

# HOME & SCHOOL.



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### Inside the Gate.

I sat inside the gate,  
No more a wandering child;  
No more the loathsome weight  
Of sin my heart defiled:  
Sweet peace was in my soul,  
Love in the place of hate;  
And yet I trembled oft,  
Praying inside the gate.

"Saviour!" I loudly cried,  
"Give others rest from sin."  
"Go, then," His voice replied,  
"Bring them the gate within,  
Show them the narrow way,  
Lead them the cross beside.  
I'll meet them at the gate,  
It shall be opened wide.

"I go, my Lord," said I,  
"I would not idly rest,  
But I would perform the work  
For Thy own glory best;  
Help me that work to do  
Before it is too late;  
Help me some soul to bring  
To Thee inside the gate."

And now inside the gate  
I kneel in joyful prayer,  
For Jesus helped me lead.  
Another pilgrim there.  
Together now we call  
To all oppressed with sin,  
"Come, knock at mercy's gate,  
Jesus will let you in."

—Sunday School Times.

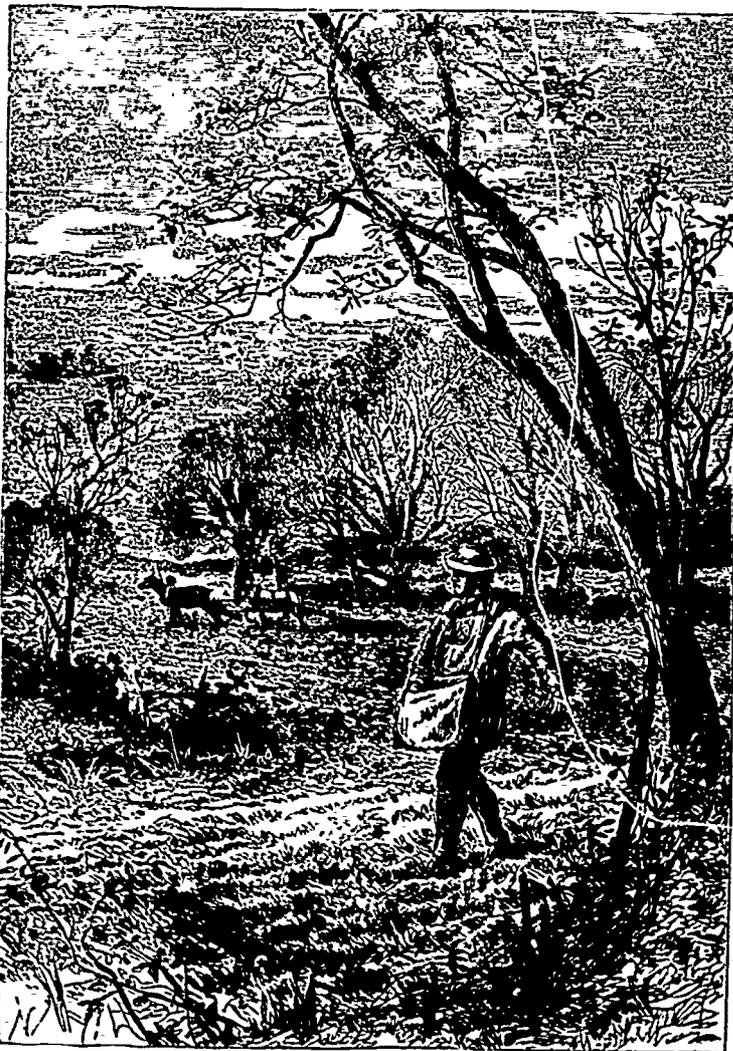
### Sowing Time.

ONE of the most instructive parables of our Lord is that of the Sower. It shows how necessary for even good seed is good ground. The seed of God's truth must be received into honest and faithful hearts before it can bring forth fruit unto eternal life. Youth is especially the time for sowing this good seed. Unless the garden of the soul be diligently cultured and guarded, Satan will sow tares, and evil weeds of sin shall rankly grow and choke every "herb of grace," and flower of promise, and fruit of holiness.

How marvellously seeds reproduce themselves! The botanist Ray tells us that he counted 2,000 grains of maize on a single plant of maize sprung from one seed, 4,000 seeds on one plant of sunflower, 32,000 seeds on a single poppy plant, and 36,000 seeds on one plant of tobacco. Pliny tells us that a Roman governor in Africa sent to the Emperor Augustus a single plant of corn with 340 stems, bearing 340 ears, that is to say, at least 60,000 grains of corn had been produced from a single seed. If good or evil thus propagate their kind, how careful should we be what seed we sow! How appropriate the words of the hymn—

Sowing their seed by the dawnlight fair,  
Sowing their seed in the noontide glare,  
Sowing their seed in the fading light,  
Sowing their seed in the solemn night,  
Oh, what shall the harvest be?  
Sown in the darkness or sown in the light,  
Sown in our weakness or sown in our might,

Sowing their seed in the fertile soil,  
Oh, what shall the harvest be?  
They're sowing the seed of word and deed,  
The proud know not, nor the careless heed;  
The gentle word and the kindest deed  
Have blest sad hearts in their sorest need,  
Oh, sweet will the harvest be?



SOWING TIME.

Gathered in time or eternity,  
Sure, ah sure, will the harvest be.

Sowing their seed by the wayside high,  
Sowing their seed on the rocks to die,  
Sowing their seed where the thorns will  
spoil,

### The Little Outcast.

"MAYN'T I stay, ma'am? I'll do any-  
thing you ask me; cut wood, go for  
water, and all your errands."  
The troubled eyes of the speaker  
were filled with tears. It was a lad

that stood at the outer door, pleading with a kindly-looking woman, who still seemed to doubt the reality of his good intentions.

The cottage stood by itself on a bleak moor, or what in Scotland would have been called such. The time was near the latter end of September, and a fierce wind rattled the boughs of the only two naked trees near the house, and fled with a shivering into the narrow door-way, as if seeking for warmth at the blazing fire within.

Now and then a snow-flake touched with its soft chill the cheek of the listener or whitened the angry redness of the poor boy's numb hands.

The woman was loth to grant the boy's request and the peculiar look stamped upon his features would have suggested to any mind an idea of depravity far beyond his years.

But her woman's heart could not resist the sorrow in those large, but by no means handsome, grey eyes.

"Come at any rate, till the good man comes home. There, sit down by the fire; you look perishing with cold; and she drew a rude chair up to the warmest corner;" then suspiciously glancing at the child from the corner of her eyes, she continued setting table for supper.

Presently came the tramp of heavy shoes, the door was swung open with a quick jerk, and the "good man" of the house presented himself wearied with labour.

A look of intelligence between his wife and himself he, too, scanned the boy's face with an expression not evincing satisfaction, but nevertheless made him come to the table, and they enjoyed the zest with which he dispatched his supper.

Day after day passed and yet the boy begged to be kept "only till to-morrow," so the good couple, after due consideration, concluded that so long as he was so docile, and worked so heartily, they would retain him.

One day in the middle of winter, a peddler, long accustomed to trade at the cottage, made his appearance, and disposed of his goods readily, as if he had been waited for.

"You have a boy out there, splitting wood I see," he said, pointing to the yard

"Yes; do you know him?"

"I have seen him," replied the peddler, evasively.

"Where? Who is he? What is he?"