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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XVII.]

TORONTO, JULY 10, 1897.

[No. 28.]

In de Mornin'.

BY LIZZIE YORK CASE.

Good-bye, chile! I ain't here for long,
I see a waitin' patient for de day nite;
De angols dar is a pullin' mighty strong,
And I'll meet ye, honey! in de mornin'.

When de stars fell down, I 'member it well,
Yet I don't know de year I was born in,
But I goes by a star dat never has fell,
So I'll meet ye, honey! in de mornin'.

I mind back yonder in old Tennessee,
How de speculators come without a warnin',
But now I see a waitin' for de Lord to come for me
And I'll meet ye, honey! in de mornin'.

What hab I done dat de Lord let me stay
A waitin' so long for de dawnin' ?
The earth is gettin' dark and a fadin' away,
But I'll meet ye, honey! in de mornin'.

Don't cry, chile! I must say good-night,
For your mammy's done had a warnin',
To close up de shutter and put out de light,
But I'll meet ye, honey! in de mornin'.

ATMOSPHERIC PHENOMENA.

BY ALGERNON BLACKWOOD.

There are many curious and strange sights to be seen in the sky in some countries where the conditions of the atmosphere are different from those existing in Canada and the United States. The northern lights, it is true, often gleam across our skies on clear nights, and occasionally lunar rainbows may also be seen; but those circles and rings and other queer freaks of light and reflection which adorn other skies are rarely witnessed out of their prescribed limits.

The recognized home of several such phenomena is far away in the north, among the dismal regions of perpetual ice and snow; where neither green leaf, nor flower, nor singing bird, are ever seen, to break the frightful monotony of grim winter's everlasting reign. Here the sun, for six months in the year or more, hardly appears at all over the surface of the ice-bound earth. But ships, under the guidance of daring captains have pierced as far as this many a time; and, in our cut, we see the wonderful brilliance of the Aurora Borealis, lighting up two lonely vessels, floating there amid the towering icebergs of all shapes that surround them.

In another cut are shown the peculiar rings and mock suns that brighten the sunless skies of still more northern latitudes. The loneliness of an Arctic funeral under these circumstances is appalling. For days upon days the sun is never seen, and only his apology for his warm rays and health-giving light is known. True, there are very few human beings in these desolate regions who need the warmth; but explorers tell us of scattered tribes of Esquimaux who live there off the fat of seals, which they also burn for oil in their rude lamps, while they use the furs for clothing, and thus manage to keep alive and warm.

Still another cut shows the striking mirage of a number of vessels, both erect and inverted in the air.

Although the distant north has more than a moderate share of these atmospheric phenomena, they are by no means exclusively confined to these parts. Much nearer home—among the wilds of the Hartz mountains, in Germany—may occasionally be seen what is



NORTHERN LIGHTS.

known as "The Spectre of the Brocken," so called because it is usually seen from a certain point on the Brocken—a spur of the Hartz mountains. It consists of a gigantic reproduction of your own figure as you stand there, thrown upon the opposing wall of mist. It is an exact image of yourself, and follows every movement you choose to make with great exactness. This phenomenon is not, however, peculiar to the Brocken

alone. The astronomer of the Lick Observatory gives the following interesting description of a phenomenon witnessed by him, and so similar to the above that he applies to it the same name

"THE SPECTRE OF THE BROCKEN."

"A short time ago I was favoured with the rare and truly imposing phenomenon of 'The Spectre of the Brocken.' I was standing at the north-west corner of the

Observatory grounds—in a fog through which the rays of the setting sun would, every now and then, find passage—watching the phenomenon of the appearance and disappearance of my shadow in the fog, which apparently completely filled the great canyon (out of which the northern slope of Mount Hamilton rises quite abruptly) and hiding everything beyond. Suddenly the image seemed to grow to enormous proportions, and in outline it appeared to be standing on the familiar mountain, which, on the other side of the canyon, rises to the height of more than a thousand feet, and distant from the Observatory about one mile. . . . Nearly the whole of the mountain was now lit up by sunlight and visible through the fog (which was probably only a few yards from me), against which my shadow was projected. . . . While I was mentally trying to determine the scale of the image which seemed to have a height of more than a thousand feet, it suddenly dwindled down to its natural size. The distant mountain was lost in the fog, and a few moments afterwards I was surrounded by the same envelope."

In the cut is shown a similar effect of fog and sunlight, which may be sometimes witnessed on the Simplon Pass that joins Brigue with Domo d'Ossola, in Italy. The majority of the phenomena of rings and circles seen in the sky are due to the presence in the higher regions of the atmosphere of numerous and minute particles of ice. We once witnessed a somewhat similar effect on the heights of the Black Forest mountains. The night was bitterly cold, and the whole forest, with its myriads of trees, was swathed in a cold, damp mist. This, condensing heavily on the branches, froze at once, and gave to every twig and stick a beautiful coating of clear, shining ice. The mist was not sufficiently dense to prevent the moon being dimly visible overhead, and it was round her struggling form that the curious phenomenon was to be seen. At a considerable distance from her disc was a large ring of luminous mist, defined with great clearness and exactitude. Intersecting this at the four points of the compass were smaller rings equally well defined, and, further still, half lost in the dim ocean of writhing mist, were visible portions of other rings and circles, intersecting and crossing each other in all possible directions. The effect of the whole was weird in the extreme.

WHERE RUBBER COMES FROM.

Did you know that the India rubber of which your ball or your cloak is made was once the milky-white sap of a tree? India-rubber trees grow in the forests of South America. A great many men are busy, every year, taking the sap from these trees and making it into India rubber.

Deep gashes are cut in the bark of these trees, and a little cup is put up in each gash. A milky juice flows from the gash and falls into the cup. When the cup is full the juice is poured over a large piece of clay or a flat board, to which it sticks like gum.

After this, the juice is placed over a fire of palm nuts. A thick black smoke rises from the burning nuts, and gives to the sap, which is now hard and dry, the dark colour which is common to India rubber. When all this has been done the India rubber is ready to be sent away to be made up into hundreds of very useful things.

There are so many things made of India rubber that if I were to name them all it would be a very long list. Caps, overshoes, coats, combs, balls, and even tents, boats, and bridges are sometimes made of it. Can you think of anything else?



ARCTIC HALO.

Hoeing and Praying.

Said Farmer Jones in a whining tone,
To his good old neighbour Gray,
"I've worn my knees through to the
bone,
But it ain't no use to pray.
"Your corn looks just twice as good as
mine,
Though you don't pretend to be
A shinin' light in the church to shine,
An' tell salvation's free.
"I've prayed to the Lord a thousand
times
For to make that 'ore corn grow ;
An' why you'n beats it so an' climbs
I'd give a deal to know."
Said Farmer Gray to his neighbour Jones,
In his quiet, easy way,
"When prayers get mixed with lazy
bones,
They don't make farmin' pay.
"Your weeds, I notice, are good and tall,
In spite of all your prayers ;
You may pray for corn till the heavens
fall,
If you don't dig up the tares.
"I mix my prayers with a little toil,
Along in every row ;
An' I work this mixture into the soil,
Quite vig'rous with a hoe.
"An' I've discovered though still in sin,
As sure as you are born,
This kind of compost well worked in,
Makes pretty decent corn.
"So while I'm praying I use my hoe,
An' do my level best,
To keep down the weeds along each row,
An' the Lord he does the rest.
"It's well for us to pray, both night an'
morn,
As every farmer knows ;
But the place to pray for thrifty corn,
Is right between the rows.
"You must use your hands while pray-
ing though,
If an answer you would get,
For prayer-worn knees an' a rusty hoe,
Never raised a big crop yet.
"An' so I believe, my good old friend,
If you mean to win the day,
From ploughing, clean to the harvest
end,
You must hoe as well as pray."

"Probable Sons."

CHAPTER IX.—(Continued.)

Milly's little tongue was only too ready to talk of Tom Maxwell. "He helped me to get some holly in the wood yesterday. I have nice talks with him often. He says he is very happy, and this will be the best Christmas he has spent in his life. Uncle, I want to ask you something. I've been thinking of it a great deal to-day, only since I was knocked down this afternoon I've had such a pain in my head I left off thinking. But I've just remembered it now. You see it is really Jesus Christ's birthday to-morrow, and I was thinking I've been getting presents for every one in the house but him. Nurse has been helping me with some of them. I've made nurse a kettle-holder, and cook a needlebook, and I've bought a penknife for Ford, and a tumbler for Sarah, and some handkerchiefs for Maxwell and Mrs. Maxwell, and some woollen gloves for Tommy. And I've nothing—no, nothing for him. If I only knew something he would like."
She paused, and a soft wistfulness came into her eyes. "I was thinking," she went on, "that perhaps I could put my present for him outside the nursery window on the ledge. And then when we are all in bed, and it is very quiet, I expect he will send an angel down to bring it up to him. I think he might do that, because he knows how much I want to give him something. But then I don't know what to give him. Could you tell me, uncle?"
"I think," said Sir Edward gravely, "the only way you can give him a Christmas present is to give something to the poor. He would rather have that. I will give you this to put in the plate to-morrow in church."
And Sir Edward put his hand in his pocket, and rolled a sovereign across the table to his little niece.
But Milly was not satisfied.
"This is your present," she said doubtfully. "What will you give him this Christmas besides? Is money the only thing you can give him, uncle?"
Sir Edward pushed back his chair and

rose from the table. His feelings were almost getting beyond his control. With the one subject that was now always foremost in his thoughts, the child's question rang again in his ears. "Is money the only thing you can give him, uncle?" And like a flash of light came a reply:
"No, I can give myself back to him, my soul and body, that have now been so long in the keeping of his enemy.
After a few minutes' silence, he said, in a strangely quiet voice, "Come, little one, it is bedtime; say 'Good-night,' and run up to nurse!"
Milly came up to him, and as he stood with his back to the fire warming his hands, she took hold of the ends of his coat in her little hands, and, looking up at him, said, "Uncle Edward, you gave me a kiss like a father might have done this afternoon. Would you mind very much giving me another?"
Sir Edward looked down at the sweet little face raised so coaxingly to his, and then took her up in his arms; but after he had given her the desired kiss he said, with some effort,—
"I want you to do something to-night, little one. When you say your prayers, ask that one of God's prodigal sons may be brought back this Christmas time. It is one who wants to return. Will you pray for him?"
"Yes, uncle," replied the child softly. "And will you tell me his name?"
"No, I cannot do that."
Something in his face made his little niece refrain from asking further questions. She left him a moment later, and Sir Edward went to the smoking-room and seated himself in a chair by the fire. The chimes of the village church were ringing out merrily, and presently outside in the avenue a little company of carol singers were singing the sweet old Christmas truths that none can hear untouched.
"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."
A sense of the love of God seemed to surround his soul, and this verse came into his mind as he mused:
"I have loved thee with an everlasting love, therefore with loving-kindness have I drawn thee."
Could he not trace in the events of the last few months the hand of a loving Father gently calling his wanderer home? Stricken down himself, placed on a sick bed for reflection, brought to the edge of the valley of the shadow of death, and then tenderly restored to life and health; the gentle voice and life of a little child pleading with him day by day, and that life having so lately been miraculously preserved from a great danger, all this filled his heart with the realization of the mercy and loving-kindness of God; and when again the past came up before him, and the tempter drew near again with the old refrain, "You have wandered too long, you have hardened your heart, and God has shut his ear to your cry!" Sir Edward, by the help and power of the Divine Spirit, was able to look up, and say from the depths of his heart,—
"Father, I have sinned against heaven, and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son."
They were sitting in the study the next afternoon, the child upon his knee, when Sir Edward said suddenly,—
"Do you know that I have received a letter to-day about you?"
"Who from?" asked Milly, with interest.
"From my sister, your aunt, in Australia. I wrote to her when you came, and she wants to have you out there, and bring you up amongst her own children. She says a friend of hers will take charge of you and take you to her next month. I must talk to nurse about it."
The little hands clutched hold of his coat sleeve tightly, but not a word did Milly say. Sir Edward noted a slight quivering of the lips, and a piteous gleam in the soft brown eyes. He waited in silence for a moment, then said cheerfully,—
"Won't you be glad to have a lot of boys and girls to play with, instead of staying here with a lonely old man?"
Still the child said nothing; but suddenly down went the curly head upon his arm, and the tears came thick and fast.
Sir Edward raised the little face to his.—
"We must not have tears on Christmas Day," he said. "What is the matter, don't you want to go?"
I suppose I must," sobbed Milly. "Ford told nurse the day I came that you hated children. I've always been thinking of it, but you have been so kind to me that I thought perhaps he had made a little mistake. Miss Kent didn't want me, and now you don't want me, and perhaps my aunt won't want me when I get there. I wish God wanted

me, but I'm afraid he doesn't. Nurse says she thinks he wants me to work for him when I grow up. I think—I think I'm rather like the little kitten yesterday, that nobody was sorry for when she died. You said there were plenty more kittens, didn't you?"
"I don't think there are plenty of small Millicents in this world," and Sir Edward's voice was husky. "Now listen, little woman, I have been thinking over the matter, and have decided this afternoon to keep you with me. I find I do want you after all, and cannot afford to lose you. Supposing we dry these tears, and talk about something else."
And as the little arms were thrown round his neck, and a face full of smiles and tears like an April shower was lifted to his, the "confirmed old bachelor" took to his heart the little maiden whose very existence had so annoyed and distressed him only a few months before.
"Uncle Edward," she said, a little time after, "do you know if that prodigal son you told me about last night has come back to God?"
Sir Edward was silent for a minute, then very gravely and solemnly he said:
"I think he has, little one. It has been a very happy Christmas Day to him, and you must pray now that he may not be ashamed to own his Lord, who has so mercifully brought him back through the instrumentality of one of his lambs."
THE END.
OUR COZY CORNER.
BY E. ADDIE HEATH.
"Back again to school;
Hear the bells a-ringing!
Feet a-dancing, heads a-whirl,
Shouting boy and shining curl,
Here they come a-singing,
Back again to school.
"Back again to school,
Clear September weather,
Wayside golden-roads a-blow;
Eyes asparkle, cheeks aglow,
Down the grassy ways they go,
Merry mates together,
Back again to school."
You know what Shakespeare says:
"If all the year were playing holidays,
To sport would be as tedious as to work."
So it happens well that the playground is close upon the school-room.
Have you ever heard of the Bluecoat Boys? They are the school-boys of Christ's Hospital, in London. They wear a long, blue gown and leather girdle. When they are at play they tuck their long skirts into their belts.
In the East, where our Saviour was born, the boys all wear long and loose-robed garments, and the girdle, or belt, is very necessary.
In Holman Hunt's beautiful picture, the "Boy Christ" is tightening the buckle of his girdle with his right hand. I mean the picture of the "Boy Christ." He is as real a boy as any of you, though there never was such beauty in any other boy's face as shone in his, because it was a heavenly beauty. Jesus was only twelve years old then, but a writer for young folks, in speaking of this painting, refers to him as tightening his girdle, because, to use our Saviour's own words, "I must be about my Father's business."
Then, this same writer wants to know if all you boys and girls, after coming back from your long vacation, need not, like Jesus, when he was twelve years old, "to tighten your girdle of service, and seek with all your hearts to do your Father's will?"
The purpose of the girdle is to keep in place, to hold together. It has a binding power. All you who have put on the girdle of sincerity of thinking, feeling, speaking, and acting—and, I trust, there is not one of you who has not done so—will not you ask Jesus to "help you to pull it tight?"
Sometime you boys and girls may cross the ocean and visit Christ's Hospital, where the Bluecoat Boys go to school. I dare say you would find there a great deal to interest you. A good way to prepare for the journey is to read about this school. Find out how it happened to be started in the first place.
WOULD THE CHAIN HOLD.
There is a good story that Dr. Miller tells about the chain that an old blacksmith made. He lived in the heart of a great city, and all day long the people could hear the clanging of his hammer upon the anvil, and they knew that he was forging a chain. Now and then idlers dropped in to watch his work, and as they saw how faithful and patient he was, and how he would never pass over

a link till it was absolutely perfect, they laughed at him and told him he would get over so much more accomplished if he did not take so much pains.
But the old smith only shook his head and kept on doing his best, making every link as strong as if the whole chain depended upon it. At last he died and was laid away in the churchyard, and the great chain which lay in the corner of his shop was put on board a ship. It was coiled up out of the way, and for a long time no one noticed it.
But there came a fierce, wild wind in the winter, when the wind blew a gale, the rain dashed down in torrents, and vivid flashes of lightning darted through the sky. The ship tolled through the waves, and strained and groaned as she obeyed her helm. It took three men at the helm to guide her. They let go her anchor, and the great chain went rattling over the side of the deck into the gloomy waves. At last the anchor touched the bottom, and the chain, made by the old blacksmith, grew as taut and stiff as a bar of iron. Would it hold?
That was the question every one asked as the gale increased. If one link, just one link, was imperfect and weak, they were lost; but the faithful old smith had done his best in each link. Each had been perfect, and this night his work defied the tempest, and when at length the waves were stilled and the sun arose, the vessel with all her precious lives was safe.
What had saved her? The chain, you say. Well, yes; but what was the quality that had been wrought into the chain? Fidelity. Yes; that was it. And don't you see what a parable it is of our daily character-building? Link by link, hour by hour, deed by deed, we fashion it; and when temptation comes it will test our work. One weak spot, and we shall be wrecked by that one imperfect link. But if we have been faithful in all we can withstand temptation and hold fast to the anchor of our souls.—The Lifeboat.
HONEST AND EARNEST.
BY H. T. WILDER.
"Can I wake up de leaves in your front yard, aunte?" asked five-year-old Ralph one autumn afternoon; and when Aunt Sue said, "Yes," Ralph, with his little wheelbarrow and rake, worked busily till dusk. And the happy smile on his face when he received the big ginger cookie, and was called a busy little worker, was good to see.
"Can I haul in your kindling wood and clean the yard all up?" said seven-year-old Ralph, standing at the back door with his small express cart. And Aunt Sue, who had been looking out for a big boy, was only too willing to give the job to her little industrious nephew. And the pennies that went into the bank that night jingled merrily.
"Can I rake your lawn and untie your rose bushes?" asked ten-year-old Ralph one warm spring day; and Aunt Sue, who had learned to know a good workman, consented willingly, and felt that the money paid was well earned.
"If you will haul away all the old rags, bottles, and rubbers stored away in the shed, Ralph," said aunte, two years later, "you may sell them 'on halves,'" and Ralph, delighted to be busy, worked all the forenoon, and the money earned went toward his new shoes.
"Do you want your paths shovelled, sir?" asked Ralph the next winter of Mr. Brown; and Neighbour Brown, who had all along watched the industrious little fellow, consented, knowing the job would be well done. And Ralph's wet mittens closed that night over a bright, new quarter.
"I want a boy, Mrs. Wayne," said Mr. Brown a year later, "to do chores at my office between school hours, and I know Ralph is the one, because he is industrious and honest." And Ralph's business kept him in clothes all winter.
"I want a young man in my office, at my books," said Mr. Brown to Ralph, when he had finished school; "and you, Ralph, have done what has been given you so well that the place is yours, if you wish it." And Ralph's heart was light as he went home that night.
"I want an overseer in the best room of my manufactory," said Mr. Brown as Ralph turned twenty-one, "and, as I have found I can trust you and your industry, will you take the situation?"
"I want a partner in my business, Ralph," said old Mr. Brown some years later. "I am getting on in years, and I need a steady, honest, industrious hand and head to consult with. Will you come to my counting-room and talk it over?"
It is the honest and earnest who get to the top, boys.
Keep on trying.

The Old Flag.

BY A. H. ROSS.

From where the Atlantic billows roar,
On Nova Scotia's rock bound shore,
To where Pacific's peaceful wave
The coasts of bright Vancouver lave.

My Canada, young, strong and free,
Thou stretchest here from sea to sea,
The brightest gem in England's crown,
Of constant valour and renown.

Proud are Canadians of their land,
Its vast resource on every hand;
Proud of that Island o'er the foam—
Their motherland, the empire's home.

A noble heritage is ours,
Nature on us rich blessing pours;
Columbia's wealth of towering pine;
Superior's treasures of the mine.

The prairie's store of golden grain,
The sunny harvest of the main—
All, all are ours, a priceless dower;
We'll guard it well in danger's hour.

Our fathers nobly fought and died,
To give to us this land we pride;
We'll guard it well for which they bled,
And cherish, too, our honoured dead.

Stand by the flag, Great Britain's might
Shall nerve our arm strong in the right!
Beneath its crimson folds unfurled,
We proudly may defy the world.

GOLD AND ITS USES.

If the average reader or thinker will devote a few minutes to the subject of gold and its uses, and how much of it annually disappears by wear, leaving no possible trace, he will find himself involved in some extremely interesting calculations. If some genius would only invent a power strong enough to attract to it the millions of invisible particles that have and are constantly being worn off the various articles composed of that metal, what an immense amount would be recovered!

Where do these particles go? Here, there, everywhere; in your house, on the streets, in the banks, business houses, stores, and wherever man goes. As an instance of this, the following is cited. There is at present a veritable gold mine being worked in an old watch-case factory in Brooklyn. It occurred to the new purchasers of this property that, during the long years of manufacturing of gold watch-cases that took place there, a large quantity of gold particles must have been absorbed by the flooring, walls, furnace, chimney, etc. So they went carefully to work and tore the old building down, bit by bit, and burnt and crushed the material, afterwards assaying the ashes. So far, something like \$50,000 has been recovered.

Say an ounce of this lost gold were recovered. If we melted it down and gilded a fine silver wire, it would extend more than thirteen hundred miles; or if nineteen ounces were recovered (which, in the form of a cube, would be about one inch and a quarter square), it would gild a wire long enough to compass the whole earth like a hoop.

If you pick up a gold leaf, such as is used for gilding purposes, it becomes a curiosity in your eyes when you realize that seventy-five square inches of it weigh only one grain. Now, the thousandth part of a line, or inch, is easily visible through a common pocket-class. Hence it follows that when gold is reduced to the thinness of gold-leaf, 1-50,700,000 of a grain of gold may be distinguished by the eye. But it is claimed that 1-140,000,000 of a grain of gold may be rendered visible.

Large quantities of gold are used in gilding portions of exteriors of public and private buildings. For instance, if we take the Church of St. Isaac, at St. Petersburg, we find that it required the use of two hundred and forty-seven pounds of gold to gild its five crosses. They can be seen glittering at a distance of twenty-seven miles.—Harper's Round Table.

A retired fireman calls himself an expert.

VACATION DAYS.

With a great many young people these are vacation days. This need not mean, however, that they are empty days. School-rooms are closed for a time. The routine of hours and bells and tasks is dropped for a season. But it is not to be supposed that these mid-summer weeks are to be mere blanks in the year. They simply furnish a different phase of life for a while. They give opportunity for resting tired brains and tired bodies by more physical exercise out of doors. But idleness is never the best kind of rest. Some occupation different from that of ordinary days is much better.

The young people who are wise should therefore spend their vacation with a purpose. This purpose should include good physical culture. We must take care of our bodies. The summer season for those who are at play affords many opportunities for laying in stores of health.

But the vacation days furnish opportunity also for reading a book which is not printed in ordinary type—the book the nature. God wrote it himself. Every leaf is a little chapter, every flower teaches its sweet lesson, every blade of grass has its touch of inspiration, every waving tree is a whole volume in itself. Then mountains and rivers and valleys and seas are written all over with the great thoughts of God. Blessed is he who learns to read what God has written in these natural things.

Summer is a good time to study botany, or geology, or entomology, or almost any natural science. The books one should read in vacation time need not be the ordinary text-books of the school, but would better be books that

ing the summer days for doing good as well as receiving good.

While these happy days last, let every one make the most of them, leaving behind memories of helpfulness and kindness, and gathering impulses for whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely. We should all work better for a whole year because of our few weeks of vacation in the mid-summer days. If we do not we have not spent the time in the very best way.—Forward.

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE ACTS AND EPISTLES.

LESSON III.—JULY 18.

PAUL AT THESSALONICA AND BEREIA.

Acts 17. 1-12. Memory verses, 10-12. GOLDEN TEXT.

They received the word with all readiness of mind, and searched the Scriptures daily.—Acts 17. 11.

OUTLINE.

1. The Gospel Preached, v. 1-4.
2. The Gospel Opposed, v. 5-9.
3. The Gospel Believed, v. 10-12.

Time.—A.D. 52.
Places.—Thessalonica and Berea.

HOME READINGS.

- M. Paul at Thessalonica and Berea.—Acts 17. 1-9.
- Tu. Paul at Thessalonica and Berea.—Acts 17. 10-15.
- W. The Gospel with power.—1 Thess. 1.
- Th. The apostles' joy.—1 Thess. 3.
- F. Search the Scriptures.—John 5. 32-39.



ARCTIC MIRAGE.

are in sympathy with what one sees in fields and woods or by the sea or on the mountains or in travel.

Vacation days, especially to those who travel, bring many opportunities for usefulness. Nothing reveals one's true nature better than travel does. Selfish people are apt to show the worst side of their selfishness on railroad cars and steamers. Unselfishness always has its opportunities in the way of ministering kindness, of exercising patience, of showing thoughtfulness, of doing a thousand little things in the passing days which reveal the true Christian spirit.

These are mere suggestions for vacation times for our young people. They should bring back in the autumn browned faces, strengthened muscles, clear eyes, good digestion and physical preparation of every kind to fit them for the very best work in the busy days before them.

Those who spend their summer vacation well away from home, enjoy their home better when they come back to it. Family love is all the sweeter because of temporary separations. Then we appreciate our loved ones better when we have missed them for a while. Those who have been taking vacation from church work or Sunday-school or Christian Endeavour meetings, will come back with new and enriching experiences. If they have been living up to their privileges they have sought many opportunities dur-

S. Diligent study.—Deut. 6. 1-9.
Su. Scripture opened.—Luke 24. 25-32.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. The Gospel Preached, v. 1-4.
What did Paul find at Thessalonica?
How did he spend his Sabbaths?
What great truth did he preach?
What great fact did he proclaim?
What class especially received the truth?
2. The Gospel Opposed, v. 5-9.
Who made opposition? Why?
Where did they seek for Paul?
Whom did they take in his place?
What charge did they bring against Paul and Silas? What against his friends?
What was the effect of this tumult upon the rulers?
3. The Gospel Believed, v. 10-12.
What night journey was made by Paul and Silas?
At what place did they seek to labour?
What was the character of the Jews at that place?
How was the word received and tested? Golden Text.
What command did our Lord give in regard to Bible study? John 5. 39.
What was the result of this Bible study in Berea?
In what should we imitate the Bereans?
Who opposed Paul's preaching?
What defeated their opposition?

THE WAYS OF LIONS.

The keepers of the lions in the English Zoo are probably as well acquainted with the idiosyncrasies of their gigantic pets as any men, for there are always large numbers of lions there, some of which live from ten to twenty years. A peculiarity noticed by the keepers at this Zoo is that bad weather affects lions just as it does human beings. A rainy day will make them limp and listless, and a glimpse of sunshine makes them happy as crickets. Bad weather, however, does not prevent them remembering when meal-time is at hand, and they are as restless as young kittens till their food is forthcoming.

The lions are fed once a day eight or ten pounds of meat, with plenty of bone attached to keep their teeth and stomachs in good condition. It does not take long for the lions to make their daily meal disappear, and they all have fine appetites.

When lions fall sick, their medicine is hidden in their food, and they are not aware that they are being doctored. Sometimes they suffer from toothache, but usually get better without any treatment, which would rather inconvenience the rash dentist who tried treating the aching tooth of a king of the desert. Occasionally the lion's claws have to be cut. In the corners of their cages are placed big trunks of trees, which are usually worn down to slivers. These are the lion's nail scissors, and if he is a well-conducted lion he whittles away his claws on them every morning. If he neglects this, his claws grow round till they again enter the flesh of his paw, and then the keeper has to cut them. This is managed by placing an inviting bit of meat near the bars of the cage, and when the lion approaches for it a lasso is slipped over his head, and he is dragged close to the bars, with his paws projecting. The paws are then tied together, and the keeper can work easily, with no fear of being chewed.

The chief tamer at the London Zoo, as he rubbed the noses of his pets who came to the bars, said he did not pin faith to the gratitude of lions, and no matter how gentle one became, it was every bit as tricky as its snarly brother. There is no security that the best-natured one of the lot will not turn on its trainer any moment. They grow up in captivity just as large and strong as in the wild state. One lion in the Zoo has an evil reputation. Last Christmas time it killed a man. When the lion was sent to the Zoo, it was skinny and bony and cross. Now it is fat, sleek and contented, and the keeper lays the credit for the change to the powers of a lioness that took the lion in hand on his arrival, and made of him the most obedient, henpecked husband to be found.—Chicago News.

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