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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

TORONTO, JUNE 24, 1893.

[No. 25]

Vol. XIII.]

THE COLUMBIAN EXHIBITION, CHICAGO.

I.

In all civilized countries a lively interest is being manifested in the World's Fair, now being held in Chicago, Ill. Every illustrated paper and magazine in the world is giving engravings of the great World's Fair. We are determined that PLEASANT HOURS shall not be behind. The buildings are on a magnificent scale, both in size and artistic design, and with the object of giving our readers an idea of the appearance of those in which most of them will be more particularly interested, we herewith illustrate and describe the principal attractions of the great exhibition.

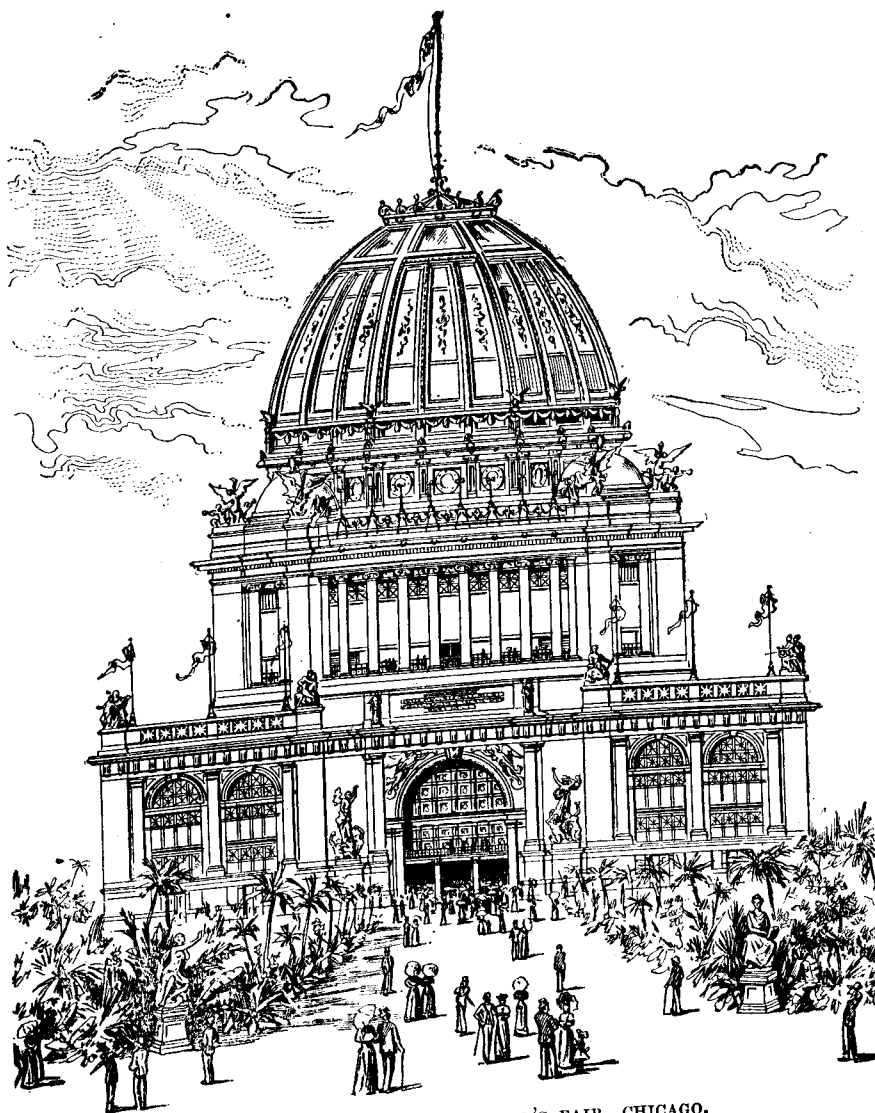
The greatest building of all, the Hall of Manufactures and the Liberal Arts, is 788 feet wide by 1,688 feet long, having two interior courts. It is designed in the French Renaissance style, and is surrounded on all sides by a porch two storeys in height, affording a promenade and view of the other buildings and of the lagoon covered with craft of all descriptions. This building covers more than forty-four acres, and is said to be three times as large as the largest building at the Paris Exposition. (See No. 15 in bird's-eye view.) It has forty-four acres of floor space.

The Administration Building, one of the most imposing and expensive of all the structures upon the grounds, is adorned with scores of statuary figures, and has a gilded dome rising 250 feet above the ground. It is the headquarters of all the numerous officials connected with the management and administration of the exhibition.

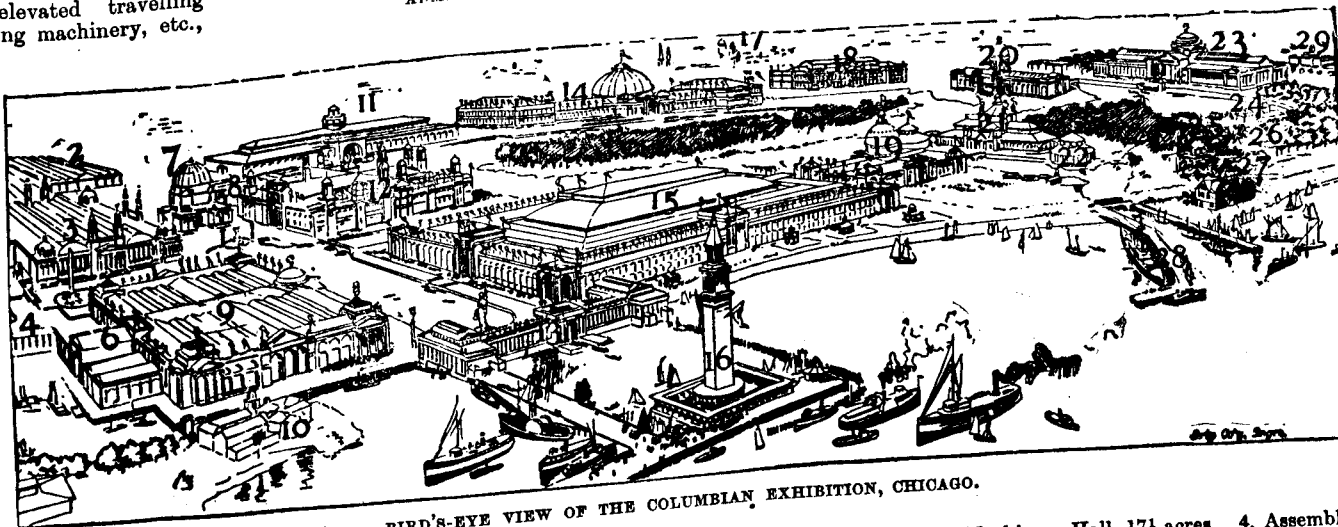
Machinery Hall covers a space of 500 to 850 feet, with an annex of 450 by 550 feet. The interior of this building presents the appearance of three railroad train houses side by side, surrounded on all sides by fifty-foot galleries. In each of the three long naves is an elevated travelling crane to facilitate placing machinery, etc., and platforms are placed on them from which visitors may view the exhibits without the trouble of walking around. The exterior of Machinery Hall is rich and imposing.

The Fishery Building, 700 feet in length, is flanked at each end by a curved arcade, connecting it with two octagonal pavilions in which are aquaria and exhibits of fishing tackle. The building is Spanish in style, and colour is liberally used in its decoration.

In the middle is a basin or pool twenty-six feet wide, from which rises a towering mass of rocks, covered with moss and



ADMINISTRATION BUILDING, WORLD'S FAIR, CHICAGO.



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE COLUMBIAN EXHIBITION, CHICAGO.

1. Sixty-three acres to left of cut reserved for Live Stock Exhibit.
2. Railway Approach.
3. Machinery Hall, 17½ acres.
4. Assembly Hall.
5. Forestry Building, 2½ acres.
6. Annex to Agricultural Building.
7. Administration Building.
8. Hall of Mines and Mining, 8½ acres.
9. Agricultural Building, 15 acres.
10. Reproduction of "La Rabida Convent," where Columbus retired.
11. Transportation Exhibit, 18½ acres.
12. Electrical Building, 9½ acres.
13. The great Peristyle and Music Hall Cafe.
14. Horticultural Hall, 6½ acres.
15. Manufactures and Liberal Arts Building, 44 acres.
16. Casino and Pier.
17. Villages of all Nations.
18. Woman's Building.
19. United States Government Building.
20. Illinois State Building.
21. Fisheries Building and Deep-sea Aquaria.
22. Life-saving Station.
23. Galleries of Fine Arts.
24. Japan.
25. France, Mexico and Germany.
26. Foreign Building.
27. England.
28. United States Naval Exhibit.
29. New York.

lichens. From clefts and crevices in the rocks crystal streams of water gush and drop to the masses of reeds, rushes, and ornamental semi-aquatic plants in the basin below. In this pool gorgeous gold fishes, golden tench, and other fishes, disport.

The plans for the electric lighting of the Columbian Exposition Buildings call for 7,000 arc lights of 2,000 candle power each, and 12,000 incandescent lights, of 16 candle power each, equal to 14,192,000 candle power. This is ten times as much as the electric lighting of the Paris Exposition. Of course the first visible thing is the crown of arc lights clustering about the top of the Pharos. A million lights change and shift. There is a collection of little whitely glowing suns that are suddenly dampened, and in their stead glows the radiance of a star cluster. The incalculable combinations of the seven primary colours are wrought out by unseen workers in a hundred different places, and are flung into the air. Prismatic tints chase shadows in a thousand directions. From the middle of the ground rises a great glowing dome of liquid fire. The turrets of the big building for electricity dance with sunshine.

And now, as you come still closer, the whole body of the lake is transformed into a sea of brilliantly shining and variously tinted waves whose aspect at first frightens and then awes. The boat dances easily on this magic sea, and one is dazzled with the splendour. There is light everywhere—light of all shades, and colours of all intensity and softness, of all degree and combination. No dreamer of Bagdad could have pictured to his active and warm imagination such a phantasy as this. Mr. Edison himself, who is the special magician that has animated the waters of the lagoon and the lake, can scarcely credit the result of his idea.

It is, therefore, without doubt, a fact that however gorgeous the exposition may be as seen during the day, it is by no means comparable with the exposition as it is seen at night. From the tower a series of search-lights are operated, whose effects are really startling, and this only adds to the bewildering be-dazzlement of the scene.

OLD AND NEW FRIENDS.

Do not give up old friends for new ones. Make new ones if you like; and when you have learned that you can trust them, love them if you will; but remember the old ones still. Do not forget that they have been merry with you in time of pleasure, and when sorrow came to you they sorrowed also. No matter if they have gone down in the social scale and you up, no matter if poverty and misfortune

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

to be natural to children when pursuing a painful theme.

"Be sure he does," said Letitia, "father never liked to work; he never would work. I never saw him do anything, and yet he always said he was tired all the time."

"That was because he was doing the very hardest kind of work all the time," spoke up Achilles, who was lying on his back on the grass. "Just you let me explain that to you. The lecturer at the Temperance Rooms last winter made it as plain as day. You put your finger on my wrist, Tish; feel my pulse beating? It gives one move every beat of my heart. Every stroke of my heart throws six ounces of blood through my body. Three strokes move over a pound of blood, you see. Now when I stand up, or move about, my heart beats about seventy-four times a minute; when I work, it goes faster; when I lie down quiet, it only goes sixty-four times a minute, or so. That's the way I get rest, you see, by lying down and not letting my heart work so hard. Every night I am in bed eight hours, and my heart rests by moving thirty thousand ounces, or one thousand two hundred and fifty pounds less of blood than during the day. But when a person uses alcohol, the alcohol makes the heart beat faster, and when a man lies down to rest, and has a lot of alcohol in him, his heart can't get down to sixty-four, it stays way up to seventy-five beats a minute or so, and so you see, is kept working hard for nothing, when it ought to be resting. Of course, then, anybody who keeps the heart stirred up by alcohol is working hard all the time for all he is not doing anything, and he is just as tired as if he were doing something worth while, and that paid."

"I never saw any one who could remember and explain things the way you can, Kill, if it is something you like," said the admiring Letitia.

Achilles cast down his eyelids, but a broad grin of gratification illuminated his countenance. Letitia's encomiums spurred him to farther exhibition of what he knew.

"Mother," he said, "do you reckon father spent regularly sixpence a day in drink?"

"Why he spent very much more than that," said Mercy.

"And he had been spending as much as that every day for twelve years before he went off?"

"For fifteen years at the least," said Mercy.

"Let's call it sixpence a day for twelve years, because my sum is done that way," said Achilles. "If he hadn't saved up one thing but just that, and put it at interest, it would have come to one hundred and sixty a year income by the time he went, or three dollars a week. That's as much as you can make by hard work sometimes, just thrown away spoiling himself and everything else. That's drinking men's economy, that is!"

Mercy sighed. She felt it was safe for her children to be warned by their father's fall, since he had made it impossible for them to be improved by his example; but the subject was very distressing. Samuel, the most active mind in the little group, started a fresh issue.

"Mother, here on the white leaf of your Bible, it says 'Mercy Titus, from Barum Titus.' Wasn't Uncle Barum the one you lived with when you were a little girl?"

"Yes, my father and mother died, and I went to live with Uncle Barum when I was five years old," replied Mercy.

"Was he kind to you, and nice?"

"Oh, yes."

"Never hit you or nothing, did he?"

"Oh, no."

"Then you had a pretty good time, didn't you, with him?"

"Well, yes, rather. Uncle Barum was an odd man. He did not like to spend much money, and he was very quiet. He hated noise, and did not like me to have young company around or any music. I used to beg for even an accordion, but he hated sounds, he said. He did not approve of gay colours, or ribbons, or fancy clothes, and I often used to feel vexed at not having as pretty things as the other girls. But as I look back, I think I had a very good time, and should have been more grateful. I was always warm and well-fed, and safe, and sent to school, and never had any unkindness shown to me. And the little farm-house was so cosy, with such big

trees about it; the milk-house with a big spring running through it; the garden full of old-fashioned gay flowers, with beehives standing among them; the barn roof was always covered with pigeons, cooing and preening in the sun. I had a horse of my own to ride."

"You didn't know when you were well off," said Achilles.

"Why don't Uncle Barum ever come to see us?" asked Samuel.

"He is very angry at me, and does not want to see me," replied his mother.

"Are you angry at him?" urged the young inquisitor.

"Oh, no, I often long to tell him how grateful I am for all he did for me; he was like a father to me."

"Better than some samples of fathers," remarked Achilles tersely.

"He was angry at you for marrying father, wasn't he?" said Letitia. "You ran off with father, didn't you?" Letitia, girl-like, revelled in the least hint of romance.

"Yes, I did," said her mother sadly.

"That's where you missed it," said the brusque Achilles. "I heard Mrs. Canfield say when Jenny Gardiner ran off and married, she'd live to rue it. She said that no good ever came of runaway matches, or of young folks setting up to know more of what was good for them than their elders. She said that a girl's friends had no call to give her any but good advice about marrying, and that grown folks, that wasn't led off with a lot of flattery and soft talk, knew the right kind of fellow for a girl, than the much better whether a young man was the girl was likely to. Just think how much better off you'd have been, if you'd taken Uncle Barum's advice. Reckon he knew how father was coming out."

"I certainly should have waited, and tried to get my uncle's consent, for he had been a good father and friend to me. But he did not object to your father more than to any other young man. He was fond of me, himself, and said he had brought me up, and I ought to stay with him as long as he lived, and he would leave me enough to take care of me. It was marriage, not your father, that Uncle Barum objected to."

"Didn't he know father drank a very little?"

"Your father was not a teetotaler. He held that a man could take a little liquor, if he liked it, and did not hurt himself, or go too far."

"There's where he was foolish," said Achilles. "What's the sense of a man using a thing that is sure not to do him any good? And when so many folks do go too far, what's the use of running such a risk? A body don't care for the stuff before he begins to use it, does he? What's the sense in stirring up a liking for it? There's too much risk in such a business for me."

"I hope you will all feel that way, always, children!" cried Mercy. "We have had trouble enough from strong drink. I look back and can see how the young men that I knew, who used strong drink, have gone to ruin or made no good progress in honour and usefulness, and those who never touched it have made reputation and fortune."

"We're awful fools in this country," said Achilles. "The man that lectured at the Temperance Rooms told about it. In this country we use more beer than tea, and more whiskey than coffee. We pay out nine hundred millions for beer and alcoholic drink; and for all our drinks together, coffee, tea, beer, whiskey, we spend a thousand million. If we took water instead, look at what we'd save! We use at the rate of eight gallons of beer and one gallon and a half of whiskey a year, for every man, woman, and child in this land! Well, some one else has to drink my share, for I won't touch it."

"And mine too," said Samuel. "Mother, does Uncle Barum live over there on the other side of the mountain, in that pretty farm-house yet?"

"Yes."

"Didn't you ever see him after you ran away from him?"

"Well, for a few years he used to pass this house now and then, but he never stopped to speak or seemed to notice it. Then he stopped coming. I think it hurt him to see how all was going to rack and ruin."

"He'd better come by now then, and see how it's coming up," said Achilles, with pride.

"Mother," persisted Samuel, "how do you go to Uncle Barum's?"

"O Samuel, what a lot of questions you ask!" cried Achilles. "I can tell you, because I've been there. When you get to the cross-road where the guide-post is, toward Ladbury, you turn to the left, and go on and on round the mountain till you come to a house with a red-and-blue rooster over the barn, and that's Uncle Barum Titus' house."

"Mother, wouldn't you like to see Uncle Barum and be friends with him?" continued Samuel.

"Samuel, go and feed the chickens," said Letitia, "and then we'll have supper. There's something nice!" She saw the tears in Mercy's eyes.

Achilles happened to look at his mother and saw the tears too, but he was not as skilful as Letitia. He cried out, "And I say, Samuel, if you don't quit asking questions when you come back, I'll thrash you, that's all there is about it."

"No you won't, you never do," said Samuel. "Why can't I ask questions? I want to know about Uncle Barum."

"Get out quicker!" shouted Achilles, so fiercely that Samuel never stopped running until he was behind the barn. Then he sat down and meditated on the great injustice of Achilles thwarting him of obtaining information.

Letitia, with womanly prescience, understood that nothing so diverts a masculine mind as something good to eat, and so went to prepare the Sabbath supper. This was a cold collation, served wherever the family happened to be. Mercy was reviving some of her cooking abilities; she made pies and little cakes, and "dutch cheeses," and sandwiches for Sabbath evenings, which thus became the festa of the week.

It was now the summer vacation. Thomas Stanhope had been in prison two years and three months. Samuel was past eight year old, and Letitia had finished the classes at the school on the mountain, and was to go to school in Ladbury the next autumn and live with Friend Sara Lowell.

Friend Amos had invited Samuel to come to him for a week, for a holiday, and had promised him a new suit, as a reward for being at the head of all his classes. On Monday morning after Achilles had cut him so short in his questioning, Samuel dressed himself in his best, and kissing all the family good-bye, set off down the mountain toward Ladbury. Having gone a mile and a half, he came to the cross-road, and seated himself at the foot of the guide-post to rest. As he sat there, it was not Ladbury, with the big, busy store, Friend Amos, the large jars of stick candy, of which some should be forthcoming for him, not Friend Sara and her lovely molasses turnovers, which drew his fancy, but the barn with the red-and-blue rooster, the farm-house where mother had been a little girl, lonely Uncle Barum, who had cherished anger for nearly seventeen years.

Presently Samuel arose, turned his back on Ladbury, and began to wind around the mountain toward the left. He had very indefinite notions as to eight miles of road; he was not tired, he had recently eaten breakfast, he was strong in a purpose. In his own fashion Samuel was as resolute a little man as his brother Achilles.

It is needless to tell how long, how very long the way grew to those childish feet, how hungry he became, how the wayside spring failed to refresh him, how noon-day came and passed, and the sun was half-way down the sky when finally he saw the honeysuckle-draped porch with the bench on each side by the lattice.

All was peace and beauty about the place, and all was silence. The curtains were down over the windows and the door was shut. Samuel was too tired to take the silence and loneliness of the house into consideration; Uncle Barum would come, of course. He perched himself on a bench, and leaned back against the lattice. He had stopped to inquire his way at the farm-house just above Uncle Barum's and the housewife, who was frying doughnuts, had given him two goodly doughnuts, brown and rotund, well spiced with cinnamon. What a godsend they were to him! He ate them as he leaned back, and then fell asleep and slept for an hour. It was a bird that awakened him, she flew chirping almost across his face. A blue-bird; she was rearing her second brood in a nest

among the honeysuckles, close by Samuel's head. He scrambled to his knees and with clasped hands contemplated the squeaking, callow brood.

"Hello there! who are you?" cried an old man, dismounting from a big gray horse at the gate.

"I'm Samuel."

"You look it—jist the nat'ral moral of picters I've seen of prayin' Samuel on's knees with his two hands up, and eyes as bigs as moons, and curls, look as if they might 'a' bin wet. Samuel are you?"

"Yes, sir, only not that Samuel. I'm Samuel Stanhope. Are you Uncle Barum?"

The old man froze at once. He did not touch the child, but seated himself on the opposite bench and contemplated him. Samuel arranged himself for inspection, very erect, very eager, his hands on his bare knees that protruded from his nearly out-grown short breeches.

"Who sent you here?" asked the old man.

"Nobody; I just come. I hope it wasn't running away? But I wanted to see you, and I know mother wanted to hear about you. Kill said I hurt her feelin's las' night talking questions about you. And I was going to Friend Amos Lowell's, and at the guide-board I just turned and came here—like Kill told me how, you see."

"I see, came begging, did you?"

Samuel's face crimsoned. "Why, no! what should I beg for? It's asking for things you haven't got, isn't it? But I've got all I want, you see, and if I didn't have I could ask Kill and he'd get 'em, of course."

"Got all you want!" cried the old man.

"You must be easy satisfied. Don't you live in the old Stanhope place still?"

"Yes, sir, that's ours, us children's, you know," with pride.

"Miserable tumble-down, dirty, broken-windowed, unfenced rack of a place! Just as Scriptor has it, the glutton and the drunkard shall come to poverty."

"But you haven't been there lately, have you, Uncle Barum? Why, it is all fixed up! New fence, grass, trees, vines, flowers, paint, benches, nice things inside, pie and cookies for Sundays, chickens and a cow and two pigs at the barn, colts to board, two pictures and nine books of our own. Oh, we've got nice things now! We all work hard, Kill and mother the hardest, and me and Tish next hard, and Baby Patty picks potato bugs, and pulls weeds, and gets chips. You don't know how nice we get on now our father has gone to the 'tentiary. A ten-years' sentence, you know. I think perhaps it is doing him good. He writes us nice letters. Sorry letters that make Tish and mother cry, but good, you know, and he's learned to make shoes, and he reads his Bible, and can't get any whiskey."

"Well, did you come here to tell me that?"

"Why, no! I only told you because I thought you'd like to hear, and you seemed to think I came to get something, and I did not, for I don't want anything."

"What did you come for then?"

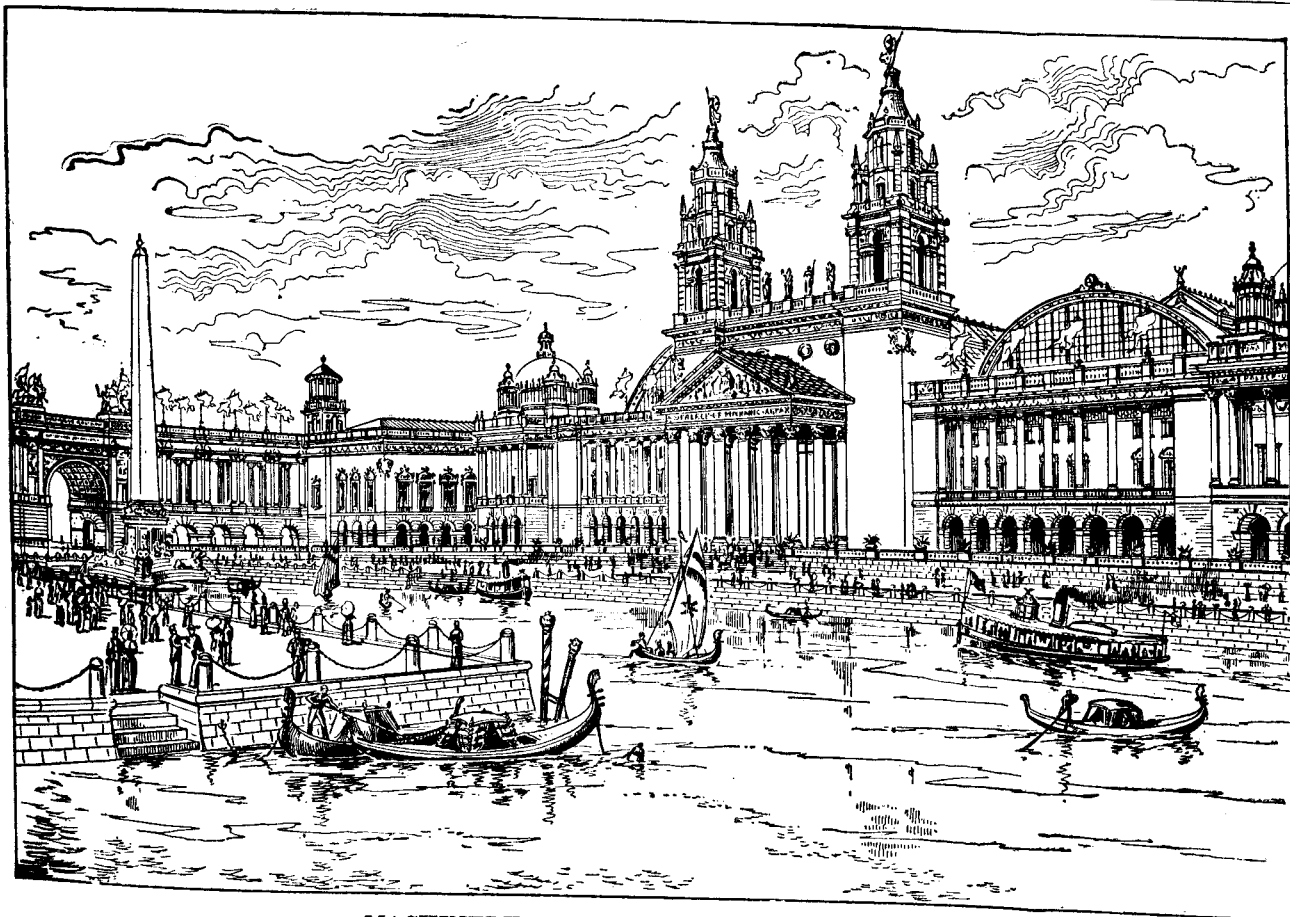
"Only to see you, and tell you mother felt so sorry; and mother said you were kind and good to her when she was little, and I felt sure I'd like you, and maybe you'd send your love to mother by me, Uncle Barum."

(To be continued.)

SIMPLE EXPERIMENTS.

GET an ordinary tumbler filled to the brim with water, and on it place a sheet of paper, so that the surface of the water may be completely covered. Now place one hand on the paper, and with the other invert the glass. Then remove your hand from the paper, and the water will not fall out, owing to the upward pressure of the atmosphere.

Again: take a piece of thick brown paper about a foot square and heat it at the fire. When hot place it on the table and rub it with a clothes-brush for half a minute. Then hold the brown paper over some small, light bodies—little pieces of blotting-paper will do—and the light bodies will jump about in the most excited manner. If the brown paper be held over somebody's head, several hairs will immediately stand on their ends, greatly to the amusement of the spectators.



MACHINERY HALL, WORLD'S FAIR, CHICAGO.

When Mother Prays.

BY H. S. W.

THE ear of heaven bendeth low
When mother prays,
And I am better then, I know,
When mother prays.
The disappointments of the day,
The worry of the toilsome way,
The fretfulness and longing cease,
Heaven breathes my troubled soul to peace,
And love and trust in God increase
When mother prays.

A Sabbath-day it seems to me
When mother prays,
A day of rest and purity
When mother prays.
Faith whispers from the trembling lip,
And angels in glad fellowship,
With loving ministrations bear
The myrrh and frankincense of prayer
To him who doth all burdens share,
When mother prays.

Gennesaret's storm-tossed waves grow calm
When mother prays,
And Gilead yields a healing balm,
When mother prays.
Upon the slopes of Olivet
I see His form through eyelids wet,
Who toiled in dark Gethsemane,
And bore the cross to make me free,
And I am near to Calvary
When mother prays.

Mt. Vernon, Iowa.

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

LESSONS FROM THE LIFE OF PAUL.

A. D. 52.] LESSON I. [July 2.

PAUL CALLED TO EUROPE.

Acts 16. 6-15.] [Memory verses, 14, 15.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.—Matt. 28. 19.

OUTLINE.

1. The Vision, v. 6-10.
2. The Visit, v. 11-15.

PLACE.—Troas, in Mysia (Asia Minor), and Philippi, in Macedonia (Europe).

CONNECTING LINKS.

The last lesson from the Acts (studied December, 1892), presented (1) the report of Paul and Barnabas to the apostles in Jerusalem concerning the dissensions which had arisen in the church at Antioch; (2) the ad-

dress of James; and (3) the letter to the churches which was sent by the apostolic council. The links between that lesson and this are (1) the return to Antioch of Paul and Barnabas, together with the messengers of the apostolic Church (Acts 15. 30-34; (2) Peter's visit to Antioch, and his rebuke by Paul (Gal. 2. 11-14); (3) the determination of Paul and Barnabas to visit the churches together, and the strife which arose between them because of Mark; (4) the starting of Paul and Silas on their journey through Syria and Cilicia.

EXPLANATIONS.

"Forbidden by the Holy Ghost"—The Spirit kept them at that time from preaching in Asia, in order to send them to Europe. "A vision"—This was a dream sent by the Lord to direct Paul. "To go into Macedonia"—This lay across the Aegean Sea, in Europe. "Loosing"—Setting sail. "Colony"—A Roman city having the right to govern itself. "River side"—The Jews worshipped by rivers when they had no synagogue. "Spake unto the woman"—The first gospel sermon in Europe was preached to a little company of women. "Seller of purple"—Of purple dyes, or of dry goods dyed purple. "She attended"—Heard with willingness to believe. "Faithful to the Lord"—A disciple of Christ. "Constrained"—Urged earnestly.

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

Where does this lesson show—

1. The guidance of the Holy Spirit?
2. The characteristics of a Christian evangelist?
3. The characteristics of a sincere convert?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What appeared to Paul in the night? "A vision." 2. Where did this vision lead Paul to go? "Into Macedonia." 3. What command of our Lord was Paul now obeying? Golden Text: "Go ye therefore," etc. 4. Where did the apostles go on the Sabbath? "Where prayer was wont to be made." 5. What is said of Lydia? "The Lord opened her heart."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Universal redemption. Verse 9.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

1. What do you mean by the attributes of God?

All the perfections of his nature.

2. What do the Scriptures teach concerning God's attributes?

That he is omnipresent and almighty; that he is omniscient and all-wise.

Jer. 23. 24; Psalm 139. 7-12.

It is a great mercy to have the Gospel of peace, but it is far greater to have the peace of the Gospel.

RELIGIOUS CONGRESSES.

AN inspiring idea has caught the managers of the World's Fair. The display of products showing the progress and present achievements of civilization, in science, art and industry, is not to occupy the exclusive attention of sight-seers. It is a matter of gratifying importance that the religious condition and progress of the race are to be indicated by a great congress which is to include representatives of the religions of the civilized peoples of the world. This is the most significant note of universal brotherhood which has yet been heard. It will be an occasion of the greatest moment when men who profess the different religions of the world, stand side by side giving reasons for the faith that is in them. We may expect, therefore, to see such an assembly of religious representatives as was never before brought together—truly a great cosmopolitan gathering. Christians of all denominations, Buddhists, Shintoists, Mohammedans, Brahmans—in short, every kind of faith which has influenced the spiritual life of nations will be there represented. The apologists for heathen faiths can hardly fail to be touched by the kindness which will greet them and provide for their entertainment. They will see, at least, that the Christian religion is as wide as the world in its desire for good-will.

THE TOBACCO BILL.

"WHY do you consider the use of tobacco so hurtful, physically?"

"Experiments have proved that nicotine, the active principle of tobacco, is a rank poison. Nicotine obtained by distillation from the plant is exceedingly powerful. A drop of the concentrated solution is sufficient to kill a dog, and its vapour will kill caged birds."

"Is it possible?"

"Yes; and it is, of course, detrimental to the health of man, though a slow poison. An acquaintance of mine under a physician's care for acute disease was told by him that his medicine was counteracted, in his case, by the nicotine pervading the whole system."

We are told to put aside every weight and the sin that doth so easily beset us, and run with patience the race that is set before us. Now if a man's mouth and pockets are lined with tobacco—these are weights—for habit is very powerful, and anything that becomes a habit with us, becomes the master whom we serve. Habits are chains far stronger than those forged from iron.

If a man smokes only one ten-cent cigar daily, it amounts in the course of a year to

\$36.50. If he indulges in three daily, it amounts to \$109.50. Now think of a person throwing away—worse than throwing away—one hundred and nine dollars and a half! Carry your computation still further, and see what it will be in ten years. Remember how many loaves of bread, at ten cents a loaf, \$109.50 would give poor hungry children whose mothers may have given them the last crust.

CATCHING MONKEYS.

BY EVANGELIST CHARLES W. M'CROSSAN.

I ONCE saw a monkey in great distress. He gazed very curiously for some time at a spring lock, then put his finger into it. The lock snapped, and Mr. Monkey was a prisoner. He looked very foolish when caught and very thankful when liberated. Monkeys, like girls and boys, are great imitators. In Africa, where thousands of monkeys live in the trees, men catch them in the following ways:

1. They sit on the ground and pull their boots off and on until the monkeys get quite excited, watching them. Then the men scatter boots, with some very sticky substance inside, under the trees. As soon as the men leave, the monkeys drop down and pull on the boots. But they can't get them off again. Monkeys can't climb trees with boots on, so get caught.

2. Another plan is to set pans of water on the ground and wash in them. Then the water is poured out and the pans are filled with sticky stuff, like mucilage. The monkeys try to wash in it and get stuck.

3. About the meanest trick is when the men drink water out of some bottles and then leave intoxicating liquor for the monkeys. They drink it and when drunk are easily caught.

The most natural thing for boys and girls to do, is to imitate bad men and women. This is the plan Satan adopts to catch thousands of boys and girls. Boys, don't smoke, drink, swear or listen to bad stories. Avoid the saloons as you would rattle-snakes. Girls, don't listen to bad girls or women talk. Be pure, be noble, be holy. A boy or girl is known by the company shunned as well as the company kept.

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