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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XVIII.]

TORONTO, JULY 30, 1898.

[No. 31.]

Throw Down the Wine Cup.

BY J. PASCOE.

Thown down the wine cup, throw down the bowl,

Throw down the draught that poisons the soul;

Touch not the wine cup, touch not the drink,

Touch not the evil, study and think.

Think of the danger, think of the sin,
Think of the demon lurking within,
Think of the sorrow blighting your home,
Think of the folly,—drinking of rum.

Think of a name and a character good,
Think how the drink will poison your blood,

Think, early think, reflect on the whole,
Give not for drink the worth of the soul.

visited either of the Paris expositions will readily concede that, although no nation surpasses the French in artistic capacity and perhaps none equals that country in the development of landscape gardening, it is a fact that from an exterior point of view all of the exhibitions held there have been singularly unattractive. The first two expositions were held in the Palais de l'Industrie and were completely housed under a single roof, and there was no special attempt at beautifying the grounds immediately about the Exposition building. And the same was true, in a degree, of the World's Fair in 1889. The space was so valuable that the whole thing was crowded, and there was little opportunity for any display of landscape gardening.

It was reserved for Chicago, in 1893, to make landscape gardening a feature of the World's Fair; and no one who

by the imposing mesas of the adjacent State.

But this is all natural and God-given. It is to that which art is developing—the exposition grounds proper—that the visitor will turn with chief interest.

THE LANDSCAPE GARDENING

on what is known as the Bluff Tract promises to be most imposing. A vast quantity of flowers, shrubs and trees will be set out so as to form a beautifully shaded garden spot. There will be labyrinths, gravelled walks, the more conventional geometric flower beds, hedgerows and lovers' nooks, all in such profusion and with such a wealth of verdure that one may walk by the hour in the serene belief that he is far from the maddening crowd in the fastnesses of Nature itself. But in sharp contrast will be the Court of Honour, over the

The beautiful building of electricity is simple, but effective in design. Its ornamentation, symbolic of its exhibits, shows clear designs in cogwheels and electrical machinery. The most complete and elaborate display of everything pertaining to the infant yet over-developing science will be shown. Tesla, Edison and Prof. Thompson will have individual exhibits.

In the section devoted to machinery will be found a splendid and complete collection of agricultural mechanism, the finest ever exhibited at any exposition.

The Agricultural Building will command much attention and the Temple of Ceres is well fitted to exhibit the agricultural products of this wonderful Western country. Facing it and across the lake, is the Fine Arts Building. It is constructed in the form of two Greek crosses, which are connected by a court



GRAND CANAL COURT—OMAHA EXPOSITION.

Abstain from the drink, touch it no more,
Kneel at God's feet, h's mercy implore,
Pray for repentance, pardon and grace,
Pray for his love to lighten your face;

Pray, he your footsteps ever may guide;
Pray that his love may with you abide;
Pray and believe he'll keep you in youth,
Lead you in paths of virtue and truth.

Will lead you, bless you, keep you from sin,
Lead you through life till glory you win,
Lead you to heaven, the home of the blest,
There with God's people ever to rest.

THE INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION AT OMAHA.

The greatest exposition of America's resources and the products of a nation's thrift ever witnessed, with the single exception of the World's Fair at Chicago in 1893, will take place on the banks of the Missouri in the summer and fall of 1898, at Omaha, Neb. Anyone who

was privileged to see that dream of beauty will doubt the wisdom of the effort.

Profiting by the experience of the Columbian Exposition, Omaha proposes in the forthcoming Trans-Mississippi Fair to pay special attention to

SCENIC EFFECT.

The situation of the grounds lends itself in a remarkable way to such an endeavour. There is a splendid plateau covering two hundred acres, breaking off sheer into the gorge which constitutes the valley of the Missouri River. The outlook from the top of this bluff, which has been provided by nature, is magnificent and inspiring beyond expression. Throughout a stretch of a mile the visitor may stand and with his eyes sweep that beautiful valley, with the bluffs of Iowa beyond, for a great distance. At his feet the river bank and stretching southward the busy outskirts of the city of Omaha are seen. Beyond sweeps the majestic river, laden with steamboats and all forms of passenger and freight craft—a typical scene—while in the distance are the marsh-land bottoms backed

way. Here the long lagoon, dotted by lazy gondolas, weaving in and out and under the graceful arches of the bridges; the picturesque fountains playing in the bright sunlight, the walled sides of the water flanked by the greenest of grass plats, with here and there a pedestalled Apollo or laughing faun, a Bacchus or the struggling Laocoon or the classic figure of the Venus de' Medici, backed by the imposing line of stately buildings and graceful arches and colonnades—all these will make up a picture of amazing beauty and impressiveness.

IT IS NOT A "WHITE CITY."

The artists have hit upon a colour scheme which will relieve the scene from the hard glare of monotonous concrete, so trying to the eyes at Chicago. The buildings are to be done in neutral tints of Pompeian red and brown and ochre. This is daring and at first thought would seem incongruous. But careful tests have been made, and all now agree that it will be a great improvement. It will really be suggestive of Siena marble, and will be most harmonious and effective.

A splendid art collection has been made. The building itself is one of the most beautiful on the grounds. It is finished in ivory, but a frieze five feet high, which surrounds the building, is artistically coloured, and adds a contrasting bit of beauty to the whole concert.

THE GOVERNMENT BUILDING

which, with its huge dome and immense wings which flank it on either side, reminds one so strongly of the national Capitol at Washington, will stand facing the lake and overlooking the main court. Curving colonnades which stretch away on either side connect it with the Agriculture and Fine Arts Buildings. Surmounting the dome will be a reproduction of the famous "Liberty Enlightening the World," and from the ground to the torch in her hand the distance will be 176 feet.

A viaduct will connect the Main with the Bluff tracts. The latter contains the State Buildings, the Horticultural Building and the Midway.

The Horticultural Building is designed in the Corinthian and Ionic styles, and

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 are,
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 de-throned 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 garments 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 withn sound of her tongue; an' I allow you'll know more'n I can toll 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 yourn 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?"

"I do when there's any great call for it; but my fishin' days are about over, an' I'm gettin' to hug the shore pretty considerable."

"Then what have you got this vessel for?"

"She does to cruise 'round in now an' then. If I didn't own her I'd be mighty lonesome, seel'n's how I've lived on salt water the most of my life. But I'm a leetle more fore-handed than some of my neighbours, an' can afford to do what pleases me."

"When are you going out again?"
"Would you like to take a sail, little Ellen?" and the old man laid his big, brown hand almost tenderly on the tiny shoulder.

"Indeed I would, sir; if it was safe."
"Safe, child? It's safer at sea than it is on shore. If it so be you want to go, why say the word, an' Cap'n Hiram is the skipper for you to sail under."

"I shouldn't like to put you to any trouble, sir."

"Yes, that's jest the way with girls!" Thomas Hardy interrupted. "They talk soft like that, when all the time they're most dyl'n to go. Say, Captain Hiram, you wouldn't take her an' leave me on the land, would you?"

"I s'pose I'd have to put up with you for the sake of havin' little Ellen along."

"Then why don't you start? She wants to go."

The old man leaned over the child, who was caressing the not-over-cleanly baby, and must have seen in her face that Thomas Hardy had spoken the truth, for he said quickly,—

"I allow the tide'll be up so we can get the Island Queen afloat in a couple of hours; an' if it so be that you want to go, little Ellen, run up an' ask your mother. Tell her Cap'n Hiram Stubbs has given you the invite, an' he'll be proud to have the company of a quiet little woman like you."

"Do you think it will be safe if I leave the baby here with you and Thomas Hardy while I go to Mrs. Littlefield's, sir?"

"Well, I ain't sayin' anything for Thomas Hardy; but it don't strike me that it'll be any ways pleasant to leave that Jones youngster with me, 'cause I never did get along with boys, nohow."

"I'll go for you, Nell," Thomas Hardy said quickly. "It would take you an hour to go there and back, 'cause you'd have to fuss over mother half a day if you got where she was" and without waiting to learn whether his proposition was acceptable, Master Seabury hurried off more quickly than he would have done had he been bent on a mission the result of which in nowise affected him.

"I reckon we can trust him to find out what we want to know, seel'n's how he wants a sail worse'n you do; an' we'll set here in the shade till he gets back, little Ellen. It'll be quite a spell before the tide serves; an' then, if that 'ere fog-bank don't come down on us, I'll show you what the Island Queen can do when she tries."

"Do you dare to go very far in such a small vessel, sir?"

"Child, I'd be willin' to go anywhere in her. She's safer than many a bigger craft, an' knows me as I do her."

During this time Samuel Abner Jones had contrived to content himself by unwinding and re-winding the moist, tiny curls of paint which Captain Hiram had scraped from the bottom of the Island Queen, and in so doing had smeared his face and hands until he looked really like a freak of nature, rather than the offspring of respectable parents.

Now, however, it was as if he had determined to make himself the central figure in the scene; for he started toward the incoming waves as fast as his little bowed legs would carry him, much to the alarm of Ellen, who ran after him with no slight show of motherly solicitude.

"You are wastin' good genuine sympathy, little Ellen, for it ain't deserved," Captain Hiram said, as a twinkle came into the eyes which were nearly hidden from view by the over-hanging, bushy eyebrows. "There is never a Jones in these 'ere parts as would suffer from goin' too near the water, an' sometimes I believe they are more afraid of it in a wash-basin than when it's spread out as it is here in the harbour."

"But he might get drowned, Captain Hiram, if he was allowed to go so near the sea alone."

"Not a bit of it, little Ellen. The natural aversion of the Joneses to water would prevent him from goin' too far, an' you needn't consider it your bounden duty to keep track of him all the while you stay in Oldhaven. You are a motherly sort of a body by nature, an' I allow you'll allers be lookin' after somethin' or somebody as long as you live."

"It is better to be of service in the world, Captain Hiram, even though one

is small, than to selfishly think only of one's own amusement."

Right you are, an' this 'ere would be a better world if everybody should take up your way of thinkin'. Do you know, little Ellen—it seems foolish, I'll admit, but I can't help thinkin' of you an' my old mother in the same breath. She was the same careful kind of a body regardin' other people that you give promise of bein', an' a better woman never trod in shoe-leather. If it so be that all the angels are like her, heaven must be a mighty pleasant place for a careless man like me."

"Is your mother an angel, Captain Hiram?" Ellen asked in a whisper, and totally unmindful of the fact that Samuel Abner was once more dangerously near the water's edge.

"There ain't the least shadow of a doubt of it in my mind, little Ellen; for even though it should happen there was too many angels in heaven, the Lord couldn't miss the chance of gettin' another like her; an', bless you, child, she'll pick up somethin' to do for other people even there."

"Has she been dead long, Captain Hiram?"

"It seems so to me, little Ellen, though it's only a year an' two months since the big white angels came for her. While she was alive there was no man in Oldhaven, or anywhere else in this wide world for that matter, who had a cheerfuller home than this same Cap'n Hiram Stubbs; an' now I allow there's mighty few with a more desolate one."

"Didn't you ever have a wife?"

"Why, child, what was the need of it while my mother was livin'? I never

"I couldn't help it, little one," he said, apologetically.

"Oh, I didn't mind it, sir, in the least; and I'll kiss you, if you'll let me."

"If I'll let you, little Ellen? Why, I'll thank you for it," and the old man rubbed his face vigorously with the sleeve of his shirt, after which he stooped down until his head was on a level with Ellen's.

Putting one arm around his neck almost caressingly, she gave him as tender a kiss as she might have given Samuel Abner; and there was a suspicious moisture in the old man's eyes as he raised himself slowly, placing his hand reverentially upon the brown curls as he said solemnly,—

"May the Lord love, and keep trouble far from you, little Ellen!"

"Thank you, sir."

A shrill voice from the other side of the Island Queen caused Captain Hiram to start almost guiltily, as Thomas Hardy shouted at the full strength of his lungs,—

"Mother is willing, if Captain Stubbs really wants us to go; and Miss Littlefield says she wonders what's come over that old curmudgeon, 'cause he never asked anybody out sailing afore. What's a curmudgeon, Captain Hiram?"

"I reckon the kind Maria Littlefield means will come pretty nigh answerin' to my description," the old man replied grimly. "It's little Ellen I asked to go out sailin', an' if it so be that you make one of the party, it's because of her invite, not mine."

"Of course I'll go if she does, else who'd take care of her? Girls ain't fit to go anywhere alone."



I PRAY THEE, LET A DOUBLE PORTION OF

THY SPIRIT BE UPON ME

OUTLINE.

1. Elijah's Power, v. 6-8.
 2. Elijah's Translation, v. 9-12.
 3. The Spirit of Elijah, v. 13-15.
- Time.—Probably between 892 and 890; the exact date is uncertain.
Place.—The valley of the Jordan, not very far from Jericho.

HOME READINGS.

- M. Elijah's spirit on Elisha.—2 Kings 2, 1-8.
- Tu. Elijah's spirit on Elisha.—2 Kings 2, 9-15.
- W. The water healed.—2 Kings 2, 16-22.
- Th. Enoch translated.—Heb. 11, 1-6.
- F. Waiting for the Lord, Luke 12, 32-40.
- S. Parting words.—2 Tim. 4, 1-8.
- Su. Promise of the Spirit.—John 14, 8-17.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. Elijah's Power, v. 6-8.
What did Elijah request of Elisha?
What did Elisha say to this request?
Who here met Elisha?
What did these men say to him?
How did he reply to them?
What request did Elijah again make?
How did Elisha answer this time?
Who stood watching their journey?
What did Elijah do at the Jordan?
What was the result of smiting the waters?
2. Elijah's Translation, v. 9-12.
What did Elijah bid his companion to ask?
What was Elisha's request?
What did Elijah reply?
What suddenly appeared as they journeyed?
Where did Elijah go?
What did Elisha say when Elijah disappeared?
When and where was Elijah again seen? See Matt. 17, 3.
What did Elisha do in token of grief?
3. The Spirit of Elijah, v. 13-15.
What did he have that belonged to Elijah?
What did he do with the mantle?
What question did he ask?
What was the result of smiting the waters?
What Christian grace did he show in this act?
What did the sons of the prophets say about Elijah?
How did they show him honour?



ELIJAH'S TRANSLATION.

could hope to find the equal of her; an' it wouldn't have seemed right to bring another woman in to take her place, so to speak."

The expression on Ellen's face told of her sympathy, but before she could give it words Samuel Abner demanded her immediate attention.

Despite the antipathy of the Jones family for water, he had strayed into the line of gentle surf until the tiny waves were curling around his little bowed legs; and Ellen, not daring to venture in after him, ran to the very edge of the thin line of foam, where she stood begging the venturesome Samuel Abner to return, looking not unlike a motherly hen who, by an unfortunate combination of circumstances, has brought forth a brood of ducklings.

"Hold hard, little Ellen. I'll bring him ashore for you, though I never thought I'd raise a hand to take a Jones from the water."

And Captain Hiram plucked Samuel Abner from the seeming danger, depositing him high upon the gleaming sands with an admonitory shake which did not disturb the youngster in the slightest, although to Ellen it seemed unnecessarily harsh.

"Please don't hurt him, Captain Hiram!" she cried solicitously. "He is too young to know he ought not to go in the sea, and all take good care he don't do it again while he's with me."

Captain Stubbs looked furtively around an instant to assure himself there was no one in sight; and then, leaning over, quickly kissed the tiny girl on the cheek, straightening himself up an instant later as if ashamed of such a display of affectionate weakness.

"I allow it's this one that does most of the carin' in your family, young man."

"It don't make any difference who it is, so long as I'm goin' out in this vessel," Master Seabury replied carelessly, and Ellen said,—

"I must take the baby home before we start, of course. Will you tell me where he lives, Captain Hiram?"

"It's a long bit up the street, my child, an' there's no need of your goin' so far on account of him. I ain't over an' above favourable to babies; but you shall keep this one with you, even if he is a Jones."

"But his mother will be terribly worried if he doesn't come back soon."

"I'll answer for that part of it. So long as he is out of the way she won't turn a hair. Now then, my hearties, sit right down here while I get the Island Queen ready, for the tide is creepin' up on us jest as surely as is death."
(To be continued.)

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE HISTORY OF THE TEN TRIBES.

LESSON VI.—AUGUST 7.

ELIJAH'S SPIRIT ON ELISHA.

2 Kings 2, 6-15. Memory verses, 11-14. GOLDEN TEXT.

How much more shall you heavens, Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him?—Luke 11, 13.

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THE HORTICULTURE BUILDING—OMAHA EXPOSITION.

GETTING READY FOR FIRES.

BY WILLIAM T. KILL'S.

The fire-bells are clanging vigorously out in the street while I sit in my office and pen these words. There is no music that thrills the heart and sets the blood to leaping through the veins like the music of the fire-bells.

The sound that is now in my ears has called up many pictures that I have seen—pictures of dashing, spirited horses, drawing engines on which firemen hang for dear life, at the same time pulling on the boots and hats and rubber coats that will make them ready for work; pictures of great buildings ablaze, with smoke and flame streaming and pouring out of doors and windows, while walls fall and sparks and embers fly upward; pictures of brave firemen, sometimes covered with ice, sometimes blackened with smoke, but always battling heroically with their fierce enemy, and risking their lives for the preservation of life and property.

But another picture arises before my mind as I listen to the ringing of the fire-bells. In it there are no dashing horses or swirling smoke or devouring flames. It is a picture of a high building in an out-of-the-way street in a great city, with ropes and ladders down the sides, and with a large gymnasium indoors. This is the training-school for firemen. Here the city requires the new men to stay for a course of preparation before it permits them to enter upon the grave duties of their chosen calling. The discipline that they must undergo is taxing and vigorous. Day after day the men must swing dumb-bells and Indian clubs, go through the wearying exercises with pulley-weights, learn the art of climbing swiftly up and down loose ropes, swing from hanging rings, and traverse horizontal bars, suspended by their hands; until their palms are blistered and every muscle in their bodies aches from the new experience. All this the apprentice firemen must do to train their bodies to be quick and strong and trustworthy.

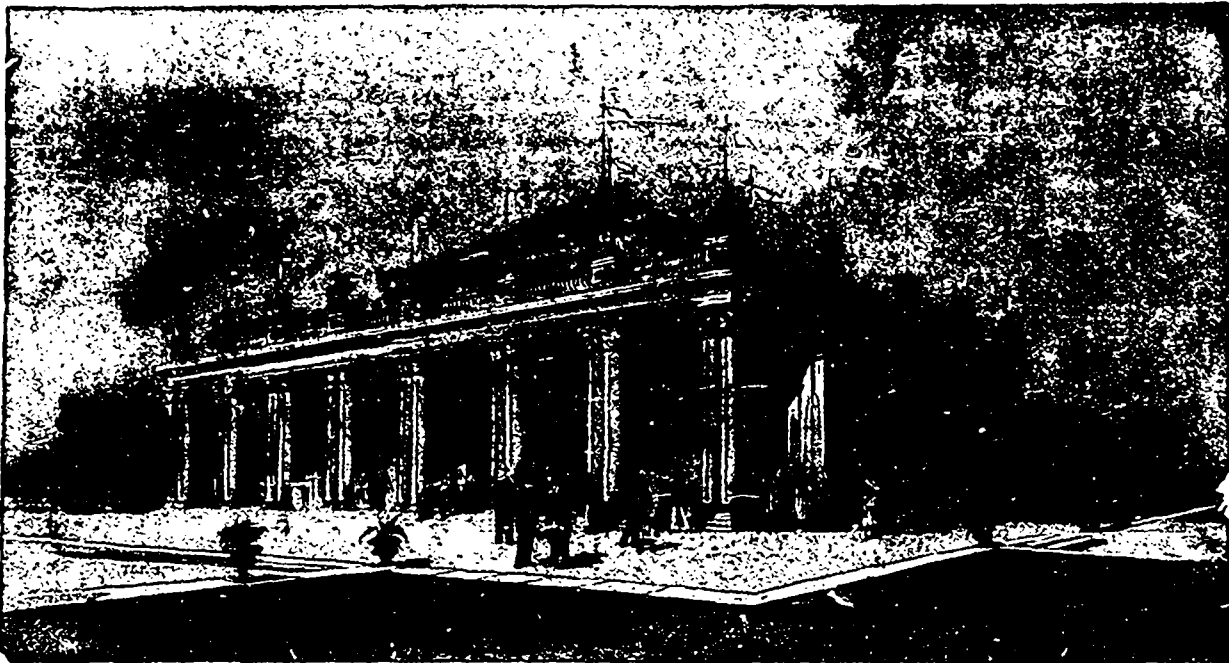
It is essential that a fireman should know his own powers. He must be able to tell instantly the weight he can carry, the distance he can leap, the power of his grip, and such like, for on these things a human life may one day depend. A moment of indecision in a critical position may cost dear.

In addition to the forms of drill I have mentioned, these men who are training to be firemen must practise carrying heavy hose up the ladders placed against the outside of the building; they must climb up and down single ropes from dizzy heights, and at times with a companion in their arms; they must walk along high and narrow ledges; they must leap from the topmost windows into the life-net below—in short, all the wonder-

ful deeds that firemen perform while on duty, and that you read about in the papers, they must first practise here in this training school. Do you wonder that the fire-bells—they have ceased ringing now—make me think of how the firemen get ready? And does not the fireman's course of preparation make you

by constant self-watchfulness and self-restraint. Hard? Possibly; I shouldn't wonder if some of the firemen thought they were having rather a hard time of it in the gymnasium.

The devil never pushes a man who is willing to stand still and do nothing.



THE BOYS' AND GIRLS' BUILDING—OMAHA EXPOSITION.

think of getting ready, too? It takes more than wishes to make heroes.

How may you get ready? By plenty of clean, honest play; by faithful, diligent study; by the reading of noble books and the forming of noble friendships; by obedience to teachers and parents, and

ASTONISHING BRAVERY.

As showing the force of maternal love among the lower animals, there are few more pathetic incidents than the following, which, a writer in *Dumb Animals* tells us, comes from Australia:

The owner of a country station was sitting one evening on the balcony outside his house, when he was surprised to notice a kangaroo lingering about alternately approaching and retiring from the house as though half in doubt and fear what to do. At length she approached the water pails and, taking a young one from her pouch, held it to the water to drink.

While the babe was satisfying its thirst, the mother was quivering all over with excitement, for she was only a few feet from the balcony on which one of her great foes was sitting watching her. The little one having finished drinking, it was replaced in the pouch, and the old kangaroo started off at a rapid pace.

When the natural timidity of the kangaroo is taken into account, it will be recognized what astonishing bravery this affectionate mother betrayed. It is a pleasing ending to the story that the eye-witness was so affected by that scene that, from that time forward, he could never shoot a kangaroo.

PRINTERS' ERRORS.

One writer tells us of a man who committed suicide because the book from which he hoped for fame contained three hundred printer's errors!

He goes on to say: Mr. William Black has told us how the printers insisted, after he had made the correction three times, on making one of his heroines die of "opinion" instead of "opium." "What is this?" exclaimed a compositor who was expecting to be promoted to a readership shortly: "Sermons in stones, books in the running brooks!"

Impossible! He means, of course, "Sermons in books, and stones in running brooks." And a new edition of Shakespeare appeared next morning.

A sporting compositor thought "Cricket on the Heath" must be a slip of the pen. He made it "Cricket on the Heath." A writer on angling had the joy of seeing his sentence, "The young salmon are beginning to run," printed "The young salmon are beginning to swim"; another thoughtful compositor having been at work, Happier was the transformation of the sentence, "Bring me my toga," into "Bring me my togs."

It was by a similar mistake that the late Baker Pacha who might fairly be described as a "battle-scarred veteran," was called a "battle-scared veteran," the libel being by no means purged when the newspaper, correcting itself, called

the gallant officer a "bottle-scarred veteran" instead!

Rendering a nation to get rid of a bad ruler is not a wise policy. Pulling down a house to stop a landlord's extortions is adding folly to injustice.



MINES AND MINING BUILDING—OMAHA EXPOSITION.