

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured covers/  
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged/  
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated/  
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing/  
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps/  
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/  
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations/  
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material/  
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion  
along interior margin/  
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la  
distorsion le long de la marge intérieure
- Blank leaves added during restoration may appear  
within the text. Whenever possible, these have  
been omitted from filming/  
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées  
lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte,  
mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont  
pas été filmées.

- Coloured pages/  
Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged/  
Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated/  
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/  
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached/  
Pages détachées
- Showthrough/  
Transparence
- Quality of print varies/  
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Continuous pagination/  
Pagination continue
- Includes index(es)/  
Comprend un (des) index

Title on header taken from:  
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

- Title page of issue/  
Page de titre de la livraison
- Caption of issue/  
Titre de départ de la livraison
- Masthead/  
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

- Additional comments:  
Commentaires supplémentaires:

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/  
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	14X	18X	22X	26X	30X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
12X	16X	20X	24X	28X	32X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>

# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XVII.]

TORONTO, AUGUST 28, 1897.

[No. 35.]

## Nobility.

BY ALICE CAREY.

True worth is in being, not seeming  
In doing, each day that goes by,  
Some little good—not in dreaming  
Of great things to do by-and-bye.  
For, whatever men say in blindness,  
And in spite of the fancies of youth,  
There's nothing so kindly as kindness,  
And nothing so royal as truth.

We get back our mete as we measure,  
We cannot do wrong and feel right,  
Nor can we give pain and feel pleasure,  
For justice avenges each slight.  
The air for the wing of the sparrow,  
The bush for the robin and wren;  
But always the path that is narrow  
And straight for the children of men.

We cannot make bargains for blisses,  
Nor catch them like fishes in nets;  
And sometimes the thing our life misses  
Helps more than the thing which it gets;  
For good lieth not in pursuing,  
For gaining of great or of small;  
But just in the doing and doing  
As we would be done by, is all.

Through envy, through malice, through  
hatred,  
Against the world, early and late,  
No jot of our courage abating—  
Our part is to work and to wait,  
And slight is the sting of his trouble,  
Whose winnings are less than his  
worth;  
For he who is honest is noble,  
Whatever his fortunes and birth.

## SOME FACTS ABOUT CHINA.

As we shall have occasion to show in several engravings which we will present of Chinese scenery, much of it is very interesting and attractive. While a great deal of the country is very level, yet much of it is also exceedingly broken with bold headlands and deep ravines. It is cultivated like a garden wherever possible. The picture on this page shows a scene on the island Chock-Sing-Toon. A mountain stream comes down a deep and narrow gorge, the foliage on either side being exceedingly luxuriant. A stone bridge spans this stream, with a temple on one side and a joss-house on the other. It is a particularly holy place, for the natives bring here great quantities of joss-sticks and sacred paper to burn. These joss-sticks are very aromatic and diffuse their fragrance all around. We brought some from San Francisco which we sometimes burn in the house for the sake of the pleasant odour. The papers contain prayers which, when burned, are supposed to come before the deity.

The Chinese are great sailors. Many families spend their lives in boats, and their junks navigate with boldness all the eastern seas. They carry very large sails, whose bamboo ribs make them look like the huge wings of a bat, or some such uncanny creature. China is great in her antiquity.



CHINESE SCENERY—CHOCK-SING-TOON.

Founded before Egypt or Nineveh, she exists and flourishes still. Before Romulus built the walls of Rome, before Samuel anointed Saul king over Israel, she was a strong, well-organized, mighty empire. Her records date back four thousand years. For twenty centuries the great wall which encircles her, covered with granite, has been built. When our English ancestors were savages, the common people of China were clothed in silks and satins. In the year 1250, Marco Polo visited China. He was the first European traveller to do so; and when, upon his return, he told his story concerning that land and its people, and the wonderful things he had seen there, he was by some adjudged insane, and by others the supreme liar of his day. But what we know to-day corroborates the truthfulness of his marvellous tales.

China is great also in her inventions. It is not commonly known that for printing, gunpowder, the mariner's compass, the making of paper, porcelain, and

India ink, the world is indebted to China. Printing was invented in Europe in the fifteenth century. In the second century of the Christian era, printing on wooden blocks was known to China. With the exception of the electric telegraph and the steam-engine—comparatively new discoveries with us—it may be said that there is no great invention which did not originate in China.

Moreover, China is great in her public works. The roads over the Himalaya Mountains will compare very favourably with the great highways over the Alpine passes. China also boasts of two thousand canals, which afford free and easy intercourse throughout all the empire. One of these canals is twelve hundred miles in length, and was completed before Columbus was born.

Again, the Chinese agriculture is not surpassed by that of any other nation. For many centuries the soil has been taxed to support the immense population dependent

upon its products, and yet it is said to be richer than ever to-day.

We have heard much in these days of the breaking down of bridges, by which not a few human lives have been sacrificed. Such a thing may be said to be unknown in China, for should an accident happen, the builder, if yet alive, would be bastinadoed. Consequently, Chinese bridges do not break down.

## MOTHER'S TURN.

Have our girls seen the following, taken from one of the church papers? If so, it will do no harm to give it another reading, now that vacation days are bringing the leisure that will make it possible for "mother" to have her "turn":

"It's mother's turn to be taken care of now!"

The speaker was a winsome young girl, whose bright eyes, fresh colour and eager looks told of light-hearted happiness. Just out of school, she had an air of culture, which is an added attraction to a blithe young face. It was mother's turn now! Did she know how my heart went out to her for her unselfish words?

Too many mothers, in their love for their daughters, entirely overlook the idea that they themselves need recreation. They do without all the easy, pretty, and charming things, and say nothing about it, and the daughters do not think there is any self-denial involved.

Jennie gets the new dress, and mother wears the old one turned upside down and wrong side out. Lucy goes on the mountain trip, and mother stays at home and keeps house. Emily is tired of study, and must lie down in the afternoon, but mother, though her back aches, has no time for such indulgence.

Girls! take good care of your mothers. Coax them to let you relieve them of some of the harder duties which for years they have patiently borne.

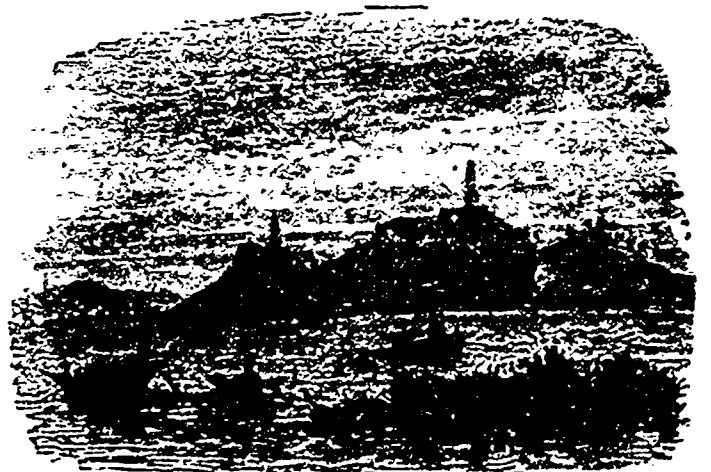
## CONCERNING NUTMEGS.

Were we to select some article of food as it appears on our breakfast-table each morning, how many of the family, think you, could tell its origin? Take nutmegs, for instance:

The nutmeg-trees grow on the islands of Asia and tropical America, and look like small pear-trees. They bear fruit seventy or eighty years. In Jamaica there is one tree that every year has on it over 4,000 nutmegs. The fruit is about the size of a peach, and when ripe it breaks open and shows the seed, which is the article known to commerce as the nutmeg. Mace is the thin covering over the seed. The Dutch have not controlled the nutmeg trade for many years. They tried to confine the growth of the nutmeg to the Banda Islands, which they owned, but the nutmeg pigeons carried the nuts into all the surrounding countries, and the trees grew and flourished in spite of the would-be monopolists.



THE BOSUE FORT, GUARDING CANTON.



THE PEARL RIVER, NEAR CANTON.

"Talitha Cumi."

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE

Our little one was sick, and the sickness  
pressed her sore.  
We sat beside her bed, and we felt her  
hands and head,  
And in our hearts we prayed this one  
prayer o'er and o'er.  
"Come to us, Christ the Lord; utter  
thine old-time word,  
Talitha cumi!"

And as the night wore on, and the fever  
flamed more high,  
And a new look burned and grew in the  
eyes of tender blue,  
Still louder in our hearts arose the  
voiceless cry.  
"O Lord of love and might, say once  
again to-night,  
Talitha cumi!"

And then, and then—he came, we saw  
him not, but felt;  
And he bent above the child, and she  
ceased to moan, and smiled.  
And, although we heard no sound, as  
around the bed we knelt,  
Our souls were made aware of a man-  
date in the air.  
"Talitha cumi!"

And as at dawn's fair summons faded  
the morning star,  
Holding the Lord's hand close, the child  
we loved arose,  
And with him took her way to a country  
far away,  
And we would not call her dead, for it  
was his voice that said:  
"Talitha cumi!"

OUR PERIODICALS:

PER YEAR—POSTAGE FREE.

The best, the cheapest, the most entertaining, the  
most popular.

Christian Guardian, weekly	8¢
Methodist Magazine and Review, 96 pp., monthly illustrated	2 00
Christian Guardian and Methodist Magazine and Review	7 71
Magazine and Review, Guardian and Onward to- gether	3 32
The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly	1 10
Sunday-School Banner, 65 pp., 8vo., monthly	0 06
Onward, 8 pp., 4to., weekly, under 5 copies	0 06
5 copies and over	0 11
Pleasant Hours, 4 pp., 4to., weekly, single copies	0 03
Less than 20 copies	0 02
Over 20 copies	0 02
Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than ten copies	0 11
10 copies and upwards	0 11
Happy Days, fortnightly, less than ten copies	0 11
10 copies and upwards	0 11
Dew Drops, weekly, per year	0 16
Per quarter	0 04
Berean Leaf, monthly, 100 copies per month	5 24
Berean Leaf, quarterly	0 06
Quarterly Review Service. By the year, 24c. a dozen; \$2 per 100; per quarter, 6c. a dozen; 50c. per 100.	

WILLIAM BRIGGS,

Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto.

C. W. COATES, S. F. HERRIS,  
2176 St. Catherine St., Wesleyan Book Room,  
Montreal, Halifax, N.S.

Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, AUGUST 28, 1897.

THE WHITE DOVE.

BY REV. SAMUEL GREGORY.

One summer afternoon, in a green lane,  
a girl came out of a road-side cottage  
and gave a pleasant call. She looked up  
to a wood, across the way, and repeated  
the call. Whereupon a dove suddenly  
fluttered from the top of a tree, made a  
little circle round the girl's head, and  
alighted on her shoulder. Away they  
went together into the cottage, the girl  
talking to the bird. It was pretty to  
see that gentle bird come to that gentle  
girl, when she called it from its com-  
panions in the wood.

That seemed wonderful, but not so  
wonderful as something which John the  
Baptist saw. Jesus had been standing  
in the river Jordan, while John poured  
water on his head and said sacred words.  
Suddenly there came something like a  
flash of light, and it seemed as if a dove  
were descending upon Jesus. It seemed  
to rest upon him for a moment, and  
then vanished away like a dream. When  
John saw it he held his breath, and  
bowed his head, for it was a sign which  
he understood. It was the Holy Spirit  
of God descending upon Jesus our  
Saviour.

That dove was a sign of the character  
of Jesus, and though Jesus is not called  
the Dove, but "The Lamb," it is with  
partly the same meaning. And that  
Holy Dove is also a sign of the sort of  
character and disposition which those

people have who receive the Spirit of  
God, and are led by that Spirit to  
follow Jesus.

THE DOVE'S OBTINENESS

What does a dove mean? It means  
gentleness. A dove has soft gentle eyes,  
and low cooing voice, and quiet ways.  
No cue is afraid of a dove. It is not  
so with some other birds. When you  
are near a cockatoo take care (unless  
the bird has been trained) for it is far  
from gentle. It has bold eyes, claws  
like strong hands, and a beak like a  
pair of plucers. It sends up its crest  
like a warrior lifting a flag, and screams  
threatening and defiance. You had bet-  
ter not stroke that bird, or perhaps you  
may find a mark on your finger. Now  
a dove is different—it is so gentle that  
we say, "harmless as a dove."

You have heard of a gentle kind man,  
whom the Hindus reverence. He was a  
prince, whose name was Buddha, and  
he lived before Jesus Christ was born.  
India is full of stories of Buddha's sweet-  
ness and kindness. Some day you may  
read of him in a beautiful book called  
"The Light of Asia." Buddha of the  
gentle heart! God had sent in Buddha  
something of his gentle spirit.

But it is the life of Jesus that shows  
us something that is gracious and  
gentle. That is why mothers brought  
their children to him, and why his  
words fell like music on sick men's ears  
and on sad people's hearts. That is  
why little ones pray to him as "Gentle  
Jesus." He once said, "Learn of Me  
for I am meek"—gentle. St. Paul had  
learned of him, and had the dove-like  
spirit in his heart when he wrote,  
"Avenge not yourselves but rather give  
place unto wrath. Therefore, if thine  
enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst,  
give him drink. Be not overcome of  
evil, but overcome evil with good."

I will tell you of a man who tried to  
follow Jesus in his way of gentleness.  
A Christian knight was taken prisoner  
by a Turkish Pasha, who had him yoked  
with oxen to a plough and driven with  
a whip. The Christian's wife sold her  
jewels, and her land, and paid the ran-  
som for her husband's release. At a  
later time, in another war, the Christian  
knight found that his men had taken  
prisoner the Turkish Pasha who had  
treated him so cruelly. The Pasha was  
badly wounded—was indeed dying. As  
soon as he saw who his captor was the  
Turk said: "Now you will take re-  
venge!" "Yes," said the knight, "but  
it shall be the revenge of a Christian,  
a Christian is taught to forgive, for God  
is love!" That is an old story of  
crusading times, but it is what those  
are able to do on whom the dove-like  
spirit has fallen.

You might think that the gentle are  
always liable to injury, but God protects  
his children. In early days of Ameri-  
can settlements there was a good deal  
of fighting between white men and Red  
Indians. Quakers are gentle people,  
who do not believe in fighting under any  
circumstances and many of them had  
fled to America, and were there during  
the Red Indian wars. Bancroft (the  
American historian) says that though  
the Quakers carried no weapons, "no  
Indian ever shed a drop of Quaker blood  
during that terrible time." It was God  
who protected them, as if to show that  
the meek (the gentle) shall inherit the  
earth.

Mrs. Fry, the Quakeress, was a pro-  
verb of gentleness. At a time when  
prisoners were kept together in large  
numbers, and were very badly used, and  
very rough, Mrs. Fry went to Newgate  
prison, to talk to them, and read the  
Bible to them. Her sweetness and  
graciousness melted the hard hearts of  
the prisoners as sun melts snow. Her  
eyes, her face, her voice, were tender as  
those of a dove, and her heart was a  
place where that Holy Spirit which de-  
scended on Jesus was always brooding.  
She was full of God's gracious, gentle  
spirit.

THE DOVE'S PURITY.

But a dove means something else.  
The dove that rested on Jesus meant  
purity. It was a sign of the spirit of  
holiness.

When Jesus was a boy in Nazareth he  
often watched the doves. He was  
pleased with their pretty colours, their  
graceful flight, and their gentle ways.  
In the street of that Galilean village  
there were doves always near the well  
where women went to draw water.  
With their pretty rings round their  
necks they marched about on the  
ground, and did not fly when people  
walked along. Everybody was accus-  
tomed to the doves. No one threw  
stones at them, so they were very tame.  
And many a time when Jesus went up  
the street home, he had doves about his  
feet as he walked. I have no doubt

they often came to him to feed them,  
and flew down upon his shoulders.

Those doves slept in what we should  
call lofts and in places where lumber  
was kept about the houses. They lay  
among pots and boxes, and when they  
came out in the morning looked for lit-  
tle pools of water to wash in, and then  
plumed their feathers one at a time, and  
dried themselves in the sun, until it  
seemed that although they had "lain  
among the pots," yet their "wings were  
of silver, and their feathers like yellow  
gold." The sun shining on them seemed  
to gild the birds with the powerful light.  
When Jesus was a boy he often saw  
doves fluttering in their bath and taking  
every speck and stain from their  
feathers. Pure water and the clear sun-  
shine how those doves rejoiced in these  
beautiful things.

Jesus himself had this pure spirit of  
the dove. He was "Holy, Harmless,  
Undefiled." "In him there was no sin,  
neither was guile found on his lips."  
No lying word, no wrong deed, were  
ever known in Jesus. And those who  
have the spirit of Jesus try to be like  
Jesus. St. Paul tells us to keep our  
very thoughts pure, and to fill our minds  
with good and bright things. He tells  
us to think of whatsoever things are  
pure, and true, and lovely and of good  
report. We must beware of bad com-  
panions and of foolish books. We must  
try to keep our souls as pure as the  
wings of a white dove. You remember  
Lady Jane Grey's prayer, which she  
wrote in a book when she was a girl.  
"O God, make others great if thou wilt,  
but make me good!" And you know  
that on the first day that Victoria was  
Queen (when she was about nineteen  
years old) she asked no one to disturb  
her, that she might be alone to think  
and to ask God to make her life pure  
and good.

Sometimes as we grow up in life we  
do not grow better. That is very sad.  
If we are ill we try to get better. If  
we are sinful we do not try so earnestly  
to grow better. But it is not bad to be  
ill as it is to be wicked. People fall  
into little sins and then into greater. At  
first it seems to them only like having  
a speck of soot on their collar and be-  
fore they have done it is like going  
about as black as a chimney-sweep.  
And the longer bad habits are left un-  
corrected the harder they are to cure.  
They become like stains which the dyer  
has on his hands, and which so long as  
he is a dyer he cannot wash quite away.  
"Our sin how deep its stains!"

But Jesus will help us to be pure if  
we want to be. When we sing about  
"the fountain filled with blood," it is of  
Christ's cross and Christ's forgiving  
love that we sing. Somehow Jesus can  
give us clean hearts and renew right  
spirits within us, and fill us with his  
own dove-like spirit—the spirit of gen-  
tleness and purity, of truth and love.

JUNIOR EPWORTH LEAGUE.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

SEPTEMBER 5, 1897.

The place of safety.—Psalm 91. 1-10.

THE PSALM.

A German physician was wont to  
speak of this psalm as the best preser-  
vative in times of cholera, and in truth  
it is a heavenly medicine against plague  
and pest.

When the Rev. William Jay was on  
his dying bed—he had lived more than  
eighty years—two ministers visited him,  
one of whom repeated this precious  
Psalm, and the dying Christian said, "I  
have proved the truth of every portion  
of this Psalm but the last verse, and I  
will soon prove its truth also." He  
died almost immediately.

WHO CAN CLAIM THIS PSALM.

Read verse 1. Not ordinary Chris-  
tians, but such as live in close and con-  
stant communion with God. Many live  
far beneath their privilege, hence in  
trouble they are afraid; they are some-  
times even shut up in "Doubting  
Castle." Those who walk with God, as  
Enoch did, or who are the friends of  
God, as Abraham was, they are the per-  
sons who dwell in the secret place of the  
Most High. Let the language of all our  
readers ever be, "Nearer my God to  
thee."

THEIR LANGUAGE.

Verse 2. "I will say," etc. Confi-  
dence is here expressed. Nothing like  
doubt or hesitancy, but child-like con-  
fidence, strong faith, such as only those  
can express who are steadfast. Observe  
the force of the words—my refuge. A  
refuge is a place of safety, but it only  
benefits those who can call it theirs,  
hence the strength there is in the mono-  
syllable—"my." Can you all say it?

STRENGTH INCREASES

Verse 3. Experience confirms the  
opinion before expressed. No matter  
how craftily the enemy may seek to en-  
trap the Christian, the God whom he  
serves will be his protector. This is a  
wonderful expression, which illustrates  
the strength and condescension of God

FEAR DISARMS.

Verse 5. Night and day are both  
alike to God. He can preserve in the  
dark as well as in the light, both are  
alike to him. The most crafty cannot  
deceive him, nor take him unawares.  
He is always on hand. The meaning of  
the whole lesson is, the safety of God's  
people, both in storm and sunshine.  
History contains repeated illustrations,  
confirmatory of the truth of the Psalm.  
In seasons of epidemics and contagious  
diseases few Christian "all," compared  
with the ungodly.

The Little Boy in the Harvest-Field.

BY SUSAN TRALL PERRY.

Out in the fields in the midsummer heat  
The reapers were busy binding the  
wheat,  
And the farmer looked with an anxious  
eye,  
At the "thunder-caps" in the western  
sky,  
"All hands must work now, with a will,"  
said he;  
"There's a storm a-brewing up there, I  
see."

Then the bright-faced boy at his father's  
side,  
To help bind the sheaves most patiently  
tried;  
But he could not manage the work at all.  
For those willing hands were too weak  
and small  
"I can't do this," said the brave little  
man,  
"So I'll give it up and do what I can."

"The man are thirsty and far from the  
spring;  
It will give them a life" thought he,  
"to bring  
A pail of that clear, cold water, that  
flows  
Down the mountain side where the sweet  
fern grows."  
And soon he was dipping his little cup  
In the mossy place where it bubbled up.

And the joy of doing something he could  
Shone on his face as he came through  
the wood.  
"God bless 'he boy!" every man cried  
out,  
As he passed the pure cold water about.  
'Twas sustaining power—they bound the  
grain  
Just in time to save it from drenching  
rain.

Then the father said that night, with a  
smile,  
While the mother listened with pride  
the while,  
"My boy, you helped harvest the field of  
wheat,  
Bringing water when we were parched  
with heat,  
Remember through life, my dear little  
man,  
God only bids us to do what we can."

NEMO

OR

The Wonderful Door.

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

CHAPTER VII.

JEMMY'S ENTERTAINMENT.

When Abel and Nemo, with their  
basket-cart, arrived at Jemmy's, they  
found their new friend waiting for them.  
"Come along, little 'uns," he called  
out; "cheer up! Jemmy's got the pot  
on, and it smells something like. Why,  
how wet you are, my lad!"  
This last remark was addressed to  
Abel, who was shaking himself like a  
dog, and from whom the rain was run-  
ning in little streams on the ground.  
"Yes," said Abel; "I shall be glad to  
get to a fire, I can tell you."  
"Jemmy's got a grand one," said the  
man, "half-way up the chimney, that's  
what it is. Jemmy, come here, my lad,"  
he cried; "here's these floating baskets I  
told ye of."  
In answer to this call, a very stout  
man came down a long flight of stone



steps outside the house, and gave the new-comers a welcome. It was a strange kind of inn near which they found themselves. It looked more like a huge barn than a house; the lower story was taken up by a large stable, into which Abel's donkey and cart were put for the night; but the inn itself was built over the stable, and could only be entered by the outer stone staircase, which led to the upper story of the building. The cheery man led the way up these steps, and Abel and Nemo followed him, whilst the landlord remained below to get a handful of hay for the poor drenched donkey.

"Now," said their friend, as he threw open a door at the top of the stone steps, "come in here, and see if Jemmy does not deserve the good name I gave him."

It was a curious room into which he led them, very long and narrow, and with nothing but wooden rafters overhead; the ceiling was so low, that for once Abel felt inclined to be glad that he was no taller; and the floor was so rough and uneven, that Nemo felt as if he were walking up and down hill as he crossed it. But a blazing, roaring fire was burning in the grate, and on it was the pot of which they had heard, the very smell of which made the travellers feel how hungry they were. Three men in rough blouses were sitting over the fire smoking, but they moved away when the fresh-comers entered, and good-naturedly gave them the warmest places; whilst one of them, an old man with white hair, took off Nemo's coat and put him on a stool in the warm chimney-corner.

"It's as cold as Christmas, Crumpets, for all it's July," said the old man.

Crumpets—that was the name of the cheerful man—answered that it was colder than many a Christmas he could remember, but he gave it as his opinion that it did not much matter how cold it was, provided that you had a fire like Jemmy's to come to.

"And stew like Jemmy's to eat," said another man, getting up from his seat to lift the lid and to stir the pan, and at the same time to make the mouths of all those who sat round the fire to water.

"Have ye come far to-day?" said the old man, turning to Abel.

"A good way," he answered; "we've come from Everton, me and my little lad."

"Oh, you've been there, have you?" he said. "Did you go up to the big house?"

"Yes, we were there this afternoon," said Abel.

"And it was beautiful," said little Nemo, looking up from his stool.

"Ay, it is beautiful, my little lad," said the old man. "I was one of the gardeners there till I got too old to work, and if any man knows the Hall, I should know it."

"We saw the little pink lady," said Nemo.

"Ay, the little lass; I believe she's a bonnie little thing, so I've heard folks say. I've never set eyes on her myself."

"Was she born since you left?" asked Abel.

"Ay, yes; at least, she wasn't at the Hall then; them folks as has the Hall now never dreamt of such a thing as getting there a few years ago. Ay, it's queer how places change hands, and there never was a queerer story than the story of Everton Hall. But they're nice folks, I believe, these new people,—very nice folks—so please say; but, as I tell you, I never did see them myself, and I don't expect I ever shall."

Jemmy now came upstairs and announced that the stew was ready. A large deal table was drawn in front of the fire, and the little company in the inn gathered around it, whilst Jemmy ladled out the hot soup from the steaming pan. The stew tasted quite as good as its smell had promised. It was filled with carrots and turnips, onions and parsley, and small pieces of meat, and Jemmy's guests did full justice to it.

"It is good, Abel," said little Nemo, as he sat between his foster-father and Crumpets, perched on a high stool which Jemmy brought up from the stable for him to sit on, and as Abel stretched his neck, that he might see as far as possible above the top of the table.

When the stew was disposed of, and also the hot coffee for which Jemmy was much famed, they drew round the fire again; the men lighted their pipes, Jemmy closed the shutters, and piled more logs on the fire; and the old man, turning to Abel, said—

"Maybe you'd like to hear a bit about the Hall, as you've seen it with your own eyes?"

"Ay, master, that I would, right well," said Abel.

"Yes, do tell us, please," echoed little Nemo.

The old man drew closer to the fire,

put his hands on his knees, and, leaning forward, and looking from one face to another, all ruddy and bright in the firelight, he began his tale.

"I was born in a little cottage on the old master's estate, and there I lived all my life till about five years ago, when I came to live with my daughter here on the moors. You see, my father was gardener at the Hall, and the old master thought a deal about him, and wouldn't have parted with him was it ever so. So as soon as I had got a bit of schooling (we didn't get such a deal in them days as they do now) my father got me to work in the garden, to weed the paths and wheel the barrows, and run errands for the men; he kept a lot of gardeners, did the old master, eight or ten of them always at work. You see, it's a vast place to keep in order, and he was mighty particular, bless you, never a weed on the path or down them avenues but what it caught his eye. But he was a good master, if you did your work well and didn't slip it, and all his men thought a deal on him, and he was a bad fellow who didn't try to please him.

"Ay, lads, when the old master died, his funeral was a sight to see. All the village was there, and they wept like babies, men and women and children, all of 'em together, and my mother put a black band on my hat, and we all went to hear his funeral sermon the next Sunday,—even my father, who hadn't been in a church since I could remember."

"Why, Jemmy, what's that?" said Crumpets, interrupting the speaker; "listen, man!"

"Nay, it's nothing," said Jemmy; "it's the wind blowing the pig-sty door, maybe."

"It sounds to me like a knocking," said Crumpets. "I heard it before, but I didn't like to stop the story."

"Well, maybe I'd better go and look," said Jemmy, rising reluctantly from his cosy seat by the fire; "it's maybe a stranger who can't find the way in. Wait a bit, master, till I come back. I'd like to hear the end of your tale. I knew they had had a lot of changes up at Everton, I've heard my uncle talk of it,—him as lived here before me,—but I never quite knew the rights of the story."

Jemmy was away longer than they expected; they heard him moving about below, opening and shutting the doors in the stable, and the rest of the party were full of impatience to hear more of the story. When their host returned, he told them that it was an awful night, that the rain was coming down in torrents, and that he quite expected it would keep on like that till morning.

"Who was it knocking, Jemmy?" asked Crumpets.

"It was only a tramp," said Jemmy, "drenched through, poor chap. I wanted him to come up to the fire, but he wouldn't hear of it. He asked if he might turn into the stable and sleep in the hayloft, and I hadn't the heart to say him no. Come, let's hear the rest of your story, Tom; you'd got as far as the master's funeral, hadn't you?"

"Yes," said the old man, clearing his throat as he began again; "that was the old master, him as was there when I was a boy. He only left two children, a son and a daughter, and the daughter died soon after him. The son made us a very good master too, only no one could think he was just as good as the old man. You see, he was a quiet man at the best of times, and he hadn't the ready word for every one he met that the old master had; but he was very kind for all that, as many a one knew who was ill or wanted aught, for he was a regular father to the people on his land, no one can deny that."

"Well, this master—the old man's son, you understand—married late in life; he must have been near upon forty, and we all thought he was going to die a bachelor. But all at once came news that there was to be a wedding, and every one was glad that there was to be a lady at the Hall. I mind me how the bells rang when he brought his bride home, and a bonnie bride she was, poor little lassie, quite a girl, as you may say, only just left school."

"The master was a few man. He came, as folks say, out of his shell, and there was gay doings at the Hall; the old place was all alive with carriages going up and down the avenue, visitors coming round the gardens, and boats rowing up and down the lake. But it didn't last long, for in less than a year the bonnie bride died, and left him with a little baby not more than a week old. Then all was changed, all the brightness was gone, no visitors came to the Hall, and the poor master was well-nigh broken-hearted. He had nobody left now but the child,—Master John, we

used to call him,—and as the boy grew older he was more and more bound up in him.

"A fine manly lad was Master John, bless him, for all he had no brothers nor sisters to keep him company. He was all life and spirit; he would climb the trees, and ride the ponies bare-back; and do so many daring things that the wonder was he didn't come to some harm when he was but a boy."

"He never had many companions,—there was nobody, you see, in the village or about for him to associate with,—but he never seemed dull, bless him; he made friends of us all, and would talk to us and ask us questions by the hour together, and he was as happy and bright as the day is long. Sometimes Master Gilbert would come to stop with him. He was the master's nephew, you see, son of that sister of his who had died soon after her father."

"But, somehow, the two lads never got on together, never quite hit it, as you may say. Master Gilbert always wanted to have his own way, and to get everything for himself, never mind if it was his by right or not; and there was one day when he even went so far as to strike Master John, because he did not give him something he had set his mind on."

"As they grew older, we noticed that Master Gilbert very seldom came, and when he did come, it was mostly when Master John was away, and when there was no one at the Hall but the master, who could not turn his back on Master Gilbert, because he was his sister's only son."

"As for Master John, he grew up just the same noble fellow as he had been as a boy, and always so daring and afraid of nothing. He was a great favourite with us all, so free and easy in his ways, just like his old grandfather, and folks used to say there would be good days and merry days when he was master. But that day was never to be, for when Master John was only four-and-twenty there came the day which was the dolefullest day ever known in Everton."

"Master John had been to college and all that, and taken his degree, as they call it, and soon after he had got acquainted with the Lady Lillian. Her name suited her well, for she was as fair as a white lily, and his father, when he saw her, was almost as fond of her as Master John himself."

"Well, they were married at her home away in Dorset, and then he brought his bride home, and we had fireworks, and a big dinner, and all kinds of goings on. And the master looked brighter and jollier than he had done ever since Master John's mother died."

"Well, the young people did not stop long, for they were going abroad for their wedding trip. Master John wanted to show her the mountains where he had been the summer before, and they were to spend about a year travelling from place to place before they settled down in England."

"So they went off together, and they drove out of the lodge gate, and we all stood outside and cheered them, and not one of us guessed what was coming. Now," said the old man solemnly, "harken what came next: they drove off, waving their hands and smiling, and we never saw neither of them again—never again."

"It all came like a thunderclap. The master had had letters from time to time, and all went well, and their year was nearly up. They wrote in good spirits, full of all they had seen; they were in Italy, so folks said, when the master heard last."

"Then there came a telegram, that dreadful day of which I told you, and that telegram was from Master Gilbert. He had come across them somewhere amongst the mountains, and he sent word that as he and Master John were climbing a mountain behind their hotel there had been an accident. Master John had slipped, and had fallen over a precipice, and had been taken up dead a hundred feet below."

"Ay, but it makes me shudder to think of it, even now. To think that he who was always so brave and so daring, bless him!—to think that he should lose his life through it after all."

"Nor was that all; for only three days after, while the old master was still unconscious from the shock, there came another telegram, also from Master Gilbert, to say that she was dead too. She had never held up her head, poor little thing, after her husband's crushed, mangled body was brought into the hotel, and the little baby boy, who was born the day after his father was killed, was lying dead by her side."

"There was nobody there belonging to them but Master Gilbert, and he saw after everything, packed up their things, and settled all up there, and did every-

thing that had to be done. They were brought to Everton to be buried, the father, the mother, and the poor little babe; and a sorrowful day it was in the village when the two oak coffins, with the little white coffin laid atop of them, were put in the chancel of the old church.

"The master could not go to the funeral. We never saw him out again, his hair turned white as snow, so folks said who did see him, and in another six weeks he was laid in the grave beside his son."

"Did you ever hear the like of that?" said the old man; "if ye read it in a book, ye would scarce believe it. That was six years ago last summer, and I left the place after that. I was getting old, and my daughter gave me a home, and it's well she did, for I could never have got on with Master Gilbert. The property all came to him, for it was entailed, as they call it, and he was the next heir, and he made a regular Turk of a master, so the people said who had to do with him."

"He was as hard as iron, and grudged every penny, and was hated by every one. But he was only there a little more than a twelvemonth; for one autumn day, as he was out shooting, there came a terrible thunderstorm as he was passing through a thick wood on the hillside. The lightning struck the tree under which he was walking, and killed him on the spot. And folks reckoned up, and it was just a year, and a month, and a week, and a day, since poor Master John died on the mountain. And some did say," the old man went on, lowering his voice to a whisper, "that there had been foul play, and that God Almighty sent the lightning as a judgment on Master Gilbert's head."

"But that's as it may be," said the old man; "I don't pretend to say; he's gone, and we won't speak ill of the dead. But that's the strange story of that place yonder; and now these folks as have got the Hall are no near of kin to the master as had it before, nor yet to Master Gilbert neither. Him as is there now is the grandson of a cousin of the old master, the one that was master there when I was a youngster."

"Ah, well, it's a blessing that, if they aren't much of kin to him, they follow in his footsteps, and make folks about them happy and comfortable."

(To be continued.)

Jack's Ploughing.

BY MARBLE F. CLAPP.

Out in the field in the sunshiny weather Jack and the farm boy are ploughing together.

The dandelions in bloom by the wall Twinkle gaily at Jack; and the robins call

From the apple-tree boughs: "Ho, Jack! Look here!"

While the chipmunks are chattering: "Come, Jack, my dear!"

But Jack keeps on with his ploughing The plough is high, and the dimpled hands

Must reach for the handles, 'twixt which he stands.

The south wind lifts the loose brown rings, 'Neath the sailor hat with its flying strings,

And kisses the lips pressed tightly together, When out in the fields in the sunshiny weather

Jack lends a hand with the ploughing. Up and down the long furrows brown

He manfully trudges, a tiny frown On the smooth broad brow, so earnest

is he. "We has such lots of work to do, Jim, hasn't we?"

If I didn't help you, now what would you do?"

Says Jim: "Master Jack, if it wasn't for you I'd never be done with the ploughing."

The sun grows hot, the lazy breeze Scarce stirs the boughs of the apple trees.

The soft earth clings to the moist little hands, When, at last, at the end of a furrow,

he stands, And looks toward home. "My mamma, I guess,

Will be 'fraid 'thout a man in the house unless I did come home from ploughing."

Such a dirty boy as runs home at last! Such a dirty boy! but mamma holds him fast,

And kisses the dimples that come and go As he tells of the morning's fun, till so; The white lids droop o'er the eyes of

brown, And in the meadows of Slumber-town Jack still goes on with his ploughing.

**This is Life.**

"I have planned much work for my life," she said;  
A girlish creature with golden hair,  
And bright and winsome as she was fair.

"The days are full, till he comes to wed;  
The clothes to buy, and the home to make  
A very Eden, for his dear sake."

But cares soon come to the wedded wife  
She shares his duties and hopes and fears,  
Which lesson not with the waning years.

For a very struggle at best is life;  
If we know the burdens along the line  
We would shrink to receive this gift divine.

**HOW TUMBLERS GOT THEIR NAME.**

Every day we drink out of a tumbler. Why is the large glass that holds our milk and water so called?

Years ago Professor Max Muller was giving a luncheon at All Souls' College, Oxford, to Princess Alice, the wife of the Grand Duke of Hesse Darmstadt, and the second daughter of Queen Victoria. There were not a dozen guests besides the princess and her husband, and a very agreeable luncheon was had, with talk on all kinds of interesting subjects.

But what excited the curiosity of all strangers present was a set of little round bowls of silver, about the size of a large orange. They were brought round filled to the brim with the famous ale brewed in the college.

These, we are told, were tumblers, and we were speedily shown how they came by their name—a fitting lesson for the guests of a philologist.

When one of these little bowls was empty, it was placed upon the table, mouth downward. Instantly, so perfect was its balance, it flew back to its proper position, as if asking to be filled again. No matter how it was treated—trundled along the floors, balanced carefully on its sides, dropped suddenly upon the soft, thick carpet—up it rolled again, and settled itself with a few gentle shakings and swaying into its place, like one of those India-rubber tumbling-dolls babies delight in.

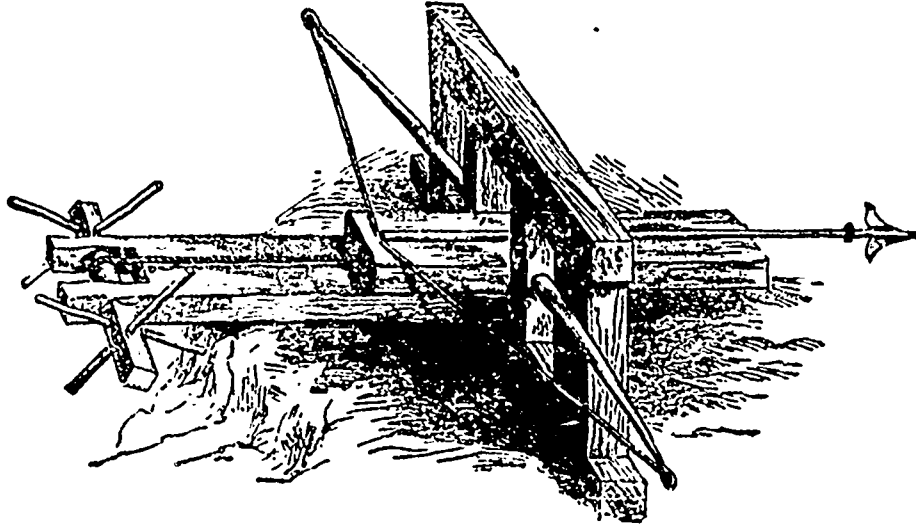
This, then, was the origin of our word "tumbler," at first made of silver, as are all of these All Souls' tumblers. Then, when glass became common, the round glasses that stood on a flat base superseded the exquisitely balanced silver spheres, and stole their name so successfully that you have to go to All Souls' to see the real thing.—The Household.

**ROMAN WEAPONS OF WARFARE.**

The weapons the Roman soldiers mostly carried were few and simple, yet with arms that would seem to us now so ineffective they conquered most of the then known world. We present in this paper two illustrations, showing a form of weapons used for siege purposes, and doing practically the service that is accomplished in modern warfare chiefly by heavy guns.

The lower cut represents the Roman battering-ram. This machine was used for making breaches in the walls of cities and so open a door for entrance. All ancient cities were inclosed with massive walls; and sometimes it required weeks of incessant work to break through the great stones. Usually the men working the battering-rams had to protect themselves with their shields from darts cast from the walls above. In modern warfare such weapons would not be of the slightest service, nor would high walls be any protection to a city. From the distance of one to several miles cannon balls may be so effectively directed as to completely destroy a city in a brief time.

Our other illustration represents what was called the "ballista." It was a device consisting of a heavy frame, supplied with bow and cords, for casting heavy spears or javelins at an enemy. It was practically a huge bow for shooting heavy arrows. This was, so to speak, the cannon of ancient warfare. But of how little service it would be in a conflict where our



ROMAN BALLISTA.

modern cannon should be employed against it! In those days gunpowder had not yet been discovered, nor were there any other of the terrific explosives known to modern science, as dynamite, nitro-glycerine, and others. There were, of course, no rifles and no cannon, nor any form of weapon requiring gunpowder or ball.

Yet with such weapons as these—with the sword, and spear, and shield—the Roman armies reduced a great portion of the world to submission to the imperial power at Rome. We may learn from them that our best success in life does not depend so much on the abundance of our resources as on the skillful and persevering use of the means or advantages we have.

**DOGS OF THE FAR EAST.**

BY LEWIS S. DUBOIS.

Many of you who read this have no doubt often wondered why the dogs of the Bible have such a hard name. No one seemed to love them. In not a single instance in the Old Testament is the dog given a good name. In the New, the nearest approach to anything good recorded of a dog is where we are told that the dogs came and licked Lazarus' sores.

Tradition says that the Saviour was one day attracted by a crowd of people who were gathered about a dog. They were saying unkind things about the poor helpless creature, when the loving Jesus, whose tender heart saw some good in everything, spoke, and said: "Only see what beautiful teeth it has."

However, the dogs of the East are a poor lot, sure enough. It would seem that such miserable creatures as they are would die out, but in the East there are hundreds of them, where there is one here; and they are all of a mongrel type. The city of Constantinople is fairly infested with dogs. By day they lie about in the streets as thick as a

run ahead of every car and club the dogs of the track.

There is a reason for the dogs being so plentiful in that city. Once during a siege of Constantinople by the Venetians, the soldiers were about to steal in upon the Turks, when a dog's bark caused the plan to fail. Gratitude for the act to this day prevents a Turk from killing a dog; and it is no unusual thing for a Turk to leave money by will for the purpose of feeding the dogs. Gratitude even has its limits, and when the dogs cannot be tolerated longer, they are driven by thousands on board a big steamer and taken to a barren island in the sea of Marmora, where they perish.

Persons living on this island have been known to scatter poison about and thus kill a great many; but they are careful not to be caught doing this.

The quality of the breed of dogs all through the Orient is the same. They are, no doubt, direct descendants of the dogs of the Bible. Having seen them, one cannot wonder that no good was spoken of them. The refining influence of training has brought our pets to the place in our affection they so richly deserve. It is so in everything. Good associations, good thoughts, and good deeds make both you and me loved and respected, while bad company, bad thoughts and bad actions are certain to make us avoided and disliked.

**LESSON NOTES.****THIRD QUARTER.**

STUDIES IN THE ACTS AND EPISTLES.

LESSON X.—SEPTEMBER 5.  
GENTILES GIVING FOR JEWISH CHRISTIANS.

2 Cor. 9. 1-11. Memory verses, 6-8.

**GOLDEN TEXT.**

Ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus



ROMAN BATTERING-RAM.

flock of sheep in a pasture; and they are just about as woolly. By night they go about howling and fighting, and making a terrible uproar. Woe be to any well-bred dog that gets in their way; they set upon him and make his life a burden. The dogs are so plentiful that a man is employed by the street-car company to

Christ, that, though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor, that ye through his poverty might be rich.—2 Cor. 8. 9.

**OUTLINE.**

1. Lending to the Lord, v. 1-5.
2. The Lord will Repay, v. 6-11.

Time.—Autumn of A.D. 57, or early in 58.

Place.—Philippi.

Connecting Links.—Soon after the "uproar" at Ephesus Paul left that city for Troas, where he laboured with great zeal, and then returned to meet Luke and the friends of Philippi. Soon he received word from Corinth, which led him to write the Second Epistle to the Corinthians, from which our lesson is taken.

**HOME READINGS.**

- M. Gentiles giving for Jewish Christians.—2 Cor. 9. 1-15.  
Tu. Example of Macedonia.—2 Cor. 8. 1-12.  
W. Proof of love.—2 Cor. 8. 13-24.  
Th. Collection for the saints.—1 Cor. 16. 1-9.  
F. Willing offerings.—Exod. 35. 20-29.  
S. Acceptable giving.—Isa. 58. 6-11.  
Su. Pleasure in giving.—Rom. 15. 20-29.

**QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.**

1. Lending to the Lord, v. 1-5.  
What cause is Paul pleading?  
Who had proposed this movement?  
How long since?  
What effect had this movement upon other churches?  
How did Paul remind the church of their duty?  
What did he send the brethren?  
What is necessary besides planning good works?  
What arrangement did he suggest about the collection?  
In what spirit was the collection to be taken?
2. The Lord Will Repay, v. 6-11.  
What causes the difference in the harvest, whether great or small?  
What, then, is the law of sowing?  
Gal. 6. 7.  
What is true charity in reality? Prov. 10. 17.  
What is to be its spirit?  
What encouragement to liberality is presented?  
What is the Golden Text?

**PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.**

- Where in this lesson are we taught—
1. That the Lord's poor have a claim upon believers?
  2. That true charity has its own reward?
  3. That what we receive is more than we can ever give?

Teacher—"Which animal is satisfied with the least amount of nourishment?"  
Charlie—"The moth." Teacher—"The moth; oh, no, the moth is a most voracious animal." Charlie—"But it only eats holes."

"Don't you think I look sweeter than I used to look?" asked Evelyn (a most original little mortal) of her former nurse. "Why, yes," answered the latter. "Do you know what makes it?" demanded the child. "No, my dear; what is it?" and the infant answered: "Thoughts of Jesus, and the new way I wear my hair!"

## Songs for Young People

Edited by E. O. Excell.

This book was used at the meetings in Massey Music Hall, during the late Epworth League Convention, and contains the favourite hymn, "Let the Sunshine In," which is worth the price of the whole book.

Price, 25c. each, or \$2.75 per doz. postpaid.

## A Practical Catechism ON BAPTISM

By Rev. John Laing, M.A., D.D.

Each, 5c.; per doz., 45c.; per 100, \$2.50.

**WILLIAM BRIGGS,**

Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto.

O. W. COATES, MONTREAL.

S. F. BUESTIN, HALIFAX.