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If! If!

If every boy and every girl, Arising with the sur. Should plan this day to do alone The good deeds to be done-

Should scatter smiles and kindly words, Strong, helpful hands should lend And catch each other's wants and cries, Attentive ears should lend-

How many homes would sunny be Which now are filled with care And joyous, smiling faces, too. Would greet us everywhere.

I do believe the very sun Would shine more clear and bright, And every little twinkling star Would shed a softer light.

JERUSALEM FROM THE MOUNT OF OLIVES.

As we study our lesson on the triumphal entry into Jerusalem it will be interesting to 100k with the eyes of another upon the scene which met our Saviour's eyes as he descended the slopes of Olivet. The late Dr. Dulles, in his "Ride Through Palestine," takes "4

into the camp on the Mount of Olives and points out to us many of the interesting features of the scene, which in its natural characteristics has changed but little: "Our camp on the

summit of Olivet was charming in itself and in its unspeakably rich associations. Looking eastward into the sunken valley be-youd the hills in which Bethlehem nestles, you see the waving line of green which marks the passage of the Jordan. Farther to the south the still waters of the Dead Sea gleam slivery or blue, as the sunlight may-fall on them or not, the brown hills of Moab rise beyond as a strong background to the picture. Turning our faces west-ward we have before us a panorama that does not need history make it im-sive. On the to pressive. right the rounded hill of Scopus stretches northward; in front

and at our feet, deep down, is the Kidron ravine; whilst before us lies

Jerusalem. I had often read descriptions of this scene, but the reality has proved it more noble than I had imagined. Olivet is more bold in its descent, Kidron is more thoroughly a ravine, Jerusalem is more brilliantly displayed, than I had sup-

"But let us walk down this western declivity of the Mount of Olives. The way is steep and the path stony. No doubt there were better paths eighteen hut in our Master's footsteps. He descended this mountain; he looked across this

minarets and towers—almost count its very houses. In front of us is the levelled top of Moriah, once crowned with the temple of the Lord, now with the Mosque of Omar and the Mosque El-Aksa. The city wall supports the temple-area, which has an eastern face of fifteen hundred and thirty feet and a width of more than a thousand feet. Within the Mosque of Omar, and underneath its dome, is the rocky summit of Moriah, where stood in Solomon's time.

and in the time of Christ the altar of burnt offering. See those dusky clouds that this moment drift across it! You that this moment drift across it! You would almost say that they were the smoke of the offerings on the altar. But no need is there now of offering for sin; Christ has suffered for sin once for all.

Back of Moriah the higher hills of Zion and of Acra rise, and so regularly that each building overtops that before

You may travel far before you will find a more brilliant view of a city from without. It may be studied over and over, and still it fascinates you by the unique character of its beauty. tiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth is Mount Zion.' Such it must certainly have been in the day of its glory."

A WORD OF ADVICE.

The special word of advice we wish to speak is that those who are leaving the school for a more active life will stop and think about the aim they mean to set before themselves. It is impossible to make much of life unless there be some settled purpose in the fulfilment of which life is to be spent. Every young man or woman, therefore, should pause of the onening of his or her career, and

ideals of his youth, to love and serve God, to cultivate in himself a character which will stand the tests of time and eternity, and to give his time and strength to the uplifting of humanity. holds a position the mere fortune hunter can never reach. Such men or women may be rich or poor, may occupy a conspicuous or a narrow place, but what-ever the external circumstances, they cannot live in vain.

We entreat all young people starting out on the journey of active life to adopt this noble course. Take a high aim at the very beginning. Resolve at all hazards to live in this world, as far as possible, the life which Christ, man's greatest exemplar, lived when he was here. Put your whole trust in him, and seek the constaint ald of his grace. nere. Put your whole trust in him, and seek the constaint aid of his grace and Spirit. No matter what trials and temptations may come, do not lower or change the purpose with which you start. Be earnest, indeed, and industrious; take your full place in the active forces of this intense are but at the forces of this intense age, but at the same time live for things that are high and holy

Do noble things, not dream them, all day long, And so make life, death, and the vast

forever, One grand, sweet song."

make you write out that page of Cicere three times, staying in to do it."

Whether it was desperation at this dreadful alternative, or the sparkling eyes of his class fellows, evidently longing to have the good luck themselves of "licking" a master, that suddeuly inspired Jones, I know not. What I do know is that he reached forth his hams, took the cane and deatt me no sham telling cut over my shoulders. I had telling cut over my shoulders. no idea that the ridiculous instrument would sting as it did, like a scorpion. Rubbing the place in my own turn, I managed to thank Jones for his obliging compliance, and then said to him: Break that detestable weapon across your knee and throw it out of the window. Never again will we have anything to do with such methods here."
Sir Edwin Arnold adds that corporal punishment is, in his view, a cowardly and clumsy expedient, and that "he who cannot teach without the stick had better get some other business."

HOW STINGY JIMMY IMPROVED.

Jimmy was the stinglest boy you ever knew. He couldn't bear to give away a cent, nor a bite of an apple, nor a crumb of candy. He couldn't bear to

lend his sled or his hoop or his skates. All his friends were very sorry that he was so stingy and talked to him about it but be couldn't see any reason why he should give away what he wanted him-

if I didn't want it," he would say,
"p'r'aps I could give
it away; but why should I give it away when I want it my-self?"

" Because it is nice to be generous," said his mother, "and think about the happiness of other people. It makes you feel happier and batter yourself. If you give your sled to little ragged Johnny, who never had one in his life, you will feel a thousand times better watching his enjoyment of it than if you had kept it your-self."

"Well," said Jimmy,
"I'll try."
The sled went off.
"How soon shall I feel better?" he asked

"I don't feel as well as I by-and-bye. did when I had the sled. Are you sure I shall feel better?

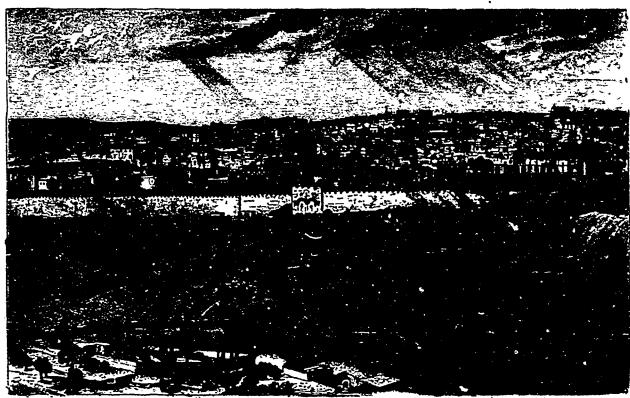
"Certainly," answered his mother; but if you should keep on giving something away, you would feel better all the

Then he gave away his kite, and thought he did not feel quite as well as before. He gave away his silver piece he meant to spend for taily. Then he said. "I don't like this giving things. Then he It doesn't agree with me. I don't feel any better. I like being stingy better."

street dragging the sled, looking proud as a prince, and asking all the boys to take a silds. Jimmy began to smile as he watched him, and said "You might give Johnny my old overcoat. He is littler than I am, and he doesn't seem to have one. I think—I guess—I know I'm beginning to feel so much better. I'm glad I gave Johnny my sled. give away something else'

Size for size, a thread of spider silk is decidedly tougher than a bar of steel.

An ordinary thread will bear a weight of three grains. That is about 50 per crat stronger than a steel thread of the same thickness.



JERUSALEM FROM THE MOUNT OF OLIVES,

ask: "What is to be my aim in livingthe central thought or purpose to which I shall bend my time and strength?"

Just here young people are apt to meet with one of their greatest temptations.
"If you would amount to anything," the
world nowadays cries, "you must be
rich. Money answereth all things.
With money you can buy position, and secure pleasure. Unless you have money you can expect no place in society, and no influence with your fellow men. The no influence with your fellow men. poor are despised. No matter how learned a man may be, or how good, nothing. The ignorant upstart with his millions outweighs him, in the general estimation, a hundredfoid. What you need to do most of all, then, is to make money. Your first business is to seek a fortune. Marry it if you can, if not, determine to make it for yourselves. Unless you get it, you must expect to be

But there is curely something nobler than the making of a fortune. Fortunes, indeed, are not to be despised. The man that has wealth has in his hands a power for untold good. At the same time man may have a much hisher. same time men may have a much higher purpose in living than the mere acquisition of thousands or millions of dollars.

THE TEACHER TAUGHT.

Sir Edwin Arnold, in the volume of autoblography which he has just published, tells the unique story of how, as moster of the Birmingham grammar school, he was caned by one of the boys.

The class was engaged on Cicero. Some disorder occurred near the master's chair, and, seizing the cane, he " a nasty cut upon the too tempting back of a youth, who seemed to be the offender." "If you please, sir," said the boy squirming, "I did nothing. It was Scudamore that kicked me in the stomach, underneath the desk."

The statement was true. Scudamore had demanded from his neighbour, quite illegitimately, the explanation of an obscure passage, and not being attended to, taken this much too emphatic means of enforcing attention. Having called the class up, Arnold said to the doubly wronged boy, who was still rubbing the place: "It was I who am most to blame for, having dealt you an undeserved blow. Take that cane and give it back to me as hard as you got it." "No. sir," the lad answered, "I can't do that."

The whole great school-room was now

listening, masters and all. Arnold insisted. "Jones, you must obey me, and He that resolves to be true to the purest | if you disobey, I am sorry to say I shall | same thickness.

Fairy Umbrellas.

Said wet east wind, calling foud to rain, Come down, sittle drops, to the April flowers:

And over the grass and the sleeping grain,

And into the street they swept in shewers.

They tapped at each door and called, Come up'

For the bleak cold wind and the snow are gone;

Arbutus is lifting her perfumed cup And the grass is carpeting all the lawn."

But the fairles that lived in the quiet wood,

All were their new spring bonnets that day, So they raised their umbrellas as quick

as they could. And under the trees went trooping away.

And the people said when they saw them there,

The fairy umbrellas out in the rain. Oh! spring has come, so sweet and so fair,

For there are those odd little toadstools again

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK. Rev. W. H. Withrow, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 13, 1897.

JUNIOR EPWORTH LEAGUE. PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

SEPTEMBER 26, 1897.

A cause for praise.—Psaim 96, 7-13.

DESERVES PRAISE.

Religion is reasonable. Every parent expects his child to be thankful for parental kindness. Every master looks to his servant for the respect due to his station. Has not God a right to expect his creatures to praise him. See what he has done for them? The heavens declare his glory. Every particle of matter, every fowl of the air, and all the fishes of the sea proclaim his handiwork, and set forth reason for praise.

UNIVERSALITY OF THE COMMAND.

Verse 7. Not merely as individuals, but as tribes and nations, and whatever divisions or classes of men there may be in the world, all should render the praise due to his name. God is not un-reasonable. He knows what is his due. He has a right to expect the praise which we can render. He is not a hard task-master, hence there is no cause to complain and say we cannot comply with the requirements which he makes at our hands.

THE SPIRIT OF WORSHIP.

Verse 9. Worship is not to be given in a caroless manner, as though we did not care whether we performed an act of worship or not. If we go into the presence of those in authority over us, we would not presume to do so in any but the most reverential manner pos-sible. There must be clean hands, siucere hearts, humility of soul, in all our worship, or our worship will be mere mackery. It will be the form merely, rather than from the heart.

OUB DUTY.

Verse 10. Soldiers always praise their commanders. Citizens are always jubilant in their commendations of their own city. Shall we not extol the name of our God? If the Gospel is to us the power of God unto salvation, surely it will be the same to the heathen. arms of love that compass me, would all mankind embrace.

EXTENDED PRAISE.

Verses 11, 12. The Psaimist calls for the heavens to rejoice and the fields to be joyful So all Christians desire that there shall be a unanimity of praise ascribed to the God whom we adore. We will do the same, and will use every means in our power to increase the volume of praise.

A COPPER CENT AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

BY R. L. VINCENT.

It is a good thing to be contented with what we have! I do not know of any feeling which makes one more uncomfortable than envy. Almost as long ago as I can remember, about the time when I began to go to school, one of the older boys in some way came into possession of a copper cent. Perhaps some who read this never owned one of these coins, for they are very rarely seen nowadays, and it may be that they were just as rare at the time of which I am speaking. You can imagine how proud the boy was who had this cent. Its large and shining face had a charm for him that can hardly be described.

One day the boy brought his coin to school and took great delight in showing it to the other pupils. Few of us were permitted to hold the precious thing in our hunds. It was enough for us if we could look at it as it lay in the hand of the owner. There was one boy, how-ever, in whom the possessor of the penny had sufficient confidence to intrust to his keeping for a moment the valuable coin. For some time he held it in his palm, gazing upon it with longing We all stood at the time on the top of a high bank. Below us a little way off was a large forest. After looking at the coin for some time, the boy who had borrowed it turned suddenly and threw it with all his might away into the wood below us, and then whirled and ran at tu- top of his speed.

We all watched the penny as it sailed away through the trees, to see where it would fall, and then did our best to find it, but in vain. The coin was lost for-

Most of us felt very sorry for our comrade. It seemed to us such a mean thing to do. Just because the penny was not his, and he could not get one in any way that he knew of, he felt like robbing the boy who did own it; and that little thing was the cause of an illfeeling between those boys which will probably last all through their lives.

The saudest part of this little story is, that this act proved what would be the ruling passion of the envious boy's life. He grew up to be one of the most selfish men I ever knew. His whole life was spent in getting money and doing no good with it, not even for himself; and so far as helping the world is concerned, no one could ever point to a single generous deed he ever did.

In his Word, God says that "envy is rottenness in the bones." How strong this language is! We can only understand it by thinking how weak and useless is a bone thus affected. endure anything, being easily broken, and the source of constant pain and sor-

The babit of adapting one's self to our surroundings helps greatly to keep envy from gaining power in our hearts. will be heipful to read all the Bible says about envy.

Try it.

SAMBO'S LIFTED HAND.

They were out on the raging ocean, at the mercy of the wind and waves, Sambo and Baby Helen, the little white child who always smiled on him. Sambo was half lying in the bottom of the boat trying to protect Baby Helen and keep her from being washed away.

It was just daylight, and the people on shore were looking for the island that had always been between them and the The house and trees had been washed away in the night and they could not see it. They saw the boat, though, bobbing helplessly about, but it seemed empty to them, and they turned away and said kind things of the family who had lived on the island and who had been drowned, for they did not think any one could be saved in such a storm, and in the night too.

And the little boat kept on bobbing and rolling. It had been going toward shore, but suddenly the wind changed and began to carry it out to sea:

Sambo's hands and arms were getting stiff and cold, but he was afraid to move, for Baby Helen was asleep. Soon she waked, and he could see that they were getting farther and farther away

What could he do? There were no oars in the boat, for it had broken loose too soon, and Baby Helen was beginning to cry with the cold. He tried to shield her still more with his coat, and then, raising one hand high above his head, he called aloud

Sambo done all he know how to sabe dis baby yere, please do the ress, good Nebber mind 'bout Sambo, he Lord. don't count; but sabe dis blessed baby.

And one of those watching on shore saw Sambo's hand as it was raised and knew that there was something alive

It did not take long to get others to go with him to the rescue. Sambo and Baby Helen were cold and stiff and wet when they found them, but there were kind hearts on shore who took them where they were warmed and fed.

"Mighty good thing you put up that hand to attract our notice," said one of the men to Sambo, "else we'd never known you were here. I can't see why you were not swamped anyhow."
"Lor" said Sambo, "I warn

said Sambo, "I warn't tryin' your notice. You see I kinder to 'tract your notice. You see I kinder feared de good Lord wouldn't hear my voice way down in the boat, so I jest hilt up my hand so's he could see and know I wanted him."
"Well," said the sailor, "you attract-

ed the Lord's notice and he attracted That's one way he has of doing things."

PEACHSTONES.

Peachstones are discarded by the hundreds of thousands in the great peachcanning factories, to say nothing of the muny that are left from the peaches we are all cating every day. What do you suppose becomes of them all? you ever thought anything about them, except that they are not good to eat? They have a use, however; several, indeed. For example:

Bushels and bushels of them are sold to fruit-growers, who plant them to grow young peach-trees, that are in turn set out for peach orchards. From the oil of the kernel that is found inside of the stone a powerful drug, prussic acid, is distilled. It is a poison if taken even in a very small quantity, but it is a valuable and useful drug for all laboratory purposes. A third use of the peach-pits is to dry them and use them for fuel, for which purpose they are excellent

HOW THEY CARRY MONEY.

One of the queerest sights is to see how different immigrants carry their

Most English immigrants carry their coin in a small case, attached to a chain, which they keep in a pocket askthey would a watch.

Irishmen always have a little canvas bag, in which notes and coin are crammed together. Irish girls, on the other hand, generally have their money sewed on the inside of their dresses.

Germans carry their money in a belt round their waists, and the belt is usually an elaborate and costly affair, no matter how poor the immigrant may

be.
The French mostly carry a small brass tube, in which they can place forty or fifty twenty-franc pieces, which can be removed very rapidly one at a time.

There are few Italians who do not carry a large tin tube, in which they keep paper money or silver coins; and this tube is hung round their necks by

Swedes and Norwegians are sure to have an immense pocketbook that has generally been used by their fathers and grandfathers before them and which has in it enough leather to make a pair of boots.

The Slavenians and Hungarians carry their money in their long boots, together with a knife, fork, and spoon.-Our Sunday afternoon.

Prof. Liversidge, of the Sydney (Australia) university has made chemical experiments which, he says, show that there are over 100,000,000 tons of gold dissolved in the ocean water of the world, if the rate of one grain per ton, which he found on the Australian coast, holds everywhere.

PETER COOPER.

Peter Cooper was a poor boy, and had very poor health. He had but little chance to get an education. He went to school only one year in his whole life. and in that year had to stay at home many days.

His father was a hatter, and at eight years of age young Peter spent his time in helping to earn a living, "in pulling hair from the skins of rabbits, which his father killed to make the hat pulp.'

When he was about seventeen years of age he went to the great city of New York to see what he could do there. For some time he found nothing to do, but kept walking the streets in daytime, try-

ing to find employment.

At length he met a carriage-maker, who took him as an apprentice for five years, giving him his board and two dol-

lars per month.

We can see from this that he could have but few of the comforts or even necessaries of life. But in the midst of toil and privation he was heard to say, "If I ever get money enough I will build a place where the poor girls and boys of this great city of New York may get an education free." He was prosperous, and lived to accumulate enough to build an institute, which bears his name, Cooper Institute. Who can esti-Who can estimate the great amount of good it is doing yearly for the poor, who but for him must live in ignorance?

MAUD'S MANNERS.

BY SALLY CAMPBELL.

"Now, Maud Anna Belinda," said Elsie, "I want you to sit up straight and lis'n to me. I have something to say to you."

It was hardly worth while to ask Maud Anna Belinda to sit up straight, for she was already sitting up very straight indeed, with her hands hanging down stiffly at her sides, and her eyes staring right out in front of her.

"I've got some good advice to give you," Elsie went on, "for your manners. There's compan manners and there's home-folks mar aers. Some people have very fine com any manners, but their home-folks manners are horrid. They make all their smiles in company, and just have frowns and pouts and frets for the family, which, you know, is very unfair, and not nice at all. Some people don't divide theirs up; they just have manners that are just the same all the And this is a much better way, especially if they are of a pleasant kind.

come people get their manners at Paris, and some people's mothers tell them to them when they are young. But, my dear Maud Anna Belinda, if you want yours to be good and lovely through and through, you must have a good and lovely heart that's full of kindness and best wishes to everybody. Those are the sort they have in heaven, and heaven's a better place to get them from than Paris, I guess, or anywhere

else.
"So now I'm done. And I will give

you a kiss to remember it by."

If Maud Anna Belinda did not need Elsie's advice, that is not saying that some of us may not.

BITS OF FUN.

Father-Charley, if you are good today, you may unpack the trunks; if you are not, you'll have to unpack them !

A woman feels surest that smoking is nurting her husband's health right after she has had her lace curtains cleaned.

Dilettante (very pressing)-"I should like so much to write for your newspaper. One side of the paper has to be blank, hasn't it?" Editor—"No; both!"

First Westerner—"Pete is down with lung trouble again." Second Westerner —"What's the matter with his lungs?" First Westerner—"He's got a bullet in one of 'em.

Mr. Jorkins announced that he had found "a good bargain in men's shoes," and his wife satirically responded that his luck was better than hers had ever

"Why do you sign your name J. John B. B. Bronson?" asked Hawkins.

"Because it is my name," said Bronson. "I was christened by a minister who stuttered."

"Budlong is travelling under an assumed name."

"What on earth is she doing that

"She's been married and has assumed her husband's name. They are away on their honeymoon."

The Lesson of the Trees. I praised the pine-tree on the hill Because so vallantly it grows, And keeps its green, and does not quall Before the angry winter gale, Before the smiting of the snows.

The pine-tree bowed its stately head. it knew its worth, and was content, But from the larch-tree and the oak Methought complaining voices spoke, Reproachful eyes on me were bent.

"We too are brave," they seemed to say, 'It is no cowardice or fear Which makes us drop our sheltering vells,

And bare our branches to the gales, When the dread winter draws anear.

"We but obey the inner law, Which every tree and every flower, And every humblest herb obeys ;-The law which standeth sure always, And is the world's prevailing power.

"The pine-tree yields obedience meet In holding fast his vesture so, As we by yielding up our green. To be renewed with brighter sheen Than ever his tough needles know.

" Each hears the voice and the emmand, And each, in his own several way, Renders the rightful homage due, The homage of obedience; you, Who preach to us, do you obey?"

So I, who praised the strong green pine, Now praised the bare trees of the wood: For each in turn, as I in mine. Is led and taught by law Divine And in obedience finds best good.

NEMO

The Wonderful Door.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CHRISTIES OLD ORGAN."

CHAPTER X.

IN THE FOREST.

When the summer holidays were drawing near, Nemo tried hard to persuade Abel to take him on another journey into the new country, but for some time Abel stoutly refused. They were safer at home, he said. There was no knowing who they might meet out there.

But the warm weather continued long, and the summer proved to be more than usually hot and oppressive, and, after some weeks of close, stifling heat, Nemo became pale and delicate-looking, and seemed fanguid and out of sorts. He ate very little, although Abel tried to tempt him, and was constantly bringing in something which he thought he would like; and he did not seem to care to play with the other children, but he would sit for hours in the window-seat, with the dog lying beside him, idly turning over the leaves of a book, or watching the passers-by in the street

At length both Abel and Amos were so uneasy about the child that they decided he must see a doctor; and accordingly, one morning, Abel dressed him in his best clothes, asked for a holiday for him from school, and took him to the consulting-room of a doctor who was much thought of at that end of the town.

The doctor was a kind-hearted man, and was touched by the dwarf's anxiety about the child.

Cheer up," he said encouragingly, as he noticed the tears in Abel's eyes; "don't be low-spirited about him. There's nothing really wrong with himhe wants a bit of fresh country air, that's all. Now, how can we get him

amongst the green fields, I wonder?"
Then Abel proposed taking him in his cart for a country round through the woods and across the moors, and the doctor pronounced it to be the very thing he needed. So the whole matter was estiled at once, much to the child's delight; and Abel, in his fears for the child's health, forgot to be afraid of the dangers of the way.

The night before they set out, Nemo

had tea with Father Amos; and after tea, when the old man was resting in his arm-chair, he bade the child fetch his large family Bible from the top of the old-fashioned chest of drawers, ard read to him a few verses out of it.

It was the story of the wedding which the old man chose and of the ten virgins who went out to meet the bridegroom; but only five went in with him

to the glory and light of the marriage feast: five mere left outside. came up to the door, but they came up too late; the door was shut. they beat on that closed door, loudly they oried to the one within, "Lord, they cried to the one within, Lord, open to us." But the d But the door remained shut, firmly and hopelessly closed, and from within came a voice which filled those five with serrowful despair-" Verily I say unto you, I know you not."

"It's a good thing the door isn't shut yet, Father Amos," said the child, when he had finished.

Yes, Nemo, it is a good thing; but any day the Bridegroom may come, and then the wedding will begin, and he will shut the door tight, and there will be no entering in when once he does shut He will say to all them as is outside, 'Too late, too late; ye cannot enter now.'"
"Don't you wish Abel would knock,

Father Amos?

"Wish it, Nemo! wish it, my dear boy! I do a deal more than wish it,—I pray for it every morning and every night; and he will knock some day, child, though I mayn't live to see it-I know

he will."
"How do you know, Father Amos? did God tell you?"

"Yes, God told me," said the old man reverently; "for he said to me, 'Ask, and it shall be given you.' 'If ye shall ask anything in my name, I will do it.' Ask, and ye shall receive, that your joy may be full.'"

The next day Abel and Nemo were off by sunrise. They took the dog with them, for the little man felt that he would be a great protection to them when they slept in the cart; but at the same time he made up his mind never to sleep, if he could possibly help it, in any place that was at all lonely, or was far removed from the neighbourhood of houses, lest he might be frightened again, as he had been the year before, by the sudden appearance of the strange man on the moor.

They did not leave the town by the

same road, they turned to the east in-stead of to the west; but they planned to make a circuit on the moors, and, as they came homeward, to join the road they had travelled before, in order that they might visit Everton, and might spend a night in Jemmy's comfortable moorland house of en'ertainment.

The country through which their road lay, soon after they left the town, was very thickly wooded. A large forest had once stood there, and had spread for miles to the north and south, and although, in the course of ages, many acres had been cleared, and farmsteads. hamlets, and villages now stood in that part in which, in olden time, the forest was the thickest, still, between these cultivated portions of the country there was still a dense mass of trees, through which had been made countless roads and pathways leading from village to village, and joining together scattered farm-houses and wood-cutters' cottages.

Abel did not much relish entering these dark woods and travelling for miles in the quiet shadow of the trees, with no sound to be heard but the mournful cooing of the wood-pigeon, the hooting of an ewl, or the distant noise of a wood-cutter's axe; but to Nemo their forest road was a great novelty, and he never wearied of all he saw and found in the depths of that lonely wood.

They did a great deal of business in this neighbourhood; the solitary farmhouses, the villages so far removed from the railway, the quiet country houses and cottages they passed by, were just the places in which they might expect to find a welcome, and this welcome sel-

dom failed them.

Abel saw his baskets rapidly disappearing, and he felt repaid for the effort he had made in venturing again into a new and untried place. But he felt still more satisfied as he watched the rosy colour gradually returning to Nemo's face, and as he noticed how often he asked to get down from the cart. that he might race along the woodland road with the dog at his heels, or might run down a little side path into the depths of the forest to watch the woodcutters at their work, or to fill his pockets with fir-cones and his cap with wild strawberries.

The strawberries he never ate himself, but would bring them to Abel as a great treat when his rambles were ended; and the little man always pretended to enjoy them, however unripe and sour they might be, for he would not have disappointed News for the world.

But one day, as they were crossing a very thick part of the forest, something happened which very much dampened Nemo's pleasure. It was a lovely, bright afternoon, and they moved on slowly, for the donkey was growing tired, and there was no need to hasten,

for a village lay within easy reach, and Abel intended to pass the night there. So they went quietly through the wood, and did not attempt to hurry the poor beast, and Abel and Nemo walked nearly all the way.

At three o'clock, however, the donkey flagged so much that Abel decided on an hour's rest. He took the tired animal from the eart, and let it stand quietly under the shade of the trees, then he stretched himself on a mossy bank, and lay smoking his pipe, whilst the child and the dog rambled about amongst the ferns and moss, and garlic and wood-sorrel, that grew all around.

Climbing from rock to rock, crushing the dead leaves of last autumn under his feet, wreathing his hat with smallleaved ivy, and filling his hands with flowers, Nemo was as happy as a child could be. Meanwhile, the fles buzzed dreamily, the very birds were still that hot summer's day, and Abel, heing left alone, became more and more sleepy. until at length his eyes closed; he forgot Nemo, the donkey, the cart, and the baskets, and he was soon far away lu the land of dreams. He did not sleep long, however, for he was suddenly wakened by the sound of a shout.

The little man sprang to his feet in alarm, and looked round wildly for the child. . To his joy, he saw that Nemo was quite safe, and was standing on a rock at some little distance from him. It was the child who had given the shout; he was calling the dog with all his might, and running from rock to rock, that he might see farther into the tangled wood.

The dog did not appear; and although Abel, who was thoroughly awake now, came up and joined Nemo in calling, and went with him down many of the little winding paths in the wood, and searched with him behind the masses of grey rock and stone which were to be found here and there amongst the trees, and although they both continued to look and to call until the sun began to set, and until Abel feared to linger longer in the wood, yet they saw and heard nothing of the dog; he was gone, and had disappeared as strangely as he had come to them.

Neino turst into tears when Abel assured him that it wou'd be useless to search any longer, and reminded him that it was high time that they went forward. The forest began to look very selemn and mysterious as the sun set, and as the long evening shadows spread more and more deeply across their path. They both felt anxious to get out of the shade of the trees into the high road which lay beyond. Yet still, whenever they came to a path which crossed theirs, or to a break in the trees, they pulled up and called, "Nemo, Nemo, Nemo!" again and ye. again, in the hope that, although the dog might have strayed away to some distance, yet he would still be on the look-out for them, and, hearing their call, would only too gladly return to them.

"Where can he have gone, Abel?" said the child, with a sigh.

"I can't tell, Nemo; I can't make it out at all. When did you miss him?" "It was when I found the wild rasp-berries," said the child—"such ripe ones, Abel! -- I-was gathering them-for you, because you like them so much. tilling my cap with them, and the dog was sniffing about as if he smelt a rabbit under the ferns. Then I forgot about him for a few minutes, till I heard you whistling for us."

"I never whistled, Nemo. you mean?" asked Abel.

"Oh, I heard you whistling!" said the child, "you whistled three times. I'm sure you did, and I thought you meant it was time for us to start, so I came running to see, and I thought I should find the dog with you, and when he wasn't there I turned round and shouted for him."

"Nemo," said Abel in a frightened oice, "I never whistled once, I was gloop till I hand you shouting" voice. asleep till I heard you shouting.

"Then you must have whistled in your leep," said Nemo, "for I am sure I heard you; and if it wasn't you, who could it be?"

"Yes, who could it be?" said Abel gravely,—"who could it be? Whoever it was, has got the dog now, Nemo, depend upon that! It's of no use looking or calling any more."

After this, Abel made Nemo sit at the back of the cart, and covered him up with his coat, and then he urged the donkey forward, walking up all the bills himself, although he would not allow the child to move, and doing all that lay in his power to hasten their exit from the wood.

For who might be hiding amongst those trees? How could be tell? His heart sank within him as he thought of the sudden way in which the dog had !

vanished; and he made up his mind to epend the night in the shelter of the village inn, rather than face the lonellness and insecurity of a night spent in the cart.

It was quite dark when they left the wood, but, after about a mile of quiet country road, they began to see lights in the distance, and found themselves scon afterwards in the village street. The little inn was kept by a stout bustling, good-tempered till woman, who welcomed them very heartly, called her boy to lead off the donkey and cart to the stable, and then led the way into her warm and cosy kitchen.

Many of the country people dropped in during the evening, and Abel mentioned their loss to them, and inquired if they had seen a strange deg wandering about the place. But no one seemed to know anything of their lost favourite, and Nemo was so sorrowful that he could hardly be persuaded to eat anything, and when he had crept into the clean, comfortable bed which the landlady made ready for him, he hid his face in the pillow and sobbed himself to sleep.

But hope is very strong in the heart of a child, and when morning came he quite expected to see the dog appear; and all day long, as they drove on in the cart, he sat looking out of the little window at the back, that he might be the first to catch sight of the runaway. if he ran after them, and was trying to overtake them.

It was not until another night had passed by, and until they were several miles from the forest, that Nemo's heart and hope failed him. The brightness of the journey seemed to have faded away both for Abel and for himself. Abel The brightness of was anxious and troubled, and talked but little, and Nemo did not care to ramble about alone, now that his com-panion was gone. He liked best to sit panion was gone. He liked best to sit by Abel's side, reading the little Testa-ment which Amos had given him as a parting present, and from time to time asking Abel questions which he found very difficult to answer.

"Abel," he said once, "don't you want to go to heaven when you die?"

Yes, I want to go there sure enough," said the little man uncasily.

"But you won't, Abel; you won't go there if you aren't quick," said the child. The Master of the house will be getting up to shut the door soon."

Abel did not answer, but drove on in silence, wishing that he were anywhere but in the cart, so that he might run away from Nemo's questions. But presently the child crept close up to him, and laid his head on his shoulder.
"Oh, Abel," he said, "I do love you!
Do you love me, Abel?"
"Don't you!

Don't you know I do, Nemo !" said

the little man. "Why, I loved you ever since I stood with you in my arms, never mind where; ever since you smiled at me when you were a baby. Why, I love you better than I love my own life, child."

"Yes, dear Abel, I know you do," said the child; "it's that what makes me care so much."

Care so much for what, Nemo?" "That you should come and knock, Abel. Whatever will me and Father Amos do if you don't? Whatever will we do if the door is shut, and you haven't come, and we hear you knocking outside?"

"Well, maybe I'll knock some day," said Abel, for he was touched by the child's carnestness; "but, you see, I don't know how to knock, Nemo."

"Why, you're just got to talk to him -to Jesus, I mean—just like you would talk to me, Abel. He hears every word you say. Just you kneel down, and say quite plain, Lord Jesus, thou art the door; thou art the only way to heaven; I come to thee; please let me in. That's how Father Amos told me to do, Abel: and that's what my text says too: 'I am the door: by Me if any man enter in, he shall be saved."
"Well," said Abel, "I'll think about

"But please don't be long thinking," said the child, "hecause it would be so very, very dreadful if you were too late."

And as they drove on Nemo sang softly to himself two verses of a hymn ho had learnt to sing at school-

Yet there is room! still open stands the gate-

The gate of love; it is not yet too late; Room, room, still room oh, enter, enter now!

Ere night that gate may close and seal thy doom; Then the last low, long cry, No room, no room!

No room, no room ! oh, woeful cry, No noon!

(To be continued.)

Soptember

The day of the blossom is over, the elematis twines its wreath;
The lace flower waves in the meadow,

the corn is ripe in the sheath . Sweet in the air is the scent of the vine, the orehard bends with its load,

Armies with banners in serried ranks march upon every road, Golden-rod, sumac, and aster are guard-

ing each wayside pass, And the honeyed waft of the after-math drifts from the springing-grass.

Lazily homeward wings the bee when his spoils are gathered in;

tree-toad hides in the shadowy wood, the illies that toll nor spin, That listen all night to the crickets and

sway in the moonlit dew, Stand taper and tall in the sunshine the beautiful long day through.

Fair is the royal September, and rich is the wine out-poured these hours of blithe fulfilment at

Nature's bounteous board; For the hour of the blossom is over, the

hour of the bud in blow, And here is the crown of the summer,

ere yet 'tis her time to go,
With the lace flower white on the meathe clematis twining its wreath,

Purple the grape in the cluster, and ripened the corn in the sheath.

A FIVE-HUNDRED-DOLLAR PIN.

"Only two or three days ago an over-seer in an English mill found a pin which cost the company nearly a hundred pounds."

"Was it stolen?" asked Susie. "I suppose it must have been very hand-some. Was it a diamond pin?"

"Oh, no, my dear, not by any means. It was just such a in as people buy every day and use without stint. Here

is one upon my dress."

"Such a pin as that cost nearly a hundred pounds! exclaimed John. "I don't believe it."

"But mamma says it is a true story,"

interposed Susie.

Yes, I know it to be true. And this is the way it happened to cost so much. You know that calicoes, after they are trinted and washed and dried, are smoothed by being passed over heated rollers. Well, by some mischance a pla dropped so as to lie on the principal roller, and indeed became wedged into it, the head standing out a little from the surface.

"Over and over went the roller and

round and round went the cloth, winding at length upon still another roller, until the piece was measured. Then another piece began to be dried and wound, and so on until a hundred pieces had been These were not examined immediately, but removed from the ma-

When at length

chinery and laid aside. they came to be inspected it was found that there were holes every plece throughout the web. and only three-quarters of a yard apart. Now, in every piece there were from thirty-five to fortyfive yards, and at ninepence a yard that would count up to about one hundred and eighty pounds

"Of course the goods could not be perfect classed 2.3 goods, so they were sold as remnants, at about half the price brought had it not been for that bidden

"Now, it seem; to me that when a boy takes for a companion a swearer, a Sabbath breaker, or a lad untruthful, who is

and a little girl has for her playmate one who is unkind and disobedient, or in any way a wicked child, they are like the roller which took to its bosom the pin. Without their being able to help it often the influence clings to them leaves its mark upon everybody with whom they come in contact. That pin damaged irreparably four thousand yards of new print, but bad company has ruined thousands of souls for whom Christ died. Remember, one sinner destroyeth much good; therefore avoid evil companions."

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTERLY REVIEW.

SEPTEMBER 26.

GOLDEN TEXT

Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven. -Matt. 6, 16.

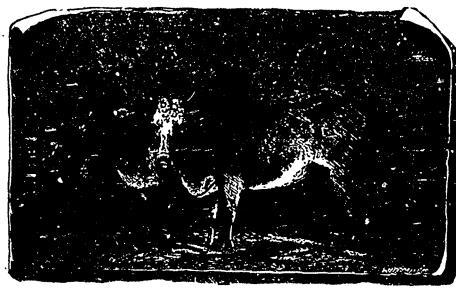
church to be ignorant? What message of comfort did he give? When is the Lord Jesus to appear?

7. From what did Paul urge abstin-ence? Why did he urge this duty? What was his own manly resolve?

8. To what four desirable things is love superior? What seven things does love evoid? What seven things does

love do? How long will love endure?

9. By whom was Paul opposed at
Ephesus? Why was he opposed?
What modern parallel can you name?



SACRED COW OF THE HINDUS.

HOME READINGS.

M. First converts in Europe.-Acts 16. 6-15.

Tu. Paul and the Philippian gaoler. -Acts 16, 22-34,

W. Paul at Thessalonica and Berea.-Acts 17, 1-12,

Th. Paul preaching in Athens.-Acts 17. 22-34.

F. Paul's ministry in Corinth. - Acts 18.

Excellence of Christian love.—1 Cor. 13. Su. Christian living .- Rom. 12, 9-21.

I. The Titles and Golden Texts should be thoroughly memorized. They are to the Review as the skeleton to the body— as the framework to the house. They are the "invariable elements" of each quarter's lessons. II. The Lesson Facts should be re-

alled not necessarily in detail, but certainly in vivid outline. The following tainly in vivid outline. question hints will be found helpful:

1. What incident led Paul to Europe? In what city did he begin work? was his first convert?

2. Why was Paul in prison? From what peril did he deliver the gaoler? What great blessing did he bring to the house? 10. In what spirit should Christians give? What should determine the amount of their gifts? Whose bounty

makes our giving possible?

11. Name five duties we owe to those who love us. Also five duties we owe to our enemies? How can all win true victory in life? Golden Text.

12. What did Poul see sweiting him?

12. What did Paul see awaiting him? What did he see awaiting the church? What duty did he urge upon the elders? To whom did he commend 'church?

SOME FRUITS OF THE SALOON.

The Massachusetts Bureau of Statistics of Labour, acting under the instructions of the Legislature, has made an investi-gation of the relation of the liquor traffic to pauperism, crime, and insanity. The method adopted was that of direct inquiry of the inmates of the State institutions, and of all persons passing through the courts of the State for a

The results of the investigation make a suggestive and important volume. As to the insane, as far as could be ascer-tained, seven out of every ten had intemperate parents; and one out of every believed to have been W83

drunkenness were only about one-fourth. and for offences other than drunkenness, less than one-half as many per thousand of the population as in license cities and towns. In five cities which were for a part of the year under license and a part of the year under no-license, the license months showed nearly three times as many arrests for drunkenness

ninety-six of every one hundred persons convicted of crime were addicted to the

Massachusetts has a local option law.

under which the cities and towns vote annually upon the licensing of saloons.

One branch of the bureau's investigation was directed to ascertaining the relative amount of drunkenness in places where

the saloons were closed and in those

where they were open. In the no-license cities and towns the arrests for

use of liquor.

These statistics, taken as a whole, seem not only to establish a close connection between the liquor traffic and crime, pauperism, and insanity, but to show also a considerable curtailment of these evils when saloons are closed .-Youth's Companion.

on the average as the no-license months.

HE GAVE THEM AWAY.

Rev. H. W. Knapp, in his eulogy upon Ruskin, says The Youth's Companion, tells how Ruskin began by giving first a tenth of his income to the poor, then half, and finally nearly the whole.

If others would not encourage the study of art in schools, Ruskin would buy ten water-colour drawings of William Hunt and give them to the public schools of London.

He fell heir to one million of dollars: this amount he has given away except a sufficient sum to give him an income of fifteen hundred dollars a year. Upon this he now lives, the income of his books being distributed among his old pensioners and his various plans for social reform.

He bestowed his art treasures with like generosity. He gave the marbles which he had collected in Greece and his priceless Italian drawings to public galleries and museums, where they would benefit the common people.

Refusing the invitations of the rich, and putting away the temptation to a life of elegant ease and reflued luxury, Ruskin gave himself to the poor. His best lectures were never given where English wealth and social prestige were represented, but were delivered to working-girls' and workingmen's associations.

Dr. Andrew Clark says, in referring to the use of intoxleating drinks: "So long as you take a little, there is in the human system a tendency to take more." This is just the difficulty; when you have eaten, your hunger vanishes, and there is no desire for more; when you drink water you are no longer thirsty; therefore in these cases your appetite is a sufficient guide and safeguard. when you drink intoxicating liquors, your desire for them increases, and there is a tendency to take more."

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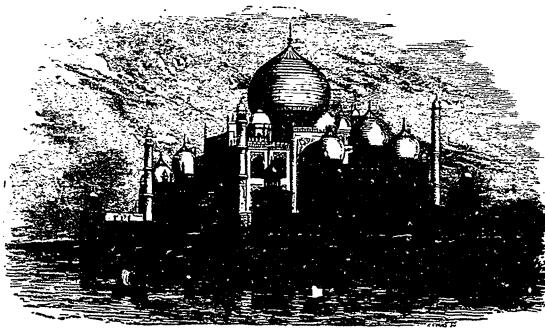
The scene of this story is laid on the shores of Lake Eric and in Toronto. Every Sunday-school library should have a copy.

WILLIAM BRIGGS,

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A MOHAMMEDAN MOSQUE, INDIA.

3. What message did Paul declare in Thessalonica? What was the attitude of the unbelieving Jews? In what respect were the Bereans more noble than

the Thessalonians? 4. Where did Paul preach in Athens? Whom did he preach? How was his

message received?

5. With whom did Paul live in Corinth? To whom did he at first preach?

To whom did he next turn? What encouragement to fidelity did Paul receive? 6. About whom did Paul not wish the

made insane by his own intemperate

Of all the paupers in the State institutions, three out of every four were addicted to the use of liquor; and nearly one-half had intemperate parents.

Of all the arrests for crime during the year, two-thirds were for drunkenness. Taking into all account all kinds of crime, in about eight and one-half cases in every ten the intemperate habits of the offender led to a condition which induced the crime; and, excluding minors,