

furnishes 27,000 square feet of space for exhibits.

The main feature of this building is a central dome, with an open gallery from which visitors may view the surrounding country from a height of 110 feet. The main entrance will be through a portico supported by free Corinthian columns.

An immense wigwam represents Pottawattamie County in Iowa, while Missouri will boast of three beautiful buildings. When the exposition opened its gates on June 1, no less than thirty-four States were fittingly represented.

A curious innovation is a Bureau of Courtesy. Not only is the idea novel, but it is surprising to learn that nearly all the people in Omaha are enrolled in the committee. Every member wears a badge, and visitors are at liberty to address anyone wearing one of these badges, and ask for any information they may like. The member, on the other hand, is pledged to treat the visitor courteously and answer his questions or put him in the way of getting them answered.—Scientific American.

HOW TO REACH THE EXPOSITION.

From almost every large city between the Great Lakes and the Pacific—from Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Des Moines, Denver, Cheyenne, Salt Lake City, Sacramento, San Francisco, and Portland, O.—the Chicago and Northwestern Railway and its connections is the best, and in some cases the only route. This is one of the most extensive railway systems in America, as to mileage, and one of the best as to equipment. In travelling in what we are apt to consider the "wild and woolly west," we were surprised to find greater elegance and comfort than we had seen on the best lines in the east. The reason, we suppose, is that the distances are so great that greater provision must be made for the comfort of the traveller. The ordinary first-class coaches were as elegant, with cut glass and carved mahogany, as the average Pullman. These ordinary coaches were fitted up for those who, like myself, wished to travel economically, with reclining chairs which could be tilted back at an obtuse angle, and formed a very comfortable bed. For the use of these no extra charge was made. Palace Pullmans are provided with every luxury and tourist sleepers were also provided, quite as comfortable, at one-fourth the cost.

It seems only the other day that Council Bluffs and Omaha, on the Missouri, were on the very frontier of civilization. Now Omaha is a city of 140,000 inhabitants, with 600 miles of graded streets, and Council Bluffs, just opposite, has a population of 40,000. In 1851, when Omaha was founded, it was a Methodist mission station. In 1892 here was held the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Which Will You Have?

There sat two glasses, filled to the brim,
On a rich man's table, rim to rim;
One was ruby and red as blood,
The other as clear as the crystal flood.
Said the glass of wine to his paler brother,
"Let us tell the tales of the past to each other,
I can tell of banquet and revel and mirth;
How the proudest and grandest souls on earth
Fell under my touch as though struck
By blight,
Where I was king for I ruled in might,
From the heads of kings I have torn the crowns,
From the height of fame I have hurled
Men down;
I have blasted many an honoured name,
I have taken virtue and given shame;
I have tempted the youth with a sip and a taste,
That has made his future a barren waste.
Far greater than any king am I,
Or any army beneath the sky,
I have sent the train from the iron rail,
I have made the arm of the driver fall,
I have made good ships go down at sea,
And the shrieks of the lost were sweet
To me,
For they said, "Behold! how great you
be,
Fame, strength, wealth, genius before
you fall,
For your might and power are over all."
Ha! ha! my pale brother, laughed the
wine,
Can you boast of deeds as great as mine?
Said the glass of water: "I cannot boast
Of a king dethroned or a murdered host,
But I can tell of hearts, once sad,
By my crystal drops made light and glad,
I have leaped through the valley, dashed
down the mountain,

Played in the river and flowed in the fountain,
Slept in the sunshine and dropped from the sky,
And every where gladdened the landscape
and eye.
I have eased the hot forehead of fever
and pain,
I have caused the parched fields to grow
fertile with grain.
I can tell of the powerful wheel at the mill,
That ground out the flour and turned at
my will,
I cheer, I help, I strengthen and aid;
I gladden the heart of each man and
maid.
I have set the wine-chained captive free,
And all are the better for knowing me.

These are the tales they told to each other.

The glass of wine and his paler brother,
As they sat together, filled to the brim,
On a rich man's table, rim to rim.
Which will you have?

—Montreal Witness.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, JULY 30, 1898.

JUNIOR EPWORTH LEAGUE.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

AUGUST 7, 1898.

SOME THINGS THE BIBLE FORBIDS.
LOVING OTHER THINGS MORE
THAN GOD.

(Ex. 20. 3-6; Matt. 22. 37.)

Amid the thunders of Sinai God pronounced these words, "Thou shalt have no other gods before me." Yet this was the great sin of the ancient races, and of the heathen races to the present day. Men multiplied their gods of wood and stone, of silver and gold, and fell down and worshipped them. Even the Jews beneath Mount Sinai made a golden calf and offered sacrifice to it.

Nowadays in Christian lands we are not in danger of doing that, but there is a danger of loving other things more than God, of loving our own pleasure and enjoyment, of loving money, or fine clothes more than the riches of heaven and the garment of righteousness.

Let us learn to love God supremely, and all our acts will be acceptable to him. When the rich young man came to Christ asking him what was the great commandment in the law, Jesus said unto him, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind." If we do this then our lives shall be happy, and we shall enjoy God's favour and his grace.

AN EXPENSIVE BADGE.

A young man in a London omnibus noticed the blue ribbon total abstinence badge on a fellow-passenger's coat, and asked him in a bantering tone "how much he got" for wearing it.

"That I cannot exactly say," replied the other, "but it costs me about £20,000 a year."

The wearer of the badge was Frederick Charrington, son of a rich brewer, and the intended successor of his father's business. He had been convinced of

the evil of the ale and beer trade, and refused to continue in it, though it would have brought him an income of £20,000 a year.

He preferred a life of Christian philanthropy to a career of money-making, and his activity soon made him known through the kingdom as a most successful temperance evangelist. His work, organized in the tent-meeting on Mile End Road, has grown steadily for twenty years, and now fills "the largest mission hall in the world."

A Short Cruise.

BY JAMES OTIS.

CHAPTER I.

CAPTAIN HIRAM.

To a stranger who walked through the single street of Oldhaven shortly after noon on a certain day in August last past, it would have seemed as if the village was entirely deserted.

The fishing-fleet had left the harbour the day previous, and since every male inhabitant between the ages of ten and sixty was a member of the fleet, there were none to represent the settlement, save the mothers and children; for as the girls grew toward womanhood they turned their backs on the cluster of weather-beaten houses, to become "mill-hands" in the noisy factories a dozen miles inland.

It was on the shore of the harbour that the children usually played; but on this day they had deserted it, and for two reasons: The first and most important being that Captain Hiram Stubbs, owner of the sloop Island Queen, a man whose gruff voice and apparently harsh manner prevented him from being a favourite with the younger portion of the population, was cleaning the bottom of his tiny vessel as she lay heeled upon the sand, and the young people were not at all eager to listen to the lectures or advice which he was inclined to bestow upon them at every convenient opportunity, therefore they left him severely alone.

The second reason for this change of playground was that two strangers—summer boarders—had arrived at Oldhaven the evening previous, and apparently had evinced no disposition to become acquainted with the children of the village.

Ellen Seabury, an unusually small girl, who often spoke with pride of the fact that she was twelve years of age, and her brother Thomas, one year her junior, were the new-comers.

Not being acquainted with Captain Hiram Stubbs, and therefore unaware that the children of the village did not consider him a desirable companion, Ellen and Tom went out on this particular day to make an independent exploration of Oldhaven and vicinity, accompanied by a chubby little youngster about three years old, who had, immediately she appeared on the street, claimed acquaintance with the matronly looking, tiny girl.

"Hello, my hearties!" Captain Hiram cried in a boisterous tone that sounded to Ellen very much like a gust of wind. "So you're the summer boarders what have come down to Oldhaven for a quiet time, eh? Well, I allow you'll get it here, for this is the quietest spot to be found on the coast. What did you say your name was?"

"I didn't say, sir," Ellen replied timidly; and Tom, instead of attempting to assist in this beginning of a conversation, began to clamber up the smooth side of the Island Queen as she lay heeled over on the yellow sand.

"Come down out of that, youngster!" Captain Hiram shouted as if in anger. "Do you allow I paint that 'ere craft jest for the purpose of havin' you scratch her with your boot-heels?"

"There ain't any heels on these boots; an' s'posin' there was, how could I scratch her with my toes?"

"I don't think Thomas means to do any harm, sir," Ellen said apologetically; "but you know boys always do want to be climbing around. Sometimes I think Thomas Hardy Seabury will break his neck in spite of all I can do, he does climb so much."

"There's no fear of that, Miss. A boy is jest like a monkey. If he tumbles he'll come down on his feet, an' the most harm he'll likely do himself is to scratch his nose. So your name's Seabury, is it?"

"Yes, sir. I am Ellen Seabury, and this is Thomas Hardy Seabury. Who that baby is I don't know."

"Well, I do. It's 'Slah Jones' youngster. Where'd you pick him up?"

"He was on the street when we came out of the house. Perhaps you don't know it, sir, but we are boarding at Mrs. Littlefield's."

"Indeed I do, Miss; an' if there's a man, woman, or child in this 'ere town what didn't know Maria Littlefield was goin' to have summer boarders, it's 'cause he wasn't in this country to hear her talk. That woman is the powerfulest talker 'twixt here an' Seguin Light. Didn't it ever strike you that way?"

"We only came last night, sir, and I didn't see Mrs. Littlefield till this mornin'."

"There's no need of your seein' her so long's you're within sound of her tongue; an' I allow you'll know more'n I can tell you before a week goes over your head. So your name's Ellen, is it?"

"Yes, sir; but mother and Thomas Hardy call me Nell."

"Well, that's where your mother an' Thomas Hardy are off their soundin's. Ellen is a good Christian name, though I don't know as I ever run across it in the Bible; but it's right up an' above board for all that. My mother's name was Ellen, an' I allers allowed there wasn't any better ever invented."

"Did you have a mother?" Thomas Hardy asked in surprise, forgetting for a moment his desire to clamber over the side of the Island Queen.

"I s'pose you think I'm too old for anything of that kind, eh?" and Captain Hiram twisted the tuft of hair on his chin as if it was his desire to appear particularly fierce.

"Thomas Hardy doesn't mean anything wrong, sir," Ellen said mildly; and the old man's face suddenly lost its expression of ferocity. "But it does seem odd that a man so old could have had a mother."

"I reckon you don't allow I ever was young, eh? Well, I was, though I guess I had more size to me than you've got. How old might you be?"

"Twelve years, sir."

"What?" and, with his hands resting on his knees, Captain Hiram leaned over that he might the better peer into the child's face.

"I know I'm small, sir; but Thomas Hardy does the growin' for the family, mother says. He's only eleven; but then he's a boy, and has got a middle name."

"What does the middle name have to do with your growin', child?"

"I don't know, sir; but it has always seemed to me that children who had them were bigger than any others, and I feel almost certain I should have grown faster if I had been named properly. Do you know what they call the baby, sir?"

"Yes; an' 'cordin' to your way of figgerin' he's fixed about right to go along in this 'ere world, 'cause he's named Samuel Abner Jones; an' if that ain't a combination to go with Jones, then I'm a shark. Now what's that boy of yours up to?"

Ellen looked around in alarm, and no seeing her brother, called shrilly,—

"Thomas Hardy! Thomas Hardy Seabury!"

"Oh, what's the matter with you, Nell? Can't you let a fellow alone?"

"Where are you?"

"I'm 'round on this side of the vessel; an' she's tipped way over so I can get up on deck, if you'll come an' give me a boost."

"I'll boost you right out of your boots, you young scrapegrace, if you go foolin' 'round this 'ere sloop! Now what do you want?"

"I want to go on deck."

"Well, you can't. Come here this minute!"

"Yes, Thomas Hardy, please come," Ellen added; and Master Seabury finally made his appearance, although it is doubtful if he would have done so save for the fact that Captain Hiram was so near at hand.

"Why ain't you off with the rest of the youngsters?" the old man asked sternly.

"Cause I couldn't find them. I didn't see anything; but girls last night, and this mornin' I can't find even them."

"The boys at Oldhaven are obliged to earn their livin' about as soon as they can walk, an' I reckon the bulk of 'em are out with the fleet. If they hadn't been I wouldn't dared pull the Island Queen out of water, fearin' they might have tore her to pieces; for the boys of this 'ere village are the bane of my life."

"Do you mean, sir, that boys as small as Thomas Hardy really go to sea?"

"Well, I was jest risin' seven when I started, an' you can see whether that kind of a life has spiled me or not."

"I don't think I should take a minute's peace if Thomas Hardy went away in a big vessel."

"Say, why don't you give me a chance to see what it's like?" Thomas asked boldly.

"What do you mean now?"

"You go out fishing, don't you?"