

Our Home in Heaven.

BY ELA C. G. PAGE.

OUR home ' beyond the stars
How clearly shines the light to-day,
Of ether walls and silver bars
Not far away.

Just past death's portal, swinging wide,
Lie thy fair shores, distinct and clear,
The echoes from the other side
Have reached us here.

To some rare souls at death is brought
Of thy rare towers a radiant gleam;
And we who love them too have caught
A golden beam.

No dreadful cloud o'erhangs thy light,
No hideous pang to rend and tear;
We die all painless, pass from sight,
And lo! are there.

Science can never bound that land,
Its mysteries unseen explore;
Faith lifts the veil with fearless hand,
And we adore.

Rare land! unto thy portals white
Death holds us past the golden key;
We gladly press past earth and night
Homeward to thee.

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Home and School.

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

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Worshipping God With the Lips.

I ONCE heard a lady who had travelled in the East and lived in Jerusalem, tell of a Bible reading she attended, where a Jewish woman was reading aloud the Word of God, and the other women were repeating the sentences after her. But their hearts were not in the worship: they were only serving God with their lips. Do you ever do the same, dear children, when you say your prayers or sing hymns, and think about something else all the time? Well, the leader of the class looked out of the window and saw one of her fowls flying over the fence, and she called out in alarm, "Oh, woe is me! my chicken is gone!" and all the other women repeated it after her, thinking they were still saying the words of Scripture as before. You see, I fear they cared little for what they were doing, or they would not have made such a mistake. Dear children, worship God with your hearts. Remember, God is a Spirit, and those who worship him must do so in spirit and in truth. Selected.

Save Me Next.

A BEAUTIFUL incident is told of a little child upon a lately-wrecked steamer. The boats were taking the passengers away as fast as they could, every one crowding forward intent on his own salvation. One after another was passed down, while the neglected child stood waiting her turn. The vessel rocked to and fro, on the eve of going to the bottom. Seeing no chance of escape, the little one stretched out her hands and cried, "Save me next!"

It is a cry that ought to go up from millions of hearts. The bark of life will go down some day, and if we are not saved in Christ we will be eternally lost. It is a cry that those of us who are saved might hear on every hand. It comes from that miserable, trembling, half-palsied debaucher, who must have—will have—rum. He curses his fate and drinks again, even while he cries out in agony against the chain that binds him as with fetters of brass, "Save me next!" Strong arms must be held out to such. None but God may save the rum-crazed wretch. We may do much to bring him to the Father, who turns no one away. The cry comes again from that gaudily-dressed woman, whose words are possibly louder than her dress. She may not ask to be saved; she may not want to be saved; but she needs to be. None but herself and God know how much. The call is to some Christian woman to lead her to Him who will say, "Thy sins are forgiven thee."

The Ministry of Sorrow.

BY ANNIE CRAWFORD.

AROUND, a flood of sunshine; above, sweet blue and dazzling white; on either hand the budding verdure of early summer, while on the balmy air, mingling with the scent of the lilac bush and the song of the bird we hear the dying echoes of the Easter bells, eloquent with promise of the resurrection and eternal life. Timely promise: for while old nature bursts forth afresh in all the beauty and vigour of first youth, the sweet air is burdened with the groans of the mourner, and moist with the tears of the bereaved. Floating from our public buildings the flag at half mast tells of public loss; over the homes of the wealthy the twilight of sorrow hangs; quietly and bravely, but with aching hearts, the patient poor surrender their only riches; and all stations bow in the universal brotherhood of this form of sorrow.

And why, in this season of great mortality, should nature wear her brightest smiles? Why, unless that in these evidences of love we might catch a glimpse of the great loving heart of God, and in the many voices of His beautiful earth hear the assurance:

"I love thee, I love thee,
Pass under the rod."

Oh, to take the lesson home, that God does not willingly afflict nor grieve the children of men! That while we sit in the school of sorrow He moulds and shapes our characters, till, having learned the lesson of entire submission to His will, the discipline is removed, and we are "glorified together" with Him.

Let us then, while enjoying the beauty of the



LESSON PICTURE.

JUNE 22.—TRUST IN OUR HEAVENLY FATHER.—Luke xii. 22-34.

fresh young year, with patience accept its sorrows too, taking to our hearts the sweet assurance,— "What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter."

The Sabbath-Egg Society.

EARLY in the year 1876 a family, consisting of a father, mother, one boy and two girls, started a plan for raising money for benevolent uses. As they kept about twenty hens, the mother proposed that all eggs laid on Sabbaths should be devoted to such uses. This was agreed to, and ever since that time the father of the family has bought all the Sabbath eggs, at the market price, for family use, and put the money into their family benevolent fund.

Then it was agreed that on every Sabbath day each of the family should also make such a contribution to that fund as he or she would willingly make out of his or her earnings or savings.

In the first year they raised twenty dollars and two cents. With this one of the children was made a life-member of the American Tract Society. After making the three children life-members of the Tract Society they concluded not to send all their money to one place. Perhaps they remembered the proverb about not putting all your eggs in one basket.

As the children grew larger they became able to give more, and God has prospered their efforts and their plan. If they had only been able to give as much in each year as they did in the first year, it would have amounted to a little more than two hundred dollars by this time; but it has amounted to more than four hundred dollars. The well-kept treasurer's account shows just how much of this has been given by each member of the family and how much by the hens.

Hens are not the only creatures that can be used and managed in that way. If you keep a cow, why not let all the milk that she gives on Sabbath be the Lord's? Such a family might have a Sabbath-milk Society or an Alderney Missionary Society or a Red-heifer Benevolent Society.

Probably some of you can think of other ways in which you could get up such pleasant societies in your homes. Probably a good many families have such societies or other ways of "laying by them in store as God had prospered them" to give money for his work, and to learn about the many ways in which money thus given to God can be used as he would like to have it used.