

On the Shore.

Beyond those sunset bars of gold,
Which light the waves of the purple sea,
Near the crystal river, the pearly gale,
I know you are watching and waiting for me.

Not weary, not fearful, for time with you
Is never measured by lingering years,
And the golden points on the dial's face
Are numbered by smiles, and not by tears.

To-night, as I walk on the lonely shore,
And list to the mournful surges' beat,
I think of the music that falls on your ear,
Of the beautiful blossoms that lie at your feet.

And 'tis joy to know that no grief of mine
Can darken a brow so bright and fair;
Yet I sometimes fancy my spirit can feel
A gleam from the glorious radiance there.

A boat will lie shortly on yonder wave,
The boatman be drowsing toward the shore;
His call of warning I soon shall hear,
And the soft, low splash of his ready oar.

He will bear me safely, his arm is strong,
Till the walls of the golden gate I see;
And when I reach it your task is done,
There is no more watching and waiting for me.

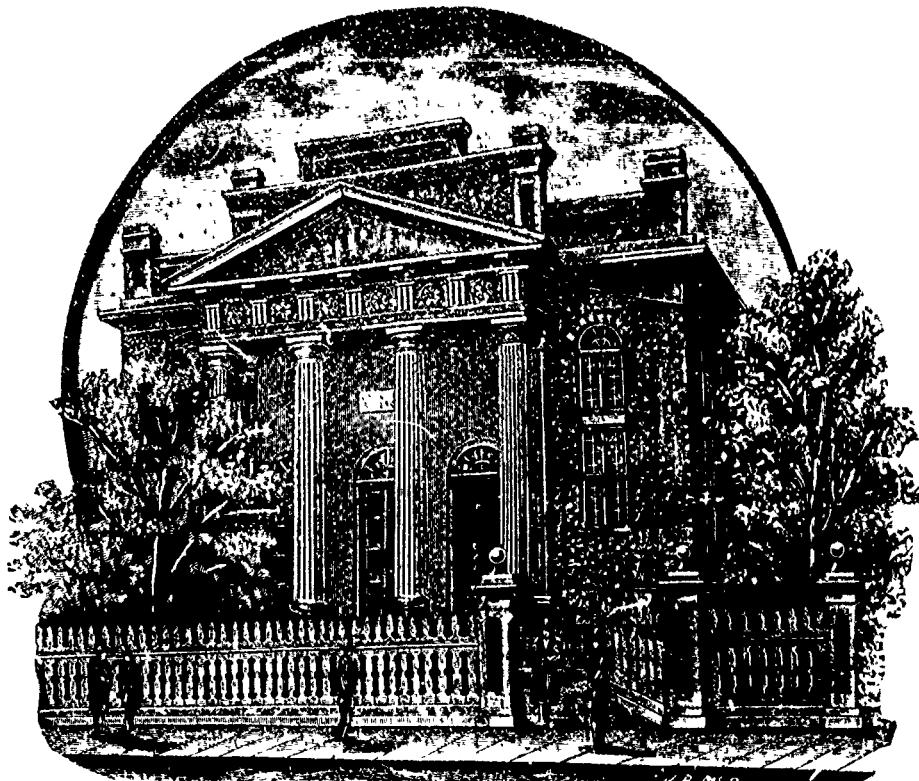
—Argosy.

south-east corner of Toronto and Adelaide Streets, with a seating capacity of some 1,200; while another portion of the congregation, anxious to unite with the British Wesleyan Conference, were taken charge of by the Rev. D. Fraser, a very devoted missionary of that body, and provided themselves with a neat frame chapel on George Street. Here it is that the Richmond Street congregation claim their birth.

The first pastor in charge was the Rev. John Barry, a member of the British Conference, and he was followed in rapid succession until 1837 by eight other clergymen, among whom were John Hunt and John Bredin—men whose days of usefulness are not yet numbered. In 1833, a large portion of the Canadian Church, including the Adelaide Street charge, had united with the British Conference—hence the George Street people came back to their old home on Adelaide Street, in 1837, but to be driven out again in 1840, when the British Union was dissolved.

The "Britishers," as they called themselves, early felt the necessity of a larger building, but were unable to satisfy their ambition until the Trustee Board was bequeathed a handsome amount by Thomas Clark, a whole-hearted Englishman, originally from Stockport, who actually willed all his immense property to the Church, only reserving an annuity to his wife, which, at her death, also reverted to the building fund. A cenotaph on the eastern wall of the present church preserves the memory of this generous donor. The corner-stone of the new building was laid on the 20th of August, 1844, and the completed edifice solemnly dedicated on June 29th of the following year, by the Rev. Dr. Matthew Richey, who had earned the honour by rallying the little flock after the division in 1840, and guiding them to this successful fruition.

The vitality of this congregation was unmistakably evidenced very early in their history, by their heroic efforts to plant missions about the city during the day of their severest adversity. In 1840, successful branches were started in Yorkville and on Queen Street, which have since both become flourishing churches, and now boast missions of their own care. The first pastor, after unruffled peace had soothed the feelings of the religious partisans, was the firmly-gentle "steel-invested" Dr. Rice, afterwards General Superintendent of a United Canadian Methodism. Then follow the names of Davis, Squire, and Wilkinson, when the inspired evangelist, Caughey,



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TORONTO, MAY 5, 1888.

Crowned with Works.

RICHMOND STREET METHODIST CHURCH
CLOSING.

A MAGNIFICENT CAREER.

This church is not only the oldest Methodist church now in use in the city of Toronto, but was for years the centre and life of Canadian Methodism. The teachings of the Wesleys were first brought to "Little York" by zealous missionaries of the Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States, and under their supervision a clapboard chapel, forty feet square, was erected in 1818, in the fields just south of King Street, near Jordan Street. The growth of the membership—it begun with eight—necessitated the building, in 1832, of a handsome brick church on the

Gladstone's View.

THIS eminent English statesman says:—"If asked what is the remedy for the deeper sorrows of the human heart—what a man should chiefly look to in his progress through life, as the power that is to sustain him under trials, and enable him manfully to confront his afflictions, I must point him to something which, in a well-known hymn, is called 'The Old, Old Story,' told of in an old, old Book, and taught with an old, old teaching, which is the greatest and best gift ever given to mankind."

These are the words of a Christian philosopher. There is but one remedy for human woe, the wide world over, and that is contained in "The old, old story of Jesus and his love."

Blessed indeed are the ears that have heard "The story," and a thousand times more blessed the heart that has, by a childlike faith, accredited it. How swift should be our feet to run, and our mouths to tell the story to the millions who have not heard it!

MESSRS. CASSELL & COMPANY have ready a Life of the late Emperor of Germany, by Archibald Forbes, the famous war correspondent. The early chapters have been in type several weeks, but the book has been held back in anticipation of the sad event that has plunged all Germany in sorrow. The Emperor William's life covers ninety years, and he has played an important part in the world's history, having helped to defeat the first Napoleon when a lad of seventeen, and having driven the Third Napoleon from France in his old age. Mr. Forbes' graphic pen has never had a better opportunity than in the writing of this book, and it is doubtful if the German Emperor will ever have a more brilliantly written biography.

conducted a tremendous revival, the memory of which still lives in Methodist homes throughout the Dominion. A host of names follow upon the pastoral roll, all more or less well known,—for it was a proud thing in that day to minister to this metropolitan congregation; but the reader of the present will perhaps know best such as George McRitchie, Dr. Geo. Douglas, W. R. Parker, Dr. Briggs, Wm. Stevenson, Dr. Young, Dr. George Cochran, Dr. Hunter, Dr. Sutherland, Hugh Johnston, Isaac Tovell, Thos. Cullen, and the present pastor, John Pickering.

It will be a task fit for eternity to measure and weigh the benign influences spread abroad by this church. In the city of Toronto alone there have come from its loins at least eleven distinct churches, while it has contributed, more or less, to every other congregation. Throughout the Dominion—in Methodist communities everywhere—there are ex-members of this church and ex-pupils of its Sunday-school; and it is little wonder that the officials of the church expected a rare "gathering of the clans" during the closing services of the last two Sabbaths of March.

Fears have been expressed very often, as Toronto grew away from the old church, that its historic congregation would be forced to disband, and it was a matter of rejoicing to the National Church when this doubting spirit was given the quietus, and it was decided to build a successor—the third link in the chain—on McCaul Street. The lecture-room is already up, and was opened on the first Sabbath in April, and the entire church-house is expected to be ready with the incoming of the winter.

[See account of closing Sunday-school service in this old church, on page 67.]