

Gone Before.

BY IDA SHAFER.

A GLEAM of sunshine in our home,
That brought us joy the long day through;
More dear to every kindred heart,
Hour by hour our darling grew.

We watched his infant mind unfold,
To gather fund of baby lore,
We dreamed of great things he would do,
In years time held for him in store.

We planned his future, he who gave
The tender lamb unto our fold,
Deemed best his treasure to recall,
We mourned as Rachel mourned of old.

We mourned but resignation came,
Replaced the pain our hearts that filled;
We know him safe for evermore,
And all our murmuring is stilled.

We thought of heaven as that fair land,
That lies beyond life's fleeting years;
Now nearer, dearer, to our hearts
That land of lasting joy appears.

And now our thoughts do often rest
Upon our baby's home so fair;
And now our chasten'd hearts have learnt
To lay up all their treasure there.

And leaning now in calm content
Upon our gentle Saviour's breast,
We wait the hour that calls us hence
To enter in our darling's rest.
STONEWALL, Man.

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Home and School

Rev. W. H. WITHEROW, D.D., Editor.

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Heathen Indians.

THE Rev. J. E. Betts, who has recently visited Beren's River Mission, tells the following pathetic story in a late number of *The Wesleyan*:

"Heathen Indians have a superstition that old people passing away of certain diseases do not really die, but only seem to; that they pass through some strange metamorphosis in which the heart becomes ice, all human sympathy has gone for ever, and that then they become demons, and will eat nothing but human flesh. The only preventive measures are to kill the person who is approaching such a direful state, and burn the body.

"Some eight or nine years before the time of my visit to Beren's River,

and before that band of Indians had become Christianized, such an event had transpired on that same reserve. An old Indian woman was approaching her end. She believed that she would become a demon, and told her sons so. The three boys—the youngest of whom was about twelve or fourteen years of age—held a consultation on the matter, and, acting on their convictions of right, resolved to kill their mother. It fell to the lot of the youngest boy to do the deed. He shot her, through a hole in the tent in which she was lying, and the three proceeded to burn the body.

"Shortly after this, our missionaries visited this reserve, and the light of the gospel shone upon their understandings and their hearts. The boy who fired the fatal shot, when he came to know the more excellent way, literally died of grief; one of the others seems almost hopelessly melancholy; and the third, who is suffering from consumption, stood before us in the social service on Sunday, and, with big tears running down his face, told of his sure and certain hope of heaven when his life is over. The missionary told me that, a few Sabbaths before, in class meeting, this poor man referred to his deed, for which he seems unable ever to forgive himself, and, weeping aloud, he threw up his hands and looked towards heaven, and said: 'You all know that I am the biggest sinner on this reserve, but I do believe that God, for Christ's sake, has forgiven my sins, and that I shall yet be saved in heaven.' Thank God for pardoning mercy!"

It is a great thing to love Christ so dearly as to be "Ready to be bound and to die" for him; but it is often a thing not less great to be ready to take up our daily cross, and to live for him.
—John Caird.



A JAPANESE BOAT.

Whiskey Did It.

At the Tombs one morning, says the *N. Y. World*, John Hardy, a comparatively young man, was a prisoner. His young wife, and a pretty flaxen-haired girl of four years, stood by his side. The little one seized the young man's hand and said pleadingly:

"Oh papa! please papa, come home."

"What a wretch I am to bring my wife and child to such a place as this," said the man in a choking voice. "Go home, Jennie, and leave me. I am only disgracing you, and you can get along without me."

"I couldn't go home if I tried," faltered the wife, "for I am a prisoner like yourself."

"Is this more of my work?" said the young man, bitterly.

"I was using persuasion to get you home, and so was baby. You tried to push us away to go back to the saloon, but I held your arm and screamed, and we were both arrested."

"Judge," said the husband, "please give me six months and discharge my wife. Drink gets the better of me at times and I make a brute of myself."

"I want six months too, if he gets it," spoke up the wife, "for it's more my fault than his that we stand before you to-day."

"Your fault?" gasped the husband. "No, no, Jennie, it's mine, it's mine."

"I say it's mine," remarked the wife.

"Don't you remember, John, what you said to me yesterday morning as you started for your work? 'Jennie, be sure now,' was what you said, 'and be at the shop at six o'clock and induce me to come home, or else it will be like other Saturday nights, and I will come home penniless.' I met a woman and we got to talking and before I knew it it was ten minutes past six. I hurried to the shop, but was too late."

He was discharged.

It was whiskey did it, and whiskey

keeps doing it; and politicians license men to sell the whiskey, and so set traps for the unwary, and lead them down to death and hell. Woe to the men who lay stumbling blocks in the paths of the weak! Woe to the world because of offences. When God makes inquisition for blood, men will find that it were better that millstones be hanged around their necks, and they cast into the depth of the sea, than that they bear the guilt of stumbling and destroying souls for whom Jesus shed his blood!

A Japanese Boat.

THE Japanese are a very curious and very ingenious people. Some of their mechanism, of which most of our readers have seen specimens, are marvels of neatness and skill. Their cabinets, carvings, lacquer-work, bronzes, and especially the shrines of their false gods are most elaborate affairs. They have a very extraordinary manner of working. Instead of shoving a plane or saw from them as we do, they draw these tools towards them, often holding their work with their toes—a most inconvenient arrangement as it seems to us. Their boats are also very curious, and are sometimes built without the use of a particle of iron, the planks being sewn together with strong thongs. Their large "junks," as they are called, are very remarkable and very picturesque-looking objects. But they are being replaced largely by boats built after the English model. The standing figure in the picture is a man high in authority, and on the backs of the rowers you may see embroidered the crest or coat-of-arms of the master they serve.

How many labour for God without God; not without his permission, nor without his support, but without his inspiration.—Anon.