

Breaking the News.

THE sunshine on the kitchen floor
Was darkened. Through the kitchen door
Came Lucy, quick as feet could run,
Her long hair flying in the sun,
Her blue eyes sparkling, and the blood
Bright in her cheeks. She came and stood,
Her hand on mother's ironing board,
And for a moment said no word.
"What is it, Lucy?" "Mother, oh,
It's such a splendid day, and so
I felt like running, and I came
To tell you—mother, it's a shame
To have you working here like this,
So let me fix you" (with a kiss),
"And put your pretty collar on;
Who knows but maybe Uncle John
Or some one else from town might call!
I want you to look nice—that's all.
Oh, never mind the ironing. There,
Sit down and let me fix your hair.
Just think! It's a whole long year
Since first you wore your mourning, dear,
In memory of our poor lost Jack,
And now you ought to put off black,
And be more cheerful." For suppose
If Jack had not been lost, and those
Two sailor men that brought the word
Had been mistaken!" "Child,
you've heard—
What have you heard? Don't tremble so,
Look at me, Lucy!" "Ah, no, no,
For I must hurry all I can;
This afternoon, as fast I ran,
Coming from school—now let me place
This purple bow upon the lace,
To make a little brightness—well,
Ah, mother, there's not much to tell,
But kiss me, mother. (That's a tear,
I could not help it.) Have no fear,
The dead are safe in heaven—yes,
But not the living? Can't you guess
Who met and kissed me as I ran,
Grown such a tall and handsome man?
He feared the shock might be too great,
So he is waiting at the gate.
But not a moment did I lose;
I came right in to break the news,
And that is why I fixed you dear.
To look so pretty. Jack, come here!"

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TORONTO, JUNE 23, 1883.

Woman's Work for Heathen Women.

So great is the interest manifested in this grand department of missionary work, that we have much pleasure in giving the substance of the graphic and comprehensive report, by Mrs. Dr. Castle, of this city, of the recent Woman's Missionary Anniversary at Rochester, N. Y.:

"The Woman's Foreign Missionary Anniversary, Presbyterian and Baptist, were the events of the month in the Flower City. One was held in the

'Brick Church,' where Dr. Shaw has preached to a crowd, well nigh half a century, with unabated interest. What a record! What a pastor! What a people! The Baptist meetings were held in the First Church. Its pastor is Mr. Baldwin, cultured, intellectual, devout, the son of the revered and admired Dr. Baldwin of Troy. As the churches are within a half a block of each other, Fitzhugh-street Wednesday morning at half past ten o'clock, seemed the centre of womanhood. We reached the chapel as we supposed in good time, especially as women's meetings have a dilatory way with them, but we found this one an exception. The room was full save a few seats in a rear corner; we took one with the mental reflection that we should not hear a word. Women's religious voice is soft and low; for the opera, theatre or concert it is loud enough, but for the church, never. Across the sea of heads we strained our incredulous eyes, and back across the same sea came distinct and clear every word every woman said, from the honoured president, Mrs. Colby, of New York, who presided with ease and dignity, to the young ladies, two of them, who have just consecrated their young lives to Foreign Missions. We said, the Maker of this complex universe of nature and man reveals its occult power only when they are needed. This woman's work for women is an acknowledged necessity in the civilization of the East, and now at the right time her capacity for it is developed. Woman's voice is as sufficient for a good cause as for a poor one.

There were reported present over 500 delegates and six returned missionaries. The latter gave papers and addresses, comprehensive, practical and earnest, wrought out of their own rich Oriental experience;—and the home workers from theirs, from which may be summed up the following conclusions:

"First. That woman, if she has a message, can make herself heard.

"Second. That woman is the substructure of any nation, whether savage, civilized, or enlightened; therefore, what she is physically, mentally, and morally is a matter of the most serious importance. The gospel of Jesus Christ is the only revelation of woman's possible or desirable equality with man. Shasters, Vedas, and Koran, and all the sacred books of the East, leave woman only an ignorant toy or a slave. Dr. Strong in a masterly address on 'What Christ has done for woman, and what woman can do for Christ,' gave a rapid, startling and sad review of woman's position through the Christless ages and nations, computing the fabulous numbers of those who are now in the most abject servitude to ignorance and their lords and masters. Upon the hearts and hands of enlightened Christian women he laid the sacred obligation to rescue their perishing sisters. No amount of zeal on the part of the male missionaries can reach them. They are incarcerated from the eye of man. Joseph Cook says, 'I wish every city of 20,000 inhabitants in America would send one female missionary into pagan lands.'

"Third. Is woman in doing this work, in attending monthly and yearly meetings, writing essays and making addresses, of necessity neglecting the centralizing institution of our civilization,—Home? From what we heard at Rochester we can answer emphatically, no. In studying Oriental customs she is just learning to appreciate the power

and dignity of home. While home-building for others, she will desire to make her own more beautiful and secure.

"Fourth. That woman as well as man should be theologically educated for the foreign mission field. This was the earnest suggestion of our missionaries who know what is needed by actual experience. But some one will say: Their work is among ignorant women and girls. Edward Judson under the terse caption, 'The Best for the Worst' gives the following:

"It is a mistake to suppose that a dull and second-rate man is good enough for the heathen. The worst off need the very best we have. God gave His best, even His only begotten Son, in order to redeem a lost world. The most darkened and degraded souls need the best thinking. When our blessed Lord was presenting His gospel to a fallen Samaritan woman, He seems to have preserved His best thought for her, and, in order to make a bad woman good, utters in her ears the most august philosophical thesis to be found in any tongue: 'God is a Spirit, and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth.' Missions have had their grandest successes when England's best scholars, like Bishop Patteson and Bishop Selwin, have devoted their splendid talents to the conversion of the fiercest and lowest savages of Micronesia and New Zealand. It would be a sad day for American Christians if they should ever deserve Nehemiah's reproach, 'Their nobles put not their neck to the work of the Lord.' Christianity will advance over the earth with long swift strides when the churobes are ready to send their best men, and the best men are ready to go.

"It will apply equally to our work. Secular life must have its special training to be successful;—this which is of so much greater moment should not have less.

"Fifth. That to a knowledge of theology should be added a course of study in medicine. This may seem mountainous when heretofore 'consecration' was the prime requirement. Mrs. Luther read a very earnest paper on the subject which carried conviction to every hearer, and removed every doubt when she said that, feeling the want of it so much in her own experience in India, she had returned to this country to study medicine in Philadelphia."

We regret that the space at our command will not permit us to quote the racy and readable sketch of the social enjoyments of the occasion especially of the reception given by Mr. Powers to 3,000 guests in his famous art gallery.

The following is Mrs. Castle's closing paragraph, which we hope will be an inspiration to the women of Canadian Methodism.

"Friday morning shone bright; and they who had 'met and hailed,' had cheered and encouraged each other, had prayed and praised together, were scattered never all to meet again. No,—never to be separated. All are links of one chain that is binding humanity into one great family. As our train for the Dominion bore us through forests and fields where the vast energies of nature were organizing for summer work, we said, that is what the Baptist and Presbyterian women have been doing. What will the harvest be?"

In the July number of the *Methodist Magazine*, Mrs. S. J. Harvis contributes an admirable paper on this topic.



A Singular Experiment.

OUR sight is not always to be depended upon, and a very odd experiment, illustrative of the fact, may be performed by any one in possession of two hands and a sheet of paper. Take the paper—stiff writing-paper will answer best—and roll it so as to form a tube about an inch in diameter. Apply the tube to the right eye, and look steadily through it at any convenient object: at the same time keep the left eye open. Now, place the left hand, with the palm towards you and the fingers pointing upwards, by the side of the paper tube and near its lower end. The strange sight will be seen of a hole—a clearly defined hole—through the palm of the left hand. The illusion is a strange one, and a good example of the tricks we are liable to have played us by our two-eyed vision.

We are glad to receive the following item of Sunday-school intelligence:—

SIR,—We started our school this spring under very favourable prospects. We have a new church here, opened last fall; held a revival under the ministry of Rev. R. Walker and his colleague; quite a large number joined the class, most of them Sunday-school scholars. In the winter we held an entertainment for the school, and raised quite a large sum—\$22.75, which, after finishing the Church, was very encouraging to us, showing that the parents are interested in the Sunday-school here. We have papers for each Sunday, to supply each family represented. We are pleased with *Pleasant Hours* and *HOME AND SCHOOL*. We have sixty-two names on our roll, and fifty-three have taken the pledge, including all the Officers and Teachers.

Wishing you success,

JAS. R. CLARKE,

Sec. and Librarian.

Eggleton's Branch, Stirling Circuit.

THE late Dr. Guthrie was a great lover of and worker for children, and it is said that a procession of five hundred of them followed him, weeping, to the grave, and literally covered his coffin with garlands of flowers. Such a monument is more enduring than granite or marble; and such a burial is better, infinitely better, than to be buried in Westminster Abbey, unwept and unhonoured. May such an hour clothe with eternal brightness the closing act in the life of every teacher and worker in our Sabbath-schools! "They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever."