

### The Quiet Hour.

A LITTLE rest in the twilight  
After my work is done,  
A little time with the Master  
At setting of the sun.

The day has been one of trial,  
Of failure oft, and tears;  
But Jesus knows all my weakness,  
He knows my doubts and fears.

All sordid thoughts I can banish,  
And let my spirit fly  
Above the earth and its sorrow  
To God's white throne on high.

The door of a place of refuge,  
A palace of quiet rest,  
Is near, and my soul is longing  
To find the portal blest.

I come with my heavy burdens,  
I come with all my sin;  
I knock, and the door swings open,  
And Jesus lets me in.

My sin departs, and my trouble  
Is lost in blissful calm,  
This quiet hour with my Saviour  
Has soothed my heart like balm.

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## Home and School.

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

TORONTO, MAY 4, 1889.

### The Book to Rest Upon.

If you should lie down upon a bed from which you were never to rise again, and would like a book to place under your pillow as a kind of companion, I think I know what book you would select. It would not be a book of tales, not one of travels, or history, or biography, or science. I think it would be the book for which the great novelist, Walter Scott, asked, when on his dying-bed. He requested his son-in-law to read to him. "From what book?" asked the son-in-law. "From what book, do you ask? There is but one book." That one book, I think, you would want for your companion in the closing hours of life. But the book which would be our best companion then, must be our best companion now. The friends whom we want most to see when we are sick or in distress, are the friends whom we have loved most when in health. The Bible—the word which God has given given us—is our sure trust in times of deepest need. It is also our best guide in life, our safest friend every day.

### Missions in Japan.

CONVERTS are being reported at the rate of nearly one hundred per week, and everywhere there is a demand for missionary preaching and Christian instruction and lecturing far beyond the ability of the missionary bodies and the native ministry to supply.

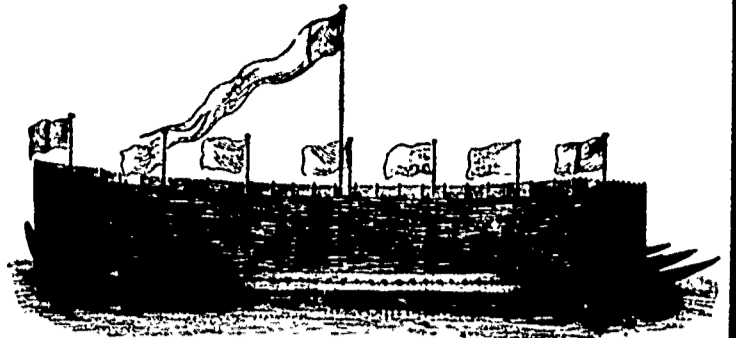
Most of the schools where English is at all taught are now eagerly seeking to obtain Christian teachers, and in their contracts readily grant every facility for teaching and preaching the gospel. The Tract Societies also report very large sales. These will mount up into the hundreds of thousands of copies in each year, as the aggregate sales of all the missions and societies. The demand for preachers and Christian teachers still continues to be greater than the supply.

Schools for the study of English are being opened in almost every town in the empire where anyone can be found who can make even a pretence of teaching it. Many of the better class of these schools have applied to the various missionary bodies for foreign teachers, and though they offer but small remuneration, some of the missionaries have taken up this kind of work for the sake of the facilities it offers for residence in the interior, and the propagation of the faith amongst the scholars and their friends.

### Forty Faithful Soldiers Frozen.

THERE was a Roman Emperor who had among his soldiers forty Christian men. On being informed of the fact, he flew into a passion, and said: "I will have no Christians among my men! Go, tell them that if they will not turn from serving their God, they will be stripped and sent forth upon a frozen lake, to perish there." But the forty soldiers were faithful to Christ, and nothing would induce them to forsake him. So they were taken down to the side of a frozen lake, and there stripped of their garments. Not far from the lake was a hut, in which was a large, blazing fire, robes, large sums of money, and also a sumptuous feast spread—all placed there by order of the Emperor, to tempt the men to forsake Christ. They were told that even yet, if they would but forsake their God, they would be taken to this hut, and all that was in it would at once belong to them. All stood firm, and they were sent forth upon the lake. They gathered together, and the whole forty raised their hands to heaven and prayed: "Dear Lord, grant that we may be found faithful to thee." But one of the number proved unfaithful—he forsook the lake, fled to the hut, where he obtained all that was promised. The centurion of the band was so struck with the noble action of these nine and thirty men, that he resolved to join them. He, too, was stripped by his own men, and went forth to join the brave soldiers in the middle of the lake. Again forty hands were raised to heaven, while they prayed: "O Lord, grant that we may be found faithful to thee!" Their prayer was answered, for forty frozen bodies were found next morning.—*Selected.*

MINNIE and Percy had come to the garden gate to see their father start for a journey on horseback. As he was mounting, little Percy called out: "Goodbye, dear papa; I love you thirty miles long." "Good-bye, dear papa," was echoed by Minnie's gentle voice; "you will never ride to the end of my love."



THE FLOATING FORTRESS MOVING TOWARDS INGIRA.

### Prayer and Privilege.

WE are tired : hearing the changes rung for evermore on duty. Duty is well enough in its way. It is a sort of fly-wheel, with a reservoir of power in it to carry us past the dead points when the stimulus of motion fails us; but for all that, it is a cold, hard, joyless, loveless thing. There are things that only a stern sense of duty would ever prompt us to do. To reprove the faults of a friend is not a pleasant task—at least not for a noble and sensitive soul. To preach of hell is not a thing to take delight in, though there be some who preach as if it were. No true minister of Jesus Christ will ever preach it except from stern constraint of duty.

But there are some things in respect to which considerations of duty should never be needed to furnish a spur. And prayer has been belittled and degraded by dwelling upon it as a duty to be done, instead of a privilege to be enjoyed. I pity the man who simply prays because he must, scourged to do his duty like a galley-slave, instead of flying joyfully to a throne of grace, as a weary wanderer to love's embrace.

Oh, brethren, if God be the King of kings and Lord of lords, then access to his presence and assurance of gracious audience is a privilege of supremest honour! If he be an infinitely tender-hearted Father, then prayer is a privilege of sweetest joy. If he be an omnipotent Ruler who can guide us in perplexity—who can give us light in darkness, comfort in tribulation, bread for our hunger, healing for our diseases, salvation for our souls, salvation for our friends; who can smooth all earth's rugged pathway for us, and prepare us for him, and give us an abundant entrance—then prayer is a privilege of the grandest opportunity.—*Dr. Henson.*

### The Conquest of Missions.

FIRST came India, the land of the Vedas, now consolidated under the British rule, and numbering with its dependencies 300,000,000 people. Then followed China, whose going forth in ancient times were from the land of Shinar itself, with its 400,000,000. And next Japan, youngest and sprightliest of them all, with 35,000,000. And finally Congo, Livingstone went in to explore, and he invested his life for a regenerated Africa. When he was gone, God, who had girded Cyrus of old, raised up another to complete his work. Into the heart of the dark continent plunged Stanley "Africanus." When he came out it was to declare the fact that 40,000,000 more were to confront the Christian church.

And now what do missions propose to do! Nothing less than the conquest of all these great peoples for Christ. The aim of the work is to dethrone the powerful systems of heathenism, and exalt Christianity instead; to put an end to the supremacy of Confucianism and Buddhism and Shintoism and Tanism, so that Christ alone may be exalted in that day.