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# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XVII.]

TORONTO, JULY 17, 1897.

No. 29.

## Haying Time.

A heated sun is shining on the fields of rich July,  
In blazing summer splendour from his throne of turquoise sky,  
The perfume of the meadows fills the soft, sweet, morning air,  
The corn blades wave a proud salute to the fields of clover fair.  
The farmer is the charmer in the romance of to-day;  
A story of the glory of the time of making hay.

The mowers in the dewy fields press through the yielding strand,  
To music of the keen machine now humming o'er the land,  
The long windrows of clover surf the rakers leave behind,  
Are quickly tossed by gleaming forks in haycocks, soldier lined,  
The waggon takes its jag on to the yawning big barn door,  
Where tramping boys with romping noise tread down the fragrant store.

There's stubble in the shaven fields clean swept of every spear,  
The big red moon comes sailing up the sky so sparkling clear,  
A gentle hush has touched the scene, the weary toilers sleep,  
To dream perhaps of greater fields of richer grain to reap;  
The day is done, the hay is won, and grateful rest is meet;

Till morning sounds its warning ne'er disturb the slumber sweet.  
Oh, clover-scented, sunny days of fragrant new-mown hay,  
Your incense breathes ideal life that fills the soul for aye,  
Oh, breezes, waft the blessed joys to toilers in the town,

And gladden hearts that sigh with care 'neath smoke-grimed chimneys' frown.  
The pleasures and the treasures of the glowing, mowing days  
Are fairer, sweeter, rarer, than a year of budding Mays.

## THE SKILL OF ANTS.

When the wise king advised the slothful man to go to the ant for an example of industry, he evidently knew a good deal about the habits of that remarkable little insect, whose intelligence and skill have astonished students and mechanics in all ages. It has lately been learned that the finest engineers in the world, considering their size, are certain South American ants. Tunnels constructed by them have been traced a distance of two miles, one of them passing under a stream fifty yards wide. South African ants have also considerable mechanical skill, as in some of their subterranean homes have been found suspended bridges passing from one gallery to another, and spanning gulfs eight to ten inches wide.

## AS IT IS IN HEAVEN.

Some one, who believed it to be an imperative duty, recently undertook to tell a widow that her only son, who was absent from home, had become wild and dissipated, that he was in fact going

down hill very fast and would soon be at the bottom.

The widow, who was also an invalid, sent for her son to come home and make her a visit.

He braced up and came. The mother looked anxiously into her boy's face and saw there the furrows that neither time nor care had made.

"Jack," she said tenderly, holding his hand in both of hers, "we used to be chums?"

"Yes, mother."

"Are we chums yet?"

"I—I—guess so, mother—only when a fellow gets big—"

"Don't ever get too big to chum with

brought up to despise evil doing, going about with wine-bibbers? No! no!

"No, indeed, mother," whispered Jack, recording a vow under his breath.

"And, Jack," continued the mother, in her sweet, consoling tones, "do you remember how we used to say our prayers together—you and I? To-night, Jack, I have a fancy to hear our voices blend in the dear old prayer. Kneel down by my bed, Jack, as you used to when you were an innocent boy."

Jack knelt, and his bowed head came very close to that gentle heart that was throbbing with love for him.

"Our Father—which art in heaven—

in the doorway, watching for the rest of the wounded. The slope had been hard the day before; many had been wounded, and a number killed.

A few minutes later Captain John turned the corner and came up the steps, bearing in his arms a young soldier. When he reached the door, he said: "I found this young lad, on my way through the field, terribly mangled and bleeding, but still clinging to this piece of the Confederate banner. He was so young and so faithful in protecting his Southern flag that I could not bear to see the poor boy die alone; so I picked him up and brought him here. You'll surely give him shelter, if he is a Confederate flag-bearer?" said the captain, in pleading tones.

The matron, whose eyes were dimmed with tears, stretched forth her arms to receive the soldier.

"Poor little fellow!" she said, as they carried him upstairs, "how could we refuse him a place?"

He was taken to the fourth ward, and laid on one of the many white cots.

"Poor boy! I'll leave this bit of flag in his hand, for it may be a comfort to him when he opens his eyes."

"I'm afraid he's not long for this world," said the nurse, as she bent over his bed and wiped the clotted blood from off his bleeding temples.

"He has not gained consciousness yet," said the surgeon, some minutes later: "but give him all the comfort you can, and call me if he becomes restless; I will be at the other end of the ward."

Shortly after twilight the little flag-bearer began to moan and rave in a high fever. The doctor came and stayed beside his bed all night, giving him cooling drinks and trying to soothe the hot head.

By six o'clock the next morning the fever had subsided, and the little fellow opened his eyes, for the first time, in consciousness. On asking where he was, they told him that he was in a nice hospital, where they were going to help him to get well.

"But," he said, opening his big blue eyes, "I shall never get well; I shall go to heaven, where there is no war, but peace."

The nurse and doctor looked down and smiled at the pale face on the pillow. Some mother would miss this dear face. She would never again smooth the golden ringlets back from the white brow.

"Oh! he seems so young to die," thought the nurse.

He put out his thin white hand to hers, and, bending over him, she caught these broken sentences:

"When I am gone," he whispered, "cut off one curl—send it to mother—my mother in Kentucky; tell her how I loved her—tell mother her boy died a Christian—my little Bible—is in—my pocket. Now give me one kiss and—I go to sleep."

She kissed his forehead, and the eyelids closed. "Thanks—good-night," he murmured.

The little flag-bearer was at rest.

Among the noblest in the land,  
Though he may count himself the least,  
That man I honour and revere  
Who, without favour, without fear,  
In the great city dares to stand,  
The friend of every friendless beast.

—Longfellow.



HAYING TIME.

your mother, Jack. We used to tell each other everything. Have you any secrets from your mother now, Jack?"

"Now, you see, when—a—fellow—"

"Yes, yes, Jack, but you are not a fellow, you are just my Jack—my boy who used to tell me all his troubles and naughtiness, and whose father when he died said to him, 'Take care of your mother, Jack.' How will it be when I see him—shall I tell him you are a good boy, as he wanted you to be?"

"I—I hope so, mother," with a sob.

"And, Jack, there's something I've heard—it's too ridiculous. I know you'll laugh, because there isn't a word of truth in it. Why, nobody could make me believe it. They tried to tell me that my boy Jack had fallen into bad company."

"Oh, mother—"

"I know it isn't true. You, a boy

hallowed be thy name—thy kingdom come—thy will be done on earth—as it is in heaven—"

Jack stopped, for the voice that had accompanied his was silent.

"Mother," he called in a frightened tone, and he bent over the pale lips that opened to repeat softly:

"As it is in heaven. Amen."

Then Jack was alone, to begin the life he would henceforth live.—Detroit Free Press.

## THE LITTLE FLAG-BEARER.

BY LILIAN TORREY GLEN.

During the Civil War there was, in the village of Mendon, Maryland, a large soldiers' hospital. On the morning of our story, the great wooden doors had been thrown open, and the matron stood

over him, she caught these broken sentences:

"When I am gone," he whispered, "cut off one curl—send it to mother—my mother in Kentucky; tell her how I loved her—tell mother her boy died a Christian—my little Bible—is in—my pocket. Now give me one kiss and—I go to sleep."

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Who, without favour, without fear,  
In the great city dares to stand,  
The friend of every friendless beast.

—Longfellow.

## Queer.

BY TUDOR PENK.

Said one little girl to another little girl,  
As proudly as could be,  
"I'll tell you something very nice  
That my papa told me  
He said I was the sweetest girl  
That ever there could be"

Said the other little girl to that one little girl,  
"Why, now, how can you be?  
For that is just the very same thing  
That my papa told me"  
(And neither was as sweet as my little girl,  
As any one could see')

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## Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, JULY 17, 1897.

## JUNIOR EPWORTH LEAGUE.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC

JULY 25, 1897.

Gratitude for sins forgiven.—Psalm 51, 13-19.

EFFECTS OF FORGIVENESS.

Verse 13. Here the Psalmist, having received the pardon of his sins, felt himself under obligation to bring others into the same happy state. He expresses his resolve as to the course he will pursue. There was no better way of expressing gratitude for the deliverance he had experienced than by using his utmost endeavours to emancipate others from the slavery of sin. You may be sure that all who have passed from death unto life will feel anxious respecting those who are bound by the fetters of sin. There is reason to doubt the state of those who say they are emancipated, if they have no sympathy for those in bondage.

CONFIDENT OF SUCCESS.

"Sinners shall be converted unto thee." The Psalmist felt as though he would have nothing to do but go and tell others respecting the Saviour he had found and they would soon leap for freedom. He might not see all the good effected which he would desire, but having told others would be a likely way to effect their conversion. Testimony is an admirable aid to conversion.

HIS PRAYER FOR AID.

Verse 15. Never go in your own strength to accomplish anything for God. Seek to be clothed with the divine panoply. "Not by might nor by power." God helps the humblest labourer in his cause who acknowledges him. However weak we may be, we are sure to be strong when we go forth in his name. Paul said he could "do all things through Christ, who strengthened him." Let every Epworth Leaguer act as Paul did in this business.

SACRIFICE.

David felt so grateful to God for the bestowment of his mercy, that he would gladly render any sacrifice of praise in his power. But he knew what sacrifice would be most acceptable. See verse 17. A humble spirit, a "true" or "sincere"

heart is most acceptable to the great Jehovah.

A FURTHER PRAYER.

Verse 18. "Zion" refers to the church, and was the name often used to designate the worship and service of the tabernacle and temple. We often speak of the church militant as "Zion," and of the eternal world as the heavenly Zion. David wanted the influence of the church to become more extended, and as Jerusalem was the city of the great King, he felt that in proportion as men felt the influence of saving grace they would become useful citizens, and thus would glorify God, as all such persons would become the faithful followers of the meek and lowly Jesus. The course pursued by the Psalmist should be ours, so that we make all men see the grandeur of our holy Christianity.

## STORY OF THE QUEEN'S LIFE.

VII.

THE PRINCESS ROYAL'S WEDDING DAY.

By-and-bye a fairy prince came over to Balmoral. He gave the Princess Royal a sprig of white heather, and asked her to go home with him to live in Germany. This fairy prince was the Crown Prince of Prussia, and his name was Fritz.

January 25, 1858, was their wedding day. The guests came from far and near, till "a king or a queen, a prince or a princess, looked out of nearly every window of Buckingham Palace."

There were a great many rich and beautiful presents, and the Crown Princess gave one to her mother. "Dear Vicky gave me a brooch," writes the Queen, "a very pretty one containing her hair, and clasping me in her arms, said, 'I hope to be worthy to be your child.'"

After the marriage in the Chapel of St. James, the Crown Prince and Princess went to Windsor, as the Queen and Prince Albert did eighteen years before. Times had changed, however; a railway had been built to Windsor since then, and these two went by rail, instead of driving there in a carriage as the Queen and Prince did.

And who, think you, met them at the Windsor Station? The Eton boys, to be sure! and they cheered just as the Eton boys had done eighteen years before. They dragged the carriage of the Crown Prince and Princess from the station to the castle, just like horses.

At the wedding were the three sisters, Alice, Helena, and Louise, in pink satin, lace and flowers. Beatrice was then a baby, "a very amusing baby," says her papa. "Bertie" and Alfred went down with the party to Gravesend, to see the Princess embark for Germany. It was a great trial for "little Vicky" to say "good-bye" to dear England.

"I think it will kill me to take leave of dear papa," she said. She seems to have had a special love for this wise and good father, as did he for his eldest daughter.

It was a snowy, dreary day, the day the Princess embarked, but thousands of people were in the streets to catch a last glimpse of her. "If he doesn't treat you well, come back to us!" shouted one Briton, and then they sailed away.

The Queen in her journals often writes about their "good daughter," the Princess Alice. It was the Princess Alice who nursed her father when he grew sick and died. When the Prince of Wales was so sick and it was feared he too would die, the Princess Alice nursed him. The Prince of Wales was very fond of his sister.

By-and-bye her own little children grew sick with that dreadful disease, diphtheria. She took care of them herself, but the doctor told her she must not kiss them. If she did she might be sick too. But one day her little boy put up his mouth to be kissed, and she forgot all about what the doctor had said, and kissed him. Then she too sickened with diphtheria and died.

## THE BOY BEAT THEM.

BY REV. G. D. COLEMAN.

In 1857, when the Sepoy rebellion broke out in India, the courageous act of one boy saved to England thousands of lives and the north of that country. This is a fact not generally known, nor has his name been passed down to us, if even the English Government could now tell us.

Just before the rebellion a system of telegraphs had been established between the principal points. In the office in Delhi there was an English lad, and when the mutineers rushed into the city and began their work of destruction, slaughtering Europeans, both men, women, and children; while the musketry

rattled in the streets and the carnival of death was on, general panic seized everybody. But this youth, filled with a sense of his duty, stuck to his post until he had telegraphed to the Commissioner at Lahore. The message said that the rebels had entered Delhi and were murdering all the Europeans, and wound up with the simple words, "I am off."

This boy's courage and sense of duty saved the Punjab country to England. When the message reached Lahore the Sepoys were at once disarmed, and when they heard of the rising at Delhi they were powerless to do any harm. The news was at once telegraphed to Peshawar, and here the Hindu regiments were at once deprived of their arms.

The telegraph lines were cut by the rebels, but not before the news sent by the young Delhi operator had been flashed across the principal parts of India. The officer in charge of the telegraph office in Delhi, and all the other employees, were slaughtered by the rebels; but while they were engaged in doing this the boy was busy telegraphing the news, and when they came to him the work they had hoped to prevent was done—they had been defeated by a boy!

A boy that does his duty, and does not flinch from his post, has often proved himself worth many men who flinched and failed in the hour of need. His body was among the slain, but those who fled their duty fared no better than he, while he left a record of duty well performed here, and who doubts that he will receive his well-earned reward in the world to come? It does seem that the English Government has been ungrateful in not searching the records and giving his name to the world—in fact, it has erected monuments to less deserving subjects. Had he lived, I do not doubt that he would have received the Victoria Cross, an honour never lightly conferred.

## CURIOUS FACTS OF THINGS IN COMMON USE.

BY REV. JESSE S. GILBERT, A.M.

Many articles in common use were great novelties at first, and by many severely condemned. It is certainly true that fingers were made before forks, for the latter are an Italian invention and were a novelty in the days of Queen Bess. A writer of that age, speaking of the fork, felt it necessary to enter upon a description of the instrument, which he declared to be a device "to hold the meat while one cuts it, for they (the Italians) hold it ill manners that one should touch the meat with his hands."

In England the use of forks was ridiculed and in Germany reprobated. In the latter country it was actually preached against, "as an insult to Providence not to touch our meat with our fingers." In England the fork did not come into general use until after the Restoration.

Toothpicks seem to have come in with forks, and were borrowed from the Venetians.

The elder Disraeli tells us that in his youth umbrellas were not ordinary things, and that men could not carry them without incurring the brand of effeminacy. A single umbrella was kept at a coffee-house for special occasions, and lent as a coach or a chair. The Female Tatler advertised: "The young gentleman belonging to the custom-house, who in fear of rain borrowed the umbrella from Wilks' Coffee-house, shall the next time be welcome to the maid's pattens." As late as 1775, John Macdonald tells us in his autobiography that although he had brought a fine silk umbrella from Spain, he could not use it with any comfort, the people calling out, "Frenchman, why don't you get a coach?" He adds, however, that "he persisted for three months, till they took no further notice of this novelty."

Coaches were at first declaimed against as an "inordinate luxury," and a Spanish writer laments the golden age when they only used "carts drawn by oxen, riding in this manner to court."

Even so simple and common a convenience as the friction match is a comparatively modern invention. Before that they used the tinder box. We who live in these happy days know little of the hardships of the long ago. The problem for us is to enjoy the comforts and luxuries that surround us, and at the same time to develop character, courage, and strength. Luxury has a natural tendency to enervate. If we would escape this we must lead lives of unselfishness and sacrifice.

"Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,  
Is our destined end or way,  
But to act, that each to-morrow  
Finds us farther than to-day."

## Send the Bible.

Far o'er the rolling billows,  
Where stars their watches keep,  
There comes in tones heart-rending  
A cry of anguish deep.

From millions vainly seeking  
The light of truth so fair,  
From millions, hungry, starving,  
The bread of life to share.

Their sad and touching story  
Our Christian hearts should move  
With pity's tender feeling  
And sympathizing love.

Oh, send the Holy Bible  
Where the heathen darkness reigns,  
And captive ones are starving  
Beneath a tyrant's chains.

Go, plant the cross of Jesus  
On every foreign shore,  
Till sorrow's mournful wailing,  
Shall rend our hearts no more.

Oh, send to them the Bible  
Across the ocean's wave,  
With kind and faithful teachers,  
Their precious souls to save.

## NEMO

OR

The Wonderful Door.

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

CHAPTER I.

THE NIGHTLY NOISANCE.

Hurry-skurry, clatter-patter, was there ever such a noise? Hurry-skurry upstairs, and hurry-skurry down again; clatter-patter overhead, and a minute afterwards clatter-patter underfoot;—how was it possible for any man to sleep through it? Be he of ever so good a constitution, or be he ever so sound a sleeper, surely a noise like that must rouse him, and make him restless in his sleep, and give him bad dreams, and make him long for morning.

What wonder, then, that poor little nervous Abel Grey found it too much for him? What wonder that he sat up in bed with the perspiration streaming down his face, and declared that he could stand it no longer? What wonder that he repeated again and again, that that should be his last night in that place, and that it would kill him to remain there a day longer?

And yet that tumbledown old house was very dear to him—it had been his home for twenty-five years, ever since he was brought there, a poor little helpless infant, only a fortnight old. Abel Grey's mother had died in the poor-house, and her baby had been left alone in the world.

Poor little friendless mite! What was to be done with him? The guardians advertised in the newspaper for some one to take charge of the child. Three shillings a week, less than sixpence a day, was all that they offered for his board, lodging, and clothing. And yet there were a good many who offered a home to the baby; poor starving people, who were ready to do anything to earn a penny, applied in great numbers.

But old Betty Batters was the one chosen, and it was well for little Abel that it was so. She was a kind, motherly old woman, not very clean, and certainly not very tidy, but she grew to love the child and to be proud of him. If he had not always much to eat, he had at least as much as Betty had, and he loved the poor old woman as if she had been his mother.

But the trouble of Betty's life was that her foster-child did not grow. When he was quite young, the neighbours called him a little stunted thing, and Betty would feed him on fat bacon, and bread and dripping, and all manner of greasy things which she thought would make him grow fatter; but it was all in vain.

He stopped growing altogether when he was nine years old, and he became, as he grew older, a little deformed, stunted man, with a large head and hands and feet, but with a small, puny body.

Betty measured him again and again, on the door in the kitchen, in the very place in which she had measured him on his ninth birthday, but his head never came above the mark she had made on that day.

It was the trouble of old Betty's life; she would sigh over it and groan over it. "Poor lad!" she would say; "thou wast

born a little one, and thou wilt die a little one; it took but a little blanket to wrap thee in when I carried thee from the House, and it will take but a little coffin to cover thee when they carry thee to the grave."

But old Betty was carried to the grave herself long before her foster-son. He followed her as chief and only mourner, with a bit of crape tied round his sleeve, and a band of crape on his old black hat. The parish undertaker said that he had been to many funerals, and queer ones too, but this beat them all.

Yet there were not many parish coffins which were followed by so sorrowful a heart as that of poor little Abel Grey, for in losing his foster-mother he was losing the only one in the wide world who cared for him, the only creature who had ever spoken a kind word to him.

The children of the court in which Betty and he lived had always teased and jeered and mocked at him, and called him names. One boy had thought himself very clever because he had made a rhyme about him, and he had taught it to the other boys and girls of the neighbourhood, and whenever poor little Abel appeared at the door he was greeted with a chorus of—

"Little Abel Grey,  
His body is all head,  
His legs forgot to grow,  
As I have heard it said.

Abel Grey, Abel Grey, mind you keep away,  
For we won't have you to play, little Abel Grey."

Poor Abel! he had needed no cruel song like this to make him keep to himself as a child. He spoke to no one, cared for no one but old Betty; and when she was gone, he felt as if everything was gone that made life worth living. He would have been glad to get into the little coffin of which Betty so often spoke, and to have been laid in the grave by the old woman's side.

She had been dead for many years now. Abel was only sixteen when he had lost his one friend, and since that time he had clung to the old house in which she lived, and had kept himself by carrying on the business which she had left behind her.

Betty's husband had been a basket-hawker. There was a large basket manufactory in the town in which he lived, and he had bought baskets at wholesale prices, and had carried them round to the country villages, and sold them again at a small profit.

A donkey and an old cart had been left to Betty by her husband, and she and Abel had carried on the business, and had travelled many a mile together, selling the baskets. Abel used to drive, hidden away in the covered cart, so that no one might see how small he was, and Betty used to go to the different houses to show the baskets, and to bargain with the purchasers.

But when Betty was gone, Abel had to set forth alone, and to do all the business by himself. He shrank from it dreadfully at first, but after a time he grew hardened to it, and when the country children gathered round him to stare and to make remarks about him, he would brace himself to hear it all without a murmur, and to be as though he heard not. It did not cut him to the heart so deeply to be jeered at by the strangers, as it did to have Polly and Tommy Flinders, whom he had known all his life, still screaming after him with their harsh, coarse voices—

"Little Abel Grey,  
His body is all head,  
His legs forgot to grow,  
As I have heard it said."

He hated that song, and it gave him as much pain when he was a young man between twenty and thirty, as it had done when he was a lad of ten.

The old house seemed to be the only friend left to poor Abel, and now he had come to the sorrowful determination to leave this last bit of his childhood behind him. He could not get through his work if he had no sleep by night, and since the new water-pipes had been laid down in the street, some rats had found their way into the house, and every night he lay awake listening to their helter-skelter, and trembling lest they should come upon his bed.

Then, too, the damage they did was frightful. They gnawed holes in his baskets, they carried off his cheese, they munched his bread, they even made holes in his shoes.

The landlord was spoken to, and the landlord would do nothing.

Abel was in despair—there was no help for it. Either the rats must go or he must go, and as the rats did not seem

inclined to move, he determined to look out for a fresh place for himself.

CHAPTER II.

THE MYSTERIOUS NOISE.

"This house to let, Inquire within,  
They're all turned out for drinking gin."

So sang a mischievous boy as he saw little Abel Grey standing on tip-toe in front of a house in a narrow street not far from his old home, in order that he might read a notice which was pinned to the dirty window-blind.

It was a miserable-looking house; the windows were cracked, and covered with cobwebs and dirt, the paint had long since been knocked off the door and the window-shutters, the step looked as if it had not been washed for at least ten years.

Yet the house had its advantages in Abel Grey's opinion. Two principal ones Abel had strongly in view as he knocked at the dirty door. Firstly, the house was a cheap one—the rent, as stated on the paper in the window, was very low, and within Abel's means; secondly, it was not far from his old home, and his little business could still be carried on amongst his old customers.

For, besides his basket-hawking, Abel had another means of earning his living. He had a curious little shop, which was kept open when he was at home, and was closed when he went on his travels. In this shop he sold skewers, toasting-forks, clothes-pegs, small baskets of all kinds, bone-spoons, wire, nails, string, and a variety of other articles. These

"Well, look sharp, then," said the man; "we have to be off in half an hour," and he hurried him swiftly through the four rooms of the house.

It was a dirty, forlorn place; everything was packed up ready for starting, and if there had ever been any furniture upstairs, it had already been removed.

Abel saw no one in the house except the man who had showed him the rooms and the woman who had spoken to him, and who was sitting on one of the boxes in the room nearest to the street. This woman was dressed in a hat and jacket, and had a thick woollen veil on her face.

These people gave him the address of the landlord, who was only too glad to let the house at once, and a few hours afterwards the key was left at his door by an errand-boy.

When Abel Grey went to take possession of his own house, it looked, if possible, more wretched than before. The entry was strewn with dirty straw and paper, the floors were thickly coated with dirt, cobwebs were hanging in every corner, and the windows had been so long unwashed that it was almost impossible to see out of them.

Now Abel Grey loved cleanliness. His poor old foster-mother had not been very fond of soap and water; but ever since she had died his house had been a pattern of neatness, and he had prided himself on always keeping it spotlessly clean. So he looked round in disgust on his new habitation.

"A regular pig-sty," he muttered to himself; "but it will look very different when I've cleaned it down."

It was late in the afternoon when Abel

It a dying cat or dog in the yard at the back of the house?

Little Abel had a very kind heart, and at first he felt inclined to go to see, but he was very tired and sleepy; and as the noise did not come again for some time, he fell asleep without doing anything in the matter.

But he fell asleep only to wake again, and this time the sound which roused him was distinctly a child's cry—a weary, fretful, sleepy cry, but he felt sure it was a human voice he heard. "The baby next door," he said to himself. "What thin walls they must have in this row!—only half a brick thick, I should say."

Again he tried to fall asleep, but the crying got louder than before.

"Why doesn't the woman hush it or feed it, or do something to it?" he muttered. "It's impossible for a fellow to sleep here; why, it's almost worse than rats." Another weary half-hour of crying, and then Abel felt as if he could stand it no longer. He would find out from which house the crying came, and he would complain in the morning. He would tell the landlord that either that child's bed must be moved away from his wall, or he must give up the house at once.

So he lighted his candle and went to the back of the house to find from which side the sound came. But no sooner had he opened his door and stepped from the front bedroom upon the small landing outside, than he heard the sound of crying quite close to him—so loud, so clear, so distinct, there could surely be no wall between him and it. It must—surely it must be in the house with him. What could it be?

Poor little Abel turned cold with fright. What terrible sight would he see when he opened the back bedroom door? He had looked in there just before he went to bed, and he had seen nothing. Who or what could have come in since? Was it the ghost of some murdered baby that was haunting the house? If so, he would give notice to leave it at once.

Very fearfully and cautiously Abel Grey opened the door of the back bedroom, very quietly and stealthily he crept in with his candle in his hand.

Then he looked round hastily to see who or what it was which had disturbed his night's repose, and had caused him even more uneasiness and fear than his old enemies the rats.

But the bedroom was apparently quite empty; nothing was to be seen except the cobwebs hanging from the ceiling, and a solemn black-beetle which was slowly crawling across the floor.

"Strange!" said Abel to himself: "very strange! Beetles don't scream, nor yet do spiders, at least I never heard of any that did. It must surely be a ghost after all!"

(To be continued.)



BETTY MEASURED HIM AGAINST THE DOOR.

could be obtained at the little shop, so near their own doors, and when Abel came home from his travels they often came in to buy what they needed. They would still come to a house which was near the old one, but he would lose all his custom if he went to a new neighbourhood.

For some time Abel knocked at the door in vain, whilst the boy outside cheered him on by cries of "Go it, little 'un." A great hammering was going on inside the house, which drowned the sound of Abel's repeated knocks, but at length the door was thrown hastily open, and a rough voice asked what he wanted.

The speaker was a tall man, with a long black beard and a very solemn face; he had a hammer in his hand, which he had evidently just been using, for behind him were several boxes—some of these were half-packed, and others had the lids tightly nailed down. "Now, then, what's for you, young 'un?"

"I see this house is to let," said Abel, stretching himself to his utmost height.

"Well, and if it is," said the man, "what's that to you?"

"I want to look over it," said Abel.

"You want to look over it, do you?" said the man; "well, then, you can't look over it, so that's all about it!" and he tried to shut the door in his face.

But the little man had made his way into the passage, and refused to move.

"Who's the landlord?" he demanded; "I must see him at once."

"Let the man look over the house, Alexander, if he wants to do it," said a melancholy voice from the room nearest the door.

came into possession, and yet he resolved to sleep in his new house that night—he could not face the rats one night more.

So, after he had eaten his supper by the fire in his old kitchen, he gave a few pence to a lad in the street to carry his iron bedstead to the new house, and he put it up himself in one of the upper rooms. Then, locking up his old home, and leaving his four-footed enemies in possession, he went to the forlorn house to sleep.

"There will be some chance of a night's rest here," he said to himself as he opened the door, "and I can clean it in the morning."

Abel was not long awake, his many bad nights had made him very sleepy, and, rejoicing in the thought that he could close his eyes without the fear of waking to find his bed covered with rats, he soon fell to sleep.

But his first night in the new house was destined to be no better than the nights he had spent in the old one. He had not been long asleep before he was awakened by a very curious noise. His first thought was of rats, and he sprang up a bed, expecting to hear them scampering away.

But, no; all was silent, there was not a sound to be heard; though he strained his ears as he sat up in bed, he could hear nothing whatever. So he lay down to sleep again, feeling sure that he must have been dreaming of rats, and that there had really been no noise at all.

But before Abel was soundly asleep the noise came again, and this time it sounded like a long, dreary wail, as of some creature in pain or trouble. Was

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### The Song of the Bee.

Buzz, buzz, buzz!  
This is the song of the bee  
His legs are all yellow,  
A jolly good fellow,  
And yet a good worker is he.

In days that are sunny,  
He's getting his honey;  
In days that are cloudy,  
He's hoarding his wax;  
On pinks, and on lilies,  
And gay daffodillies,  
And columbine blossoms,  
He loves a tax.

Buzz, buzz, buzz!  
The sweet smelling clover,  
He, humming, hangs over;  
The scent of the roses  
Makes fragrant his wings;  
He never gets lazy;  
From thistle and daisy,  
And weeds of the meadow,  
Some treasure he brings.

Buzz, buzz, buzz!  
From morning's first gray light,  
Till fading of daylight,  
He's singing and tolling  
The summer day through.  
Oh! we may get weary,  
And think work is dreary;  
'Tis harder by far  
To have nothing to do.

### TRUTHFULNESS.

Few people will tell a glaring lie. We usually seem to dress the devil in the livery of heaven. We ease our conscience by taking a fact as our starting point, and then let our imagination play with it a little. Our prevarication is, therefore, largely in warping the fact, and especially by exaggeration. We Americans have such a love for big things, for the novel and sensational, that we are apt to magnify that which we tell. Mr. Watson shrewdly suggested in his lecture on Scottish characteristics that this is the fundamental element of American wit. Certain it is that there is a sad lack of a conscientious desire to tell the exact truth. Our conversation is very loose. Even good men get three black crows out of something as black as a crow. The desire to project ourselves into what we tell often leads us to colour our words unduly. It is a bad habit. The habit will grow. Truth is the sacred basis of all human relations. We necessarily take each other on trust. As soon as confidence is gone the benefit and beauty of human relations is undermined. Society can no longer prosper, for suspicion and distrust will disorganize everything. Lying is a denial of the rights of man, for men have a natural right to the truth. We think the gentleman was right who said to us a few days ago: "I esteem truthfulness above everything in a man. If a person will lie there is very little nobility to appeal to in him."  
Boys, be truthful. Strangle the white lies. They are seeds that sprout black ones. Be careful in your speech to state things exactly, or you will find, when you least wish it, a lying tongue will get you into trouble. There is great virtue in the man who, as Emerson puts it, eternally stands for a fact.—Epworth Herald.

### USEFUL MONKEYS.

Geese once saved a great city, an ass opened the eyes of a prophet, and now monkeys are drafted into the ranks of useful creatures.  
The newest service rendered by monkeys to mankind, says an English paper, was recently illustrated in London. In

one of the school districts too many parents reported no children in their families, and in order to ascertain the real number of children in the district the school officers resorted to an ingenious measure.

Two monkeys were gaily dressed, put in a waggon, and accompanied by a brass band were carried through the streets of the district. At once crowds of children made their appearance. The procession was stopped in a park, and the school officers began their work, distributing candies to the youngsters, and took their names and addresses. They found out that over sixty parents kept their children from school. The ingenious measure brought to the schools about two hundred boys and girls.

## LESSON NOTES.

### THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE ACTS AND EPISTLES.

### LESSON IV.—JULY 25.

PAUL PREACHING IN ATHENS.

Acts 17. 22-34. Memory verses, 24-27.

### GOLDEN TEXT.

God is a Spirit: and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth.—John 4. 24.

Why can he not be served by men's hands?

What is declared about all nations?  
What has God determined for them?  
Whom ought they all to seek?  
In whom do all live?  
What poetry did Paul quote?  
What ought not the children of God to think?

How ought the true God to be worshipped? Golden Text.

At what evil had God winked?  
What does he now require of all?  
What assurance of judgment has God given?

Upon whom will judgment be passed?  
2 Cor. 5. 10.

3. The Hearers, v. 32-34.

What effect had this sermon upon the Athenians?

Who are named as believers?

### PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

Where in this lesson are we taught—

1. The nature of true worship?
2. The necessity of repentance?
3. The certainty of the judgment?

### HOW A PRINCESS WON HER CROWN.

BY GRETA BRYAR.

What do you know about Mecklenburg-Strelitz, a grand-duchy of the German Empire? That the Baltic Sea rolls behind these two larger and several smaller districts, and the bright waters of the Elbe river flash and quiver just beside them, and that the house of Mecklenburg

The English mail came in just then, and there was a letter for the little maiden. But you'll never guess who wrote it. Why, it was George of Britain—George III. of England; you all have heard of him. What did he wish? A queen to share his crown and splendour, and to help make lighter his cares.

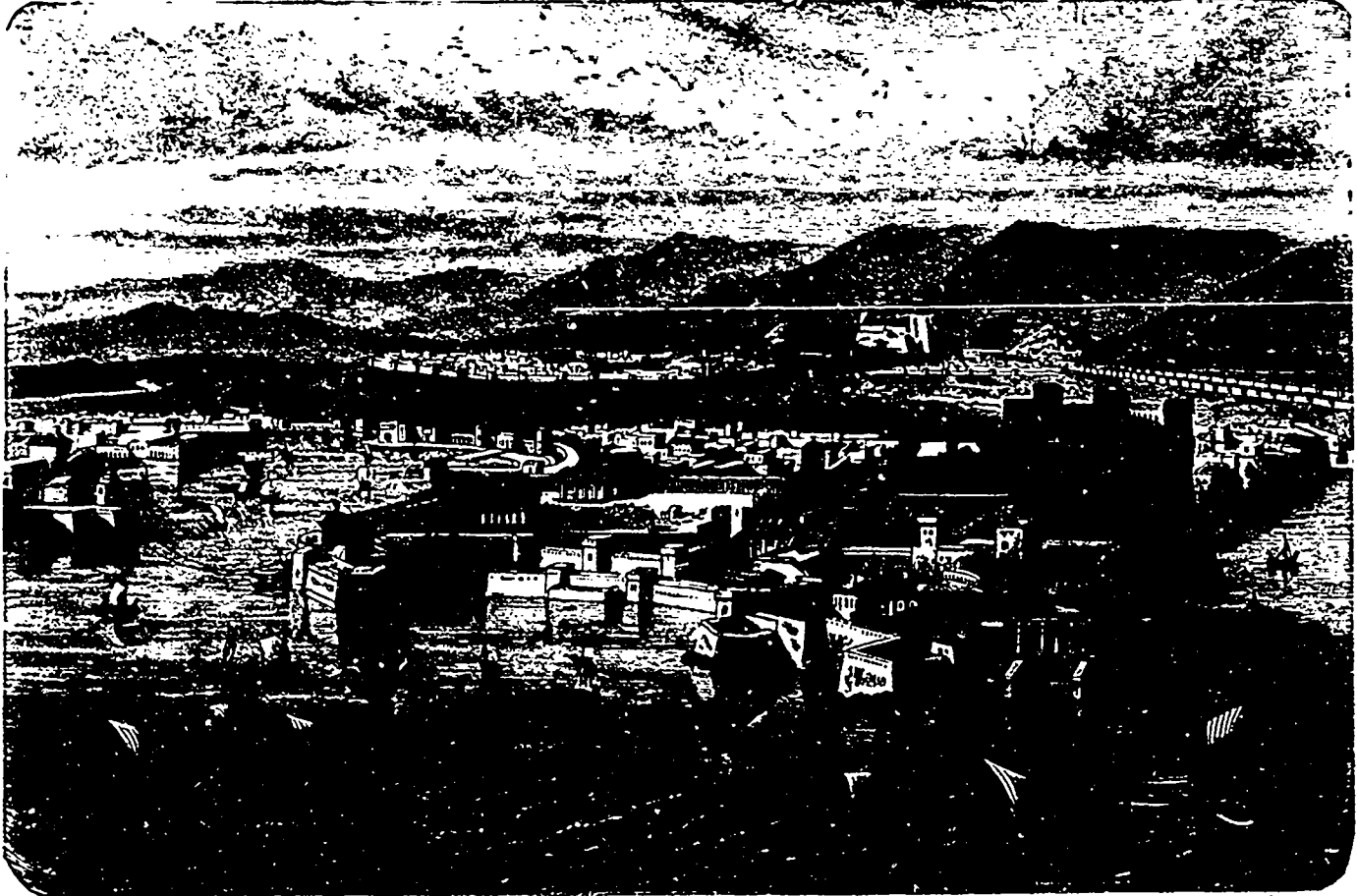
That letter that pleaded "peace is so great a blessing" won for her crown and kingdom.

You have heard how long and wisely Queen Charlotte reigned. None bore her malice.

### A HARDENED CONSCIENCE.

There is in Sing Sing penitentiary an old man who has been imprisoned here for nearly a quarter of a century. His hair is gray, and his once erect and handsome form is bent with age and the effect of toil. He was once a brilliant leader in the gay set of his native city, in which he was a popular and envied member. In the zenith of his success he suddenly fell—became a defaulter to a large amount, and was sentenced to imprisonment in the penitentiary. In conversation with me, he said: "My term will soon expire, and I will be free. I have but a few years now left, as I am an old man, but those years I will spend in warning the young men against following in the path of sin. I will tell them above all things to keep the conscience plastic, for if once hardened, they are lost. I do not believe that I would

be here to-day," said he, "had I heeded the voice of conscience that spake to me in my boyhood. When I committed my first crime I was but twelve years old. I broke open my little brother's toy bank, and I stole the contents—only a few dimes—but that act hardened me so that sin became easier ever afterwards. Had I heeded the voice that spoke to me when I pried open the little tin bank, and triumphed over that temptation, I do not believe that I would have become the defaulter that impoverished a dozen families and placed me here to spend my life in disgrace and toil. Ask every poor, doomed convict in these cells why they are here," said he, "and they will say as I do, that it was allowing the conscience



IN THE DAYS OF ST. PAUL.—ATHENS VIEWED FROM THE PIREUS.

### OUTLINE.

1. The Theme, v. 22, 23.
2. The Sermon, v. 24-31.
3. The Hearers, v. 32-34.

Time.—Close of A.D. 52, soon after the events of the last lesson.

Place.—Mars' Hill (or the Areopagus), the meeting place of the Council of Athens.

### HOME READINGS.

- M. The new doctrine.—Acts 17. 16-21.  
Tu. Paul preaching in Athens.—Acts 17. 22-34.  
W. The mighty God.—Isa. 40. 9-17.  
Th. Incomparable.—Isa. 40. 18-26.  
F. The true God.—Jer. 10. 1-12.  
S. God is a Spirit.—John 4. 19-26.  
Su. Judgment by Christ.—2 Cor. 5. 1-10.

### QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. The Theme, v. 22, 23.  
To whom did Paul preach this sermon?  
In what place did he preach?  
What did he say to the Athenians?  
Why did he thus conclude?  
Whom did he preach to them?  
What was the great theme of Paul's preaching? 1 Cor. 1. 23.
2. The Sermon, v. 24-31.  
Of what is God to be declared the creator?  
Of what is he Lord?  
What is said of his dwelling?

is the oldest reigning family in Europe? All very good; but I know a pretty story about the Duchy of Strelitz. You want to hear it? Well, it isn't any secret, so I may as well tell it you.

Years ago, as story-tellers say, the Princess Charlotte was born in Strelitz. Now, although a princess, she had set her daily tasks, and learned to read and write and spell, and, I have been told, mend her own stockings, too.

She had a wonderfully sweet voice, and so fine was her singing that even Haydn praised her; but this did not make her proud, nor vain of that gift the good Father had thought wise to bestow upon her.

The horrors of war the young princess thought dreadful, and her wise little brain pondered its wickedness so long that one day she set herself to write a letter to a noble prince. She wrote it beautifully, using great care in dotting every "i" and crossing all her "t's"; for she had been taught to do well her task, whatever it might be. Her maids said 'twas a favourable wind that bore it.

Some time after this the Princess Charlotte and others were chatting gaily in the Strelitz garden. In their happy, girlish talk, some one asked merrily, "Whom, think you, shall we marry?" and Princess Charlotte laughed, "Guess who'll take such a little princess as I am!"

to become hardened in early life." It takes only a very slight influence to make a lasting impression upon so sensitive a thing as the human heart. The little bird that walked upon the plastic clay of the river bank uncounted ages ago left a track which may be seen to-day in the solid stone. The delicate fern leaf which fell from its stalk years ago may be traced to-day with all its network of veins in the cloven slate and quarried coal of the mountains. So it is with the heart in childhood; when tender and easily impressed, traces are made for lasting good or evil. Early temptations that gain mastery make eternal marks in the character as deep as the tracks of the little bird in the rock, never to be effaced.

### A FACTORY BOY.

At ten years of age a certain boy began to work in a cotton factory. His hours were from six in the morning to six at night. Out of his first week's wages he bought the "Rudiments of Latin." At sixteen he could read Virgil and Horace. Then he went to the university. He died in Africa. He was buried in Westminster Abbey. His name was David Livingstone.—Northwestern Christian Advocate.