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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XVII.]

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 11, 1897.

[No. 37.]

Three Ships.

BY HARRIET F. BLODGETT.

Three ships there be a-sailing
Betwixt the earth and sky;
And one is Now, and one is Then,
And one is By-and-Bye.

The first little ship is all for you—
Its masts are gold, its sails are blue,
And this is the cargo it brings:
Joyful days with sunlight glowing;
Nights where dreams like stars are
glowing;
Take them, Sweet, or they'll be going!
For they ev'ry one have wings.

The second ship is all for me—
A-sailing on a misty sea,
And out across the twilight grey.
What it brought by gift and blessing
Would not stay for my caressing—
Was too dear for my possessing—
So it sails and sails away.

The last ship, riding fair and high,
Upon the sea, is By-and-Bye,
Oh, wind, be kind, and gently blow!
Not too swiftly hasten hither,
When she turns, Sweet, you'll go with
her—
Sailing, floating, hither, thither,
To what port I may not know.

IT SAVED HIS LIFE.

A switchman was at the junction of two lines of railway near Prague. His lever was in his hand, for a train was just coming. The engine was within a few seconds of reaching the embankment, when the man, on turning his head, saw his little boy playing on the lines of the rail the train was to pass over. To leave his own post would be a neglect of duty, and would endanger the lives of perhaps a hundred passengers; so, like a true hero, the man stood by his lever, shouting to his child, "Lie down at once!" The train passed along on its way safely, and the frantic father rushed forward, expecting to take up an injured, most likely a fearfully mangled and lifeless body; but great was his joy in finding that the boy had at once obeyed the command of his father. He had lain down between the rails, and the whole train had passed over him without injuring him. If the boy had not promptly obeyed, he would probably have been killed. When the king of Prussia heard of the man's courage he sent for him, and gave him a medal for bravery.

CIGARETTE FIENDS.

BY H. L. HASTINGS.

It is not a strange sight to see "tobacco in the middle, fire at one end of it and a fool at the other;" and the next thing the fool thinks he is a "man!" Then he spends his spare change for tobacco or for cigarettes, and these are apt to finish him. He becomes a "cigarette fiend." He will waste his money for cigarettes; he will lie, he will steal, he will rob to get cigarettes; and many a boy has blasted his life, and died in sorrow and disgrace, because he had learned to smoke cigarettes.

When one boy gets a bad habit he is anxious to teach it to another. Then there are two fools instead of one—two boys with filthy mouths; two young men with bad breaths; two sallow faces; two diseased boys, who might have been men, but who never will be anything but smokers.

Why will boys spend the money which should buy them food and clothes and books and homes, in buying them poisons to wreck their health and make them a nuisance among their fellowmen, and send them to their graves prematurely? Think of General Grant with his everlasting cigar, which he would not quit until there was a cancer in his throat that killed him. Think of the Emperor Frederick, of Germany, who smoked and smoked until when he came to the throne, with great opportunities and chances for usefulness and

honour, he had cancer in his throat, and could only suffer a few months and die just when the ambition of his life was reached.

The boy who smokes is a fool, the boy who is ready to teach him to smoke is not only a fool but a sinner. Let boys save their money, keep clean mouths, bright eyes, rosy cheeks, steady nerves, healthy complexions, and if they do not put on quite so many airs as the young dandy who has learned how to smoke a cigar, they will yet have good health, sound judgment, solid sense, and an opportunity for usefulness in the world.

telligent and interesting group of Indian widows who have been rescued by the British Government from the dreadful death of burning on the funeral piles of their deceased husbands. It used to be thought the duty of an Indian widow to be so burned, and often without a murmur they have gone to their fate and endured the agonies of death by fire. The Government has prevented all this throughout the length and breadth of India.

Our pictures on the last page show the curious cattle of India, small, gentle, docile, good draught animals, having an



INDIAN WIDOWS RESCUED FROM SUTTEISM BY THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT.

OUR INDIAN EMPIRE.

The Queen's British Empire of India has of late been attracting a great deal of attention from the dreadful famine and pestilence that have prevailed there. The sympathy of all nations has been aroused, and from Britain's forty colonies generous tributes have been sent. One newspaper alone, the Montreal Star, collected and forwarded over \$50,000. From the United States large sums have also been forwarded to India, and even from Russia, notwithstanding its supposed jealousy of the British in India, generous contributions have been given.

The universal testimony is that the British Government has greatly benefited the people of India. Indeed, the very fact of its protecting life has caused a great growth of population, which has pressed heavily on the means of subsistence. In former years, wars, famines, and plagues swept away the people like flies. By means of facilities for averting the consequence of drought and transporting grain—railways and irrigation—it is believed that such disasters will never again occur.

Our picture on this page shows an in-

immense hump on their backs somewhat like that of a camel.

A large proportion of the Queen's subjects in India are Mohammedans, and have erected magnificent mosques, or temples, one of which is shown also on page four. The just rule of Great Britain has been a boon of incalculable benefit to British India.

HOW THE BROOK GREW TO BE A RIVER.

BY ELSIE RANDOLPH PATTERSON.

Rushing and tumbling with joy, a little brook came bubbling up from old Mother Earth, ready to start off with glee on its life journey. But as it turned to sparkle a farewell, the kind old mother stopped it to give advice.

"Now, my little one," she said, "remember always to be patient, that is the chief thing for us all. As you travel along, don't lose heart over the obstacles you will surely meet, for one can climb over or go round the largest rocks and fallen trees, if only one takes the time and is of good courage. So don't let your clear, bright self into a brown,

murky stream by being impatient, for I should be sadly disappointed were you to return to me having failed for want of patience.

The brook shook its clear drops as it nodded assent, and then started off in such a hurry that it did not see a big stone lying in its way and tumbled over it with a rush and chatter that made Mother Earth call from the distance, "Remember! patience will accomplish more than haste."

On went the brook, rejoicing in its freedom. Soon it came to the trunk of a tree which completely blocked its path, but instead of becoming cross, it remembered the mother's advice and squeezed under, soon running on as gaily as before. Not looking where it was going, however, it soon fell over a steep rock with such a thump that when it had picked itself up and felt its bruises, it said sadly, "Truly, I'll look before I leap next time."

Journeying alone, the brook had become somewhat selfish from having its own way continually, and when a timid-looking little thread of water asked permission to join it, a reluctant assent was given.

"Now," thought the brook, "my independence is gone; I'll have to consult this stranger as to our path." But the meek little stream proved only too glad to follow the brook's advice in all things, and our friend soon found it had gained a pleasant companion. They babbled and babbled, and every one said it was the busiest little body of water in the countryside, it was known as the "Talking Stream."

As the stream grew older it became less playful. Once, however, it met a terrible difficulty and never again did it complain of little things. There, in front of it, and blocking its way, was a huge, round piece of timber. Try as it would, the stream could neither get under nor over it, so finding that the only way to do was to push against this mass, and as that moved, so did the stream itself move, it slowly but surely went on its way. The brook had learned a lesson. Ah! But it was weary work, and the two often wondered how it would have been had not they grown so wise. But I think if the stream had known what a great work it accomplished in turning the mill wheel, it would have felt repaid for all its labour.

Every day fresh brooks were joining the stream. They nearly all were pleasant companions, if one ever happened to show a quarrelsome disposition the others let it alone, and finally it regained its good temper.

One day the stream heard itself called a river, and immediately it felt "grown up." It realized that now it must behave with seeming dignity, for the eyes of the world were upon it, and the fortunes of the world owed much to its gentle deportment. So it made pleasant its banks, and gave of its clear cool water to the thirsty cattle. It floated ships, and passed through cities; but for all that it knew that it had not left its childhood's home; Mother Earth had only sent it to seek the ancient father of all streams, the mighty ocean. So ever on it went, this noble river, till one day it saw before it a vast sheet of water, stretching farther than the eye could see. Then felt the river within its broad bosom a strange thrill, giving it knowledge that this was indeed that for which it had sought: this was its home, its father, and it desired no greater good than to lose itself in that vast sea—to be one with it forever.

The Brute!—"My wife," he remarked, "has made a very important discovery!" "Indeed?" I said. "What is it?" "A new substance that is apparently indestructible."

I recalled the fact that his wife had been a professor of natural sciences prior to her marriage, and inquired if she had been long at work upon the invention.

"No," he replied, "and it came about quite by accident. She was trying to make a sponge cake."

The Two Grandmothers.

BY MARY A. DENIKON

"Be happy while you can, my child,"
Said Grandma Dolorous;
"Expect your crosses every year,
Just as they came to us,
The road of life goes down, my child;
'Tis thorny, rough, and steep,
And at the end are troubles wild,
Then just a dreamless sleep."

"Be happy all the time, my dear,
And live your cross above."
So chatted Grandma Great-to-Cheer,
Grown old in Jesus' love,
"The path of life goes up, my dear,
Though rough, a glorious road,
And at the end are hope and cheer,
And life and joy and God!"

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 11, 1897.

"THE LEGEND OF THE HOLY GRAIL."

BY REV. SAMUEL GREGORY.

"Seek, and ye shall find"—Matt. 7. 7.

KING ARTHUR'S ROUND TABLE.

If you ever go to that part of Cornwall where the sea cliffs are grandest, you will see a grey old ruin, called "King Arthur's Castle," for it is said that old British king lived there in the West country.

King Arthur had a band of knights who sat at a round table. There could therefore be no "head" of the table and no "end" of the table. The table was "round," to signify that all were equals and brothers.

THE FABLE OF "THE HOLY GRAIL."

Hence the band of knights was called "The Round Table," as we call a band of gentlemen "a School Board," because they sit at a "board" (or table) to do their work. Some very curious stories about these knights of King Arthur are found in old English books, and Tennyson has put them into his poems—"The Idylls of the King."

The best known of these stories is that of "The Holy Grail." In that old time people said that after Jesus had partaken of the Last Supper the "cup" out of which he drank was kept by Joseph of Arimathea. Somehow the "cup" came to England. It was a holy and wonderful thing and did great miracles. But men grew wicked, and because of their wickedness the "cup" or "grail," as it was called, became invisible. It was lost. So King Arthur's knights thought that the noblest thing they could do was to seek this invisible treasure. They went here and there searching for "The Holy Grail."

OYSTERS—BEES—BUTTERFLIES.

Of course there never was any "Holy Grail" to find. It is a fairy tale, and it means that there are holy things which you cannot see with your eyes. To wicked people holy things are invisible. It is the business of life to seek these things. We are born to seek. An oyster lies still at the bottom of the sea, and never moves about to seek for anything. If the oyster moves it is when the sea moves it. But God has given us brains, and eyes, and feet, and

has said: "Seek, and ye shall find." So most people are either "bees" or "butterflies," going about looking for one thing or another. Some are seeking knowledge. They thirst to know what is to be known, as in summer days you thirst for water. Some are seeking fame. They want their names to be known and remembered as we remember the names of Alexander the Great and the Duke of Wellington. Some are seeking gold. They want to have a great deal of money, and to rejoice in having more than other people. Some are seeking pleasure, and are like butterflies in the garden, going to flower after flower, and staying nowhere for more than a moment, as if they never could find the one flower they are looking for.

If you stand on London Bridge, or by the Bank of England, you see streams of people hurrying past, looking straight before them, and all apparently off after something. Everybody is in quest of one thing or another. We are born to seek as certainly as Columbus was born to be a seeker.

THE FOOT OF THE RAINBOW.

Jesus Christ came down from heaven to show us what to seek, and to guide us in our search. After all that search which King Arthur's knights made for "The Holy Grail," was a foolish adventure. It was as foolish as that of the boy who tried to get to the spot where the rainbow rests on the ground. No one ever could get to the foot of the rainbow, because the rainbow would go farther off as fast as anyone moved towards it. People used to say: "If you get to the foot of the rainbow you will find a bag of gold!" So you will "if" you get to the foot of that splendid bridge in the clouds. But you never can get there. Many people seek what they can never find, or seek wrong things, or seek right things in a wrong way. We are like ancient mariners, who needed a star fixed in heaven to guide them. And Jesus is our Guide to the invisible treasures of life.

HOODED FALCONS.

Old English people used to say that it was only good people who could even see "The Holy Grail." Bad people cannot see what is good for them. Boys and girls take wrong ways, and spoil their lives, through not seeking properly—they are blind, not as people whom you sometimes see groping along the streets are blind. The poor blind man cannot help being in the dark. He would see if he could. But wilful and foolish people are blind because they will not see. No father or mother, no teacher or book, can make them see how they ought to live. To shut your eyes that is a poor way to begin to seek for anything. In days when people hunted game with tame hawks or falcons a hood was sometimes put on the head of the hawks to blindfold them. And often people live as if sin had put a dark hood over their minds, so that they miss seeing what real good there is to live for.

WHAT TO SEEK.

What we have to seek is not the cup out of which Christ drank, but Christ himself.

He came down from heaven to teach us, to die for us, and to make us good. Indeed he is still on earth. With our eyes we do not see him, but something in our hearts often shows him to us, and we seem to hear his voice. He wants us to live like he lived. He lived to love God, to do good, to help people, to save men and women from sin, and to be a guide to happiness and usefulness. One of the New Testament writers calls life a race, and says we are to lay our sins aside (as a racer does his coat), and run our race with patience, looking unto Jesus. It is Jesus we are to seek. We must be his friends. We must serve him. We must live so that he will call us his faithful soldiers. When he says, "Seek," it is himself he wants us to find.

HOW TO FIND.

The way in which King Arthur's knights sought "The Holy Grail," helps us to see how we are to seek Jesus. There are four things which mark the true seekers:

1. One is reverence. Do not laugh at those old British knights though they were so mistaken. It seemed to them beautiful to go after sacred things. Do try to keep holy things in mind. If you saw King Arthur's castle, and the great deep cliffs, and the sea with its big Atlantic waves, green as an apple, and with foam as white as snow, you would say, "This is sublime!" and a deep spirit of awe would fill you. Now God is greater and grander than the sea, or than any of the wonderful things he has made. Cherish holy thoughts, and do not be flippant and irreverent.

"Great is the Lord, and greatly to be feared!" Charles Lamb once said: "If Jesus suddenly appeared in this room, we should all kneel to him." He is always near us, though he does not appear, so let our thoughts adore him.

2. Then the old knights prayed as they went on their search. Praying is talking to Jesus as you talk to mother and father about things you want. If you look what comes before the word "seek" you will see it is the word "ask."—"Ask, and ye shall receive; seek, and ye shall find." Every day we ask God to guide us and help us, we shall not seek foolish things but good things, and we shall not seek in vain.

3. Those old knights who sought the "Grail" put on courage. In dark lonely forests where lions roared at them they drew their swords, and steeled their hearts against fear. They believed that when people are trying to serve God, God will take care of his people. We all need to be very brave. Never mind who laughs at us or what hinders us, let us not give up or be afraid. Jesus says of all who love him: "I am always with you!" If we go along with Jesus he can defend us in all places.

4. But King Arthur's knights above all believed that it was only the pure who could ever find the precious treasure. One of the knights (Lancelot) failed because he sinned, and the knight who succeeded in his quest was Galahad, because he tried to keep his mind white as newly fallen snow. Jesus has said that the pure in heart are the happy people who see God in everything, and St. Paul once said to a young man: "Flee youthful lusts that war against the soul!"

WHITE AS SNOW.

In a morning when snow has fallen, and the white ground and roofs and trees make a fairy scene, we say how pure snow is. But in a very little while it becomes dark and dirty. The atmosphere is full of smoke and soot which settle on the snow and sully its whiteness. It is like that with our hearts. Defiling things settle on us, and we feel that we are not good and pure. Let us ask God to cleanse us. Long ago a man was praying, and he said: "Wash me and I shall be whiter than snow!" That ought to be our prayer to Jesus, and if a sincere prayer he will hear it. Just as the knight who was impure could not find the mysterious and wonderful treasure, we cannot find the prize of life unless we are good, but Jesus will give to us, if we ask him, the divine Spirit of all goodness. Ask, and ye shall receive—then seek, and ye shall find.

WORK BEGINS.

Vacation is over. The tennis balls and racquets are put away, the row-boat is in its house, the pony is in the pasture, the long walks are over. Work begins.

You are going back to school or college. Perhaps you are inclined to take up your school-books with a sigh.

"The whining school-boy, with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school."

The world recognizes the accuracy of Shakespeare's portrait, and this autumn the streets will be full of such boys and girls, reluctantly turning their backs on their summer sports and toward their winter tasks. Nor should the mother think that there is any harm in that unwillingness. A healthy boy should like sports better than study. What colt chooses the harness? The more spirit, the less inclination to the hush of the school-room and the droning over dog-eared school-books. And yet, sir, you who go unwillingly to school, would you really choose to be quit of your school tasks? There are hundreds of boys in our great cities for whom there is no room in the schools, and who have been taken away this autumn from their half-conned books. Some of them have gone with heavy hearts and tears in their eyes to the workshop. Would you change places with them? In spite of your snail-like pace, are you not, deep down in your heart, glad that you are among the number who can go to school?

Perhaps, however, your early school-days are over, and you are starting for college or for a higher school away from home. You begin to feel the symptoms of home-sickness. There is in that no harm. If a boy or girl going away from home for the first time feels no home-sickness, there is something wrong, either about him or his home. New life brings with it new experiences, and new experiences new burdens and sorrows. But it also brings new exhilarations and

joys. Would you be willing to give up the deeper and broader life which your school life has already given you? or the friendships which it has brought you? But your new experiences will bring you to still deeper springs of intellectual life, and will introduce you to friendships more sacred than any yet enjoyed. Look forward, and erase the old regrets by new hopes.

But perhaps you are not going back to school nor forward to college, but to business: If you could go back to books and studies, you would rejoice; but no such good fortune awaits you. You are going from your summer vacation to the dull routine of a book-keeper's desk, or the more irritating variety of a salesman's place behind the counter, or to the monotonous din of a factory, or to the prosy precedents of a lawyer's office, or to the scenes of suffering and distress which wear the nerves and drain the life of a physician. Certainly it is hard to abandon the freedom of the mountains for the confinement of the counting-room, the fresh air of the ocean, for the vile odours of a down-town street, the music of birds for the rattle of the elevated train, and the quiet beauty of a meadow for the noisy and dirty squares of a great city. But if your work sometimes seems odious to you, consider how much more odious to be without work; to tramp the streets day after day seeking for it, to apply over and over again only to be repulsed, to search the papers for advertisements, only to find ten persons seeking employment to one employment seeking a person, to come home night after night with the repetition of the same unwelcome tidings, Nothing yet. How welcome to you, then, would be the high stool in the counting-room, or long line of irritating shoppers, or the musty air of the ill-lighted office! Work begins!—an elocutionist could put into those two words an experience of invincible distaste, or an exuberance of triumphant joyousness. And you, dear reader, can make it mean either, at will.

JUNIOR EPWORTH LEAGUE.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

SEPTEMBER 19, 1897.

A call to praise.—Psalm 96. 1-6.

A NEW SONG.

The Christian's life should be a life of praise. New events are new reasons for ascribing praise and adoration to God. The Psalmist wants others to join him in praising God. He cannot praise as he wishes to do, and therefore he calls for help. The whole nation should praise God, for he blesses nations as well as individuals. Every new condition or situation of life should be a cause for praise.

THE HEATHEN.

Verse 3. This might be regarded as a command to send the Gospel to the heathen. The heathen have not the knowledge of the Gospel. It is the duty of those who have the Gospel to send it abroad. The attributes of the Deity are here set forth, and his superiority to idols clearly manifest. He made the heavens. Idol gods can do nothing.

OBJECT OF WORSHIP.

Verse 6. The sublime is always attractive. It is nowhere to be found as in God himself. Real beauty is to be seen in all its attractiveness in him. Such moral beauty only belongs to God. The earth is his footstool, and even it is full of beauty, but if the footstool be so glorious, what must he be who fills heaven and earth with his glory. A proper view of the Godhead will prompt to constant gratitude.

REVIEW.

The lesson began with a call to praise. Every verse is full of overflowing with louder and more earnest appeals for praise to be rendered to him, who has crowned our lives with his goodness. Every day should call forth a fresh song of praise. If we will look at every-day occurrences we will be overwhelmed with a sense of Jehovah's goodness, and be led to exclaim, What shall I render to God for all his goodness towards me. Our song should be,

"Birds of the air exalt thy fame,
And shall I silent be?
No, Lord, thy goodness I'll proclaim,
And give my heart to thee."
Praise him continually. There is nothing we so much neglect as praising God.

There is no gleam of glory gone
For those who read in Nature's book,
No lack of triumph in their look
Who stand in her eternal dawn.

A Boy.

BY MRS. S. A. LENTR.

He was only a boy, with a pleasant face,
All tanned and freckled, but lit with a
smile,
So bright and winning, it warmed all
hearts—
A face that one meets with but once
in a while.

He was only a boy, with all boyhood's
traits,
A jubilant laugh and untiring feet,
A vivid fancy and keen desires,
A chronic hunger and love for sweets.

He was only a boy, fond of frolic and
fun;
But, oh! he was something more than
all this;
He was studious, truthful, obliging and
kind,
And never ashamed of his mother's
fond kiss.

He was sorry for any one, aged or sick,
And patient with babies and kind to
his pets,
Polite to all people he met with each
day,
And his smile was the sort that one
never forgets.

He was only a boy, with his years half-
score,
But the place that he filled was a
wide, wide space;
His friends were many and true and
warm,
And he held them all with his boyish
grace.

He was only a boy. There are other
kinds,
From whom deliver us always, we say;
But give us more who are nearest alike
The boy whose praises we sing to-day.

NEMO

OR

The Wonderful Door.

THE AUTHOR OF "CHRISTIE'S OLD
ORGAN."

CHAPTER IX.

WAS IT A GHOST?

"Father Amos," said little Nemo,
about a month after their return, as he
was sitting beside the old man's garret
window one close, sultry evening.—
"Father Amos, what is a ghost?"

"Rubbish and nonsense, child," said
the old man decidedly,—"rubbish and
nonsense; that's the beginning of a ghost,
and that's the end of him. Why, what
dost thou know about ghosts, Nemo?"

"There was a man at Jemmy's, at that
place we stayed in on the moors, and he
said his grandmother's aunt had seen a
ghost, Father Amos."

"He told thee so, did he?" said Amos.
"Then I'll tell thee what, child: he was
a silly man, and his grandmother was
sillier still, and that old aunt was the
silliest of them all. No, no, Nemo,—
no, no, there's no such thing as ghosts;
the Lord would never let them blessed
spirits above go wandering about
this world of ours wrapped in
white sheets. They've got some-
thing better to do up there, than
to be wasting their time like that.
Never thee take no heed to such tales,
Nemo; they're only made up to frighten
poor, foolish, ignorant things as knows
no better. Thee keep close to the Lord,
Nemo boy, and thee need fear nothing,
neither by night nor by day. Even in
the darkness he is there, and the dark-
ness shineth as the day when his pre-
sence is in it."

"But, Father Amos—" said Nemo.
"Well, child, art thou afeared yet?
Canst not believe what I tell thee, that
all ghosts is rubbish and nonsense?"

"But, Father Amos," the child re-
peated in an awestruck voice, "I be-
lieve I've seen one myself."

"Well, this beats all!" said the old
man, laughing. "What was that ghost
like, child? Had he a white sheet on
him, like all them made-up ghosts
have?"

"No, he had no white sheet, Father
Amos; he had a long black cloak. Did
Abel never tell you how he looked in at
our cart in the middle of the night, and
then how he went away quite sudden,
and left his dog and his ring behind?"

"Well," said Amos, "that's the very
first ghost I ever heard tell of that had
a ring and a dog!"

"But that isn't all, Father Amos: I
saw him again, peeping out of the

bushes in the park, and when Abel stop-
ped the cart, and we went to look for
him, he was gone, and we couldn't find
him anywhere; and the other day—"

"What about the other day?" said
the old man quickly, as the child stopped.

"You mustn't tell Abel, Father Amos,"
said the child gravely, "because he's so
terribly frightened of that man; but the
other day I saw him again."

"Saw him where, Nemo?"

"Why, I was looking out of our cham-
ber window, and I spied him on the
other side of the road; he was looking
up at the house, and he saw me, Father
Amos, and he nodded; and then I ran
down as fast as I could to tell him about
his ring, and he was gone."

"When was that, Nemo?" asked the
old man in an anxious voice.

"The day before yesterday," said the
child; "and I've never seen him since.
I've looked for him so often, but he has
never come back."

"Where was the dog when he came?"
asked Amos; "was he downstairs in the
shop?"

"No, he had gone out with Abel and
the cart; there was nobody in but me.
I should have told Abel then if he had
been at home, but he wasn't there, and
then afterwards I did not like to tell
him. He doesn't like to think about
that man,—I know he doesn't,—and I
don't either. Do you think he is a
ghost, Father Amos?"

"Oh, dear, no, child, not a bit of it.
He's flesh and blood, and no mistake,
but he's a queer sort of man; and I
wouldn't stop in the house alone, if I
were thee, Nemo. When Abel's out,
just thee lock up and come over to me;
he won't come up here, and thee'll be
all right till Abel comes back. But
whatever thee does, don't thee ever be-
lieve in such rubbish and nonsense as
all that talk about ghosts and such like.
It's all lies, every word of it. Now, see,
the kettle boils, and we'll have a cup of
coffee before thee goes home."

Thus Amos tried his utmost to turn
the attention of the child from the re-
appearance of the strange man, yet he
himself felt very uneasy about it, for
the more he thought of it, the more
convinced he felt that this man knew
something of the child's history and
parents. He felt it right to tell Abel,
when they were alone, what he had
heard; and the poor little man was so
much frightened by the news that for
days he did not venture to leave the
child, but remained constantly at home,
watching at all times from his window
for the reappearance of the man, al-
though he could not determine what
course he should take if he really saw
him again. Should he run out and de-
tain him, and give him back the ring,
and inquire what he knew of the child?
Or should he simply see that Nemo was
kept out of his sight, and let him depart
again unchallenged and unnoticed?
Abel could not determine which would
be the wiser course to pursue; but still,
in spite of this, he watched on as un-
ceasingly and as perseveringly as before.

But at length the cupboard became
almost empty, Nemo's shoes were worn
out, the cold winds of autumn blew
damp and dull; and the coal-house was
bare of fuel; it was absolutely necessary
that he should once more go out with
his cart, and earn a fresh supply of
money by hawking baskets in the neigh-
bourhood of the town. Still his fears
for Nemo had not passed away, and he
never set out with his donkey and cart
until he had seen him safely landed in
Father Amos' attic, where he left him
with many injunctions not to go into the
street alone, but to keep with the old
man until his return. Abel would have
felt happier if he had had Nemo with
him in the cart; but the child soon took
cold, and the weather was so changeable
at that season of the year that he did
not like to expose him to it.

So the months slipped away, and the
winter came and went, and once more
the skies became blue and bright and
warm; spring sunshine lighted up
Amos' attic, and filled the meadow near
the town with daisies andcelandine
flowers.

Nothing more had been seen of the
strange man, and Abel began to breathe
freely again, and tried to persuade him-
self that he had been unnecessarily anx-
ious before. Nemo had by this time
learnt all that the old man could teach
him, and had been sent to a large
National School in the next street, where
he got on so well with his lessons that
the teachers were high in his praise, and
where he enjoyed not only his lessons,
but the games in the playground, and
the society of other children. When he
first went to school, he had been some-
what teased, and had been called "The
dwarf's little lad," but he was a sweet-
tempered child, and showed so little an-
noyance at the remarks that were made,

that the children soon left off teasing
him, and he became a great favourite
with the scholars as well as the teachers.

The dog, which still refused to an-
swer to any name but Nemo, and which
was called by the school-children
"Nemo's Nemo," was very faithful to its
little master. It walked to school by
his side every day, and came to meet
him on his return, and Abel felt as if it
were a protection to the child when he
was out of his sight. At night it always
slept near him, stretched on a rug at
the foot of his bed; and when he woke
in the morning, as soon as he opened his
eyes, the dog came to his side, to be
stroked and hugged before the child be-
gan to dress.

"What should we do without him?"
sighed Nemo many a time. "If that
man comes back, we will give him his
ring; but we can't spare the dog—can we,
Abel?"

(To be continued.)

"I LOVE JESUS."

My little daughter is now two years
and not quite two months old. I have
taken her to Sunday-school for some
time past, and she has twice received—
under the practice of the school—a re-
ward-card for an attendance of twelve
consecutive Sundays.

She is exceedingly bright, and has an
appreciation of pictures, and an appetite
for simple little stories that is well-nigh
inexhaustible. She has been told stories
of several sorts, and I have tried her
with some Bible stories, but seemed un-
able to interest her much, as she could
understand but little of them. However,
she will tell you that God made her, and
that "he lives up in the skies."

Last night I showed her a picture of
"The Great Teacher and the Twelve;"
and another of "The Raising of Jairus'
Daughter." I told her the story of the
latter, and this led me to tell her much
of Jesus, to all of which she listened
open-eyed.

When I told her of the wicked men
putting our Saviour to death, of the
nails through his hands and feet, she
spread out her little hands, quivered
with excitement, and said: "Poor Jesus!
I sorry for poor Jesus!" When I told
her of his goodness while on earth, she,
unprompted, said: "I love Jesus;" and,
after a little, added: "Papa loves Jesus;
mamma loves Jesus; grandpa loves
Jesus."

We were alone together, and I said to
her: "Jesus has gone up to heaven, and
he loves my little daughter. Don't you
want us to pray to him?"

She was upon her knees at once, with
her little curly head bowed and her face
in her hands, and her father leaned over
her and prayed God that she might al-
ways love Jesus.

Some have been converted so early in
life that they never knew the time that
they were not Christians. My daily
prayer for months past has been that
my little child might add one more to
the number. When she cried out, "I
love Jesus," it thrilled me through and
through. The incident seemed to me
so notable that I was moved to give an
account of it in one of our Sunday-school
papers. I make a plain statement of
the facts just as they occurred. I leave
others to draw the lesson, simply adding
that my daily prayer shall be continued
and with stronger faith than ever before.

THE INDIANS' SUNDAY.

At various times men have taken into
their own hands the fixing of a day of
rest. Thinking that one day out of
seven was too great a proportion of the
week to be given up to rest, they have
tried resting one day in ten, or one day
in fourteen. But they have always
found that the interval between their
rest days was too long, and have been
obliged to admit that God in his wisdom
knew best what was needed by man and
beast. A practical illustration of what
is gained physically by an observance of
the Sabbath is given by a writer in *The
Missionary Review of the World*, who
has been working among the Indians of
British America. He says:

"The Hudson Bay Company has its
stations all through this country, and
most of the Indians are engaged in its
service. The goods are carried to the
various stations, and from them to the
central station, by Indian brigades who
travel in boats, and who bring out as
the exchange cargo boat-loads of furs,
which are shipped to London. Before
these Indians became Christians they
travelled every day alike, but when Mr.
Evans induced a large number of them
to accept the new faith he said to them,
'Remember the Sabbath day to keep it
holy.' At once there was opposition on
the part of the Hudson Bay Company.

They argued, 'Our summer is short, and
the people have to work in a hurry. To
lose one day in seven will be a great
loss to us. You missionaries will have
to leave the country if you are going to
interfere with us in that way.'

There was downright persecution for
a long time, but there is none now, for
it was found that the brigades of Indians,
who travelled only six days and quietly
rested on the Sabbath, without a single
exception made the journey, of perhaps
fifteen hundred miles, in less time, and
came back in better health, than those
who travelled without observing the Sab-
bath.

Johnny's Opinion of Grandmothers.

Grandmothers are very nice folks;
They beat all the aunts in creation,
They let a chap do as he likes,
And don't worry about education.

Grandmothers speak softly to "mas,"

To let a boy have a good time;
Sometimes they will whisper, 'tis true,
T' other way, when a boy wants to
climb.

Grandmothers have muffins for tea,
And pies, a whole row in the collar,
And they're apt (if they know it in
time),
To make chicken pie for a feller.

And if he is bad now and then,
And makes a great racketing noise,
They only look over their speos,
And say, "Ah, those boys will be
boys!"

Quite often, as twilight comes on,
Grandmothers sing hymns very low,
To themselves, as they rock by the fire,
About heaven, and when they shall go

And then a boy, stopping to think,
Will find a hot tear in his eye,
To know what will come at the last—
For grandmothers all have to die.

I wish they could stay here and pray;
For a boy needs their prayers every
night;
Some boys more than others, I s'pose;
Such as I need a wonderful sight.

GRANDMOTHER'S BIRTHDAY.

A traveller among the Tyrolese pe-
asants tells the following story; why not
follow out the hint in your own home,
if grandmother is still living?

The morning after our arrival we were
awakened by the sound of a violin and
flutes under the window, and hurrying
down found the little house adorned as
for a feast—garlands over the door and
wreathing a high chair which was set in
state.

The table was already covered with
gifts brought by the young people
whose music we had heard. The whole
neighbourhood were kinsfolk, and these
gifts came from uncles and cousins in
every far-off degree. They were very
simple, for the donors are poor—knitted
gloves, a shawl, baskets of flowers, jars
of fruit, loaves of bread; but upon all
some little message of love was pinned.

"Is there a bride in this house?" I
asked of my landlord.

"Ach, nein!" he said. "We do not
make such a pother about our young
people. It is the grandmother's birth-
day."

The grandmother, in her spectacles,
white apron, and high velvet cap, was a
heroine all day, sitting in state to re-
ceive visits, and dealing out slices from
a sweet loaf to each who came. I could
not but remember certain grandmothers
at home, just as much loved as her,
pr baby, but whose dull, sad lives were
never brightened by any such pleasure
as this; and I thought we could learn
much from these poor mountaineers.

"Who wrote the most, Dickens, War-
ren, or Bulwer?" "Warren wrote
'Now and Then,' Bulwer wrote 'Night
and Morning,' and Dickens wrote 'All
the Year Round.'"

The study of definitions presents many
obstacles and difficulties to childish
minds.

"Spell 'ferment' and give its defini-
tion," requested the school teacher.

"F-e-r-m-e-n-t, ferment; to work," re-
sponded a diminutive maiden.

"Now place it in a sentence, so that
I may be sure that you understand its
meaning," said the teacher.

"In summer I would rather play out-
of-doors than ferment in the school-
house," returned the small scholar with
such doleful frankness and unconscious
humour that the teacher found it hard
to suppress a smile.—*Youth's Companion*.

Amid the Wheat.

Amid the wheat, amid the wheat,
At morn the sturdy gleaners greet
What time the meadow-lark upsprings.
On buoyant wings and soars and sings
The reapers whet their scythes in tune,
Till dies the sunlit afternoon,
Then homeward thread the laneways
Through,
Where grasses gleam with shimmering
dew,
While birds their vesper songs repeat
Amid the wheat, amid the wheat.

Amid the wheat, amid the wheat,
The popples find a shy retreat;
With every breeze that blows is blent
Their aromatic, drowsy scent,
That wafts the weary soul away
Across some wild, aerial bay,
Where shoreless realms of dreamland lie
Beneath an iridescent sky;
Such vistas open to those who meet
Amid the wheat, amid the wheat

Amid the wheat, amid the wheat,
Who strays with frolic-loving feet;
A little maid that comes to see
Where dwells the braggart humblebee:
A little maid of summers few,
With laughing eyes of pansy hue,
Whose heart is like a morn in May,
Whose life an endless holiday
Ah! may it ever seem as sweet
As now to her amid the wheat!

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE ACTS AND EPISTLES.

LESSON XII.—SEPTEMBER 19.

PAUL'S ADDRESS TO THE EPHESIAN ELDERS.

Acts 20. 22-35. Memory verses, 22-24.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how he said, It is more blessed to give than to receive.—Acts 20. 35.

OUTLINE.

1. A Faithful Ministry, v. 22-27.
 2. A Watchful Ministry, v. 28-31.
 3. A Self-denying Ministry, v. 32-35.
- Time.—Sunday, April 23, A.D. 58.
Place.—Miletus, in Asia Minor, thirty miles south of Ephesus.

HOME READINGS.

- M. Paul's address to the Ephesian elders.—Acts 20. 17-27.
Tu. Paul's address to the Ephesian elders.—Acts 20. 28-38.
W. Exhortation to elders.—1 Peter 5. 1-11.
Th. Beware of deceivers.—2 John.
F. Established in faith.—Col. 2. 1-9.
S. Self-sacrifice.—2 Cor. 12. 10-19.
Su. Out of tribulation.—Rev. 7. 9-17.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. A Faithful Ministry, v. 22-27.
Where did Paul feel compelled to go?
Of what was he ignorant?
What had the Holy Spirit revealed?
How did this knowledge affect Paul?
What was his earnest desire?
When would these people see him again?
What did he testify to them?
How had he proved his faithfulness?
What counsel did he give them?
 2. A Watchful Ministry, v. 28-31.
What warning of danger without?
What as to perils within?
What was Christ's warning against wolves?
Matt. 7. 15.
What did Paul urge the elders to remember?
 3. A Self-denying Ministry, v. 32-35.
To whom did he commit them?
What could God do for them?
- What words did he wish to have remembered? Golden Text.

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

- Where in this lesson are we shown a lesson of—
1. Fidelity to duty?
 2. Confidence in God?
 3. Service to our fellows?

RHYMING AIDS TO MEMORY.

BY EMMA E. VALENTINE.

Poetry is more quickly learned and longer remembered than prose. This difference is well understood. Minstrels have gone about proposing to teach the children in a few evenings, for a con-

sideration, the tedious lessons of geography.

This was to be done by having them sing in their heads the names of river, city, and country, coupled with description or history, in the form of rhyme.

And, while that method could not be an entire success, because all knowledge cannot in such fashion be well enough expressed, it is certain that we owe a great deal to simple rhyme.

How many a school-boy, for instance, has first remembered a difficult place in the multiplication table by the homely couplet:

"Nine times nine are eighty-one,
I'm the father, and you're the son."

There is, perhaps, no stanza in the language that has proven itself more practically valuable than the well-known—

Thirty days hath September,
April, June, and November;
All the rest have thirty-one,
Except the second month alone;
To this we twenty-eight assign,
Till leap year gives it twenty-nine."

when the driver wishes to cheer him on to a brisker pace, he sings some wild melodies of his country; and the delighted creature moves on more quickly to the music, patiently toiling on his way till the hour for rest arrives, when a few dates, or a few mouthfuls of barley-cake, may, perhaps, be given to him as a delicacy, and he is permitted to browse on the prickly plants that grow in the barren desert.

His teeth are peculiarly formed, so as to bite and crush the thorns that are strong enough to pierce the boot of the traveller; while, at the same time, his delicate upper lip enables him to crop the most tender herbage.

Contented camel! fitted as he is to enjoy the best, yet content with the worst—satisfied with dry thorns, when dates and tender herbs are not to be had. His foot is broad and expanded, and furnished with a sort of elastic cushion, that enables him to tread more lightly over the desert sands than any other animal.

The camel is the wealth of the Arabs. They eat its flesh and drink its milk; from its skin they make tents, saddles, harness, pitchers, shields, and many



THE SHIP OF THE DESERT.

THE CAMEL; OR, THE SHIP OF THE DESERT.

The camel has been called "The ship of the desert," and well does it deserve the name. What animal but the camel could cross the sandy, stony wastes, where there is neither lake, nor river, nor spring, without drinking water for many days; and satisfied to feed on the dry, prickly plants that even our patient, hardy, thistle-eating ass would refuse to touch? God has fitted the camel for the desert, as he has fitted the reindeer for the snowy north. In all his works, wisdom and goodness appear.

There are two species of camel. The common camel has two humps on his back, and the dromedary has but one. The dromedary is the swifter, and is mostly used for riding. The baggage camel, loaded with a weight of six hundred, eight hundred, or even one thousand pounds, can travel from twenty to thirty-five miles a day. The swift camel used for riding will carry its master with ease from sixty to ninety miles a day, or even more.

The camel patiently kneels to be loaded, or to permit the rider to mount. He needs no whip, no spur, but has a great delight in musical sounds. And

other articles; and its hair is woven into various materials for dress.

"For all these reasons the camel has been extensively employed in the East, and that at a very early period. The merchants of those sultry lands subjected it to their service in long past ages. The picture is an old one:

"A company of Ishmaelites came from Gilead, with their camels bearing spicery, and balm, and myrrh, going to carry it down to Egypt." (Gen. 37. 25). Individuals, too, used camels for a conveyance, sometimes in riding and in carrying private stores. (Gen. 24. 64). So in 1 Kings 10. 2, it is said of the Queen of Sheba: "She came to Jerusalem with a very great train, with camels that bare spices." "So Hazael took forty camels' burden." (2 Kings 8. 9). Their possession was, in consequence, regarded as wealth. Job is said to have had three thousand camels; and that Arabian clan, the Midianites, are spoken of as being, themselves and their camels, without number. (Judges 7. 12). Camels were also made serviceable in war. They dragged the heavy and clumsy armaments of those times. Sometimes, also, they carried the warriors themselves. (1 Sam. 20. 17)."

Sleeping Now.

There were mothers a hundred years ago,
Singing sweet lullabies soft and low,
Fair were the babes by their fond arms
pressed;
Fairer the mothers who hushed them to
rest;
Their tresses as yellow as the tasseled
corn;
Their eyes as bright as the dowy morn.
Oh! strong young mothers, good and
fair,
Your babes long since outgrew your
care;
Long since those tresses lost colour of
gold,
Long since those eyes grew dim and
cold.
Where are the mothers of the years
long gone?
Sleeping now!

There were babes a hundred years ago,
Hushed to sleep by lullabies low;
Their cheeks as sweet as the dew-bathed
rose,
Their eyes undimmed by a rough world's
woes;
Secure from unrest or griefs or alarms,
Nestling they slept within fair, shelter-
ing arms;
But the years have gone—the hundred
years—
They woke to knowledge, to pain to
fears;
They hearkened at length to Death's
lullabies,
To the songs sung at night, and then
closed their eyes.
Where now are the babes of the years
long gone?
Sleeping now!

BEGIN AT ONCE.

Begin at once to do what your Master commands. Begin to practice religion. A child would never learn to walk by a hundred talks about the law of gravitation. It must use its own feet, even at the risk of many a tumble. Wait not for more feeling or more pungent convictions, or for anything you read of in other people's experiences. These are all snares and hindrances if they keep you from doing at once the very first thing that will please Christ. Have you never opened your lips to an unconverted friend, either to avow your own feeling or to do that friend some good? Then try it; you will strengthen yourself, and may bring an unexpected blessing to him or her. In short, you must begin to obey a new Master—to serve a new Saviour—to strike out on a new line of living, and rely on God's almighty help to do it.

When you give yourself to Christ in this whole-hearted and practical fashion, he will give you a thousandfold richer gift in return. Yes; he will give you himself! When you possess Christ, you have everything.—Dr. Cuyler.

A poor Japanese woman came to a Christian teacher and begged her to care for a ragged, forlorn child, saying, "Please do take the little baby. Your God is the only god that teaches us to be good to little children."

The school-house that Kate attended was burned, so school was held in an empty store building, where the sign was still hanging over the door. One day Kate said to her teacher: "Which are we, dry-goods or groceries?"

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