

Faithful in Little.

"He that is faithful in that which is least is faithful also in much."—Luko xvi. 10.

I CANNOT do great things for Him, Who did so much for me; But I would like to show my love, Dear Jesus, unto Thee; Faithful in very little things, O Saviour, may I be.

There are small things in daily life In which I may obey, And thus may show my love to Thee; And always, every day, There are some loving little words Which I for Thee might say.

There are small crosses I may take, Small burdens I may bear, Small acts of faith, and deeds of love, Small sorrows I may share, And little bits of work for Thee I may do everywhere.

And so I ask Thee, give me grace My little place to fill, That I may ever walk with Thee, And ever do Thy will; And in each duty, great or small, I may be faithful still.

OUR PERIODICALS.

PER YEAR—POSTAGE FREE.

Table listing various periodicals and their prices, including Christian Guardian, Methodist Magazine, and Home & School.

Address: WILLIAM BRIGGS, Methodist Book and Publishing House, 78 & 80 King Street East, Toronto.

Home & School:

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

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 7, 1885.

"Happy Days."

OUR NEW SUNDAY-SCHOOL PAPER.

We are glad to announce that we will shortly issue specimen numbers of our new Sunday-school paper, "HAPPY DAYS." It will be of the same grade and same size and price as the Sunbeam, and will be issued on alternate weeks, so that, with our four papers, schools will have one for every Sunday, both senior and primary classes.

A STUDENT at the University of Texas, being short of funds, wrote to his father in Galveston: "Send me a hundred dollars by return mail. He who gives quickly gives double."

Prize Offered.

A PRIZE of \$20 is offered for what may be deemed the best method in any one of the following plans for arresting the attention of the thoughtless and unconverted so as to lead them to enquire earnestly for the way of salvation, viz.:-

- 1. The best Leaflet of not over 600 words.
2. The best Tract not to exceed four pages of 300 words each.
3. The best method other than Leaflet or Tract.

Communications enclosing stamp, if to be returned, addressed to Rev. W. H. Withrow, D.D., Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto, up to December 1st, 1885.

Contributions to have motto, with name of contributor in letter. Prize will be awarded on December 15th.

Should the above plan lead to valuable contributions to the many excellent existing mediums, subsequent prizes will be offered in the same direction.

"Come."

It is said that in the deserts, when the caravans are in want of water, they are accustomed to send on a camel with its rider some distance in advance; then, after a little space, follows another, and then at a short interval another. As soon as the first man finds water, almost before he stoops down to drink, he shouts aloud, "Come!" The next, hearing his voice, repeats the word "Come!" while the nearest again takes up the cry "Come!" until the whole wilderness echoes with the word "Come!"

Falling Leaves.

I CANNOT say with the poet when I see the falling leaves: "The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year," for I love especially to stand in the heart of some wood and hear the rustling of the leaves as they fall. There is never anything bare or disagreeable to me in a tree stripped of its foliage. Why should we grieve? It will be clothed again in the spring more beautiful than ever. What if the birds and the flowers are gone? They will come again. We are sure of that. The autumn time is a glorious time; the most brilliant colours are blended in the foliage and flowers, and here I am reminded of a verse in Bryant's "Death of the Flowers," quoted above, that I think the readers of HOME AND SCHOOL would like to learn if they do not already know it. I learned it when I was a little girl and I never tire of it.

"The wild-flower and the violet, they perished long ago, And the brier-rose and the orchis died amid the summer's glow; But on the hill the golden-rod, and the aster in the wood, And the yellow sunflower by the brook in autumn beauty stood, Till fell the frost from the clear, cold heaven, as falls the plague on men,



FALLING LEAVES.

And the brightness of their smile was gone from upland, glade, and glen. The south wind searches for the flowers whose fragrance late he bore, And sighs to find them in the wood and by the stream no more." M. K. H.

Archdeacon Farrar in Canada.

THE visit to Canada of this famous divine has given great pleasure to multitudes who have derived delight and profit from his books. No "Life of Christ" has ever been so widely read as that in which with singular grace and beauty he tells that inimitable story. Of scarcely less interest are his "Life of St. Paul" and his "Early Days of Christianity," all of which have been translated into many languages, and read by untold multitudes of people. He is one of the very finest masters of English living. He is especially noteworthy for his noble efforts on behalf of temperance. His eloquent temperance sermon in Westminster Abbey has accomplished a vast amount of good. The Editor of this paper had the pleasure of meeting this distinguished writer at the hospitable home of Prof. Goldwin Smith—himself one of the foremost English writers living—where he is a guest during his stay in Toronto, and was delighted with his genial courtesy and characteristic

modesty. We have pleasure in re-printing on another page the substance of his eloquent sermon at St. James' Cathedral.

"We take the opportunity," says the Wesleyan, of Halifax, N.S., "of expressing satisfaction with the work being done by our Sabbath-school Committee, under the guidance of the indefatigable Secretary, the Rev. Dr. Withrow. Our wonderfully cheap and most attractive Sunday-school papers are steadily finding their way into our villages and country districts, but other work is also being done. Our readers would scarcely believe how many needy schools are being supplied with libraries and other helps by means of a wise and economical use of the sums gathered by the annual Sunday-school collection for this purpose. One thinks, as he hears of the grants made from time to time, that there must be a "widow's cruse" somewhere. But there is no such unfailing store, unless it be provided by our wealthier congregations and schools."

PRAISE waiteth for Thee, O God, in Sion; and unto Thee shall the vow be performed. O Thou that hearest prayer, unto Thee shall all flesh come.