sound called "trumpeting." A tiger, when made aware of the presence of a foe, will often lie quite still, hidden by long grass, and then spring with a deafening roar upon his pursuers.

So terrible is this sound that the elephants will sometimes retreat, but they speedily recover their coolness and courage and return to the attack. The tiger will sometimes spring upon the elephant, and the huge creature, shaking himself free from his enemy, rushes upon him, and not infrequently fastens him to the ground with his tusks.

"These apples seem to be small."  
"Well, what do you expect when you open the wrong end of the barrel?"