

have come to them, while prosperity and plenty have fallen to you—are they any less true for that? Are not their hearts as warm and tender if they beat beneath homespun instead of velvet? Yes. Don't forget them.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

Rev. W. H. WITHROW, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, JUNE 24, 1893.

BIBLE MOTTOES FOR THE EXPOSITION.

BY REV. DR. BARROWS.

I BELIEVE that the Columbian Exposition is fitted to fill our hearts with new Christian hopefulness, to stir in our souls a new sense of responsibility, and to quicken our minds with new perceptions "of the universal action and guidance and love of God." It will contribute to the great end which Prince Albert pointed out at the first World's Fair, forty-one years ago, "the realization of the unity of mankind." As I was looking the other day at the immense building for the Mines and Mining exhibits in Jackson Park, I was glad to see in the ornamentation of the grand southern portico, the words: "In God we trust." It would be easy for the Biblical student to find appropriate Scriptural words to write on every structure in the World's Fair. Below the gilded dome of the Administration Building I would inscribe the words of Isaiah: "The government shall be upon his shoulders;" over the Machinery Hall I would write: "Every house is builded by some man, but he that built all things is God;" over the Transportation Building I would write: "Make straight a highway of our God;" over the Palace of Fine Arts: "The gate of the temple which is called beautiful;" over the Agricultural Hall: "Behold, a sower went forth to sow;" over the Electrical Palace: "His lightnings enlighten the world;" over the Woman's Pavilion: "She stretcheth out her hand to the needy;" over the Horticultural Building: "I am the Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the valleys;" over the unique and beautiful Fisheries Building: "And the fishes of the sea shall declare unto thee;" over the Mineral Palace: "In his hands are the deep places of the earth;" over one of the resplendent gates to the Exposition ground I would write the prophecy: "The kingdoms of this world shall become the Kingdoms of our Lord and his Christ;" and over every closed gate, on Sunday morning, I would inscribe, in letters of gold, for all eyes to see, the immortal statute wherein is wrapped up the Christian future of America and of the world: "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy."

It will be a great moment in human history when, for the first time, the representatives of the world religions stand side

by side. May the Holy Ghost be the divine apostle preaching Jesus to an assembled world! And that the fire from God may descend on these phenomenal conventions of his children, illuminating all minds, and brightening all faces with gleams of that glory which shall cover the earth, should henceforth be our earnest and hopeful prayer.

"Before Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations! bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone:
He can create and he destroy.

"Wide as the world is thy command,
Vast as eternity thy love;
Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move."

FARMING IN CHINA.

III.

CULTIVATION OF RICE.

THE Chinese make use of many devices to flood their higher lands. When the banks of the river become too high to permit flooding, huge water-wheels, fifteen to twenty-five feet in diameter, are constructed. To the outer rim of these wheels bamboo tubes are fastened at such an angle, that, as the current turns the wheel, they fill below and empty above. A large trough catches the water which has communication with the fields by means of smaller troughs. Day and night these wheels turn and screech on their ungreased axles.

In hilly districts the farmers employ two agencies. The water is forced from a lower field to a higher by an endless chain: Two or four men, according to the height of the embankment sit upon a rack and tread. The tread-wheel consists of an axle with several arms protruding whereon to place the sole of the foot, and thus keep up a walking motion all day. This is, indeed, a very laborious method, yet the volume of water that can be forced, stage on stage, to a high summit is simply marvellous. Rain water is utilized wherever it is possible. During the rainy seasons the water is preserved on the higher table-lands and permitted to flow down as it is needed, forming a series of waterfalls and filling each field in its course. Many districts depend almost entirely on local rains. When these are withheld no idols receive so much attention as those which have the supposed power to make or prevent rain.

In times of drought the superstitions of the Chinese are most apparent, as they proceed in their darkness to appease the wrath of their gods. Special honour is given to the great dragon which everybody believes is somewhere, but no one knows just where. His image, forty or fifty feet long, is carried through the streets, followed by a great procession with banners, tablets, mottoes and musical bands. One day the writer saw a procession of ragged boys carrying green branches through the streets. To his surprise he noticed that every shop had several buckets of water ready to dash over the heads of the urchins as they passed. The boys stood and received the cold bath as meekly as though they were suffering in behalf of the public weal, but more likely for a few cash.

A district to the south of us was suffering this summer from drought. First, the south gate of the principal city was closed to keep out the south winds. The officials then visited the temples in great state to implore the idols to be gracious. Great feasts were spread before them to obtain their favour. Then for fear they had gone to sleep one idol was carried through the streets, sometimes, to a public place and beaten.

As a last resource a tiger's head, kept for the purpose, was brought out and thrown into the pond where the dragon is supposed to visit. The dragon and tiger have a great battle, the result is the waters are put into a commotion, and the rain falls. The required result did follow in this case, and the dragon received great praise. As soon as the rain ceased the tiger's head was again secured to be used for future emergencies. If foreigners are living in the district they are usually blamed.

The opposite extremes occurred last summer, which caused some little anxiety to the members of the Canadian Methodist Mission. Rev. Polhill Turner was driven from Sung-pan on account of a drought. At



BEARERS OF SACRED SYMBOLS IN RELIGIOUS PROCESSIONS, CHINA.

Yang-ts-ling, the summer retreat of the missionary there was such a down-pour of rain that the village just below was nearly washed away. However, by promptly going to their aid with a few dollars to repair roads and bridges, their hearty good-will was won, and the foreigner was regarded as a friend rather than an evil worker.

GEORGE E. HARTWELL.

The Hymns that Mother Sang.

THROUGHOUT the changing scenes of life,
That shadowed vale of smiles and tears,
Where all is lost within the mist
That hides the bygone years,
Some strains there are that linger still,
And many hearts no longer young
Are thrilled with joy again to hear
The hymns that mother sung.

We used to gather at the hearth
When darkness overcame the day.
And, dreamily, as children will,
We'd watch the shadows play;
And sitting by the glowing fire,
As to and fro the kettle swung,
We learned the songs we've always loved—
The hymns that mother sung.

We seemed to hear again her voice,
So long remembered, clear and sweet
As when, in days of long ago,
We sat at mother's feet;
And gazing upward on the wall,
Where dearest father's picture hung,
We thought he smiled, for he, too, loved
The hymns that mother sung.

On many snowy winter nights,
When all without was cold and drear,
We've clustered close around her chair
In happiness and cheer.
No more for us the glowing fire,
No more the cricket's chirping tongue,
And never more on earth we'll hear
The hymns that mother sung.

To them we owe our happy homes—
Praise be to God who reigns above,
For keeping ever bright and clear
The lessons learned in love.
Outliving sorrow, bearing hope,
The dear old songs have always clung,
And never can the heart forget
The hymns that mother sung.

—New York Observer.

A Modern Prodigal.

BY

Mrs. Julia McNair Wright.

CHAPTER VII.

FORGIVING IS NOT FORGETTING.

THAT Sabbath-keeping which had been inculcated by Friend Lowell as a duty had become one of the chief pleasures of the Stanhope family. Busy people as they all were, this time of rest gave them opportunity to get acquainted, and to come near to each other in social converse. This is one of the family blessings of the Sabbath which households are likely to overlook. The needful work of the house and farm-yard finished, Mercy and her family went to the Sabbath-school and church service held at the school-house. When they came back to the cottage, dinner was made ready, and then, either in the house, or on the chairs and benches outside the door, the Bible, the Sabbath books and papers were brought forth, the family read each apart, or one read aloud, and from reading they fell into discussion, and the past and the future, as well as the present, yielded them subjects.

With the grass growing green in the well-fenced yard, the young trees casting their little "balm of shadow," the bees humming among Mercy's flowers, the vines creeping over the cottage, the birds singing and swinging here and there, the pleasant sounds of life coming from the well-kept barn-yard, this once desolate and forlorn place had become a pleasant home indeed.

"Mother," said Samuel, as they all sat before the house, one Sabbath evening in July, "what do you s'pose father does all day long at the 'tentary?'"

"He makes shoes," said Mercy.

"Don't make shoes Sunday, does he?"

"No, he says that then he reads his Bible and some books which he gets from the chaplain."

"Don't you s'pose he gets very tired making shoes all the time?" continued Samuel, with the pertinacity which seems