

The Hand that Rocks the World.
BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

BLESSINGS on the hand of woman!
Angels guard her strength and grace,
In the cottage, palace, hovel,
O, no matter where the place!
Would that never storms assailed it;
Rainbow ever gently curled;
For the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rocks the world.

Infancy's the tender fountain;
Powers may with beauty flow,
Mothers first to guide the streamlet,
From them souls unresting grow;
Grow on for the good or evil,
Sunshine streamed or darkness hurled;
For the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rocks the world.

Woman! how divine your mission
Here upon our natal sod;
Keep, O keep the young heart open
Always on the breath of God!
All true trophies of the ages
Are from Mother-Love imparted;
For the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rocks the world.

Blessings on the hand of woman!
Fathers, sons, and daughters cry,
And the sacred song is mingled
With the worship of the sky—
Mingles where no tempest darkens,
Rainbows evermore are curled;
For the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rocks the world.
—Farmer and Manufacturer.

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The Starry Heavens.

THE following extract is taken from the condensed report in the *Globe* of Bishop Foster's lecture on the "Spirit Forces of the Universe":—

Opening his eyes in this world, man was attracted by his environment. He saw the heavens above him studded with points of light, and bearing also the larger bodies of light, the sun and the moon. Generally no note was made in the popular mind of the differences in the views of these phenomena. There were in the audience few to whom the moon appeared the size of a Mexican dollar; to about one-third it appeared the size of a small plate; to one-third it appeared the size of half an American bushel, about sixteen inches in diameter; to one-eighth it appeared two feet across; to one-sixteenth it appeared about four feet across; and to a few it appeared even seven feet across. The number of the movable stars was but nine, and only four were ordinarily seen, Venus, Mars, Jupiter and Saturn, and perhaps in a lifetime, Mercury. There were visible to the human eye about 2,700 fixed stars, and each of them was a sun, the centre of a system

like ours. He dwelt upon the magnificence of our system. The sun had a diameter of 880,000 miles, something which men who found it a great matter to go around even their own earth with its diameter of 8,000 miles, found it difficult to comprehend. Elucidating this thought he gave a striking illustration. Supposing the sun could be hollowed out, leaving a crust of a thousand miles thick; suppose that a great augur could be set to work to bore a hole through that crust; suppose that the earth was dropped in so that it would rest in the centre of the hollowed-out sun, and the moon after it, so that it would revolve about the earth at the same distance that it did now. The moon in that case would be as far from the inner edge of the crust as it would be from the earth. The planets revolving round the sun were a family of which Neptune was the eldest. Vulcan was the nearest to the sun, thirteen million miles away; next came Mercury, then Venus, then the earth, and so on to Neptune, which was three thousand million miles from the sun. These figures

DROWNED THE IMAGINATION.

To assist his hearers in grasping them, he supposed a railway built from the sun to Neptune, and a locomotive running at the standard rate of 28½ miles an hour. It would be three hundred years before it reached the earth, and nine thousand before it reached the planet Neptune. If Adam and Eve had started on a bridal tour to Neptune, they would be only about half way, and it would require three thousand trains reaching from the earth to the sun to hold the descendants born on the journey. But so far they had considered only the solar system. The nearest of the fixed stars, which was the centre of a system also, was so far distant that the train he had supposed would occupy 180,000,000 of years in reaching it. The average distance from a fixed star to its nearest neighbour was 60,000 of millions of miles, and the human eye could reach stars twelve times that distance from the earth; yet this universe, as the eye of man beheld it, magnificent beyond the power of man to comprehend, was but an atom of dust compared with what science had shown to exist. The Milky Way, which looked like a cloud, had been shown by Herschell's great telescope to be a magnificent realm of systems till that time unknown to man, and upon the end of the instrument hung other Milky Ways. These in turn had been examined by late scientists with similar results. The power of human vision had been increased by two thousand times, and as far as the eye thus assisted could reach were systems of worlds, with the same indications as the eye has in the Milky Way that still further realms remain to be discovered. If he had succeeded in dislodging from their minds the mere sense conception of the universe, and given them however faint an idea of the vastness of which we were a part, they would be able to think of the magnificence of the Being whom they called God.

Book Notices.

The *Missionary Review* of Princeton, N. J. \$1.50 a year in advance. We are glad to call attention to this *Review* and commend it to our readers. Its editor, Rev. R. G. Wilder, a missionary of 30 years' experience, deserves success and has won it. His *Sketches*



A CHINESE RAT MERCHANT.

of *Mission Fields*—their climate, products, people and missions, from their origin to the present time—are accurate and exhaustive; the *Letters* from workers abroad are fresh and full of interest; his annual *Reviews* of all *Foreign Missions*, and their *Boards in Christendom*, are just, impartial and stimulating; his notices of *Independent Missions* are considerate and generous, nor less so his annual reviews of *Woman's Boards and Work*. One of the many facts demonstrated is that the net gain in communicants the past year is *nine times greater* in foreign missions than in Christendom. His *Field Notes* bring items of freshest interest and prime importance from *all missions and lands* of the world.

A Yankee School Teacher in Virginia. By Lydia Wood Baldwin. New York: Funk & Wagnalls; Toronto: William Briggs. Price 25 cents.

A series of sketches of life in the Old Dominion immediately after the close of the war. The author has drawn largely upon her personal experience, and the result is a work that has all the value of truth and all the interest of fiction. We could not name another volume where life among the negroes of the South is portrayed with such evidences of intimate knowledge of their habits, beliefs, superstitions, and modes of everyday life. It is a book that fills a most important niche, and does it in a manner eminently satisfactory. The dialogues are reproduced, dialect and all, with remarkable skill.

Edwin Arnold as Poetizer and as Paganizer. By Wm. Cleaver Wilkinson. New York: Funk & Wagnalls; Toronto: William Briggs. Price 15 cents.

This is much more than a mere critique; it is a valuable and lucid exposition of the main facts in the life of Buddha, and the claims which his religion can justly make upon mankind. Mr. Wilkinson believes that Mr. Arnold's poem has had a weakening effect on the faith and conscience of America, and in a most trenchant yet courtly fashion he lays bare the discrepancies between the facts and the fictions in reference to Buddhism. His dealing with the literary qualities of "The Light of Asia" startles one at the very outset with the boldness and calmness of his denunciation. The conscience of the critic is felt on every page, and the skill of the dialectician revealed in every sentence. The spirit

displayed is at once generous and severe, the points made are sharp and stinging, and the good-natured raillery at Mr. Arnold and at some of his eulogizers becomes at times very amusing. It is a work of permanent value for the student of literature and the student of comparative religion.

'Tis home where'er the heart is,
Where'er the loved ones dwell,
In cities or in cottages,
Throug'd haunts or mossy dell.

These thoughtful lines, which are set to very good music, are found in a song which is one of a number of pieces of music sent us by the publishers, Oliver Ditson & Co., of Boston, who bring out one or two such pieces every day of the year. The titles are: "A Song of the Heart." 30 cents. By William Burr. "Bid me Good-bye." 35 cents. Song by Tosti. "See-Saw." 40 cents. Waltz song by R. E. Lawson. "Coming Home at Last." Song and Chorus. 30 cents. Words by Will Carleton. "Sunset beyond Missouri." March. 25 cents. By J. Fairfield. "Alicia Schottische." 30 cents. By A. H. Fernald. "An old English Ballad gone Wrong." 30 cents. By Grossmith.

Chinese Rat Merchant.

The great empire of China contains a population of 400,000,000 persons, about one-third of the human race. To feed such a multitude requires the most strenuous efforts and the utmost economy of food. Nothing must be wasted, and much that would be rejected in more favoured lands as unfit for food for human beings, is eagerly consumed. The flesh of dogs, cats, rats, and other animals which we regard as unclean is exposed in the markets and purchased by the poor. In the picture we see a pedlar of rats vending his unsavoury wares from place to place. It is this habit of living on what white men would reject that creates the antipathy to Chinese labour on the Pacific coast. But as they earn better wages they will eat better food, and we do not think there is much danger of their seriously affecting the wages of white men. Instead of abusing and insulting them, we should rather seek to give them the blessing of the Gospel, and of a Christian civilization, remembering the Saviour's injunction, "Inasmuch as ye would that others should do unto you, do ye even so unto them."