## God Cares for Me.

I sar in the door at eventide, My heart was full of fears; My neart was this of lears;
And I saw the landscape before me'lie
Through mists of burning tears.
I thought to myself, The world is dark,
No light nor joy I see;
Nothing but toil and want is mine, And no one cares for me.

A sparrow was twittering as my feet, With its beautiful auburn head, And looked at me with dark, mild eyes,
As it pi ked up crumbs of bread;
And said to me. in words as plain
As the words of a bird could be, "I'm only a sparrow, a worthless bird, But the dear Lord cares for me."

A lily was growing beside the hedge, Beautiful, tall, and white, And it shone through the glossy leaves of

green,
Like an angel clothed in light;
And it said to me, as it waved its head
In the breezes soft and free,
"I'm only a lily, a useless flower,
But the Master cares for me."

Then it seemed that the hand of the loving Lord

Over my head was laid,
And he said to me, "O faithless child,
Wherefore art thou dismayed?
I clothe the lilies, I feed the birds, I see the sparrows fall: Nothing escapes my watchful eye, My kindness is over all."

## **OUR SUNDAY-SCHOOL PAPERS.**

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Home & School.

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

\*\* TORONTO, APRIL 10, 1886.

## \$250,000 FOR MISSIONS

For the Year 1886.

THE "Million for Mussions" cry raised by Chaplain McCabe, and seconded by the M. E. Church at large, finds a responsive echo in other branches of the Methodist family, Our Southern Methodist exchanges have set their figures at \$500,000 for missions in 1886, and the Canadian Methodists have inscribed on their banner. \$250 000 for missions in 1886." proportion to numbers, these figures mean as large giving, or even larger, than \$1,000,000 would be from the great M. E. Church.—Michigan Christian Advocate.

How They Do It in Canada,

BY MRS. M. N. VAN BENSCHOTEN

For years I have heard of the liberality of the British Wesleyans and the Canadian Methodists to the missionary cause. The amount per member that is given annually has been held before us until we have wondered "how they did it." Recently we had an opportunity to see for ourselves. Rev. Hugh J hnston, of Carlton Street Methodist Church of Toronto, desired us to be with him on the occasion of his missionary anniversary, and we accepted his invitation. It was a lovely day, and the membership was very fully represented at the morning service. After the opening exercises the pastor gave the annual report, warmed up and brought home here and there by a thrilling incident or a brief sketch of some mi-sionary or special work. At the conclusion he said: "We will now take the collection, af er which we will have the address from our friend and then be ready for your subscriptions." So while the organ peaced its loudest notes, the whole congregation joining with the choir, the baskets were passed. After a brief address and appeal-" How much owest thou thy Lord!"-with a rustle of expectancy and eagerness the cards were passed. In a few minutes they were collected and the services closed with an earnest invitation for all to be present in the evening. We found present in the evening. We found that the receipts of the morning amounted to a little over \$600. "We must make that a round \$1,000 this evening," I said to Mr. Walker, my host, who is one of the merchant princes of Toronto, and what is better still, one of the princes of God.

At an early hour the large church with its gallery was packed to its utmost limits. It was inspiring as that vast audience took up the words. led by a large choir, and sang

"Jesus shall reign where'er the sun Doth his successive journeys run."

The first address of the evening was given, and just as we were concluding the pastor said, without any explanation, but as a matter of course and from custom, "Now we will take the collection, after which Dr. Potts will speak and then we will be ready for your subscriptions." The baskets were passed while "From Greenland's icy mountains" thrilled our hearts. Over \$66 was taken, making, with the morning collection, over \$114 from the collection alone.

Then Dr. Potts, who had come in after the close of his own services. spoke. Have you not heard Dr. Potts Then you can form no idea of the mighty energy of this man of God. Forceful, incisive, and altogether inimitable, he swept everything before him. We were "ready" for the subscriptions. "You may pass the cards," said the pastor, and the missionary committee with cards and sharpened pencils moved down the aisles and through the gallery. "Take plenty of time," said Brother Johnston, as leaning over the desk he beamed upon the people,—that people which for the fourth time that day had been asked for missionary money, and who were more smiling and enthusiastic at this last asking than before. last asking than before. "Now, brethren, you may gather the cards;" and with glowing faces and happy hearts they sang "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow." As we



WINGED LION FROM NINEVEH.

Mr. Walker soon came in with the missionary bag over his shoulder, for they carry missionary money in "bags" in Canada. The result rounded up handsomely to \$1,107 42, which the Sunday school collection and the subscriptions of a few who were absent will increase to over \$1,300, against \$791 last year. And this, too, in the mid-t of extensive and expensive repairs on the church. The cards showed an advance quite generally among the subscribers. Young men gave from ten to twenty-five dollars, and young girls from two to five dollars. card read: Mr. and Mrs. -- \$75, and so on. Mr. R. Walker, formerly of the firm of Walker & Sons, whose card last year read \$125, was not there this anniversary. He had passed on to his heavenly reward some six months previously. He belonged to the branch of Primitive Methodists before the Union, and was distinguished for his benevolence, giving away every year not only one-tenth, but one-fifth of his entire income.

These cards are placed in the hands of faithful collectors, who also see those who were absent, not one being neglected, but every member of the church and congregation being honoured with an invitation to help in the This is glorious cause of missions. not an exceptional case or service, but the custom, with slight variation, of the churches of Canada. Their thoroughness and system are greatly to be commended. The making so much of their anniversaries tends to create and develop the heroic, and to inspire both young and old with the grandeur of the cause. We fear that it is for the want of the method, system, and enthusiasm of our Canadian brothron that we fail to reach results so greatly desired. In some churches the disciplinary plan (and there is none better) is faithfully carried out, but it needs to become more generally operative.—Northern Christian Advocate.

A CHILDREN'S missionary meeting at Millgrove-the first ever held therewas addressed by Bro. Osborne on a recent Sunday afternoon. The church was crowded to hear him speak about the "girls and boys in India." about twelve years of age filled the chair, and four little girls (the best collectors on the list last year) took up the collection, which amounted to \$6. The school raised two years ago about whom all blessings flow." As we \$12; last year, \$42.75; and this year passed the vestry a large-hearted brother they are going to make it \$50. Mis-

remarked: "We ought to have set the sionary hymns, were sung by the mark at \$1,500; we would have got school, led by Bro. Whitfield Carey. Rev. Thos. Boyd distributed the missionary cards to the new collectors,

## There are Gentlemen Present.

A RELIABLE gentleman tells this incident of a celebrated General:

During the late war, the General and several army officers were sitting together in a tent. One of the num ber, himself an officer of high rank. remarked that he had a good story to tell, adding, "There are no ladies present." The General, looking up quickly, replied, "But there are several gentlemen present." The conversation changed to another channel, and the officer's story was not told. At the first opportunity the officer sought the General's presence again, and with sincere apology he said: "General, you have taught me a lesson, and I shall never forget it."

And here is a lesson for my young readers, and older ones as well. How many are the stories that are told among men and boys that would be considered unfit to be told in the presence of ladies. The safe rule is never to tell any thing that would be in-delicate to relate in the presence of your mother, your sister, or the most refined lady you can think of. If all persons would follow this rule, how conversation would be relieved of all things impure and degrading, and be lifted up to a pure and ennobling planel

WHAT can be done to bring the Sunday-school to church? That was the question proposed by the Rev. Dr. J. L. Hurlbut at the opening session of a Sunday-school convention recently held in Burlington, Vt. Among the answers elicited from the audience were: The superintendent can (1) lead the children to church; (2) question them about the sermon; (3) keep a record of church attendance; (4) announce the public services; (5) 00operate with the pastor in securing occasional services for the children The teacher can (1) teach the children to attend church; (2) go himself; (3) speak well of the pastor and the church. The pastor can (1) presch so that the children can understand; (2) have one or more hymns for the children; (3) attend the Sunday-school himself; (4) get acquainted with the children; (5) teach a class in the Sunday-school; (6) urge parents to bring their children to church. The parent can (1) take the children to church, not send them there; (2) make room for the children in the pew; (3) speak well of the pastor and the preaching.

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