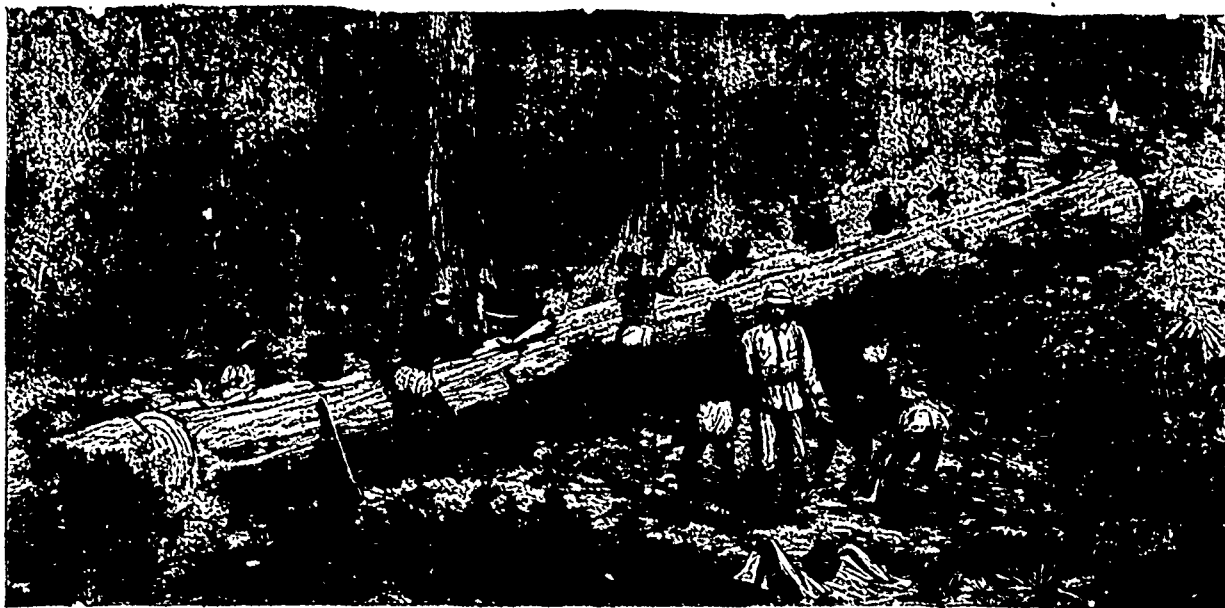


The Song I Sing.

I WALKED with a heavy heart one day,  
 Where a little bird sang, in a tree top tall;  
 I knew not if he were gold or gray,  
 But his notes fell down as the sunbeams fall.  
 And from the bird that I could not see,  
 Whose heart o'erflowed in a joyful song,  
 A tender message came down to me,  
 Of the Father's love, that made me strong.  
 Now courage came to my far-lined heart,  
 And life's dark pathway grew strangely bright.  
 This lesson I learned from his cheerful strain:  
 To trust in God; faith is better than sight.  
 Faith hears a voice from the heights above,  
 Tenderly saying, "Come unto me;"  
 Faith sees a hand outstretched to guide  
 To the place where many mansions be.  
 My heart remembers the roundelay  
 Of the little bird, so sweet and clear,  
 And I carol it forth as I go my way—  
 A God-given message of hope and cheer;  
 And whether the day be dark or fair,  
 I sing of the love that redeemed from sin,  
 Of the grace that sustains along the way,  
 And the peace and joy that abide within.



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

TORONTO, OCTOBER 5, 1889.

In the Bethel Prayer-Meeting.

THE church in which Father Taylor preached for many years in Boston, to his sailor audiences, was known as "The Bethel." Some instances of the ready wit and warmth of feeling which characterized the meetings held here are given below:

"A prayer-meeting in the Bethel vestry was unlike any other prayer-meeting, for there were gathered men from all parts of the world, many of whom had here found a hope, a faith, and a Friend, that never left them on sea or land. Father Taylor would glow over these trophies, weep with joy, and break out in exclamations of delight: 'See,' he would say, 'see the amber that is thrown on the shore; look at the pearls that come from the ocean, jewels fit to adorn the Saviour's diadem when he shall ride over the sea to judge the earth.'

A visitor at the prayer-meeting once related the death of a very wicked man, who was blown up a few days before in one of his own powder-mills; he came down all crushed and mangled, and gave his heart to God, and now who would not say with the holy man of old, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his?" Father Taylor rose at once: "I don't want any such trash

brought to this altar. I hope none of my people calculate on serving the devil all their lives, and cheating him with their dying breath. Don't look forward to honouring God by giving him the last snuff of an expiring candle. Perhaps you will never be blown up in a powder-mill. That 'holy man,' he went on, 'that we have heard spoken of, was the meanest scoundrel mentioned in the Old Testament or the New. And now I hope we shall never hear any thing more from Balaam, nor from his ass.'

At one time a wealthy gentleman, in the midst of a very warm meeting, made a speech telling the sailors how much had been done for them, and how grateful they ought to be to the liberal merchants for all their good. As he sat down with a feeling that the church would run itself for the year on this condescension, he was surprised to hear Father Taylor inquire, "Is there any other old sinner from up town, who would like to say a word before we go on with the meeting?"

A Mr. Snow not being very warm in his talk, Father Taylor groaned out, "O Lord, melt that Snow!"

A man by the name of Wood, who was not noted for warmth in his talks, drew from the old gentleman this brief prayer, "O Lord! set fire to that Wood."

At one time when the meeting dragged, he exclaimed, "Brethren, bring in your pot of manna. It will spoil before the next meeting. Let us have it now; you can gather more by next meeting."

A Maine minister, describing one of these meetings, says, "It was conducted in a marvellous way, by surprises, battery shocks, flashing, burning star-thoughts of faith, hope and love, Jesus, holiness and heaven, never to be forgotten!"

A New Light on Things.

"HALLOA, old fellow!" said the rooster to the shepherd's dog, eyeing him very fiercely as he ran by, "I've a word to say to you."

"Let's have it," said Shag; "I'm in a hurry."

"I wish to remark," said the rooster, "that there has been a great mistake made in the stack-yard; and you can tell your master that he and the other man, instead of turning the corn-end of the sheaves into the stack, and leaving the stubbles outside, should have done it the other way. How are my hens and I, do you think, to get at the grain under the circumstances?"

"Anything else?" asked Shag.

The rooster was offended, and shook his wattles, but answered, "Yes! I have also to remark——"

"Never mind, never mind," said Shag, interrupting him; "you're under a general mistake, I see, and one answer will do for your objections. You fancy that farm-yards were made for fowls; but the truth is, fowls were made for farm-yards. Get that into your head, and you won't meddle with arrangements which you can't understand, and in which you and your affairs are not taken into account."

My child, remember that God did not make the world for you, that your interests and pleasures are not the only things to be consulted. Beware of self. Beware either of pleasing self or pitying self. He that does either will not be either useful or happy; and he will be very unlike Him who "pleased not Himself."

Value of Minutes.

PACING the deck of his vessel, which was bearing up the Bristol Channel with all canvas spread, the captain strode the deck in a state of great anxiety. His ship had to round a certain headland, and it must needs be done before the turn of the tide. The captain strode rapidly up and down the deck, making the time by his watch, while he gave his commands to the man at the helm. Presently came a sigh of relief.

Said one of the passengers to him, "Captain, what has been the matter? What has agitated you so?"

"You see," he replied, "we have just rounded that headland, and if we had been five minutes later we should have been lost; the tide would have turned and drifted us back into the bay, and we should have been lost."

Five minutes later! How precious minutes are sometimes! Reader, while you read this, some have only a few minutes to live. "Now" is ours; but "now" is ever going from us. Sinner, if you are yet unforgiven, come at once to Jesus, who is "faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."

Every Day a Little.

EVERY day a little knowledge. One fact in a day. How small is one fact! Only one! Ten years pass by. Three thousand six hundred and fifty facts are not a small thing.

Every day a little self-denial. The thing that is difficult to do to day will be an easy thing to do three hundred and sixty days hence, if each day it shall have been repeated. What power of self-mastery shall he enjoy who seeks every day to practice the grace he prays for!