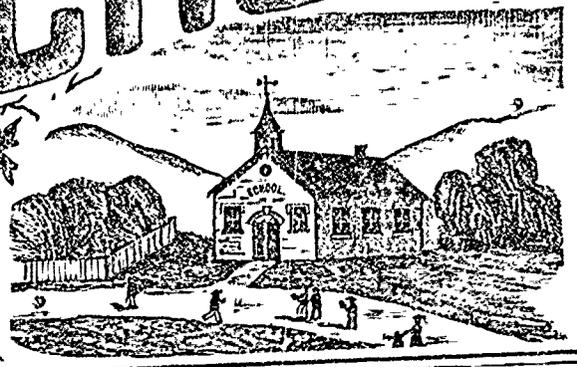
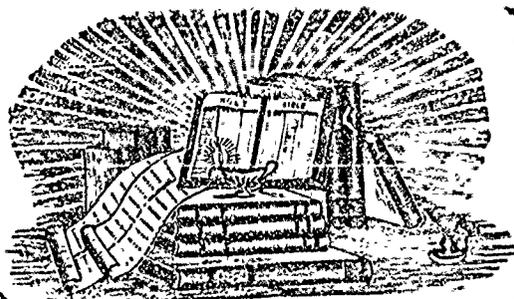


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Make Haste Slowly.

THIS picture represents an incident in the Civil Wars in England between the cavaliers, or followers of King Charles, and the Roundheads, or soldiers of the Parliament and Cromwell. The group in the foreground are pursued by the enemy when the saddle of one of them gives way.

"I must stop and fix it," said

"Not so," said the other, "or we will surely be overtaken."

"It must be fixed, or I may be thrown from the horse, and then yet be also overtaken."

So he got down, and was fixing the buckle, when the man with him cried out, "There they come; we must fly!"

"Yes, when this is done, but not before."

Soon it was done, and, mounting his horse, he rode fast and far away, safe beyond the reach of the enemy.

So it is all through life. You cannot safely go on when things are out of gear. Whatever needs mending, should be mended at once, and then you can go forward.

The Superannuate—A Conference Sketch.

BY META E. B. THORNE.

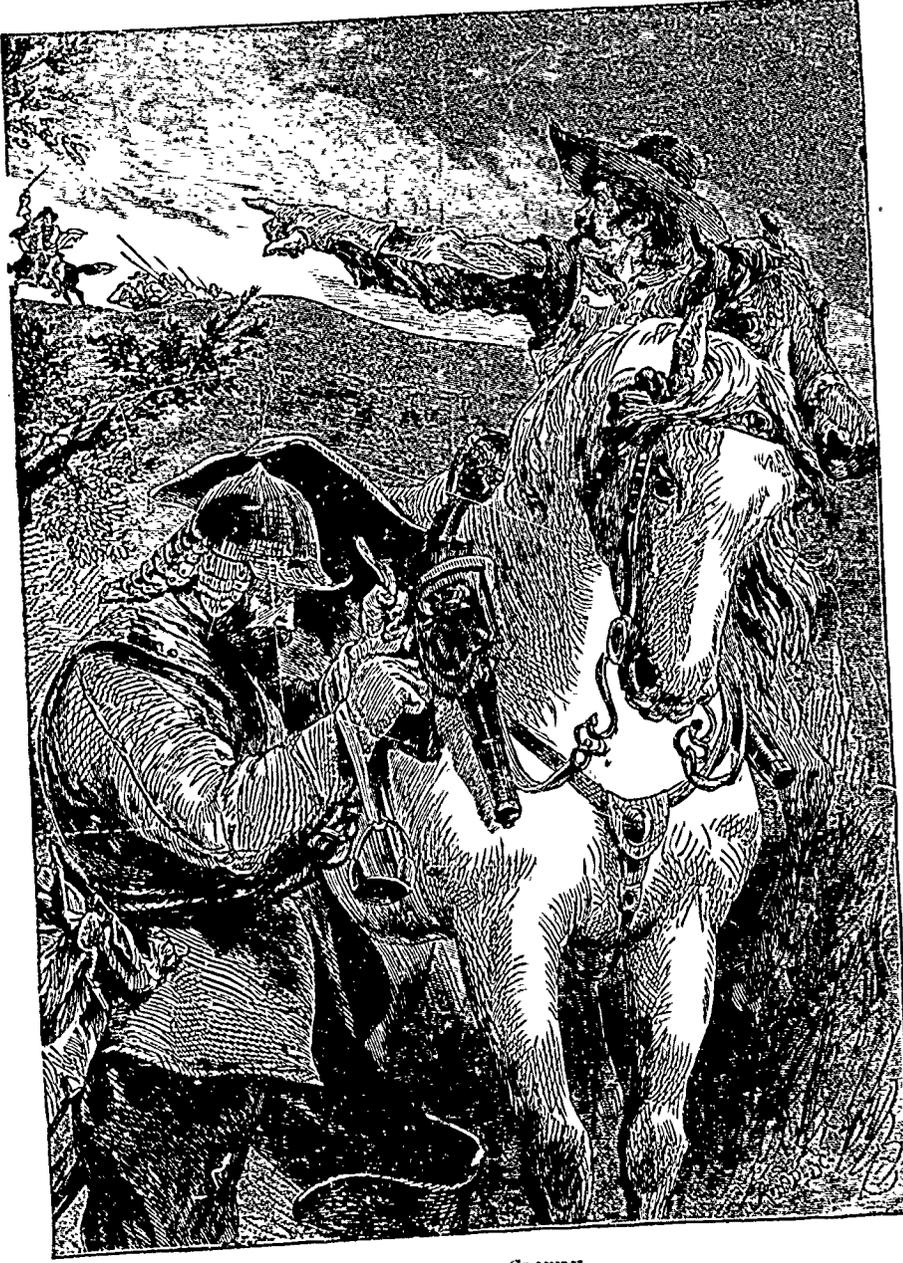
ONLY an aged, worn-out superannuate, with scanty gray hair and deeply-furrowed brow, clad in an old-fashioned suit of worn and "shiny" broadcloth, and linen, that, though of spotless whiteness, yet showed the marks of time's busy finger.

Surely, it was a singular choice my uncle had made! I wondered much that he should have made special request for *this* guest during the session of the Annual Conference in our city. I had hoped for some noted scholar, some popular preacher, or at least some travelled man whose conversation should be a source of pleasure and profit. And now, here was this homely old man, whose plain garb and simple manners denoted his rusticity, and from whom we could hope for little of interest. But, even if uncle had not requested it, our own sense of duty would have compelled us to treat with the utmost courtesy this guest, and to make him feel "at home," for was he not one of uncle's "oldest and best friends?"

And yet, though somewhat disappointed in his appearance, as later I sat in my quiet corner, and listened eagerly, I could not but marvel at the acuteness of his criticism, at his accurate knowledge of the men and matters com-

voice, and felt that beneath the comparatively unattractive exterior flowed a hidden spring of purest feeling.

By a clever comment or question Uncle Oliver (that he might increase our interest in his friend) proceeded to



MAKE HASTE SLOWLY.

mented upon, and note how Uncle Oliver deferred to his judgment as they discussed the proceedings of the General Conference recently closed.

By and by, as we gathered about the board, and the deep, full tones of the stranger invoked God's blessing, I marked the richness and pathos of his

"draw him out," and we were surprised and delighted with his fund of quaint, humorous, beguiling anecdote. His remarkable memory had preserved as "flies in amber" perfect portraits of many worthies of the past whom he had known, either personally or through others.

"A great contrast between present times and customs and when you began preaching, Brother Chase," remarked my uncle.

"Indeed there is, Brother Harlow. I thought of it to-day as I listened to the reports from the various districts. Why, when I began, almost half one of those districts was comprised in one circuit. It often took me six or eight weeks to complete my rounds and get back to my family, preaching three times on Sabbath, and every night through the week, and travelling many miles on horseback between the appointments. I carried my little library in my saddle-bags, and read now from one book, now from another, as I rode along, or studied the great book of nature which lay open before me, and from which I learned many a glorious lesson. In the shadows of the primeval forest I heard matchless hymns and anthems rise from caroling bird and singing brook, and the tiniest wayside flower read me its sermon of love and trust in Him who said, 'Consider the lilies,' and 'Behold the fowls of the air.'

"Yes, it was hard sometimes"—in graver and more meditative tones, having almost forgotten his audience in his retrospect—"a hard and sorely-needed lesson, indeed. Weeks at a time I was gone from my home, and, meantime, how fared my wife and babes? Why, the pain and anxiety in that thought were almost unendurable! Many a time I knew that they scarcely had the necessaries of life. Many a time as I sat down to some bountifully spread table, I could not eat—the food fairly choked me as I remembered the empty larder and the hungry ones at home. It was only by constantly dwelling in mind upon the promises of the Master, and pleading for grace to 'cast all my care upon Him, that I could find courage to go on with my work. Moreover, there often arose the thought, 'What if I should be taken away, and they be left

helpless, without even this far from adequate support?' And then again I strove to lay hold on the promises and leave all in God's hands. Yes, yes, times have changed since then, and I am glad that they have, even though in this rushing age they have passed me by, and left me stranded on the beach. ۞