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# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XVII.]

TORONTO, AUGUST 7, 1897.

[No. 32.]

## The King of Lapland.

I know a tiny monarch who has taken his command within a quiet region, where a faithful little band of people do his bidding, or yield him homage true, and watch his faintest gesture, as old vassals used to do.

His territory's bordered by two encircling arms, and keeping in their shelter, he is safe from all alarms; This land is sometimes "rocky" if he feels inclined for jest, Or lies at peace, a quiet plain, when he would stay at rest.

One mountain rises northward, and is known as Mother's Brow, While east and west are twin-grey lakes, reflecting, I avow, The prettiest bit of nature that a human heart can see, Whene'er the little monarch is alert for jubilee.

But when he's feeling weary from the riding out in state, Or bowing to his subjects and serfs importunate, Retiring to the castle, his regal head our king Lays down in princely grandeur, while loving minstrels sing.

If you would find his royal seat, you need not sail the sea, For—strange enough—his throne is set in this home of the free, Just find the nearest nursery, and bow to the command Of the loving little monarch, who is King of all Lapland.



IN THE MARKET-PLACE, NEUCHÂTEL.

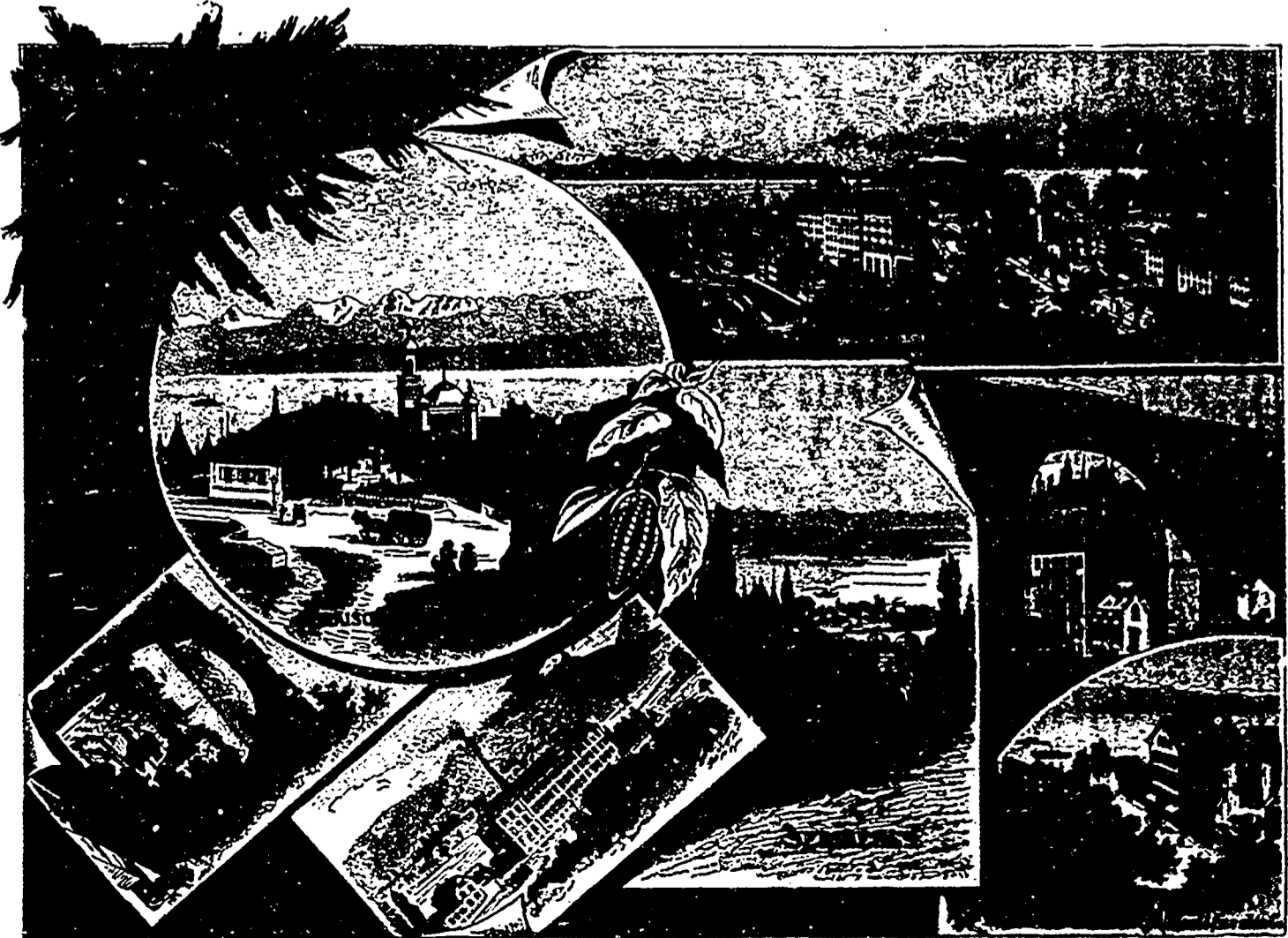
## A FAMOUS CANDY FACTORY.

BY A. BLACKWOOD.

Between Neuchâtel and the little village of Boudry, near Neuchâtel, Switzerland, the railway traverses a lofty viaduct which spans the picturesque Gorge de Serrière. This ravine cannot even be seen from a few yards on either side of the viaduct, and the traveller approaching it by the road for the first time will be surprised to see it suddenly open up before him with yawning

mouth. Still greater will be his surprise to see that it contains houses, factories, and machinery of various sorts. But we think what will surprise him most of all, is the faint aroma of fresh chocolate which fills the air. As he passes over the bridge he conjures up visions of the most delicious cup of hot chocolate that a weary traveller ever partook of. Many a time, in the summer months, when hot and weary, while passing over this bridge has this same odour, sometimes very strong and almost nourishing, greeted our nostrils and made us

deplorable in every respect to be mentioned as a model for the superiority of its products as well as for the altogether modern perfection of its organization. It gives employment to quite a little world of work-people, who are well cared for by the firm. There is material for a thorough study of the social conditions under which the workman lives, and after a visit to Serrière the tourist will carry away with him the impression that the "Suchard" house have fairly realized their original and significant device "utile dulci."



VIEW OF THE CHOCOLATE FACTORIES.

## A Man's a Man.

BY REV. J. E. HANKIN, D.D.

"A man's a man," says Robert Burns,  
"For a' that, and a' that;"  
But though the song be clear and strong,  
It lacks one note an' a' that.  
The lout who'd shirk his honest work,  
Yet claims his pay, and a' that,  
Or beg a bed for lazy head,  
Is not a man for a' that.

There's wanting, too, another note,  
That wad ha'e been sae pat,  
In that grand song that Robbie wrote,  
For a' that and a' that.  
The brute that beats into the streets  
His wife and bairns, an' a' that,  
Wi' cronies stops at whiskey shops,  
Is not a man for a' that.

Another note is lacking, too,  
This ploughman might ha'e sung;  
'Tis just as pat and just as true  
As those that aff he sung.  
The man of stealth who piles up wealth,  
And grinds God's poor, an' a' that,  
'Lutches his purse with dying curse,  
Is not a man for a' that.

And in that song that Robbie sung  
For a' that, and a' that,  
He might ha'e had the notes among  
A word for h'm, and a' that,  
Who sits up saug to chimla-lug,  
An' strokes the dog or cat;  
An' never falls of nursery tales,  
Or childhood lore, and a' that.

I'll venture on another note,  
To that gran' song, an' a' that,  
That from his throat Rob set afloat;  
Who reads God's word, an' a' that,  
Who walks his ways and speaks his  
praise,  
And humbly prays, and a' that,  
And lets fools chaff and scoff and laugh—  
He is a man for a' that.

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## Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, AUGUST 7, 1897.

## JUNIOR EPWORTH LEAGUE.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

AUGUST 15, 1897.

Mossiah's reign.—Psalm 72. 12-20.

## BENEFICENT.

Verse 12. This passage was strikingly illustrated in the life of the Saviour. The common people heard him gladly. The poor were especially cared for by him. He sympathized with them in all their sorrows, and was ever ready to speak a word of consolation, no matter what might have been the cause of their trouble. No other system of religion has bestowed such manifold favours upon the poor. Jesus Christ never favours tyranny nor looks upon oppression with approval. He teaches equality, and expects men to treat each other as brethren. In those lands where the Gospel is unknown, the aged and infirm are cast off and left to perish.

## SPECIFIED BLESSINGS.

Verses 13 and 14. He shall spare, that is, he will protect them from evil, and preserve in the day of adversity. Under his government the means of support would so multiply that the comforts of life would multiply to an almost bound-

less extent, that suffering would be mitigated, and happiness would be enjoyed by all classes of the community. This would especially be seen in the ranks of the poor. He will care for those who put themselves under his guidance; their blood shall be precious in his sight.

## PROLONGED LIFE.

Verse 15. He shall live. Other kings die and are succeeded by those who are heirs to the throne, but Christ dieth no more. His life is progressive, and as his influence extends, wealth is poured into his treasury. He does not need the gold and silver for his own enrichment, but as men and nations become enlightened they will bring the most valuable of their possessions and cast them at his feet and regard themselves as being honoured in bestowing their gifts on him to whom their more than all is due.

## CONSTANT PRAYER.

Verse 15. Prayer is to be made for the spread of his kingdom, and praise rendered for all the blessings which he has bestowed upon mankind. During the month of June, the subjects of Queen Victoria all over her extensive dominions were exuberant in their praises of their good Queen. Again and again the air resounded with the song, "God Save the Queen." So the subjects of Christ's kingdom extol his praise and delight to praise him. Praise shall not be a duty that is performed at certain seasons, but daily shall he be praised. Our lives are to be one continued season of praise and adoration.

## HIS REIGN—PERPETUAL.

Verse 16. The handful of corn resembles the commencement of his kingdom in any locality. The seed first cast into the virgin soil, always yields an abundant harvest, so the kingdom of Christ is small in its beginning, but see how it grows! A mission Sunday-school is commenced in a given locality, a few children are collected, then a preaching service is held, a church is established, and an influence spreads abroad throughout the locality, the moral character of the people is elevated, uprightness becomes a prominent feature of the community, peace and love prevail in the family circle and all love as brethren.

## A PATRIOT.

BY MRS. HELEN E. BROWN.

"Rodney, my darling boy, I do want you to be a true patriot."

The ten-year-old boy was standing by the window gazing at the sports of the children in the street. His mother laid aside her work, as the twilight hour forbade her sewing, and came and stood beside him. We can conjecture what she had been thinking about by the words she spoke, as she put her hands fondly on the shoulder of her bright boy.

"A patriot? What's that? I want to be anything you like, mamma, but I don't know what a patriot is."

"A patriot is one who truly loves his native land, and is willing to do anything he can that is right to make her prosperous and happy."

"Well, I do love my land, mamma; it's a great, splendid country. I'm proud of it when I look at it on the map; and when I hear papa tell how many millions of bushels of wheat and corn grew here last year, enough to feed the whole world; why, it's enough to make a boy proud to be a Canadian. But, then, what can I do, just one little folk like me, mamma? I can't be a president or a governor, or a mayor, or a policeman. Oh, but I'd like to be a policeman, mamma. Would I be a patriot if I was a policeman?"

Mamma smiled. "You can be a patriot if you are neither of these great dignitaries, my dear. A plain man, a merchant, a lawyer, a teacher, a carpenter, may be a true patriot."

"They'd have to be good, I suppose."

"Yes, indeed; if every man in this great country of ours was only good, we should have a nation of true patriots, and a glorious nation it would be."

"And how good? Tell me more, mamma."

"If every man was honest, and industrious, and temperate, Rodney, just think how grand it would be."

"Temperate! Oh, dear!" sighed the boy. "Lots of people are not that! It seems as if almost everybody drank beer and whiskey."

"Yes, intemperance is one of the greatest sins of our people," said mamma, as she seated herself beside her boy. "If they do not give it up, they will surely go down to ruin. One of the sins which brought the nation of Israel, God's own people, to punishment was drunkenness. It was a sin of those old times just as it is of ours. The people did not drink the same kind of liquors that

we have. They used wine. Grapes grew plentifully in Palestine, and they made wine, and when it fermented it became alcoholic and poisonous. They did not know about this poison as we do, but they knew the wine, when as the Bible says, 'it was red' and gave 'its colour in the cup,' made them drunk. They knew that at the last it bit like a serpent and stung like an adder. But it tasted good and so they drank and drank just as people do now. And drinking was very common; as you studied in last Sunday's lesson, even the priests and the prophets went astray through drink; and God considered it a great sin."

"I remember," said Rodney, and then was silent for some minutes. He seemed to be thinking. At last he spoke.

"If I am ever a patriot I shall vote against liquor."

"That's right; that's the true sound," said mamma.

"Mamma, don't you wish you were a man and could vote?"

"No, my dear, for now I can have three votes."

"Three votes! Why, women don't vote, do they? And how could you have three votes?"

"Women vote through their sons, Rodney. And haven't I three lovely boys who are growing up, and are going by-and-bye to vote just as I want them to? So you see it is a great deal better to be a woman and have three sons to vote the right ticket, than to be a man and just be able to cast one vote."

"Oh, mamma, you're funny," said Rodney; "but that makes me think of the rest of our lesson last Sunday. Our teacher said, Isaiah, who wrote that part of the Bible, asked a wise question: 'If the priests and prophets all went astray through strong drink, to whom shall we teach knowledge?' And he asked as if we could have answered him."

"What did the boys say?"

"They didn't know, not one of them, and I couldn't think, either. But when he told us the answer I laughed right out, that we shouldn't have thought."

"What was your teacher's answer?"

"Why, he said, Isaiah answered his own question by saying we must teach the children, and bring them up right. Give them line upon line, precept upon precept, here a little and there a little, just as you do, you mother dear," said the boy, climbing into his mother's lap and leaning his head on her shoulder.

"You know you explained that verse to me once, and you said that was the reason you caught every little chance you could to give me a good lesson."

"That is so," said mamma, "that's the way to make good men, by giving little lessons to little folks in the little minutes as they go by, and training their little feet into the way they should go. That's the way to make true temperance men and true patriots. The children are the hope of the church, of the nation, and of the world. If every little boy is taught the sin of drunkenness, and to understand the nature and effects of alcohol, and to hate it, we should by-and-bye have a nation of sound temperance men, and they would be sure to be patriots, I think. For no true patriot, Rodney, is a drinking man; and no drinking man can be a true patriot, because—perhaps you can tell me a reason. You are pretty good at giving reasons."

"Let me think—well—because he would have to have a liquor-saloon kept open where he could buy his drink, and liquor-stores—oh, they are a shame and disgrace to our country, Dr. Egin says."

"Yes, and another reason is, he couldn't tell what man or what law to vote for, if his head was muddled with drink."

"And he wouldn't be a good stand-upright, respectable man, and nobody'd care what he thought anyway."

"That's so, sonny; and another reason. His example would be likely to lead a good many others in the evil way. He couldn't stand alone, any more than one bad apple could in the barrel, or one black drop in a bottle of pure water. No, indeed; his influence would mix, and he would spoil this one and that one, till the whole town or village went wrong."

"And his children, mamma; they'd all vote the way their father did, it's likely."

"That's so, sonny; he wouldn't make a good father. That's very important. His children and children's children would very likely be drunkards too. But when a man is sound in temperance—"

"As my father is," interrupted Rodney.

"Yes, as your father is; his children are likely to follow his example, and their children will do the same, and so on. I was reading the other day about a good man, Mr. Thomas Carter, whose total abstinence principles bore beautiful fruit in his own family. He had eleven children and over fifty grandchildren, and as many great-grandchildren, and it

is believed that not one of the number ever used intoxicating drinks."

"Good!" exclaimed Rodney. He seemed to take it all in.

"But it must be the total abstinence temperance."

"Oh, pshaw, mother, what other sort is there, that you can call real temperance? I'm sure a man can't say he's temperate if he drinks even a little teenty-tonty drop. Look at Mr. Childs. He says he never takes any drink except once in a great while, and only a little bit, too little to hurt him. Do you call him a temperance man?"

"I see you understand, sonny. Stick to the total plan, and you'll be mother's little man, and I'll risk you being a patriot."

## STORY OF THE QUEEN'S LIFE.

X.

VISITORS TO AMERICA.

Several of the Queen's children have visited Canada. But the one who has made the longest stay is the Princess Louise.

She was married in 1871, to the Marquis of Lorne, in St. George's Chapel, at Windsor. Lord Ronald Gower was present at the ceremony, and he says, "The pair left the castle under a shower of rice, satin shoes, and a new broom, that John Brown, in Highland fashion, threw after their carriage."

Lord Ronald afterwards visited them, when they were housekeeping, at a place near Tunbridge Wells. "It was pleasant," he said, to see the Princess Louise bustling about all day like a busy German housewife, looking after her maids, seeing that the dinner was well cooked, the sweeping and dusting well done, and then carving at the meals.

When the Marquis of Lorne was made Governor-General of Canada, the Princess came to Canada to live. The deep snows and the tobogganing were new to her, and she liked them.

The Princess and the Governor-General made several journeys into the more remote parts of the Queen's Canadian dominions.

Everywhere the people welcomed them gladly. But at one village, on the line of a new railway, they were received even more gladly than at any other place. The Indians there wanted to do homage too, to the Queen's daughter. So they built an arch with this printed upon it, "Welcome to the Queen's Papoose;" and under that arch the Governor-General and the Princess rode in the only carriage to be found in that region.

Another story is told of the Princess' visit to the Bermudas. The Islanders determined to give her a reception, and rich and poor made ready to do her honour. One day she was out sketching, for, like the Queen and the rest of the daughters, she is fond of sketching.

She was thirsty and called at a cottage door for water. The good woman of the house was busy, and refused to go for the water. She, of course, did not know who the Princess was. She was busy ironing; she was ironing a shirt for her husband to wear at the reception of the Queen's daughter, she said.

O no! she could not leave that, to get water for anybody, she said.

"If you will get me the water," said the Princess, "I will finish ironing and shirt while you are gone."

So the Princess ironed the shirt, while the woman fetched the water. But imagine her surprise when she learned who it was that had been doing her ironing! She at once declared that her husband should not wear the shirt at the reception, nor anywhere else. She should always keep it just as it was. For had not the Queen's daughter ironed it!

The Queen has many grandchildren. The children of the Prince of Wales are Edward, George, Louise, Victoria and Maud. And a merry, fun-loving set of young folks they are! After all, as you see, princes and princesses are very much like other children. They snowball in winter; they play croquet and go yachting in summer. They study, and have to be scolded and kissed, just like other children.

The Princess of Wales trained her sons and daughters carefully. It is said that before her marriage she was poor. That she trimmed her own hats and made her own dresses, so she has her daughters taught to do all kinds of work, so that, if necessary, they can take care of themselves.

A man's character is like a photographic negative. It is a blank until it has been subjected to the chemistry of circumstances.

A young Main Street merchant has a queer paper-weight. It is the first biscuit his wife ever made after taking a course in a cooking-school.

# NEMO

OR

## The Wonderful Door.

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

### CHAPTER IV.

#### AMONGST THE BASKETS.

So little Nemo never saw the inside of the workhouse door, but he became instead the joint property of the old man and of Abel Grey. Never did mother or grandmother watch more anxiously the child whom they loved, than the old man and little Abel watched their baby.

Directed by Amos, Abel went round to the different second-hand shops in the town, and bought a little stock of clothes for the child, and then he was taught by the old man how to wash and to dress it.

It was a curious sight to see the two in the freelight, bending over little Nemo, listening to his every breath, and watching every movement of his tiny hands or feet.

Whilst Abel was removing to his new house, whilst he was cleaning the dirty rooms and putting everything in order, and at all other times when he was busy, or when the weather was wet, the baby was left with Amos, and the old man lived his life over again, and felt once more proud and happy as he watched by and tended the child.

But in fine weather Abel took the child with him when he went on his rounds in the cart; it was good for babies to have fresh air, so Amos said, and it was certainly good for Abel to have a companion in the long slow drives which used to be so tedious and uninteresting to him.

The cart was covered with baskets of all sorts and shapes, and colours and sizes. There were large baskets and small baskets; there were baskets red, and white, and blue, and green, there were baskets round and baskets square, baskets made for use and baskets made for ornament; there were clothes baskets and plate baskets, and hand baskets and waste-paper baskets; basket tables and basket chairs, basket flower-stands and basket cradles, basket sofas, and basket stools.

Some of these baskets were slung outside the covered cart, so that it looked like a huge mass of moving baskets as it went along, others were stowed away one upon another inside it. But how-and white, and blue, and green; there ever full the cart was, and it was very full at all times, there was always a corner inside kept for little Nemo.

There he quietly slept in a basket cradle, as his foster-father drove along, waking up now and again to have his bottle, or to lie back in Abel's arms as he sat on the edge of the cart, only to fall asleep again, soothed and quieted by the sweet country air.

And little Nemo did credit to the constant care bestowed on him by the two men. He grew a strong, healthy child, rosy and fresh with living in the open air, and happy and merry as the day is long. Never did baby laugh more than that baby, never did tiny child crow or caper or kick his fat little legs with joy, more than Nemo; never were teeth cut more easily than the two pearly rows of which Amos and Abel were so proud.

"He's all smiles, Abel, my lad," said the old man, as he looked at him one day,—"all smiles and sunshine. Not one of my sixteen was like him. Why, bless him, he hardly seems to know how to cry!"

As Nemo grew older and began to talk, it was a fresh source of amusement to the two who cared for him. Everything he said during the day was repeated to old Amos at night, and they both agreed that he was the most wonderful boy that had ever been born. He no longer lay in the basket cradle, but sat by Abel's side, holding the reins and calling "Gee up" to the old donkey, and asking questions about everything they passed on the road.

Abel's customers began to look for the pretty little fair-haired boy, who was always to be seen perched on the front of the basket-cart, and many were the presents brought to little Nemo as he went through the villages where Abel's chief business was done.

Sometimes a kind-hearted woman would give him an apple or a plum; sometimes a child would thrust a picture-book into his hand, or would run after the cart with a bunch of wild-flowers for little Nemo.

Abel taught him to touch his cap and to say "Sank'ou," whenever anything was brought to him, and he said it so prettily, with such a twinkle in his eye, and with such a fascinating dimple in his

cheek, that he won the hearts of Abel's customers, as he had won Abel's own heart two years before at the workhouse door.

The little basket-seller had never before done so much business as he was doing now that Nemo was with him. The number of people who found they wanted new baskets was astonishing. Instead of being worse off now that he had a child to keep as well as himself, Abel had never been so rich in his life.

When he told old Amos this, he said, "It's the Lord, my lad—he's paying thee back for looking after the bairn for him."

But Abel only laughed when the old man said this, for Abel did not know the Lord; he was yet a stranger to the power of his love. When Amos tried to speak of the Master who was so dear to him, Abel only smiled to himself, and thought it was a childish fancy of the old man's, with which he amused himself in his old age, but which Abel thought had nothing to do with himself, and in which he had no need to believe.

For poor little Abel Grey lived without God in the world. He had heard there was a God, or at least that some people believed that there was, but he knew nothing about God, and did not care to know anything.

He listened to all that Amos said to him about the child, but when he spoke to him of the Lord he loved, and who was very near and dear to the old man's heart, Abel, whilst he seemed to be listening, was thinking of other things, and never really attended to the words that were spoken by the old man.

So, whilst Abel loved little Nemo, and

which they usually stopped, and he would pull up the donkey at exactly the right moment; he even learnt the prices of the various articles in the cart, and would hold up a stool or table, if he saw any one pass that he thought would be likely to buy, and would call out, "Nice basket-stool, only a shilling, my lady!" "Round garden table, only three shillings and sixpence, sir!" as well as Abel could have done it himself.

But he was always asking one question—"Why don't we go somewhere new, Abel—somewhere where we've never been before?" and Abel would answer him—"I don't know, my lad; maybe we will some day!"

But the day Nemo so much longed for did not come until he was nearly six years old. Abel had gone on so long in the old groove, that he found it very difficult to get into a fresh one. But at length, after much deep consideration, he planned that as soon as the warm summer weather came, he and Nemo and the donkey should take a long round together, and visit villages to which he had never been before, not returning home every evening, as had hitherto been his custom, but sleeping either in the cart itself, or in any other place in which they might be able to find shelter.

It seemed to little Abel Grey a mighty undertaking, and even after it was settled he was full of misgiving, and was almost inclined to give it up, but the boy was so full of delight at the thought of seeing places which he had never seen before, that he could not bear to disappoint him by saying that he did not care to go.

and spelling over to himself again and again, p-l-g, p-l-g, d-o-g, d-o-g, c-a-t, cat. Before the spelling was finished, they had left the town behind and were getting out into the open country road. There were green hedges on either side, broken here and there by a gate, through which Nemo could see the sheep and lambs lying under the trees, or the green waving corn moving in the morning breeze. But still the child did not care to use his eyes much.

"It's all old yet, Abel," he said. "I've seen it all before."

It was not until late in the afternoon that they came to a place where four roads met, and in which there was a curious old-fashioned milestone on which was carved, Fairburn—15 miles.

"Now," said Abel, "we turn up here;" and Nemo gave a shout of joy.

"New land, new land!" he cried. "Hurray, Abel! we've never been here before!"

From that moment Nemo was full of excitement and expectation; every field they passed he gazed at with interest, because it was a fresh field; every horse and cow and sheep seemed worth looking at, because it was in the new country, as he called it.

The sun was just beginning to set when they came in sight of some houses, still in the far distance.

"There will be a village out there. I should say," said Abel.

A long steep hill took them up into the village street. On either side was a row of cottages built of grey stone, some of them with thatched roofs, and others, more newly built, covered with slates. Though it was almost dark, the village green was covered with children playing at different games, and enjoying the cool evening air after the heat of the day.

"It's over-late to do business to-night," said Abel; "folks can't see the baskets. We must stop here for the night, I think."

"Where shall we sleep, Abel?"

"Here, in the cart, my boy; we've got a cover overhead, and plenty of wraps, and it's a warm, pleasant night."

"Oh, what fun!" said little Nemo. "Lift me out, and let me go and look at the new country, Abel."

So Abel took him out of the cart, and he wandered about the green, watching the games of the children, throwing pieces of the biscuit Abel had given him to the geese and the ducks, and looking at the lights appearing one after another in the cottage windows.

When he came back to the cart, he found that Abel had been to a farm and had bought some milk, and made all ready for their supper. Then, after they had had a good meal, he took Nemo in his arms, and they lay covered with blankets and sound asleep till daybreak.

Then, as soon as smoke began to be seen in the cottage chimneys, Abel was up and busy.

"We must call at every house in the village," he said; "for we've never been here before."

They had a very successful day; the cart grew lighter, and Abel's pocket grew heavier at almost every house they came to; and one farmer's wife gave Nemo a cake she had just baked, and another threw a handful of gooseberries into the cart, and a third, when she paid Abel for her market-basket, gave Nemo a penny for himself. So that, altogether, both Abel and the child had a very merry time.

Passing through the village late in the afternoon, they came to an open moorland stretching away for miles as far as they could see. They inquired at a little public-house, which stood on the edge of the moor, how far it was to the next village, and they were told it was several miles away.

"We must try to get there to-night, Nemo," said Abel, "and begin work there to-morrow."

But the moorland road was rough and uneven—up hill and down hill the whole way; sometimes they had to cross a stream, and then the donkey turned stupid and refused to move, till Abel took off his shoes and stockings and waded across, dragging the donkey after him; sometimes the road was so steep that Abel and Nemo had to walk for a mile at a time, and had often to stop to rest both themselves and the donkey. So their progress was very slow, and the darkness came much sooner than they expected it.

On and on they went, but no village came in sight. Somehow or other they had taken a wrong turning, and missed the direct road. For some hours Abel urged the donkey forward; but at length the poor animal grew very tired, and he knew it, and was too kind to press it further.

"It's no use, Nemo," he said; "you and me will have to stop here till daylight comes, and we can see which way to go."

(To be continued.)



ABEL AND NEMO SELLING BASKETS.

would have laid down his life for the child, he never taught him anything about God. It was old Amos who made the child say a little prayer night and morning, and who would often lift him up to the skylight in the attic, and, pointing to the blue sky, would tell him that God lived there, and that God loved Nemo, and that Nemo must love him.

When he was quite a little child, not two years old, Nemo learnt this first simple lesson, and he never forgot it. He learnt to speak very early, and was never tired of repeating anything he had heard. He would drag Abel to the window of their small house again and again, and, pointing up to the sky, he would say, "God 'ives up dere. God 'oves Nemo, Nemo 'oves God."

And then he would look at Abel, and go over the same lesson again, in just the same words, except that this time he put Abel's name into it instead of his own—"God 'ives up dere. God 'oves Abel; Abel 'oves God."

And the words would ring in the little man's ears long after the child had uttered them—"God loves Abel; Abel loves God."

Was the first of those statements true? Did God really love Abel? He did not know. But he was quite sure of this, that Abel did not love God. The child was quite wrong there, but he did not choose to tell him so. Nemo would be troubled if he shook his head and said that he did not love God, and little Abel Grey would not trouble Nemo for the world.

As Nemo grew older, he became more and more of a companion to his little foster-father. He knew the houses at

Accordingly all was made ready for their departure. Blankets and warm wraps were put into the cart, in case they should have to sleep in the open air. Abel bought meat in tins, and a good supply of bread and biscuits, that they might not fall short of food; and then, when all was done, they took as tender a farewell of old Amos as if they were going to America or Australia.

"I'll tell you all about it when I come home, Father Amos," said the boy, "and you'll like that, won't you?"

The next morning, at daybreak, Abel rose, waked little Nemo, and helped him to dress, for the child was so sleepy he could not even put his stockings on; and then he went out to harness the donkey and to bring the cart to the door.

Nemo was wide awake as soon as he came out into the fresh morning air, and was wild with joy that they were really starting on the journey for which he had longed so much. He perched himself beside Abel in a little basket-chair, which looked as if it had been made on purpose for him, and after eating a large slice of bread and butter, and drinking a mugful of milk, he took out of his pocket his little blue reading-book, and began to learn the spelling which old Amos had set him, and which must be said perfectly on his return.

"I know what all these streets are like," he explained to Abel, "so I shall get it all done before we come to the new country, where we've never been before."

So they were very quiet during the first part of their journey. Abel sat busily thinking of the places he meant to visit, and Nemo was intent on his book, tracing each word with his finger,



**The Cry of the Weak.**

BY R. N. TAYLOR.

Cry aloud to the Lord in your sorrow,  
Pale mothers, with eyes wet with  
tears  
Who watch and who pray that the mor-  
row  
May bring you relief from your fears.  
Too faint is the sound of your crying,  
The strong and the powerful and wise,  
In the market place, selling and buying  
Are deaf to your cries.

Oh, youth, going forth in thy beauty,  
With a brow that thy mother hath  
kissed,  
They will lure thee from honour and  
duty,  
By temptations thou canst not resist,  
Cry aloud to the Lord ere thou perish  
Thy brothers no helpers shall be—  
Their gold and their silver they cherish,  
But care not for thee.

Ah, me! Little children untended,  
Cold, hungry, and weak and in pain,  
From sorrow and sin undefended,  
Your sighs and your tears are in vain.  
For those who might help you are lying  
In the chains of a terrible spell;  
Too faint is your sobbing and sighing,  
Your sorrows to tell.

Cry aloud to the Lord, oh, forsaken,  
Weak woman, the sinning and lost  
Whose cries are too weak to awaken  
The watchers, who sleep at their post  
The strong ones who should have pro-  
tected,  
Have turned to their work or their  
wine,  
Forgotten, despised and rejected  
Are sorrows like thine.

The man in his strength shall be shaken,  
The woman shall fade in her youth,  
The young in their weakness be taken,  
And robbed of their virtue and truth  
And still shall the wicked be laying  
The mesh of their terrible snare,  
Protected and pardoned by paying  
The nation a share.

Oh, Saviour! the pure and the holy,  
Who died for us all on the tree,  
In the churches thy people bend lowly,  
And join in their worship of thee.  
Oh, bid them to rise up, united  
Go forth, and together to stand  
Till they conquer the curse which has  
lighted  
The joy of our land.

**LESSON NOTES.**

**THIRD QUARTER.**

STUDIES IN THE ACTS AND EPISTLES.

**LESSON VII.—AUGUST 15.**

**ABSTAINING FOR THE SAKE OF OTHERS.**

1 Cor. 8. 1-13. Memory verses, 12, 13.

**GOLDEN TEXT.**

For none of us liveth to himself.—  
Rom. 14. 7.

**OUTLINE.**

1. Knowledge, v. 1-6.
2. Liberty, v. 7-9.
3. Self-denial, v. 10-13.

Time and Place.—Written by Paul  
about Easter, A.D. 57, from Ephesus.

**HOME READINGS.**

- M. Abstaining for the sake of others.—  
1 Cor. 8.
- Tu. Abstain from appearance of evil.—  
1 Thess. 5. 14-23.
- W. Not expedient.—1 Cor. 10. 14-23.
- Th. Be separate.—2 Cor. 6. 11-13.
- F. Consideration for others.—Luke 6.  
27-36.
- S. Burden-bearing.—Gal. 6. 1-10.
- Su. The perfect pattern.—1 John 3. 10-16.

**QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.**

1. Knowledge, v. 1-6.  
Concerning what had the Corinthians  
been instructed?  
What caution is given against self-  
confidence?  
When do we have knowledge of God?  
What do we know about idols? What  
about God?  
What was the belief of the world?  
What does Paul declare as to the  
Creator? What as to Christ?  
What is said about this in John 1. 1-3?
2. Liberty, v. 7-9.  
What food had been indulged in by  
converted idolaters?  
Why did they feel condemned?

Was there anything really wrong in  
this?  
Why then did the apostle advise cau-  
tion?  
3. Self-denial, v. 10-13.  
How may we be stumbling-blocks to  
others?  
To what temptation were the weaker  
subjected?  
Against whom do we sin in leading  
others into temptation?  
What is the language of Jesus about  
this? Matt. 25. 40.  
To what decision did the apostle come?  
What reason did he offer?  
What direction in regard to total ab-  
stinence is given in Rom. 14. 21?  
Why is the use of strong drinks a sin  
against Christ?  
What is our Golden Text?

**PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.**

- Where in this lesson do we learn—
1. The vanity of self-confidence?
  2. That we owe the duty of a right  
example to others?
  3. That we dishonour Christ in causing  
his children to offend?

centre. Often this ball is larger than a  
common baseball, and in this way they  
float about until they lodge against some  
tree, upon the branches of which they  
are soon safe and sound.  
"Hunter Ants" are found in the tropi-  
cal countries. It appears that at par-  
ticular seasons, when pressed for food,  
they leave their nests and enter the  
dwellings by millions. They are harm-  
less to the residents if they do not dis-  
turb or kill any of their number. In  
half an hour the ants enter every room,  
wardrobe, trunk, and cranny in the  
house, in search of insects. They cover  
the walls, floors, ceilings, and even the  
under side of the roof, and woe to every  
cockroach, fly, or wasp that does not im-  
mediately escape!  
In Trinidad they filled Mrs. Car-  
michael's house for five hours, destroying  
hundreds of insects, and a score of mice  
and rats, which she saw covered with  
hundreds of the little warriors, until  
they were worried to death and then de-  
voured. After this thorough depopula-  
tion, the ants suddenly left for their  
nests.

or any of her circumstances, pronounced  
them most satisfactory.  
She will, however, not yet apply for  
admission—perhaps not for a year or  
two—as she is now only sixteen years  
old.  
There is said to be only one other per-  
son whose skill in lip reading and ar-  
ticulation approaches that of Helen  
Kellar. This is a Norwegian girl named  
Ragnhild Kaata, whose articulation has  
been so developed within three years  
that to-day she speaks fluently English,  
German, and French. The success of  
these two have aroused others to make  
the same effort, but so far all have failed.  
Miss Kellar in reading places her  
thumb over the larynx of the speaker,  
her forefinger upon the lips, and her  
middle finger at the side of the speaker's  
nose, and her touch is so sensitive and  
her understanding of the vibrations so  
perfect that it is said she does not miss  
a word.  
Her mother, the widow of a Confederate  
officer, is still living in Alabama, with  
the other children.



ARMY OF ANTS.

**REMARKABLE ANTS.**

Bees and ants may be called civilized  
animals. They live in cities, and un-  
derstand the value of co-operation. In-  
deed, they could give men some valu-  
able lessons upon one of the oldest, the  
best known, and the truest of human  
proverbs: "In union there is strength."  
Ants show wonderful intelligence, and  
the "driver ants" not only build boats,  
but launch them, too; only these boats  
are formed of their own bodies. They  
are called "drivers" because of their  
ferocity. Nothing can stand before the  
attacks of these little creatures. Large  
pythons have been killed by them in a  
single night; while chickens, lizards, and  
other small animals in Western Africa,  
flee from them in terror.  
To protect themselves from the heat,  
they erect arches, under which numerous  
armies of them pass in safety. Some-  
times the arch is made of grass and  
earth, and gummed together by some  
secretion; and, again, it is formed by the  
bodies of the larger ants, who hold them-  
selves together by their strong nippers,  
while the workers pass under them.  
At certain times of the year, freshets  
overflow the country inhabited by the  
"drivers," and it is then that these ants  
go to sea. The rain comes suddenly,  
and the walls of their houses are broken  
in by the flood; but instead of coming  
to the surface in scattered hundreds, and  
being swept off to destruction, out of  
the ruin rises a black ball that rides  
safely on the water, and drifts away.  
At the first warning of danger, the  
little creatures rush together and form  
a solid body of ants—the weaker in the

The negroes are so impressed with their  
usefulness, that they call these ants  
"God's blessing." One of them, passing  
Mrs. Carmichael's house just after the  
above scene, called out: "Ah, missus,  
yo' 's got the blessing of God to-day;  
and a great blessing it is to get such a  
cleaning!"

**HELEN KELLAR AS A SCHOOL-  
GIRL.**

Notwithstanding her blindness and  
deafness, Helen Kellar has achieved a  
marvellous success. Your attention has  
so often been called to the attainments  
of this deaf, dumb and blind girl, that  
to most young people she seems not a  
stranger. Ever since she was brought  
to the Perkins Institute for the Blind, in  
South Boston, Mass., where the well-  
known Laura Bridgman, another deaf,  
dumb and blind girl, received a liberal  
education, the public has been made ac-  
quainted with the remarkable develop-  
ment that has been taking place in this  
truly remarkable girl.  
After leaving school, last June, Miss  
Kellar went to Cape Cod, Mass., for the  
remainder of the summer, and in the fall  
entered the Gilman Preparatory School  
for Girls, in Cambridge, Mass., desiring  
to enter the Harvard Annex. The  
principal was so impressed with her that  
he decided to measure her accomplish-  
ments by the examination papers given  
to young women who applied for ad-  
mission to Radcliffe College this year,  
and the result was that the Harvard ex-  
aminers, without knowing who she was

**THE CLEANSING ACTION OF SOAP.**

Have you any distinct idea of the man-  
ner in which soap acts in removing dirt?  
It seems a very simple matter, but it is  
not; chemists themselves have been  
puzzled as to the chemistry of the pro-  
cess! Prof. W. Stanley Jevons, a man  
of science, has, however, rendered us a  
service by his explanation of the cleans-  
ing action of soap, which is as follows:  
It is generally considered that the  
efficacy of soap depends mainly upon its  
decomposition, when it is mixed with  
water, into an alkali and a fatty acid.  
The alkali thus set free dissolves the  
grease by which the dirt is attached to  
the surface to be cleansed, and the water  
then carries the dirt off. But this is not  
all; the fatty acid from the soap neu-  
tralizes any free alkali remaining after the  
loosening of the dirt, and thus prevents  
the alkali from attacking the cleansed  
surface itself. This is very important  
when soap is applied to the skin, and  
the painful effects produced by some  
varieties of soap are due to the fact that  
they possess an excess of free alkali,  
more than the fatty acids can neutralize.  
But there are other factors concerned  
in the action of soap. Its cohesive  
power, upon which the formation of soap-  
bubbles and lather depends, enables it to  
gather up the dirt as it is loosened by  
the alkali. Then, too, the process is  
assisted by the curious property which  
soap possesses of producing a great agi-  
tation among solid particles suspended in  
water.  
This, of course, tends to the ready re-  
moval of the dirt after it has been de-  
tached from the surface, and it is this  
action that Professor Jevons has pointed  
out as being one of the elements of the  
cleansing power of soap.

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