

**A Word to the Boys.**

Look into your mother's eyes,  
Full of deep affection;  
You will find your image there  
In their soft reflection.  
You are growing stronger now,  
She is slow declining.  
Look into your mother's eyes,  
Keep them clear and shining.

Look into your father's face,  
Seamed with care and sorrow;  
His heart turns toward yesterday,  
Yours turns toward the morrow.  
He must leave his work to you;  
Come boys, are you ready?  
Look into your father's face,  
Keep it glad and steady.

What then saith the Book of books?  
Listen to no other.  
"Wise sons make their father glad;  
Fools despise their mother."  
In the reverent fear of God  
Wisdom finds beginning.  
Choose your name and place with care—  
Which is worth your winning?

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**Home and School**

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

TORONTO, AUGUST 27, 1887.

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**FOR MISSIONS**

**FOR THE YEAR 1887.**

**The Need of the Church.**

THE Church needs Sunday-school work. It never needed it more than to-day. It can never exist without active, aggressive conversion work. Where Sunday-schools fail to do that work, they miss their mark—they leave their work undone. Their great aim should be to convert young souls; to increase the number of the disciples of Jesus; to add to the membership of the Church. Christ and his people look to the schools for this work. As naturally as men look to the fountain for water, and to the quarry for stone, do the godly look to our schools for recruits to the sacramental host of the Lord's elect; nor do they look in vain. This quarry has supplied thousands of thousands of stones polished after the similitude of a palace; from this rill

have gone forth rivers of holiest influence; from these schools have hosts departed, who proved themselves valiant for the truth, and "good soldiers of Jesus Christ." When it is said the Church needs Sunday-school work, let us not be misunderstood. Some times men say, "Sunday schools help the churches," or, "They are in close sympathy and alliance with the churches." That is not what should be said. We do not talk about the Sunday-school being in "close alliance" with the Church; we say it is part of the Church as truly as the preaching service. It is not an outside and independent organization, any more than the ministry is an outside and independent organization; it is no more separate from the Church than apples are from the tree on whose branches they hang. From bulbous to ripened state the Church fed them, and all the life, all the vitality, all the sweetness they have is derived from the blood and breast of their grand old nursing Mother. No, no, the Church and the school are not distinct, separate, independent, any more than the nursery is distinct from the house, or its tiny, prattling tenantry are separate and independent from the family. The clasp of an indissoluble union is around them.

**"He Careth."**

BY MARIANNE FARSINGHAM.

WHAT can it mean? Is it aught to him  
That the nights are long and the days are dim?

Can he be touched by the griefs I bear,  
Which sadden the heart and whiten the hair?  
About his throne are eternal calms,  
And strong glad music of happy psalms,  
And bliss, untroubled by any strife:  
How can he care for my little life?

And yet I want him to care for me  
While I live in this world where the sorrows be.

When the lights die down from the path I take,  
When strength is feeble and friends forsake,  
When love and music, that once did bless,  
Have left me to silence and loneliness,  
And my life-song changes to sobbing prayers,—  
Then my heart cries out for a God who cares.

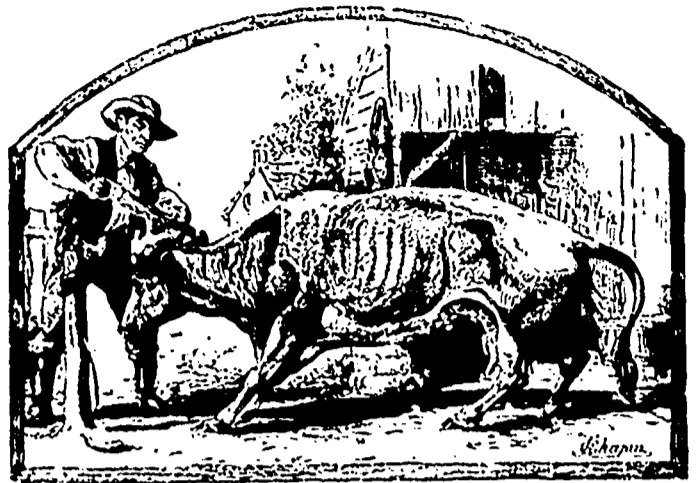
When shadows hang over the whole day long  
And my spirit is bowed with shame and wrong,

When I am not good, and the deeper shade  
Of conscious sin makes my heart afraid,  
And the busy world has too much to do  
To stay in its course to help me through,  
And I long for a Saviour,—can it be  
That the God of the universe cares for me?

Oh, wonderful story of deathless love,  
Each child is dear to that Heart above.  
He fights for me when I cannot fight,  
He comforts me in the gloom of night,  
He lifts the burden, for he is strong,  
He stills the sigh and awakes the song,  
The sorrow that bowed me down he bears,  
And loves and pardons because he cares.

Let all who are sad take heart again:  
We are not alone in our hours of pain;  
Our Father stoops from his throne above  
To soothe and quiet us with his love;  
He leaves us not when the storm is high,  
And we have safety, for he is nigh.  
Can it be trouble which he doth share?  
Oh, rest in peace, for the Lord will care.

—Christian World.



CRUEL DISHORNING OF CATTLE.

**Saved by Song.**

A PARTY of northern tourists formed part of a large company gathered on the deck of an excursion steamer that was moving slowly down the historic Potomac one beautiful evening in the summer of 1881. A gentleman, who has since gained a national reputation as an evangelist of song, had been delighting the party with his happy rendering of many familiar hymns, the last been the sweet petition so dear to every Christian heart, "Jesus, lover of my soul." The singer gave the first two verses with much feeling, and a peculiar emphasis upon the concluding lines that thrilled every heart. A hush had fallen upon the listeners that was not broken for some seconds after the musical notes had died away. Then a gentleman made his way from the outskirts of the crowd to the side of the singer and accosted him with, "Beg your pardon, stranger, but were you actively engaged in the late war?"

"Yes, sir," courteously answered the man of song; "I fought under General Grant."

"Well," the first speaker continued, with something like a sigh, "I did my fighting on the other side, and think, indeed am quite sure, I was very near you one bright night eighteen years ago this very month. It was much such a night as this. If I am not mistaken you were on guard duty. We of the South had sharp business on hand, and you were one of the enemy. I crept near your post of duty, my murderous weapon in my hand; the shadows hid me. As you paced back and forth you were humming the tune of the hymn you have just sung. I raised my gun and aimed at your heart, and I had been selected by our commander for the work because I was a sure shot. Then out upon the night rang the words:

"Cover my defenceless head  
With the shadow of thy wing."

"Your prayer was answered. I couldn't fire after that, and there was no attack made upon your camp that night. I felt sure when I heard you sing this evening that you were the man whose life I was spared from taking." The singer grasped the hand

of the Southerner, and said with much emotion: "I remember the night very well, and distinctly the feeling of depression and loneliness with which I went forth to my duty. I knew my post was one of great danger, and I was more dejected than I remember to have been at any other time during the service. I paced my lonely beat, thinking of home, and friends, and all that life holds dear. Then the thought of God's care for all that he had created came to me with peculiar force. If he so cares for the sparrow, how much more for man, created in his own image; and I sang the prayer of my heart, and ceased to feel alone. How the prayer was answered I never knew until this evening. My Heavenly Father thought best to keep the knowledge from me for eighteen years. How much of his goodness to us we shall be ignorant of until it is revealed by the light of eternity! 'Jesus, lover of my soul,' has been a favourite hymn; now it will be inexpressibly dear."

The incident related in the above sketch is a true one, and was related to the writer by a lady who was one of the party on board the steamer.—*London Freeman.*

DAILY ought we to renew our purposes and to stir up ourselves to greater fervour and say, "Help me, my God, in this my good purpose and in thy holy service, and grant that I may now this day begin perfectly."

It was the sympathy of Jesus Christ with the degraded and lost classes of society which most took that old world by surprise. The fascination which the lowly, the weak, and the wicked had for him required a heart akin to his own even to understand it. He was spiritually hospitable toward the veriest castaways, and in his presence the worst found it easy to believe in the possibility of redemption. His whole life was given to the rescue of those who seemed unfit to survive in the struggle for existence. Compassion was his essential spirit, and salvation to the uttermost the sum and substance of the Gospel which he preached.—*Rev. John Hunter.*

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