

Little Things.

We call him strong who stands unmoved—
Calm as some tempest-beaten rock—
When some great trouble hurls its shock;
We say of him, his strength is proved:
But when the spent storm folds its wings,
How bears he then life's little things?

About his brow we twine our wreath
Who seeks the battle's thickest smoke,
Braves flashing gun and sabre-stroke,
And scoffs at danger, laughs at death;
We praise him till the whole land rings:
But is he brave in little things?

We call him great who does some deed
That echo bears from shore to shore—
Does that, and then does nothing more;
Yet would his work earn richer meed,
When brought before the King of kings,
Were he but great in little things.

—Treasure Trove.

OUR S. S. PAPERS.

PER YEAR—POSTAGE FREE.

The best, the cheapest, the most entertaining, the most popular.

Christian Guardian, weekly	\$2 01
Methodist Magazine, 96pp., monthly, illustrated	2 00
Methodist Magazine and Guardian together	3 50
The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly	1 50
Sunday-School Banner, 32 pp. 8vo., monthly	0 60
Berean Leaf Quarterly, 16pp. 8vo.	0 06
Quarterly Review Service. By the year, 24c. a dozen; \$2 per 100; per quarter, 6c. a doz.; 50c. per 100	
Home and School, 8pp. 4to., fortnightly, single copies	0 30
Less than 20 copies	0 25
Over 20 copies	0 22
Pleasant Hours, 8pp. 4to., fortnightly, single copies	0 30
Less than 20 copies	0 25
Over 20 copies	0 22
Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than 20 copies	0 15
20 copies and upwards	0 12
Happy Days, fortnightly, less than 20 copies	0 15
20 copies and upwards	0 12
Berean Leaf, monthly, 100 copies per month ..	5 50

Address: WILLIAM BRIGGS,
Methodist Book and Publishing House,
78 & 80 King St. East, Toronto.

C. W. COATES, S. F. HUMPHRIS,
3 Bleury Street, Wesleyan Book Room,
Montreal. Halifax, N. S.

Home and School

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

TORONTO, JULY 23, 1888.

Standing Before God.

AND now Saint John declares that when he passed behind the veil he saw the dead, small and great, stand before God. Do you not see what that means? Out of all the lower presences with which they have made themselves contented; out of all the chambers where all the little easy judges sit, with their compromising codes of conduct, with their ideas worked over and worked down to suit the conditions of this earthly life; out of all these partial and imperfect judgment chambers, when men die they are all carried up into the presence of the perfect righteousness, and are judged by that. All previous judgments go for nothing, unless they find their confirmation there. Men who have been the pets and favourites of society, and of the populace, and of their own self-esteem, the change that death has made to them is that they have been compelled to face another standard, and to feel its unfamiliar awfulness.

Just think of it. A man who, all his life on earth since he was a child, has never once asked himself about

any action, about any plan of his, "Is this right?" Suddenly, when he is dead, behold he finds himself in a new world where that is the only question about everything. His old questions as to whether a thing was comfortable, or was popular, or was profitable, are all gone. The very atmosphere of this new world kills them. And upon the amazed soul, from every side, there pours this new, strange, searching question, "Is it right?" That is what it is for that dead man to "stand before God."

But then there is another soul which before it passed through death, while it was in this world, had always been struggling after higher presences. Refusing to ask whether acts were popular and profitable, refusing even to care much whether they were comfortable or beautiful, it had insisted upon asking whether each act was right. It always struggled to keep its moral vision clear. It had climbed to heights of self-sacrifice that it might get above the miasma of low standards which lay upon the earth. In every darkness about what was right, it had been true to the best light it could see. It grew into a greater and greater incapacity to live in any other presence, as it had struggled longer and longer for this highest company. Think what it must be for that soul when, for it too, death sweeps every other chamber back, and lifts the nature into the pure light of the unclouded righteousness. Now, for it, too, the question, "Is it right?" rings from the doings of a busy life; and because we know this so well, our hearts often ache for the boys and girls we see doing the things they will wish so earnestly by-and-by to undo. You know something of the desire to undo, and of the sorrow that you cannot. And now where is the bright side? Right here. Let us try to do a thing the first time so that we will never wish to undo it. We can ask our heavenly Father. Anything we do under his guidance we shall never wish to undo.—*Young Reaper.*

"Handsome is that Handsome Does."

A FAMOUS lady who once reigned in Paris society was so very homely that her mother said one day, "My poor child, you are too ugly for any one ever to fall in love with you." From this time Madame de Circourt began to be very kind to the pauper children of the village, the servants of the household, and even the birds that hopped about the garden walks. She was always distressed if she happened to be unable to render a service. This good-will toward everybody made her the idol of the city. Though her complexion was sallow, and her gray eyes were small and sunken, yet she held in devotion to her the greatest men of her time. Her unselfish interest in others made her, it is said, perfectly irresistible. Her life furnishes us a valuable lesson.



IN THE TREETOPS.

In the Treetops.

BY LEIGH NORTH.

"WHAT a jolly place to live! What part of the world is it in?"

Far away in the islands of the Eastern Archipelago grow the tall coconut, the fern-tree, the sago-palm, and many others unknown to us save in the enclosure of a greenhouse. Few travellers, except those who go to study the animal, plant, and insect life which is native there, reach these tropical regions.

Instead of the white faces that we see around us, the people have skins of a yellowish brown, with short, curling hair. They wear shells as amulets, or charms, with sometimes a silver button in the ear, and are but scantily clothed. All their dwellings and ways of living are different from those to which we are accustomed. Some of the houses are built on tall stakes, leaving the air free to circulate beneath them, and sometimes the pigs are domiciled below. The chief object, however, is to raise the house beyond the reach of any venomous beast or reptile. Others are only raised from the ground by a sort of low platform. Bamboo and wicker-work are the principal materials in their construction. One household will occupy several huts clustered beneath the tall, spreading trees, and the whole will be surrounded by high palings made of planks and logs of trees bound together by growing bamboo and thorny shrubs, and enclosing a large space—the opening in the fence closed by a wooden slab. The interior of the dwellings is not

separated into rooms, but has divisions like our stalls for horses, which can be shut off by curtains.

In such little houses as that in the picture, the people could retire to their nightly slumbers, and, drawing up their ladder, remain safe above miasma and beyond reach of any kind of attack; or they could be used as the abode of the strange gods which the natives worship. But they serve chiefly as granaries or storehouses for whatever treasures the people may possess; and there is often no ladder to reach them but the tall trunk of the tree.

Pleasant as such aerial dwellings may appear, however, few of us would exchange for them the comforts of our Western homes, and none of us but should be thankful for the blessings we enjoy in our civilized and Christian land.

A Touching Incident.

A GENTLEMAN, who went up the Hudson on the *St. John*, tells this story: "I had noticed," said he, "a serious-looking man, who looked as if he might have been a clerk or book-keeper. The man seemed to be caring for a crying baby, and was doing everything he could to still its sobs. As the child became restless in the berth, the gentleman took it in his arms, and carried it to and fro in the cabin. The sobs of the child irritated a rich man, who was trying to read, until he blurted out, loud enough for the father to hear, 'What does he want to disturb the whole cabin with that squalling baby for?'"