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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

TORONTO, JULY 8, 1893.

Vol. XIII.]

THE COLUMBIAN EXHIBITION, CHICAGO.

II.

In addition to the buildings described in a previous number are the following:

The Agricultural Building occupies a space 500 by 800 feet, and has an annex, 300 by 500 feet. It is almost entirely surrounded by water, and is one of the handsomest structures on the exposition grounds. The grand entrance is sixty feet wide, with Corinthian columns five feet in diameter and forty feet high. The roof is principally of glass.

The Horticultural Building is 1,000 feet long and with an extreme width of 286 feet, and in front is a flower terrace for outside exhibits. The centre pavilion is roofed by a crystal dome, 187 feet in diameter and 113 feet high, under which are exhibited tall palms, bamboos, and tree ferns. The appropriation for this building is \$400,000.

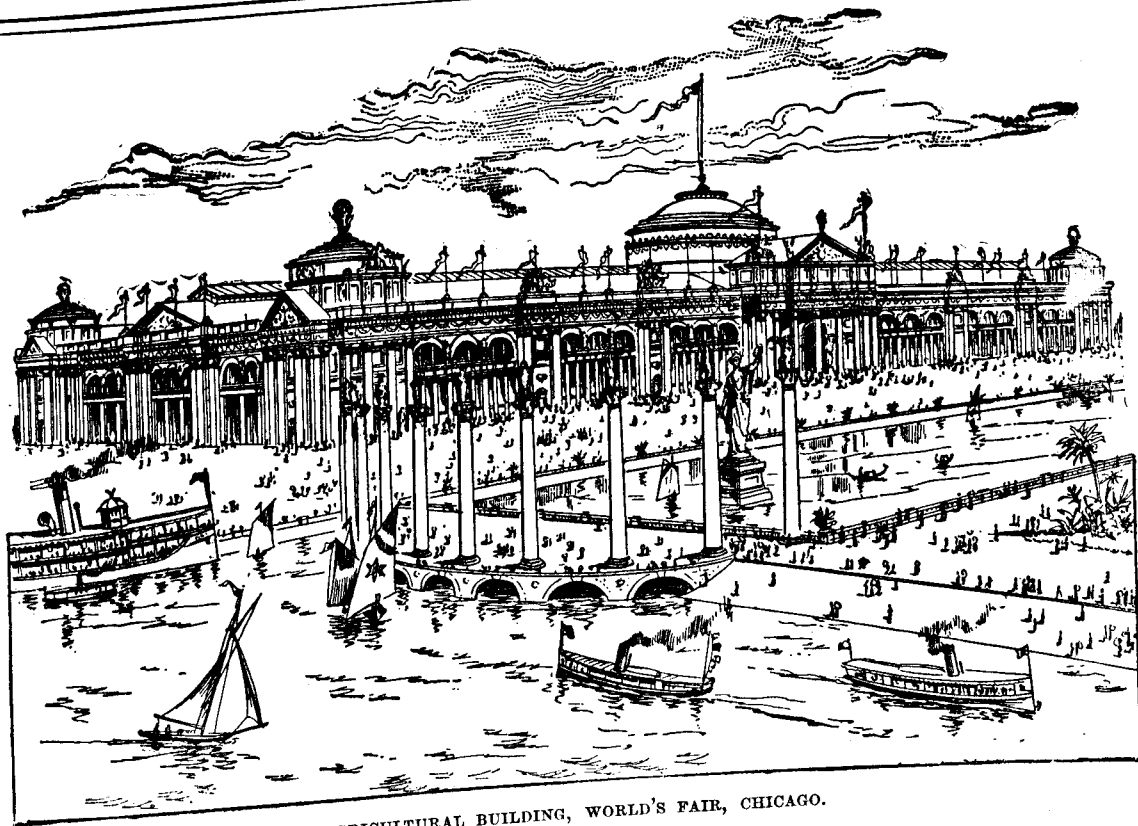
The Woman's Building measures 260 by 400 feet, and cost \$200,000. The architecture is classic, with end and centre pavilions, connected by an arcade. Portions of the building are devoted to reforms and charities, and to a model kindergarten, a model hospital, a bureau of information, club rooms, parlours, etc.

The Electrical Exhibit is one of the handsomest in the group south of the lagoon, its cost being placed at \$650,000. Its exterior is finished to represent granite, and a statue of Franklin is conspicuous before the south entrance.

The Transportation Building is 960 by 256 feet, with a triangular annex of one-storey buildings covering about nine acres. There is an immense display of locomotives, all placed end on to the central avenue or nave of the main building, and the exhibit includes everything devoted to transportation, from the crudest carriages to a mogul engine, from a cash conveyer to a balloon.

The main entrance consists of an immense single arch, enriched to an extraordinary degree with carvings, bas-reliefs and mural paintings, the entire feature forming a rich and beautiful, yet quiet, colour climax, for it is treated in leaf and is called the Golden Door.

The structure devoted to mines and mining in style of architecture is classic, and the dimensions are



AGRICULTURAL BUILDING, WORLD'S FAIR, CHICAGO.

350 by 700 feet, the height to the main cornice being 65 feet. The grand entrances are at the north and south ends, and are 110 feet high by 32 feet wide and are 110 feet high by 32 feet wide each. The roof is of glass. The cost of this building is placed at \$350,000.

On the lake shore, east of the Government Building, there is a gun battery, a light-life-saving station and apparatus, a lighthouse, and an exhibit of war balloons, while the full-sized model of a battle-ship is built on piling near the adjacent pier,

the structure being of brick coated with cement, and made to appear in every way like a real ship, fully manned and equipped.

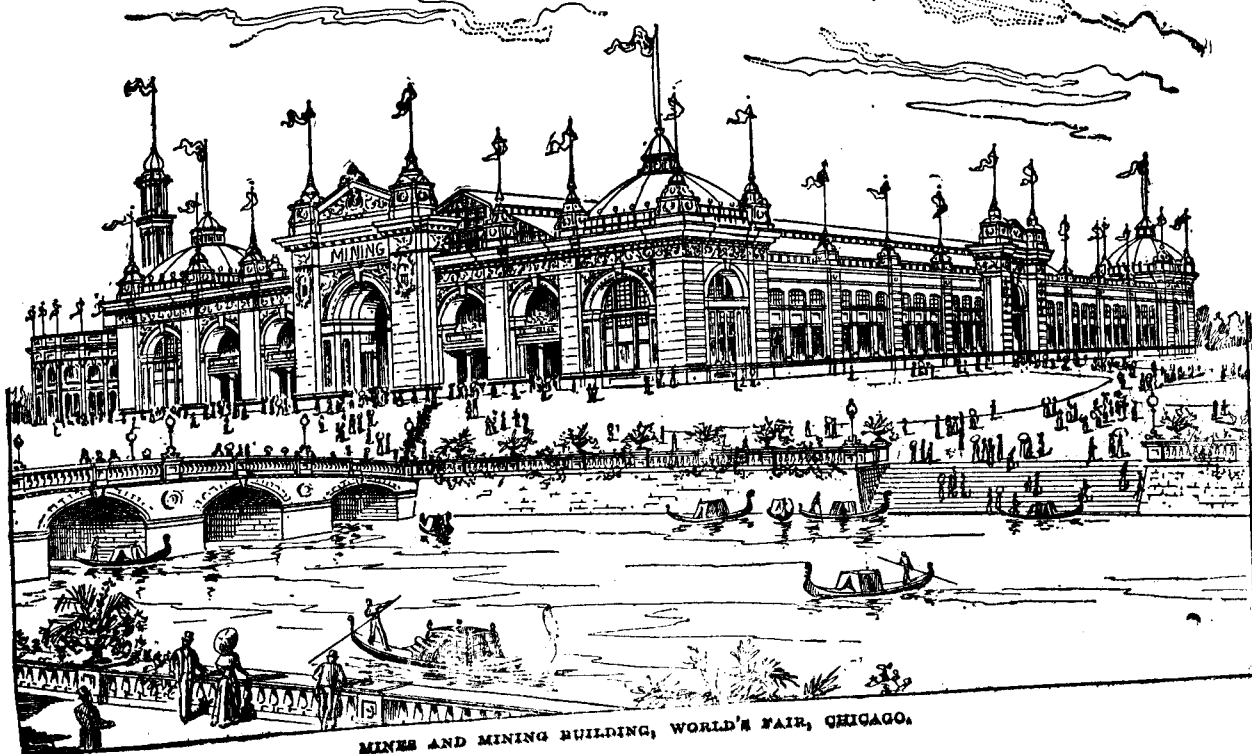
The buildings cover twice the area and cost thrice as much as did those at Paris in 1889, and the grand total of all the appropriations for the Fair promises to be from three to four times the amount expended on the French fair.

The site of the exposition occupies an area of 600 acres. The water is thronged

with craft of all sorts—modern steamers, Chinese junks, schooners, yachts, full-rigged ships, Venetian boats, and great canoes with floating sunshades; hundreds of sails of all colours, and flags of every nation on earth. Towards the right is the pavilion of the British Government, where English representatives will parley with all sorts of people from everywhere.

A BOY'S ESSAY ON TOBACCO.

Tobacco grows something like cabbage, but I never saw none cooked. I have heard men say that cigars that was given them election days for nothing was mostly cabbage leaves. Tobacco stores are mostly kept by wooden Injuns, who stand at the door and fool little boys by offering them a bunch of cigars which is glued into the Injun's hands, and is made of wood also. I tried to smoke a cigar once, and I felt like Epsom salts. Tobacco was invented by a man named Walter Raleigh. When the people first saw him smoking they thought he was a steamboat, and were frightened. My sister Nancy is a girl. I don't know whether she likes tobacco or not. There is a young man named Leroy who comes to see her. I guess she likes Leroy. He was standing on the steps one night, and he had a cigar in his mouth, and he said he didn't know



MINES AND MINING BUILDING, WORLD'S FAIR, CHICAGO.

as she would like it, and she said, "Leroy, the perfume is agreeable." But when my big brother Tom lighted his pipe, Nancy said, "Get out of the house, you horrid creature; the smell of tobacco makes me sick." Snuff is Injun meal made out of tobacco. I took a little snuff once, and then I sneezed.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, JULY 8, 1893.

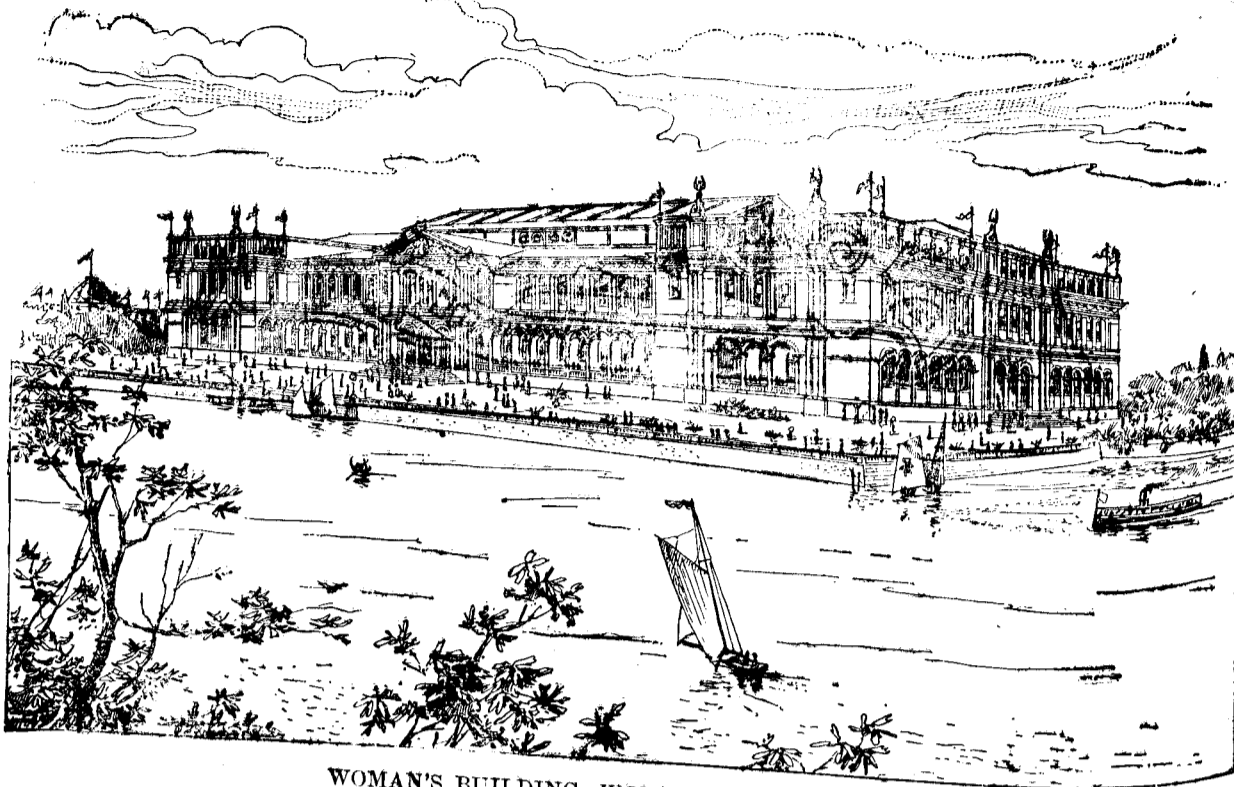
SELF-HELP.

ALL the histories of individuals who have achieved success, and made for themselves a name and place in the world, point to the fact that, in a majority of cases, they were self-made; that their success was due to their own efforts, energy and determination.

Let us glance at a few of the many examples. The first name that comes to my mind is that of Elihu Burritt, "the learned blacksmith," who studied Greek and Latin, and various other languages, while working at his forge. He became one of the finest linguists this country ever saw, but without the help of any man. Livingstone, the African explorer, was a weaver's apprentice. He kept a book by his side while at the loom, though he could only take his eyes off his work long enough to glance at a single sentence at a time. You are familiar with Lincoln's early history; how he studied his books at night by the firelight in his father's cabin, and laboured in the woods during the day. One of the most noted recent examples of self-made men was that of Garfield, a President of the United States. His early life was full of toil and struggle; he had to contend with the severest poverty, enduring hardships which would have crushed less dauntless spirits; but he came up through all victorious, and no American citizen can rise to a higher position than that to which he rose.

Boys, what do these examples teach? This—that success is waiting for you if you will strive for it. Don't "wait for something to turn up." If you want an education, go to work to get it. Help yourself. Make your own way. Don't depend on somebody else to put you through. God helps those who help themselves. He helps us by giving us the ability to help ourselves. Self-help is always the best help. It brings independence; it frees us from obligation: "Owe no man anything." Self-help is mainly—there is nobility about it. Cultivate this spirit of relying on self. You may have to fight harder, but you will be more of a man, and others will think more of you. The days may be dark, and you will feel at times that it is easier to go backward than it is to go forward; but don't give up. Put your trust in God, who is your help in time of trouble; he will carry you through.

"As you battle with life, my boy,
Your strength will have many a test;
Twill pay to know at the start, my boy,
Self-help is always the best."



WOMAN'S BUILDING, WORLD'S FAIR, CHICAGO.

The Farmer Feeds All.

The king may rule o'er land and sea
The lord may live right royally,
The soldier ride in pomp and pride,
The sailor roam the ocean wide;
But this or that, whate'er befall,
The farmer he must feed them all.

The writer thinks, the poet sings,
The craftsmen fashion wondrous things;
The doctor heals, the lawyer pleads,
The miner follows the precious leads;
But this or that, whate'er befall,
The farmer he must feed them all.

The merchant he may buy and sell;
The teacher do his duty well;
But men may toil through busy days,
Or men may stroll through pleasant ways;
From king to beggar, whate'er befall,
The farmer he must feed them all.

The farmer's trade is one of worth;
He's partner with the sky and earth
He's partner with the sun and rain:
And no man loses for his gain:
And men may rise and men may fall,
The farmer he must feed them all.

God bless the man who sows the wheat,
Who finds us milk and fruit and meat;
May his purse be heavy, his heart be light,
His cattle and corn and all go right;
God bless the seeds his hands let fall,
For the farmer he must feed us all.

KILLING TIME.

NED had been promised a ride with his uncle at four o'clock. He wanted to put on his best clothes in the morning when he got up, but his mother knew that there would be plenty of time later, and meantime she hoped to have considerable help from him, before he went. But Ned was impatient. He wondered where his uncle was going to take him; whether he would buy him anything, and if he would take his fast horse and the open buggy, or the family horse and the covered carriage. He much preferred the former, but he had hardly dared tell his uncle so, and he could only wait and see. It seemed to Ned that four o'clock was never so long in coming, but this was because he had never learned the secret of "killing time."

There was the wood-box to be filled, the gravel path to be swept, Monday's lessons to be learned, and lots of "odds and ends of work" to be done, but he "didn't feel like it," he told his mother, and so he watched the clock, walking back and forth to the door impatiently.

At two o'clock his face brightened, for surely that was Uncle Will coming up the road. Ned's weariness was forgotten, and he ran out to the road exclaiming, "Oh, how lovely, Uncle Will, that you have come so early! I was so tired waiting."

"Waiting! already!" said Uncle Will.

"Why, it is only two o'clock and I can't

go for two hours yet. Wasn't four the time?"

"Yes, sir; but I thought you had come earlier than you meant, and I have been ready all day."

"Ready all day! Well, I am not ready yet. I have several errands to do, and I couldn't enjoy my ride if they were not all done. Grandma wanted some knitting cotton and I must get that down at the store and take it back to her, the Sabbath-school papers and magazines must be taken over to the church, sorted and marked, and two or three other little things. If your work is all done here you might run across to Widow Smith's and take this basket of plums to her. It will save me driving all the way around there. Nothing more to do for mother, eh?"

"She can spare me, I guess," said Ned, rather hesitatingly. Mother had wanted him to take a card of cheese over to Widow Smith's that morning, but he had been "so tired," so she found some other way to send it.

"I don't want her to spare you if she has any other work for you to do. We must not have a good time, and leave her to work all the time we are gone. Is everything done?"

"Well, you see, Uncle Will, I haven't felt very good to-day, and I haven't worked much, but I feel better now, and I might do some of the things yet, I suppose."

"Some of them! do all of them, of course," said Uncle Will. "Lessons all learned for Monday?"

"Why, no—I did not feel like studying, and I thought I could learn them on Monday morning," said Ned, rather shamefacedly.

"Now, see here, Ned, that isn't fair. I've been working hard all day to make time for this ride, and you've been shirking. I don't think you've earned a ride, but two hours' steady work would do it yet. What do you say?"

"I'll try," said Ned, "and do all I can. A good many of the things only take a few minutes."

"All right, then—four o'clock—I'll be on time."

Ned started for the wood-shed before Uncle Will was out of sight, and before he came in sight again, everything was done; the lessons were learned, the plums had been carried over to Widow Smith's, and Ned told his uncle they were the shortest two hours he had ever known.

"I think you would have found the whole day short, if you had filled it full of work for others, and watched your opportunities for being useful," said Uncle Will.

The way to "get ready" is to do all we can beforehand. We are never ready for "the next thing" until we have done faithfully the duty that came before it, and if we seek to do this, time will always be too short for all we have to do.

A Modern Prodigal

BY

Mrs. Julia McNair Wright.

CHAPTER IX.

HOW MERCY STANHOPE WAS STRONG IN THE LORD.

IT is written in the prophet Hosea: "Therefore, behold I will allure her, and bring her unto to the wilderness, and speak comfortably unto her, and I will give her her vineyards from thence, and the valley of Achor for a door of hope, and she shall sing there as in the days of her youth." This is the history of many a human soul. There are those who in lands of peace that are as the garden of the Lord forget God their maker, and tread with careless feet the downward slopes of spiritual death. And these same souls brought for their eternal good into the wilderness and the bitter and stoney valley of Achor, find there the Rose of Sharon blooming, Christ the true vine, see wide horizons of immortal hope, and take up the songs of heaven, the songs of peace and love that they sang in early days of worldliness and innocence.

Such was the heart-history of Mercy Stanhope. As a young girl, the very restrictions of her life at Uncle Barum's had caused her to set an undue estimate upon the little luxuries and pleasures of existence which her uncle's asceticism denied her. In the rebound from the rigorous quiet and plainness of her early home, she had run away with dashing Thomas Stanhope, who claimed that all that a person wanted it was good for him to have. If Thomas had been a fairly moral and prosperous man, no doubt Mercy would have drifted into the soul deadness of a very worldly woman, not having God in all her thoughts. During the years of Thomas Stanhope's lowest fall, Mercy dropped into the very apathy of misery, too hopeless to make any effort for herself or for her children. In these days how beautiful seemed the peace, quiet, righteousness of her early home, how hollow and fickle and unsatisfying the mere amusements of earth!

Then the incubus of the drunken husband and father was removed from the home; energy and hope returned in the enthusiasm and helpfulness of her children. Amos Lowell led Mercy back to those walls of peace and strength, prayer and the Word of God. She began to find God an ever-present help in time of trouble; when new cares pressed her, she felt that it was blessed beyond speech to take them to the feet of Christ the Helper and to leave them there. Thus was Mercy renewing her youth; the wilderness and the solitary place were made glad in the presence

once of the Consoling One. A new song, even praise unto our God, was put in Mercy's mouth; her vineyards were laden in the very vale of desolation; Achior had golden gates that opened upon the Land of Beulah.

In her years of tribulation Mercy had become a very silent woman; her early training had been toward quietness, and shut away from social life; and burdened with domestic troubles which could not be spoken of, silence had become a fixed habit, only broken in the privacy of her home, with her children. Even to them she was reticent of her fresh hopes and spiritual emotions. Her voice took a new fervor in their family prayers; she would linger over some passage in the Word and explain it as she read; her face had the light of peace as she sat in the sanctuary, and by these signs her children and her fellow-Christians felt that old things had passed away and all had become new.

Step by step with her mother, in these experiences went Letitia, and when Mercy desired to renew in the house of God her girlhood's vows, Letitia went with her. This to Mercy was not unexpected.

She was surprised when little Samuel insisted on his right to "let every one know he loved God. I do love God," said the child, "and I'm going to be a minister when I get grown up. Why don't you let me begin now?"

"So you shall," said the grey-haired pastor. "God called Samuel the prophet before he was older than you are to minister near the altar and abide in the courts of the Lord's home. 'Suffer little children, and forbid them not to come unto me.' 'Whoso receiveth one such little child in my name, receiveth me.'"

Then he turned to Achilles. "Achilles, are you not coming to God's altar with the rest? Shall I not receive you all together into the Church of God?" Achilles shook his head.

"Achilles, I am sure you pray and read the Bible, and no one is more particular than you to do what is right," urged Mercy. "Somebody in this house," said Achilles bluntly, "has to stay out of this thing and show common-sense for the rest."

"Why, Achilles, what do you mean? Is it not common-sense to serve God?" said the minister, astounded. "Oh, that's all right enough, if it don't go too far," said Achilles, "and I won't let it go too far. But I can't talk before mother."

He went out of the house and sat on the wood-pile. The minister considered this an invitation to him to follow and talk privately; so he also went out and sat on the wood-pile.

"What is in your mind, Achilles? Speak out freely. I have been a boy of your age; perhaps I felt just as you feel now."

"No, you didn't," said Achilles, "because you never were fixed out just as I am. But I don't mind telling you exactly what I think. You see, mother and Tish and Samuel, they are a softer-hearted kind than I am, and they are dead sure it is a part of religion to forgive and forget."

"That is certainly a part of religion," said the minister. "Well, it's a part I can't take up with on their account. I don't mind so much for myself. I'm a boy, and a few kicks and curses more or less didn't signify, and I might even forget about the steer and the rest of the things; but I won't forgive about mother and Tish and the little ones, so I won't! You see how comfortable we are here, and how mother looks well and contented, and Tish is like other girls, only prettier, and the little ones are having a chance for themselves. They're going to keep on having their chance, and I'll see to it. The rest of them are that soft-hearted they keep pitying father, and have made up their minds he's sorry and ready to be all right. I have heard before of folks all right in prison and all wrong out of it. They think he'd come back penitent and keep straight. I know he wouldn't. They think it is their religious duty to forgive him and help him, and next thing there'll be a petition up to shorten his sentence and they'll be the first to sign it! Now, if I join the church and say I'm a Christian, first thing will be asked, 'Do I forgive my father?' Yes, I forgive him as long as he's shut up safe. If I am a Christian they'll expect me to be hoping that a part of his sentence will be let off, that the

governor will pardon him out, to wish he could come back and share with us. No, I don't, and no, I won't! Would I turn a mad cat, or a bear, or a lion loose here? There's none of that kind of forgiving about me, sure. If he gets pardoned out, and comes along here, he don't cross that fence-line! He shan't cast a shadow over our door-sill! If he tried, these Christian ones would feel it their duty to let him come in, but I'm not going to put myself where I can't say, 'Out you are, and you'll stay out!'"

The good minister contemplated Achilles in silence for a time. This was a different case of conscience from any in his experience. He remembered Naaman the Syrian, and his exception in favour of the house of Rimmon, but he concluded that this nature thus revealed to him on the wood-pile was a deal more iron than clay, and that it was best to leave such a nature to the slow, effectual processes of God's providence.

"Achilles," he said, "did you ever hear the proverb that it is not well to cross a bridge before we come to it?"

"Yes," said Achilles, "but it's a bad business to fix yourself out so you can't cross the bridge when you get to it."

"That is true," said the minister, "and as just now, if you should join the church, you would do so retaining a frame of mind that you feel so inconsistent with your profession, I think no doubt you had better not join it."

"That's just what I think," said Achilles. "At the same time you truly desire to please and serve God?"

"Yes, so far as I can without hurting folks," said Achilles. "The truth is, our duty to God and our duty to our fellows never really conflict," said the minister. "It may seem as if, in a given case, they might, but when the case is put to the point of trial, a way is clear, as when the sea or the Jordan divided. You know sometimes, Achilles, it seems as if a road closed up, or two walls met, so we could not pass on; but when we come to the place, we find the road open still. Now are you willing to ask God to show you what is truly right toward all the members of your family, and help you to feel and do what is good for them all?"

"Well—yes, I am," said Achilles after meditation, during which he mentally re-served the privilege of only seeing it right to keep the serpent out of Eden. "Let us leave it there, then," said the minister.

Thus, when Mercy, Letitia, and Samuel came forward to unite with the church, Achilles remained behind with little Patty—for the good of his home and family, he thought.

When Mercy next wrote to her husband, she told him of this step which she had taken, and unfolded the new life that had entered into her soul. When Thomas re-plied in the spring, at the end of three years' imprisonment, he told how the grace of God had found him in prison, and how he felt that he had forgiveness of sins and strength for obedience.

This filled Mercy and Letitia with joy. Achilles was silent and a little gloomy. He considered this profession of piety a mere dodge on the part of the prodigal, tend toward a shortening of his sentence, awakening public sympathy in his behalf.

He privately requested one or two of his friends among the masons and carpenters with whom he worked, to give him news if any petition in his father's behalf was circulated. "I'll fight it," he said. "He is as well off as he deserves to be where he is, and not half as bad off as mother would be if he got loose. I am only sixteen; he must not come out till I am a full grown man and able to defend the family. I'll go and tell Judge Noble so, and the Governor too, if they talk of letting him come back to spoil everything I've done."

"Don't you fear," said the boss carpenter, "no one wants him back, he was getting to be a town terror. He is well off where he is. We're all proud how you youngsters are getting on. His case was a bad one; he'll serve out his full time, never fear."

"I hope so," said Achilles. "I wouldn't want mother to know I was acting against him, it would only hurt her feelings."

As for Mercy, it had not entered her

mind that any part of the sentence might be remitted. Thomas had constantly said that he deserved all he got, and was far better off where he was than he deserved to be. But three years of the sentence had flown by like the wind, and the other seven years would go by as quickly, and then?

With Thomas a Christian man, anxious to atone for the past, could not he and she have a quiet, humble old age, helping each other on toward heaven? This home belonged to the children, and thanks to the children it was comfortable and pleasant. There the unhappy father had no right to intrude and claim a place. But might not she and he have some other little place, two or three rooms for themselves, and work for each other, where the children could come and see her every day? And so by degrees, perhaps even Achilles would learn to forgive and forget.

But to set up even such a little home would require money, and how should she put by a little fund for this purpose? In seven years she might, without injustice to the children, lay up perhaps two hundred dollars. Upon one thing Mercy was resolved: she would not go farther from her children than Ladbury.

That goal of ambition which Samuel had explained to Uncle Barum, a separate kitchen, a sitting-room with wall-paper and a carpet, was now attained. The united efforts of the little family had made the lower part of their home very cosy and pleasant, and Letitia and Mercy were planning that the next summer they themselves would paint and paper the boys' upstairs room, braid mats for the floor, buy a flowered muslin curtain for the window, a little bracket lamp, and convert some of Friend Amos Lowell's store-boxes into table, wash-stand, and seats. Already they had pieced two quilts for the boys' bed, and Friend Sara Lowell had invited herself to come out to a quilting, and bring the needed cotton. How, with all this on hand for her praiseworthy children, could Mercy find a place to begin something for the benefit of her graceless husband?

However, animated by her new hopes, Mercy remembered an old saying of Uncle Barum, that "we can make our money grow while we sleep." She quilted a day for Mrs. Lyman, and took in pay a setting of eggs of a choice new breed of fowl. These fowls she would dedicate strictly to her fund—they could grow while she slept. One or two new kinds of patchwork were then very much in vogue among her neighbours, and Mercy obtained the elaborate patterns and engaged to piece three of the spreads. She was methodical; she set apart just one hour a day for this work. She had hitherto gone to bed at nine; she would sit up until ten and do patchwork or knitting or button-holing for her neighbours, and the results of that daily hour, for seven years, should be laid up toward providing the new home she was to furnish for her husband when he came out of prison. Every ten dollars should go to Friend Amos Lowell to be invested or put at interest. No one, not even Letitia, was to know of this hoard or its design.

Letitia spent this winter with Friend Sara Lowell, working for her board and going to the High School. Samuel now had Patty for company to the district school, and as they trudged off, taking their dinner with them, Mercy was usually most of the day, for Achilles had usually employment. One while he was cutting or hauling wood, again he was going around with the threshers, or even sent off by some of the families to the city market with a car-load of sheep, turkeys, or hogs. Achilles was a boy to be trusted; he was doing a man's work and taking a man's place among the neighbours.

Thus left alone at her house, Mercy found her satisfaction in adding to her work for the neighbours and the shops, work for the pleasure of her family. Now it was a pretty hood for Letitia, and scarfs and mittens for the boys, to mark a Christmas; now she revived the skill of her girl-mas; now she worked on muslin an apron, a hood, and worked on ruffles for handkerchiefs, and some neck ruffles for Letitia, remembering how much happiness such trifles would have afforded herself when she was young. She pieced stool covers, and made a pincushion and a scrap-covers, and made a famous room, which in the summer she and Letitia were to furnish for "the boys."

And perhaps what did her as much good as anything was a secret to herself, a little hoard kept down in the bottom of an old trunk which Achilles had mended and covered for her. When Thomas returned and they had that little home, it must be pretty and attractive, not like the bare, dull prison cell, but more like the tasteful home of his youth. And so, slowly and with careful saving and consideration, Mercy was making a little store of ornaments for that far-off home, her last home on earth, probably. A cushion, a table-cover, a few mats and tidies, little ornaments such as she saw now and then at her neighbours and for which she could pick up material. It was not much—it seemed like robbing the children to divert anything which might tend to beautify the home for which they worked so hard.

The application of her spare time and all her taste in such ways became a passion with Mercy Stanhope. All her life she had coveted these pretty trifles in which most people superabound, and now for the first time she could give a little indulgence to her taste. The neighbours began to find out that Mercy Stanhope was inventive and skilful. "Show her a pattern, and she could turn out the very thing." She was the one to whom her acquaintances applied thus:

"Mrs. Stanhope, I do want one of those new sofa cushions," or, "I'd give ever so much for one of those table-covers," or, "such a set of dollies!" "If you can squeeze out time to make 'em I'll furnish double quantity, and you can make for yourself."

A new ambition took possession of Mercy: her pretty Letitia was growing up; she would in a few years like to have a room of her own, that other room in the attic; her mother could provide decorations for that, even such gorgeous decorations as pillow-shams and table-scarf. Then, too, Letitia would want to have the home tasteful and attractive when company began to come there to see her. Beyond this the mother looked on toward the day when Letitia should marry. Would it not be nice to have a little store of fringed and initialed towels, of hemstitched or scalloped pillow-cases, of napkins and holders, and bags, for Letitia's future home?

Achilles became her confidant in these plans for Letitia, and the mother and son looked from forty to a hundred times at every new treasure achieved by the skill of the industrious Mercy. Achilles began to get ready to lath and plaster the unfinished attic room, which Letitia might like to have for herself some day, and as Letitia was preparing comforts for the room of Achilles, the circle of family helpfulness completed itself.

"The Stanhope family is just like a beehive," said Mr. Canfield to his wife one Saturday. "There's Achilles out in the road working out his taxes, and Friend Amos says Tish is standing right at the head in school. I went past the house this morning, and Mercy was quilting away for dear life on your new bed-spreads, and little Patty was clearing up the front yard, and down in the road I met Samuel digging blood-root and sassafras to sell to the druggist to get money to buy books with. They are a hive!"

(To be continued.)

THE HOUSES OF CHINA.

The houses of China are usually only one storey high, and are built of stone, brick, or wood, according to the cheapness of these materials in different parts of the country. The floors are generally of cement or earth, and the windows of lattice-work, upon which is pasted white paper, which needs often to be renewed.

There are no stoves or fire-places even in the north of China, where the winters are quite cold. They have brass and earthen foot-stoves and a nice little hand-stove which they often carry in their sleeves. In some houses they have a raised platform built of brick or stone, under which they kindle a fire, a chimney carrying off the smoke, and upon this the family huddle by day and sleep at night. The dwellings of the rich and the temples are very costly, often much ornamented with carvings and pictures. In the cities they often have high walls built between groups of houses to prevent the spreading of fires.



ELECTRICAL BUILDING, WORLD'S FAIR, CHICAGO.

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

LESSONS FROM THE LIFE OF PAUL.

A.D. 52.] LESSON III. [July 16.

PAUL AT ATHENS.

Acts 17. 22-31.] [Memory verses, 30, 31.

GOLDEN TEXT.

God is a Spirit; and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth. —John 4. 24.

OUTLINE.

1. An Unknown God, v. 22, 23.
2. God made known, v. 24-31.

PLACE.—Athens, in Greece.

CONNECTING LINKS.

After their release from prison, and a brief sojourn at the house of Lydia, the apostles went to Thessalonica, where they had at first great success, but were afterward mobbed. Thence they went to Berea, and Paul—being compelled to leave that city also—went to Athens. While waiting there for Silas and Timothy to join him the events of this lesson took place.

EXPLANATIONS.

"Mars' Hill"—A public place to which the Athenians had invited Paul that he might tell them about the Gospel. "Too superstitious"—This means here, "devoted to worship." "Your devotions"—The people of Athens worshipped many idols. "To the Unknown God"—The existence of such altars in Athens

is mentioned by other writers. "Ignorantly worship"—They yearned for and worshipped an indefinite Goodness which they never dared to hope to reach. "Dwelleth not in temples"—Athens was full of costly and beautiful temples. "Of one blood"—A statement not generally believed by Greeks. "Determined the times"—God has a purpose for every nation. "Haply"—Perhaps. "Offspring"—His children. "Winked at"—Better, "overlooked;" God allowed it while men were ignorant. "To repent"—To turn from their sins. "By that man"—Jesus Christ, the Son of God.

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

How does this lesson teach—

1. That we are the children of God?
2. That we should repent of sin?
3. That we should prepare for the judgment?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. At what place in Athens did Paul preach the Gospel? "Mars' hill." 2. Whom did Paul declare unto the Athenians? "The Unknown God whom they worshipped." 3. What relation do we bear to God? "We are his offspring." 4. What does the Lord command all men everywhere to do? "To repent." 5. What did our Lord say concerning true worship? Golden Text: "God is a Spirit," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The knowledge of God.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

What do you mean by the almightiness or omnipotence of God?
That God can do whatever he will.

What do you mean by the omniscience of God?

That God knows all things, past and present and future.

How does the Scripture describe this knowledge?

It teaches that God knows every thought in man's heart, every word, and every action.

A SUGGESTIVE INCIDENT.

A LITTLE while ago the mother of a family of children was taken sick and died. The eldest daughter, a girl of thirteen years, took her mother's place, so far as she could, comforting her father in his sore bereavement, and caring for her younger brothers and sisters; but the care and labour overmatched her strength, and she, too, was laid on her deathbed. When her Sabbath-school teacher visited her shortly before her relief from pain and weariness, he talked with the child about her hope for the next life. Her emaciated hands lay on the counterpane, hands misshaped before their time by hard work, scarred with rubbing and cooking, and by trying to perform tasks too heavy for her. "I am afraid to meet Jesus," said the child: "I have done so little good in the world."

"Don't be afraid," replied the teacher; "when you meet Jesus, show him your hands. His hands were scarred for others. He will look at your hands and embrace you."

The girl had not thought that work for

her own was work for Jesus, who "came unto his own," and she was comforted. She had not thought that her disfigured hands would be her highest recommendation to the society of ministering spirits, to the fellowship of him who gave himself for others.

REAL KINDNESS.

A BLIND and crippled old man sat at the edge of the icy stone pavement grinding out his few tunes on a wheezy hand-organ, and holding in one hand a tin cup for pennies. The cold wind blew through his rags, and he was indeed a pitiful object. Yet few of the passers-by seemed to pity him. They were all in a hurry, and it was too cold to stop and hunt for pennies in pockets and purses.

A sudden gust of wind blew the old man's cap off. It fell by the side of the pavement, a few feet distant. He felt around for it with his bare, red hands, and then with his cane; but he could not find it, and finally began playing again, bareheaded, with his scanty gray locks tossed about in the wind. People came and went, happy, well-dressed men and women, in silks and velvets and seal-skins, in warm overcoats and gloves and mufflers. But none of them paid any attention to the old man.

By-and-bye a woman came out of an alley, an old woman in rags and tatters, with a great bundle of boards and sticks on her bent back. Some of the boards were so long that they dragged on the ground behind her; and it had evidently taken her a long time to tie all the boards and bits of lumber together and get them on her back.

She came along, bending low under her burden, until she was within a few feet of the old organ-grinder. She saw his cap lying by the pavement; she saw him sitting bareheaded.

She stopped and untied the rope that bound the bundle to her back, and in a moment the boards were lying on the ground. Then she picked up the cap, put it on the old man's head, and tied it down with a ragged string of a handkerchief taken from her own neck.

"Cold, haint it?" she said.

He nodded.

"Aint gettin' much to-day?"

He shook his head again.

She fumbled in her ragged skirts for a moment, and finally brought forth a copper. She dropped it into his little cup, hoisted the great bundle on her back and went on her way.

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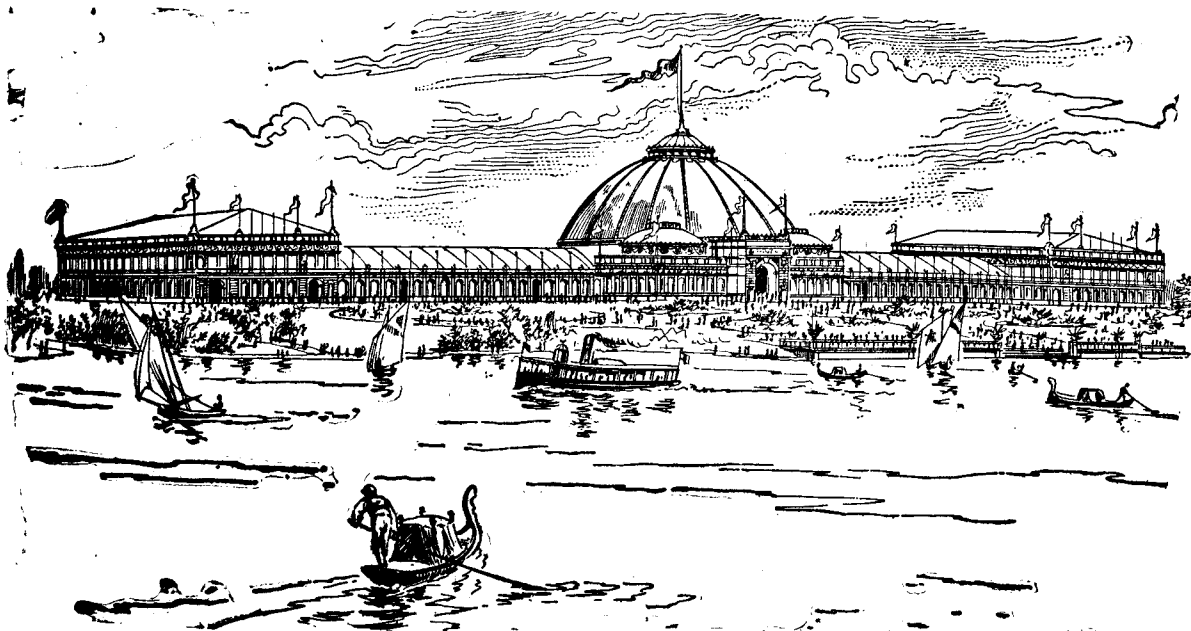
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