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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

VOL. XVII.] TORONTO, OCTOBER 2, 1897. No. 40

The Sculptor Boy.

BY BISHOP DOANE.

Chisel in hand stood the sculptor boy,
With his marble block before him,
And his face lit up with a smile of joy,
As an angel dream passed o'er him:
He carved the dream on a shapeless stone,
With many a deep incision;
With heaven's own light the sculpture shone—
He had caught that angel vision.

Sculptors of life are we, as we stand
With our souls uncarved before us,
Waiting the hour when at God's command,
Our life-dream passes o'er us;
If we carve it then on the yielding stone,
With many a sharp incision,
Its heavenly beauty shall be our own
Our lives that angel vision.

ON THE ST. JOHN RIVER.*

The most striking approach to the city of St. John, is from the sea. Partridge Island guards the entrance to the harbour, like a stern and rocky warder. We pass close to the left the remarkable beacon light shown in one of our engravings. At low tide this is an exceedingly picturesque object. Its broad base is heavily mantled with dripping sea-weed, and its tremendous mass gives one a vivid idea of the height and force of the Bay of Fundy tides. Conspicuous to the left, is the Martello Tower, on Carleton Heights, and in front, the many-hilled city of St. John. Sloping steeply up from the water, it occupies a most commanding position, and its terraced streets appear to remarkable advantage. It looks somewhat, says the author of "Baddeck," in his exaggerated vein, as though it would slide off the steep hillside, if the houses were not well mortised into solid rock. It is apparently built on as many hills as Rome, and each of them seems to be crowded with a graceful spire.

Situated at the mouth of one of the largest rivers on the continent, the chief point of export and import, and the great distributing centre for a prosperous province, it cannot fail to be a great city. It is indeed beautiful for situation. Seated like a queen upon her rocky throne, it commands a prospect of rarely equalled magnificence and loveliness. Its ships are on all the seas, and it is destined by nature to be, and indeed is now, one of the great ports of the world. The huge wharves, rendered necessary by the high tides, and the vessels left stranded in the mud by their ebb, are a novel spectacle to an inlander.

There are few more graceful sights than a large square-rigged vessel, swaying, swan-like, in the breeze, and gliding on her destined way before a favouring breeze. Small wonder that Charles Dibdin's sea-songs stir the pulses of the veriest landsman with a longing for the sea. It must be the old Norse blood of our Viking ancestors that responds to the spell.

SUSPENSION BRIDGE. FALLS OF THE ST. JOHN RIVER, ST. JOHN, N.B.

Since the great fire of 1877, which swept over two hundred acres, and destroyed over sixteen hundred houses, its street architecture has been greatly improved. Stately blocks of brick and stone have taken the place of the former wooden structures.

The new Methodist, Anglican, and Presbyterian churches are beautiful stone structures that would do credit to any city. The Centenary church has a noble open roof, and the elaborate tracery of the windows is all in stone. The stained glass in the windows is very fine. It is situated on the highest ground in the city, and when its magnificent spire is erected will be the most conspicuous object in this city of churches.

St. John is essentially a maritime city. Its wharves are always in demand for shipping, and vast quantities of lumber, etc., are annually exported to other countries. It is, indeed, the fourth among the shipping ports of the world, and St. John ships are found in every part of the seas of both hemispheres. Before the introduction of steam, its clipper ships had a fame second to none, and voyages were made of which the tales are proudly told even unto this day.

The great tide-fall gives curious effects when the tide is out; the wharves rise so high above the water-level, and the light-houses look so gaunt and weird standing upon mammoth spindle-shanks, or the lofty ribs of their foundations bared to the cruel air with tags of sea-weed fluttering from their crevices. It is decidedly odd to see the carts drawn down to the market slip, at low tide, between the stranded market boats that rest upon their oozy beds.

In the environs of St. John there are several charming drives. Returning, the important suburb of Carleton, which lies across the harbour, may be visited, and one may see the ruins of Fort La Tour. Houses are built on this historic ground, and they are not by any means imposing in their character; slabs and sawdust are numerous, and the air is at times pervaded with a decided odour of fish. Such is Fort La Tour to-day, such is the place where lived and died "the first and greatest of Acadian heroines—a woman whose name is as proudly enshrined in the history of this land as that of any sceptered queen in European story." If one wants to get a comprehensive view of all this neighbourhood, *let him climb the heights of Portland* or of Carleton; but my selection as a viewing-point would be the old dismantled fort behind the exhibition building, where, from the carriage of a King George cannon you can gaze on city or bay.

The drives over the rocky hills in the vicinity of St. John give land and sea views of surpassing grandeur. One of the finest of these drives is that to the Suspension and Cantilever Bridges. These bridges, which combine an airy grace and rigid strength, cross a rocky gorge, only 450 feet wide, at a height of a hundred feet above low-water, into which the wide waters of the St. John are compressed.

The Suspension Bridge was constructed through the energy of one man, William H. Reynolds. Few besides the projector had any faith in the undertaking and he therefore assumed the whole financial and other responsibility, not a dollar being paid by the shareholders until the bridge was opened to the public. In 1875 the bridge was purchased from the shareholders by the Provincial Government, and is now a free highway. It is most impressive to look down upon the swirling, eddying tides, flecked with *snowy foam, and still more so to de*scend to the water side, and view the surging current and high in air the graceful bridges. At low tide there is here a fall in the river of about fifteen feet. At a certain stage of the tide, and for a short time only, vessels may sail up or down over these falls, and rafts, with risky navigation, can be floated into the harbour. That these seething eddies are not without danger as shown by the wreck of a good-sized vessel which lay on her beam ends as we passed.

It is curious that in the immediate vicinity of the two most remarkable suspension bridges in Canada—those at St. John and at the Falls of Niagara—have been erected cantilever railway bridges; thus bringing into strong contrast the varying principles of these two modes of bridge construction. The main span of the cantilever bridge over the St. John is 825 feet. It was opened in 1885, and gives direct communication between the New Brunswick railway system and the vast system of the United States.

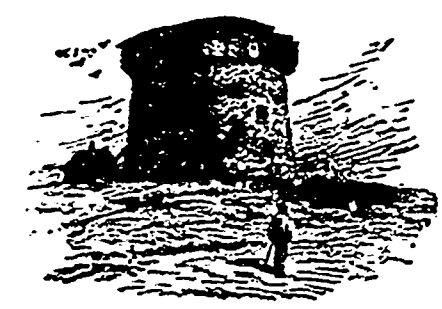
One of the finest marine views is that from the quaint, old, feudal-looking Martello tower, on the summit of the highest hill, *on the Carleton side of the har*bour. It gives a complete bird's-eye view of the shipping, and on the seaward side the broad Bay of Fundy, and in the distance the blue shores of Nova Scotia, with the deep gap at the entrance to the Annapolis Basin, known as the Digby Gut. I never realized before the force of Tennyson's fine line—

"The wrinkled sea beneath him crawled,"

till I stood here and watched the broad expanse of wind-swept, wave-marked water; every gust and flaw leaving its mark upon the mobile surface.

HISTORIC MEMORIES.

The historic associations of St. John are of fascinating interest. Its settlement dates back to the stormy conflict for jurisdiction and trading rights of D'Aulnay and La Tour, in the old Acadian days. The story of La Tour and his heroic wife is one of the most interesting in the annals of the colonies. The legend is one of the bits of history



MARTELLO TOWER.

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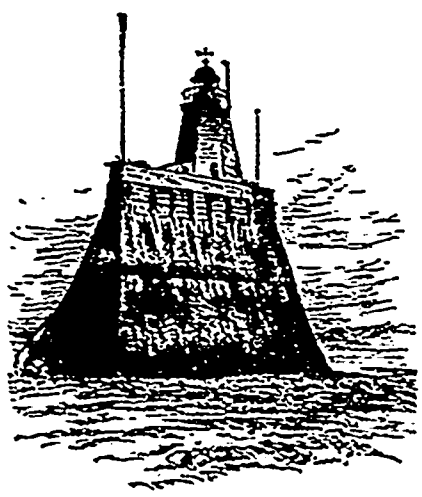

BEACON LIGHT, ST. JOHN HARBOUR, AT LOW TIDE.

in which St John takes special pride Every one knows the story—how Madame, wife of Charles St Etienne de la Tour, one of the lords of Acadia, under the French king, held that fort when it was attacked by the rival lord of Acadia, D'Aulnay Charnizay, while her husband was absent, seeking help from the Puritans of Massachusetts, and how she held it so well and bravely that she repulsed the besieger until the treachery of one of her garrison, a Swiss, placed her in D'Aulnay's hands; and how all her garrison, but the Swiss, were put to death, and how Madame herself died, from grief and ill-treatment, in nine days, before her husband could arrive to her succour.

The real founding of the present city dates from the close of the war of the American Revolution. Liberal provision was made in the British Colonies for the reception of the U. E. Loyalist refugees from the United States, and large land-grants were allotted them Considerable numbers came to Halifax, Annapolis, Port Roseway (Shelburne), and other points. The main body, however settled near the St. John and Kennebecassis rivers. On the 18th of May 1783, the ships bearing these exiles for conscience' sake, arrived at the mouth of the St. John. Here they resolved to found a new Troy, to hew out for themselves new homes in the wilderness. The prospect was not a flattering one The site of the present noble city of St John was a forest of pines and spruces, surrounded by a dreary marsh. The blackened ruins of the old French fort, together with a block-house, and a few houses and stores, met their gaze. Before the summer was over, a population of five thousand persons was settled in the vicinity.

To the new settlement the name of Parrtown was given, in honour of the energetic Governor of Nova Scotia. Soon the Loyalists claimed representation in the Assembly of Nova Scotia. This the Governor opposed, as his instructions prohibited the increase of representatives. The settlers on the St. John urged that their territory should be set apart as a separate province, with its own representative institutions. They had powerful friends in England, and the division was accordingly made. The Province of New Brunswick was created, and named in honour of the reigning dynasty of Great Britain, 1784.

In 1785, Parrtown became incorporated as the city of St. John. It was thus the first, and, for many years the only, incorporated city in British North America. The first session of the House of Assembly was held in St. John in 1786, but two years later, the seat of government was transferred to Fredericton, eighty-five miles up the St. John river, as being more central to the province, and in order to secure immunity from hostile attack and from the factious or corrupting influence of the more populous commercial metropolis, St. John.

DICKENS' MOCK LIBRARY OF DUMMY BOOKS.

"Gad's Hill" was a merry house. Dickens was a wellspring of mirth, and his humour infected the whole party. Often, when I came down from London, he would walk out and lean against the doorpost, while I was at the gate, and we would shout with laughter over the fun that we had had and were going to have. When everything else failed, the library was an unending amusement. The room was lined with books from floor to ceiling, even the backs of the doors being bookcases; but the books on the doors and along the floor were bogus. Dummy backs had been lettered with titles and pasted on the glass, and the titles had been selected by such wits as Dickens, Yates, the Collins brothers, Albert Smith, and Mark Lemon, of Punch. We used to sit on the floor to study this mock library and roll over with delight at some clever satire. I remember "The Virtues of Our Ancestors," a volume so thin that the title had to be printed lengthwise; "Five Minutes in India, by a British Tourist," in two volumes as large as an unabridged dictionary, "Lives of the Poets," a more pamphlet, "Eggs on Bacon," to match "Coke on Littleton"; "Statues Erected to the Duke of Wellington," fifteen portly volumes, and there were dozens of other quips and cranks. A catalogue of these bogus books should have been preserved, but nobody thought of writing it out, nobody realized that Dickens would ever die.

Dickens was lord of the manor at "Gad's Hill," and owner of the Falstaff Inn, a picturesque little hostelry where his guests were sometimes accommodated when his house was overcrowded. One night there was a disturbance at the inn, and Dickens led us over to see about it. A party of rough-looking fellows were smoking and drinking in the bar-room, and down the dirty face of one of them the blood was streaming. This man said that the landlord had struck him with a pewter pot.

"Is that true?" asked Dickens sternly.

"Vell, sir," replied the landlord, moving uneasily with shifty glances, "vether hi 'it that man on the 'ed vid a powter pot or vether hi did not 'it that man on the 'ed vid a powter pot, hit is not for me, sir, to say; but the himpression hon my mind, sir, his that hi did not"

Dickens suppressed a chuckle, and with dignified gravity responded:

"Whether you hit that man on the head with a powter pot, or whether you did not, it is not for me to say; but the impression on his head is that you did!" —Ladies' Home Journal.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, OCTOBER 2, 1897.

JUNIOR EPWORTH LEAGUE.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

OCTOBER 10, 1897.

The song of Moses.—Exodus 15. 1-19.

NAME OF BOOK.

Names are significant. Genesis means "*beginning.*" That book is the first history of the world and is the beginning of all history. Exodus means going out, and it is the record of the children of Israel's departure from Egypt, and abounds with incidents of the most thrilling and exciting character. Our young people should make themselves familiar with this grand book.

OCCASION OF THE SONG.

The journey to the Red Sea was the commencement of their pilgrimage. It was a novelty to them. The commencement in Egypt was such as should have impressed them with feelings of the greatness of God. The miracles were such as had never been seen. They were pursued. The sight of their oppressors alarmed them. God's goodness and power were again displayed on their behalf. He opened a passage for them, but when they had crossed, the waters closed, and their pursuers were drowned.

SONG OF TRIUMPH.

Victories on the battle-field have often been the occasion for composing songs of victory. Many of our young people who have studied Roman and Grecian histories will call to mind some of those memorable scenes. In many instances monuments have been erected to perpetuate the memory of those who have distinguished themselves on important occasions. Brock's monument at Niagara, Montcalm and Wolfe's monument on the Plains of Abraham, at Quebec, are instances of what we mean.

MEMORABLE.

This song recapitulates all the particulars of the event. There are few parts of the Holy Scriptures more suitable for recitation than this grand chapter. We are none of us as familiar with the inspiring scenes of Israel's history as we ought to be. This chapter gives exalted views of God's goodness, while the example of praise might excite within us a disposition to praise God more than we do. Read, and if you please, commit that noble hymn to memory which begins with,

"I'll praise my Maker while I've breath,"
etc.

WHAT GOD GIVES A BOY.

A body to live in and keep clean and healthy, and as a dwelling for his mind and a temple for his soul.

A pair of hands to use for himself and others, but never against others for himself.

A pair of feet to do errands of love, kindness, charity, and business, but not to loiter in places of mischief, temptation, or sin.

A pair of lips to keep pure and unpolluted by tobacco or whiskey, and to speak true, kind, brave words.

A pair of ears to hear the music of bird, tree, rill and human voice, but not to give heed to what the tempter says.

A pair of eyes to see the beautiful, the good, and the true, God's finger prints in the flower, field, and snowflake.

A mind to remember, reason, decide, and store up wisdom, and impart it to others.

A soul pure and spotless as a new-fallen snowflake, to receive impressions of good and to develop faculties of powers and virtues which shall shape it day by day, as the artist's chisel shapes the stone, into the image and likeness of Jesus Christ.

THIRTY YEARS AFTER.

The eccentric John Stuart Blackie, Professor of Greek in Edinburgh University, once came across a student, lying beside a path, and reading aloud the third book of the "Aeneid." Thirty years after, the student sends to the Canada Presbyterian, the following interview:

Suddenly he felt the touch of a stick on his shoulder, and, turning about, saw a man by his side. It was a tall, lean man, with a shepherd's plaid thrown loosely around his shoulders. In his right hand he held a shepherd's crook, and on his head a "wide-awake" hat, almost as wide of brim as the cowboy hat of the American plains.

"Ye're reading Virgil, laddie," said the man.

"Yes, sir."

"Let me hear ye translate this," he continued; and in a wonderful way he rolled off a dozen lines of the poet, chosen at random.

The young man did his best to render it into English, and then parsed and scanned the lines in a faulty way, he thought. But the unknown man in the guise of a shepherd was pleased to commend the student's effort. Then the two walked together down to Castleton, the stranger talking eloquently and most instructively of the writings of the Greeks and Romans. When their ways parted the man said:

"I suppose you don't know who I am?"

"No, sir," answered the student.

"Well, I am Professor Blackie, of Edinburgh. I dare say you have heard of me."

"Oh! very often indeed."

"Aye, aye," said the professor, slowly and thoughtfully. "And I dare say ye've heard that many folks think I'm a wee bit cracked," tapping his forehead with is finger; "but never forget, laddie, that, as Tam Chalmers once said, a crack often lets in the light!"

ABOUT IVORY.

BY FRED MYRON COLBY.

Have any of our young folks ever wondered where all the ivory comes from? So many things are made of it: knife handles, paper cutters, pen holders, chessmen, curious toys, and parasol handles—there must be a good supply somewhere of the glossy white material.

In some countries chairs of state and thrones are made of it; the floors of palaces are inlaid with it, and sometimes the roofs of royal banquet-rooms are decorated with this costly commodity? One African potentate that I have read of had his royal residence fenced in by a row of gleaming elephant tusks. The royal abode was mud-walled and had a straw roof, and all its inner decorations were barbarous enough; but think of that ivory fence!

Ivory has always been an article of luxury. As long ago as the days of King Solomon it was named with gold as a valuable commodity. The caravans of the great king used to bring it from Ophir and from Ethiopia across the seas and the deserts to Jerusalem. One of the Hebrew kings, it is said, built an ivory palace; probably the walls were panelled with this precious material, and no much of it was used in its decoration that is was termed an "ivory house."

There are two great sources of supply for ivory. One is elephant hunting in Africa and India, the other is ivory digging in the marsh lands of Siberia. Strange, is it not, that the gleaming treasure should be found so far apart as are the burning deserts and the frozen wastes of the Arctic continent where the Aurora Borealis flashes its spectral light over the teeming caravans?

Every year the elephant hunters, to supply the orders sent out from the great markets of London, Paris, and St. Petersburg, pursue their trade in the Indian jungles and the African deserts. They undergo great hardships, and oftentimes lives are lost in trying to capture their costly prizes. The adventures told of elephant hunting would make a volume of thrilling reading.

But dangerous as is elephant hunting, still greater are the risks undergone by those who pursue the search for fossil ivory. Do you know what fossil ivory is? Thousands of years ago the mammoth and the mastodon, much larger than the elephant, roamed the earth, but when the ice age came they were destroyed, and their remains, imbedded in ice banks, are found to-day in great numbers. The tusks and teeth of these huge and extinct animals constitute fossil ivory. It is estimated that fifty thousand pounds of fossil ivory are sent every year along the great caravan roads to the leading markets of the world.

The smooth white ivory that we see tells no tales of its long vigils passed in the Arctic snows, nor does it give it any hint of the perils encountered by those who remove it from its frozen bed where it has lain so long. But nothing is acquired without labour, and the tragedies that accompany the pursuit of ivory digging are among the most thrilling and terrible in the history of civilized man. Many an unknown grave lies amid those Northern snows, solemn testimonial of the cost of our beautiful ivory.

A Hint.

BY HENRIETTA R. ELIOT.

A red glass makes everything seen through it red,
While blue glass turns everything blue;
So when every one seems to you selfish or cross,
Perhaps the real fault is in you!

THE LOCOMOTIVE WHISTLE.

It is told that the locomotive whistle was invented because of the destruction of a load of eggs. When locomotives were first built the country roads were for the most part crossed at grade, and the engine-driver had no way of giving warning of his approach except by blowing a tin torn. The horn, it may be imagined, was far from being a sufficient warning. One day, in the year 1833, a farmer of Thornton was crossing the railroad track on one of the country roads with a great load of eggs and butter. Just as he came upon the track a train approached. The engine-man blew his horn lustily, but the farmer did not hear it. Eighty dozen of eggs and fifty pounds of butter were smashed into an inuistinguishable, unpleasant mass and mingled with the kindling wood to which the waggon was reduced. The railway company had to pay the farmer the value of his fifty pounds of butter, 900 eggs, his horse and his waggon. It was considered a very serious matter, and straightway a director of the company, Ashlen Baxter by name, went to Alton Grange, where George Stephenson lived, to see if he could not invent something that would give warning more likely to be heard. Stephenson went to work, and the next day had a contrivance which, when attached to the engine boiler and the steam turned on, gave a shrill, discordant sound. The railroad directors, greatly delighted, ordered similar contrivances attached to all the locomotives, and from that day to this the voice of the locomotive whistle has never been silent.

An affecting incident connected with the massacre at Oorfa, in Armenia, was that of a mother, whose two sons were caught by the mob, while men with drawn swords, ready to cut them down, demanded that they should accept the Moslem faith. But the mother called out to them: "Die, but don't deny the Lord!" They stood firm, and were immediately cut down.

BOYS, DO YOUR BEST.

Boys, do your best; if you heed this advice,
It will never lead you astray,
And many a friend
It will gain in the end,
If the precept you choose to obey

If put on your honour, be certain to prove
That confidence in you was right;
Although long the day
'Twill abundantly pay,
And your sleep will be sweeter at night.

Boys, do your best; if allotted a task,
Set about it, at once, with a will,
"A thing well begun,
Is nearly half done,"
Is an adage of truthfulness still.

Don't expect to be told every day of the week
That commendable zeal you have shown,
For praise to the face,
Is ofttimes out of place,
Yet your efforts for good, are all known.

Boys, do your best; how little you dream
That your actions are weighed every night,
The balance each day,
You tip either way,
But be sure you tip it aright.

If a schoolmate should ask you to join some scheme,
And your conscience should whisper you "Nay,"
Just turn a deaf ear
When the tempter you hear,
And you'll find in the end it will pay.

Boys, do your best; wherever in life
Your pathway of duty may fall.
If you do with your might,
What is manly and right,
You'll be loved and respected by all.

And then, when the days of your pilgrimage end,
If honest and faithful you've been,
You'll hear at the gate,
Where an entrance you wait,
The sweet salutation, "Come in."

NEMO

OR

The Wonderful Door.

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

CHAPTER XII.

THE MIDNIGHT KNOCK.

Amos little thought, when he bade Abel Grey good-night at the close of that sorrowful evening, how long it would be before he saw him again. No sleep came to refresh the poor little man that night; he tossed about on his bed, feverish and ill, and aching in every limb. In the morning he was obliged to knock on the wall for his next-door neighbour, for he could not get out of bed, and he was afraid that he should die before any one came to him. She was a kind-hearted woman, and at once sent for the doctor, and undertook the charge of him in his illness.

The doctor was very attentive, but poor Abel grew worse and worse. It was a bad kind of low fever, which had been brought on by sorrow and anxiety, and which was kept from abating by the sore aching at his heart, as day by day he missed his boy more and more.

When, after many weeks, the fever left him, Abel was as feeble as an infant. His kind neighbour came in and out, and brought him all he needed, and he lay at other times alone in his bed in the silent house, listening to the footsteps of the passers-by in the street, and to the ticking of Betty's old clock in the kitchen.

It was during that weary time of weakness that Nemo's prayer was answered, for Abel Grey began at last to knock at the door. God had not sent him that sorrow in vain; it had brought him to himself. As he lay on his bed, he repeated over and over again this prayer: "God be merciful to me a sinner. Lord, Lord, open to me!"

Very earnestly, very humbly, he prayed, but for some time no comfort came. Satan troubled him with doubts. He could not believe that the door would be opened to him. He had neglected to knock for so long, he had turned away when the invitation to come had been given him, now he feared it was too late; he almost fancied that he heard the voice from within the door saying to him, "I know you not." But it was wonderful how, at that time, all Nemo's texts and hymns, which had been taught to him by Amos, and which he had so much loved to repeat, came back to his poor little foster-father's memory as he lay on his bed. And yet it was not wonderful, for was it not the voice of God speaking to his soul?

There was one verse to which Abel especially turned for comfort: "Every one that asketh receiveth, and he that seeketh findeth, and to him that knocketh it shall be opened." It does not say, said the *poor little man*, "every one that knocks early, or that begins to knock as soon as ever he sees the door; it just says, 'To him that knocketh it shall be opened.' I suppose that means any one who knocks, at any time before the door is closed forever. I should think, then, it might take me in, though I've been such a long time about it."

And at last Abel could say, humbly and thankfully, a verse of one of Nemo's favourite hymns—

"If I ask him to receive me,
Will he say me nay?
Not till earth, and not till heaven,
Pass away."

Little by little, very slowly and gradually, strength came back to him. He was able at length to get up, to creep downstairs, to put his own kettle on, and to sit propped up by cushions near the kitchen fire. But he had not gained sufficient strength to cross the street and to mount the stairs to Amos' garret, before a very strange thing happened.

Abel had gone to bed early, for the evenings were *long and dreary for him* now, and he had fallen fast asleep. The kitchen clock had ticked on unheard and unnoticed, and had struck several hours since Abel went upstairs. Nine, ten, eleven, and twelve had all gone by, when there came a heavy knocking at the shop-door.

It soon awoke Abel, who slept very lightly, and he sat up in bed trembling with terror. At first he thought it was a drunken man who had mistaken his house, and he determined to remain in bed and to take no notice of him.

But the knocking went on so long that at length he crept out of bed, and, opening his window a little way, he peeped cautiously out.

"Does Abel Grey live here?" said a loud voice from below.

"Yes, I am Abel Grey," said the poor trembling little man.

"All right; you're wanted," said the voice. "Put on your clothes as quick as you can, and come with me."

"But I can't come," said Abel, in a voice shaking with fear; "it's impossible for me to come. I haven't been out for weeks; I've been very ill. Who it is wants me at this time of night?"

"Well," said the man, "what I was told to say by them as sent me was this,—'Nemo wants you.'"

"Nemo!" said the little man, trembling more than ever. "My little lad, Nemo, do you mean?"

"Ay, I reckon it will be the little lad," said the man; "a little chap of eight or nine or thereabouts."

"It's my little Nemo!" said Abel, with tears in his eyes. "If Nemo wants me, I'll come at once."

As fast as his trembling fingers would allow him, he put on his clothes, and, coming down to the door, he found his midnight visitor—a stout young countryman with a whip in his hand.

"That's right," he said. "I've brought the trap to the door; jump in."

It was a high cart, something like a milk-cart, and the young man, seeing that Abel was quite unable to obey him by jumping in, lifted him in his strong arms like a baby, and put him in his place on the high seat. Then they drove away in the darkness as fast as the tired horse could be urged forward.

On the way Abel tried to find out where they were going, and when and how he had met Nemo, but the young man did not seem willing to tell him. All he would say was that he had been well paid for his job, and that his job was to fetch Abel Grey at once, and to keep a still tongue between his teeth.

They drove on for some hours, and at length, just as day was breaking, they came in sight of a village which Abel had never seen before. "We're just there now," said the young countryman. He stopped before a thatched cottage, left the horse and cart at the gate, and, opening the door, he called several times, "Mother! mother! mother!" But as no one answered the call, he beckoned to Abel to follow him, and led the way through the house into a little farmyard, at the end of which was a barn or hay-loft.

Entering this barn, he again called, "Mother! mother!"

"I'm up here," said a voice. "Have you brought him?"

But before the young man could answer, a child's voice from above rang out with a cry of gladness that Abel would remember to his dying day, "Oh, Abel, Abel, Abel, have you really come?"

A steep ladder led up to the loft, but Abel, in spite of his weakness, quickly mounted it. No sooner was he at the top than two small arms were round his neck, and his lost child was in his arms again, sobbing for very joy at the sight of him; and there, on a bed of hay at the other end of the loft, lay the strange gaunt man who had tracked their footsteps, gasping for breath, and evidently dying fast; whilst beside him sat the old woman of the cottage, wiping his face with her handkerchief, and trying to make him take a spoonful of milk from a cup that stood on an old box beside her; and at his feet was stretched the lost dog, which recognized Abel at once, and came forward to meet him. Poor little Nemo told his foster-father afterwards, that in the long miserable time which he had passed, the poor dog had been his greatest comfort; in the midst of his terror at being carried away it had comforted him a little, and he had felt that, whilst he had the dog, a little bit of the old happy life with Abel was left to him.

The dying man held out his thin hand to the dwarf, and told him he was glad that he had come, for he wanted to tell him something before he died.

"Leave us alone a bit, good people, will you?" he said. "A blessing on you for your kindness to a poor outcast!"

"I needn't go, need I?" said Nemo, who was clinging to Abel as if he was afraid to let him go out of his sight.

"No, you must hear it, too, Nemo," said the dying man, "for it is your story I am going to tell."

When they were alone, the strange man bade them sit close to him, so that they could easily hear what he had to say, and then began his strange story.

"You remember Everton?" was the first thing he said.

"Yes, Abel, you know," said Nemo. "Where the little girl in pink lives. And it was him I saw peeping out of the bushes that day, when you wouldn't believe me. Abel, it was him, because he's told me so."

"Yes," said the man, "I was there. Now, mark my words—that house, that park, that estate, every inch of it—belongs of right to that child, and to none other;" and as he spoke he pointed with his thin finger at Nemo.

Then, with the greatest difficulty and with many pauses, he told them all he had to tell. He said that his real name, though he had passed by many others, was Mark Weston. He said that he was brought up to service, and after being in several families he became the valet of a Mr. Gilbert Prescot. His master told him, when he engaged him, that he travelled a good deal, and the very next summer they spent in Switzerland and the north of Italy. One day, when they were among the mountains, staying at a small hotel, his master pointed out to him, in the hotel garden, a gentleman and a lady.

He told him the gentleman was his cousin, Mr. John Oakley, who had been married about a year, and who was travelling with is bride abroad before settling down on his father's estate in England. He also told him, either on that occasion or soon after, that he himself was the next heir to that estate, and that if his cousin had not married he would have succeeded to that property.

Soon after this the cousins became very friendly, and planned many expeditions together on the mountains; in some of these a guide accompanied them, but others, which were less dangerous, they attempted alone, only taking Mark with them to carry their luncheon and coats. On one of these expeditions an awful thing happened. The valet was left behind by his master at a roadside spring, and told to fill several small bottles with water for them to drink by the way. His master and Mr. Oakley went on together, saying that they would wait for him at the top of the hill. When they had gone, he filled the bottles as quickly as possible, and hastened after them. The narrow path lay on the side of the steep mountain, a cliff stretched overhead, a precipice lay below. It was a winding path, not much of it could be seen at once, and for some time Mark saw nothing of the two young men. But at length, just as he turned a corner, he suddenly came in sight of them—and a terrible sight it was. He saw them before they saw him, and he saw that a struggle was going on, and that his master was in the act of pushing his cousin over the brink of the precipice. The servant rushed forward but was too late to save him, and as he looked down he saw his mangled body a hundred feet below.

And then his master tempted him. He was offered an enormous bribe to say nothing of the affair, but to stand by his master as if nothing had happened. A large sum of money was to be paid to him every year on that fatal day, if he held his tongue.

The temptation was too strong for him. He accepted the bribe, and, as he told Abel and Nemo, he had never known a moment's peace or happiness since.

They went back to the hotel, and broke the terrible news of her husband's death to the *poor young wife*. It was an awful scene which followed; and he shuddered on his dying bed as he thought of it. Then the next day fresh difficulties arose, for a little boy was born, a new heir to the estate. The child seemed to be healthy and likely to live, and Gilbert Prescot had committed the murder for nothing. Everton was as far from his reach as ever. Mark, too, saw that there was little chance of his master being able to pay the enormous annual bribe he had promised him, and he had almost determined to go to a magistrate and relieve his conscience of the secret.

But as he was wandering about the *little Italian town a man begged of him*, an Englishman, who implored for help from a fellow-countryman. The man told him that he had come out to Italy as gardener to an English gentleman, who was a resident there, but that he had been suddenly dismissed from his service, and had no money to take him back to England. For this he wanted help. Mark would have passed him by without notice, had not the man gone on to say that his case was the more sad because his wife had had a little baby born a fortnight before, and it was now lying dead in the house, and they had no money with which to bury it.

Another temptation of Satan was now spread before Mark Weston. Here he thought, was a way out of the difficulty. The babies might be changed. The young mother was unconscious, and apparently dying, she could know nothing; the dead baby might be laid by her side, and the *living child, the little heir, be* made over to the gardener. His wicked plan was laid before his master, and was approved by him. The gardener's wife was brought to the hotel as an English nurse for the baby. Soon after, the poor young mother died, and the next day it was given out in the hotel that the baby was dead also.

(To be continued.)

"The Ripened Leaves."

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

Said the leaves upon the branches,
One sunny autumn day:
"We've finished all our work, and now
We can no longer stay.
So our gowns of red and yellow,
And our sober cloaks of brown,
Must be worn before the frost comes,
And we go rustling down.

"We've had a jolly summer,
With the birds that built their nests
Beneath our green umbrellas,
And the squirrels for our nests.
But we cannot wait for winter,
For we do not care for snow,
When we hear the wild north-wester
We loose our clasp and go.

"But we hold our heads up bravely,
Unto the very last,
And shine in pomp and splendour
As away we flutter fast.
In the mellow autumn noontide
We kiss and say good-bye,
And through the naked branches
Then may children see the sky."

TAKE CARE OF THE MINUTES.

In an iron mine was a boy whose work it was to open and shut the gates as the carts passed. Sometimes there would be an hour between the carts. It was very tiresome for the little fellow, until one day he found on the road an English history. Then as by magic the time grew short. He read over and over the stories of kings and queens. He lived in a wonderful new world. Next he borrowed from a kind minister a history of Greece. Soon there was scarcely a story of olden times that this lad did not know. He did not stay long in a mine. Such a wise man as he grew to be was needed up in the sunlight. It is not well to waste the minutes. Each is like the cell of a bee-hive! Store it with honey.

The Way That Father Comes.

BY J. R. EASTWOOD.

The way that father comes each night,
Home-faring from the city,
Is scanned with eager glances bright,
By Marjory and Kitty.
Twin sentries by the garden gate,
In spotless white the sisters wait—
Two tiny maids with faces fair,
With deep-blue eyes and soft brown hair.

The way that father comes they know
Must always be the right way,
Trodden a thousand times, and so
It always seems a bright way.
The quiet lane their eyes discern
Is known at every grassy turn,
And, hung with blossoms, arched with green,
It is the sweetest ever seen;

The way that father comes they deem
Awaits his coming only;
Though crowds went by, the way would seem,
Without him, sad and lonely!
It is his voice they long to hear,
His quick, firm footsteps drawing near—
It is for him alone they wait
In loving patience at the gate!

The way that father comes, we guess,
Is where new joys will find him—
An Eden for the wilderness
Of toil and care behind him!
The troubles of the day forgot,
He hastens to a blissful spot,
Where, rosy twilight growing dim,
The children soon shall welcome him.

GOD'S THANK YOU.

A kind act is never lost, although the Cousin Jack or other person for whom we may do it may not thank us. The doer always receives a reward, as this little story illustrates:

Little Jack was a four-year-old, and a great pet of mine, with yellow curls and blue eyes, and he had sweet, affectionate little ways. One day his cousin, a boy of sixteen, set Jack to work for him. He told him to pull up some weeds in the field while he finished his story. Little Jack worked away until his fingers were sore and his face was very hot.

I was working in my room when a very tired little boy came up to me. "Why, Jackie, what have you been doing?" I asked.

The tears came into his eyes, and his lips quivered, and for a moment he did not speak. Then he said: "I've been kind to Cousin Jack, I worked dreffly hard for him, and he never said thank you to me."

Poor little Jackie! I felt sorry for him. It was hard lines not to have a word of thanks after all his hard work. But that night, when I had put him in his little cot, he said to me: "Auntie, this morning I was sorry that I pulled the weeds, but now I'm not sorry."

"How is that?" I asked. "Has Cousin Jack thanked you?"

"No, he hasn't; but inside me I have a good feeling. It always comes when I have been kind to any one, and, do you know, I've found out what it is?"

"What is it, darling?" I asked.

And, throwing his arms around my neck, he whispered: "It's God's thank you."

A FAMILY FRIEND.

"In the South Seas" is one of Robert Louis Stevenson's last books. Mr. Stevenson knew much of the South Sea and its islands, and the manner and customs of the people living there. In the Marquesas Islands the pig has developed wonderful cleverness. He is not only a domestic animal, but a family friend. "Many islanders," Mr. Stevenson observes, "live with their pigs as we do with our dogs, both crowd around the hearth with equal freedom, and the island pig is a fellow of activity, enterprise, and sense." Says Mr. Stevenson:

"He husks his own cocoanuts and—I am told—rolls them into the sun to burst; he is the terror of the shepherd. Mrs. Stevenson, senior, has seen a pig fleeing to the woods with a lamb in his mouth; and I saw another come rapidly—and erroneously—to the conclusion that the 'Casco' was going down, and swim through the flush water to the rail in search of an escape.

"It was told us in childhood that pigs cannot swim; I have known one to leap overboard, swim five hundred yards to shore, and return to the house of his original owner.

"I was once, at Tautira, a pigmaster on a considerable scale. At first, in my pen, the utmost good feeling prevailed. A little sow with the colic came and appealed to us for help in the manner of a child; and there was one shapely black boar, whom we called Catholicus, for he was a particular present from the Catholics of the village, and who early displayed the marks of courage and friendliness.

"No other animal, whether dog or pig, was suffered to approach him at his food, and for human beings he showed a full measure of that toadying fondness, so common in the lower animals, and possibly their chief title to the name.

"One day, on visiting my piggery, I was amazed to see Catholicus draw back from my approach with cries of terror; and if I was amazed at the change, I was truly embarrassed when I learned its reason.

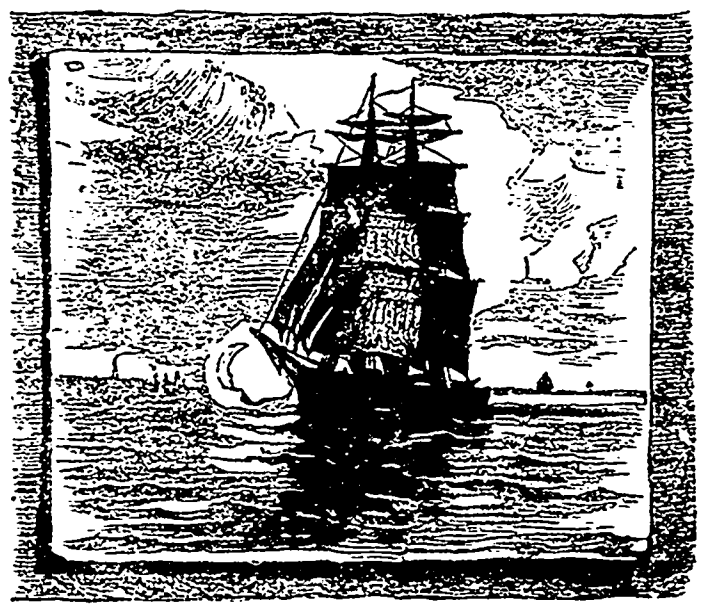
"One of the pigs had been that morning killed; Catholicus had seen the murder, he had discovered he was dwelling in the shambles, and from that time his confidence and his delight in life were ended.

"We still reserved him a long while, but he could not endure the sight of any two-legged creature, nor could we, under the circumstances, encounter his eye without confusion."

FAMOUS DOLLS.

A year or two ago, so it is said, Queen Victoria gave orders that the dolls which she played with when a child, should be publicly exhibited and photographed. This act has called forth the following remark:

"The kind Queen never had a kinder thought than this, which impelled her in her old age to bring out these treasures of her childhood, to give pleasure to her little child-subjects. Many of the dolls are dressed in the costumes worn by English sailors and soldiers, and apart from their association with their owner, are interesting illustrations of history."



TIMBER SHIP LEAVING ST. JOHN.

In a small museum in the close of Salisbury Cathedral is a doll which Marie Antoinette dressed, while she was in prison, for her little girl. The custodian takes out of a drawer with reverent hands this relic of the unfortunate queen, and removing the wrappings, shows the gown of rose-coloured brocade, and a court-train and hood of the same, daintily and carefully made. It was the last little proof of her love that the mother gave to her child. It was given to the museum by the present Duchess of Portland.

In the Egyptian department of the British Museum is a wooden doll which was found in the sarcophagus of a little royal princess who died three centuries before Christ. Her baby fingers still clasped it when the mummy wrappings were unfolded. This is probably the oldest doll in existence.

TWO BOYS WHO WERE GENTLEMEN.

There is nothing which will make a man angry so quick as to be told that he is not a gentleman. But one becomes a true gentleman by beginning early to practice gentle deeds.

On a crowded trolley car going out of Boston, one evening, an old woman was packed in the crowd in the narrow aisle where the standing was all taken. She was bent with age, and was very feeble. Her shabby dress and worn shawl told of her poverty. She carried a large basket, and it seemed to grow heavier and heavier as she changed it from one arm to the other. Seated where this woman was standing sat two persons—one whose tailor-made clothes of expensive fabric showed he was a well-to-do man. The other was a ragged newsboy. Tired from his work, the little fellow's head now and then dropped on his shoulder, and his weary eyelids closed.

Awaking from one of these naps, he saw standing near him the shabby old woman with her heavy basket, and he put his little hand out on hers and said, very gently, but manfully: "You must be tired. Take my seat. I'll hold your basket."

There was the making of a splendid gentleman in that boy.

The other is a street-car story, too. A twelve-year-old boy, barefooted, with patched clothes, passed through a car to give a message to a gentleman who was sitting inside. As he returned, he gave a little jump through the door, and as he did so his bare foot touched a man's knee, and left a little mud on it. Turning around on the platform, he raised his straw hat and said, very politely, in a clear tone, "Please excuse me."

There was another lad with the instincts of a gentleman. There is an old proverb that "Fine feathers do not make fine birds." Neither does a proud heart or bold manners make a gentleman; and such, many times, come to disgrace. Paul says: "Let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed, lest he fall." But the boy who keeps his heart gentle and pure, and lives according to the Golden Rule—doing unto others as he would desire them to do unto him—will grow up to be a real gentleman, and will not need to fear overthrow.—S. S. Advocate.

KEEP THE WORDS OUT.

"I don't want to hear naughty words," said little Charlie to one of his schoolfellows.

"It does not signify," said the other boy, "that they go in at one ear and out at the other."

"No," replied Charlie, "the worst of it is, when naughty words get in, they stick, so I mean to do my best to keep them out."

That is right. Keep them out, for it is sometimes hard work to turn them out when they once get in.

THE BARRED DOOR.

Last autumn, when I was spending a few holidays at Elie, in Fifeshire, I walked some distance, one evening, into the country. Just after dark, as I approached a small cottage at the roadside, I heard a painful cry, and presently saw running toward me a little girl in a state of great agitation and alarm. Before I had time to inquire the cause of her distress, she called out: "The door's barred! the door's barred! Come and help me! come and knock!"

"Are your parents not in?" I replied.

"Yes; but they're in bed, and the door's barred. Come and knock."

"Oh, yes," I said; "I'll do that." And I went with her, and was quite prepared, if need be, to spend a long time knocking. But my first knock brought the mother, who opened the door with a smile; and the timid little girl, who evidently feared she might have to spend the night outside alone in the darkness, ran in past her, and was safe.

Oh, how I have wished that I might see girls and boys as anxious to get into the heavenly home as that little girl was to get into her earthly one! And how gladly I should help any of them at the door of that home, at which, if we knock, it shall be opened to us!

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE ACTS AND EPISTLES.

LESSON II.—OCTOBER 10.

PAUL A PRISONER AT JERUSALEM.

Acts 22. 17-30. Memory verses, 22-24.

GOLDEN TEXT.

If any man suffer as a Christian, let him not be ashamed.—1 Peter 4. 16.

OUTLINE.

1. Saul the Persecutor, v. 17-21.
2. Paul the Persecuted, v. 22-30.

Time.—59 A.D.

Place.—Jerusalem.

HOME READINGS.

M. Paul's defence.—Acts 21. 40 to 22. 11.
Tu. Paul a prisoner at Jerusalem.—Acts 22. 12-21.
W. Paul a prisoner at Jerusalem.—Acts 22. 22-30.
Th. Before the council.—Acts 23. 1-11.
F. Conspiracy against Paul.—Acts 23. 12-24.
S. Confidence in God.—Psalm 27.
Su. Christ's word of comfort.—Luke 21. 10-19.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. Saul the Persecutor, v. 17-21.

Where and to whom was Paul speaking?
How had a riot been aroused?
Who saved Paul from the mob?
What had Jesus told him in a vision?
Why did Paul think the Jews would believe him?
Was Paul sincere when he was persecuting Christians?
Where did Jesus say he would send Paul?

2. Paul the Persecuted, v. 22-30.

What did the mob say when they heard about the Gentiles?
What did they do?
What did the chief captain order?
How did Paul escape scourging?
What did the chief captain say of his own citizenship?
What did Paul say?
What did the chief captain do the next day?
What is our Golden Text?

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

Where do we learn in this lesson—

1. That the ways of the Lord often thwart our best-intended desires?
2. That the true worker for Christ ever remembers his mission?
3. That firm faith in Christ brings quietness of mind?

A curious gift has been made to the Natural History Museum at Soletta. It is a bird's nest constructed entirely of steel. There are a great many watchmakers at Soletta, and in the vicinity of the workshops there are always the remains of the springs of watches, cast aside. Last summer, says The News, a watchmaker discovered this curious bird's nest, which had been built in his courtyard by a pair of water wagtails. It measures ten centimetres in circumference, and is made solely of watch-springs. When the birds had fledged their brood, the watchmakers secured their unique nest as an interesting proof of the intelligence of birds in adapting anything which comes within their reach.

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