

Conscience.—Eternity.

I SAT alone with my conscience,
In a place where time had ceased;
And we talked of my former living
In the land where the years increased,
And I felt I should have to answer
The questions it put to me,
And to face the answer and question
Throughout an eternity.

The ghosts of forgotten actions
Came floating before my sight,
And things that I thought were dead things
Were alive with a terrible might;
And visions of all my past life
Was an awful thing to face,
Alone with my conscience sitting
In that solemnly silent place.

And so I have learned a lesson,
Which I ought to have learned before,
And which, though I learned in dreaming,
I hope to forget no more.
So I sit alone with my conscience,
In the place where the years increase
And I try to remember the future,
In the land where time will cease.

And I know of the future judgment
How dreadful so'er it be,
That to sit alone with my conscience
Will be judgment enough for me.

—S. S. Visitor.

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Rev W. H. W THROW, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, JANUARY 16, 1886.

\$250,000 FOR MISSIONS.

MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF THE METHODIST CHURCH.

1.—OBJECT.—To "preach the Gospel to every creature."
2.—FIELD.—All the Dominion—Newfoundland—Bermuda—Japan. "The field is the world."

3.—OPENINGS.—There are urgent calls for more Missionaries among the Indians, and in the New Settlements, and Japan.

4.—COST.—The re-adjustment of the work consequent upon union, caused an increase in the number of Missions. The effort to sustain the brethren labouring on them, without absolute suffering, has entailed an indebtedness of \$21,000. To meet this year's expenditure—on a very low scale of allowance—an advance of one-third, at least, over last year's givings is imperatively necessary.

IN VIEW OF ALL THESE FACTS WE
RESEMBLE YOU

5.—GIVE.—Cheerfully—Prayerfully—Liberal—"As God hath prospered you."

6.—PAY.—Promptly (at the Missionary Meeting if possible).—In any case not later than end of March next.

7.—"Whoso hath this world's good, and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?"—1 John iii 17.

One cent a day from each member would yield \$640,000 a year.

Think of Your Soul.

A FEW years ago, two young men were walking out together between the services on the Lord's day, when the younger said to the older, "Have you begun to think about your soul?" The inquiry impressed his mind; it sunk down into his heart; he could not get rid of it. He took it with him to bed at night, and lay thinking upon it. At length conviction of sin was felt—he saw that his soul was in danger—he fled to the Lord Jesus Christ, he obtained pardon, he enjoyed peace. That young man is now a Sabbath school teacher, and a village preacher, seeking to present the inquiry to others, "Have you begun to think about your soul?" A word spoken in season, how good it is!

Reader, allow me affectionately to put the same question to you. You have an immortal soul—a soul that either must be saved or lost. The salvation of your soul should engage your first thoughts. Nothing can be of half so much importance. "Have you begun to think about your soul?" It is time you had. If you do not begin soon, you may have no opportunity. To you, even to you it may be said, "This night thy soul is required of thee." If it should be required, in what state would it be found? Is it quickened by the Holy Spirit? Is it washed in the blood of Jesus? Is it pardoned and justified by God? If it is not, it is in a most dangerous state. Your condition is truly alarming. At any moment you may be summoned into the presence of God, and there be required to give an account of the deeds done in the body. If you are found guilty, you must be condemned; and if you are condemned, you will be banished from the presence of God, and be cast into hell—into the fire that never can be quenched.

Jesus Christ came into the world on purpose to save souls. He saves all that come unto Him. He is able and willing to save you. Go to Him at once. Let nothing induce you to delay. Fall upon your knees before Him and cry, "Lord Jesus, save my soul!"—*The Dayspring.*

Foochow.

THE relation China may sustain to Christianity interests us all the more when we remember that Christianity has at various times secured a foothold in China. In the seventh century the Nestorians inaugurated a fruitful mission effort; toward the close of the thirteenth century the Roman Catholic Church began its labours in China; in the fourteenth century waves of opposition seem to have washed out the footprints of both Nestorian and Romanist. In the sixteenth century Rome began again and is still at work, and claims many adherents. Many Protestant bodies, Presbyterians and others, are trying to sow the seed of the truth in Chinese soil. Not only has there been sowing, but there has been harvesting. The Greek Church



FOOCHOW.

has also had Russian missionaries at work in China.

Foochow has been an interesting mission centre—Foochow, one of the ports open to foreign commerce; Foochow, with its five-mile wall; Foochow, with its queer watch-towers, its pagodas, its busy streets, its shipping, its tea and opium trade. At "Pagoda Anchorage" the heavy vessels drop their anchors. An old pagoda, about eighty feet high, here throws down a shadow now several centuries old. At Foochow, French cannon in 1884 opened their iron mouths and preached anything but a gospel of love. How long shall so-called "Christian nations" hinder Christian missions by their greed and their guns? When will nations bring their quarrels into some great international court of arbitration and there settle them?

One other thought forces itself into our minds: What kind of an idea of Christianity is America giving the Chinese now among us? Their bright eyes sharply peer in every direction. They will take home to China some vivid impression of our religious character, and especially of the Christianity that is behind this character. Each one of us, by fair and kindly dealings with the Chinamen, can send to China some picture of the gospel that will move the missionary to say, "Thank God for America!" I doubt whether he has always found reason for thanksgiving.

The Lost Piece of Silver.

How well the large picture illustrates the beautiful parable of our Lord about the woman who, having ten pieces of silver, if she lose one of them, will light a candle and sweep diligently till she find it! And when she hath found it, she calleth her friends and her neighbours together, saying, Rejoice with me; for I have found the piece which I had lost. Likewise, says the Saviour, I say unto you, there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth. What a type of that infinite compassion and everlasting love that stooped down from the heights of heaven to seek and save that which was lost! May we not resist that yearning love—but rather seek the seeking Saviour and rejoice in His saving love.

THE eye that sweeps over the whole circle of divine truth must rest on Jesus as the centre.

Book Notices.

The Little World of School. By Anne Rylands. London: T. Woolmer, 2 Castle Street, City Road, E.C., and 66 Paternoster Row, E.C.

This is a delightful book of 146 pp., illustrated with a few pictures. There are ten chapters, all of which contain well written sketches of the girls who attended the school. The pranks which are sometimes committed when a number of young persons are together are not forgotten, one of which nearly ended in the death of a sensitive little creature. One girl, called Sybil, was an exemplary Christian. The influence which she exerted over her school-fellows was not only wholesome, but led more than one of the number to the Saviour.

The Methodist Pulpit and Pew is a new monthly, of which three numbers have been issued. It is published at Fort Wayne, Indiana, by a number of Methodist ministers, and presents a good bill of fare for \$1.00 annually. The several articles which we have read are well written, and contain valuable suggestions. Ministers and laymen would be greatly benefited by adding it to their periodical literature.

A Family Flight Through Mexico. By the Rev. E. E. Hale and Miss Susan Hale. Fully illustrated. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.; Toronto: William Briggs. Price, cloth, full gilt, \$2 50; ornamental boards, \$2.

The famous Boston house, D. Lothrop & Co., publishers of *Wide Awake*, have issued a series of graphic books of travel, copiously illustrated, under the taking title of "Family Flights through France, Germany, Norway, Egypt, Syria, Spain," etc. The latest of these series is before us. It maintains the same elegance of manufacture and beauty of illustration as its popular predecessors. Mexico is at once comparatively near and almost unknown, and the book has, therefore, a double interest. The noble scenery, strange vegetation, quaint architecture, odd customs and costumes are vividly brought before us by pen and pencil. Of pathetic interest are the portraits of the unfortunate Maximilian and the beautiful Carlotta, and the scene of the execution of the Emperor. Mr. and Miss Hale are at their best in these "family flights." We think such books vastly better reading than the sensation stories on which so many young folk waste their time.