

# HOME & SCHOOL

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## An Answered Prayer.

"O GIVE me a message of quiet!"  
I asked in my morning prayer;  
"For the turbulent trouble within  
me  
Is more than my heart can bear.  
Around there is strife and discord,  
And the storms that do not cease,  
And the whirl of the world is on  
me—  
Thou only canst give me peace."

I opened the old, old Bible,  
And looked at a page of psalms,  
Till the wintry sea of my trouble  
Was smoothed by its summer  
calms,  
For the words that have helped so  
many,  
And the ages have seemed more  
dear  
Seemed now in their power to con-  
fort  
As they brought me my word of  
cheer.

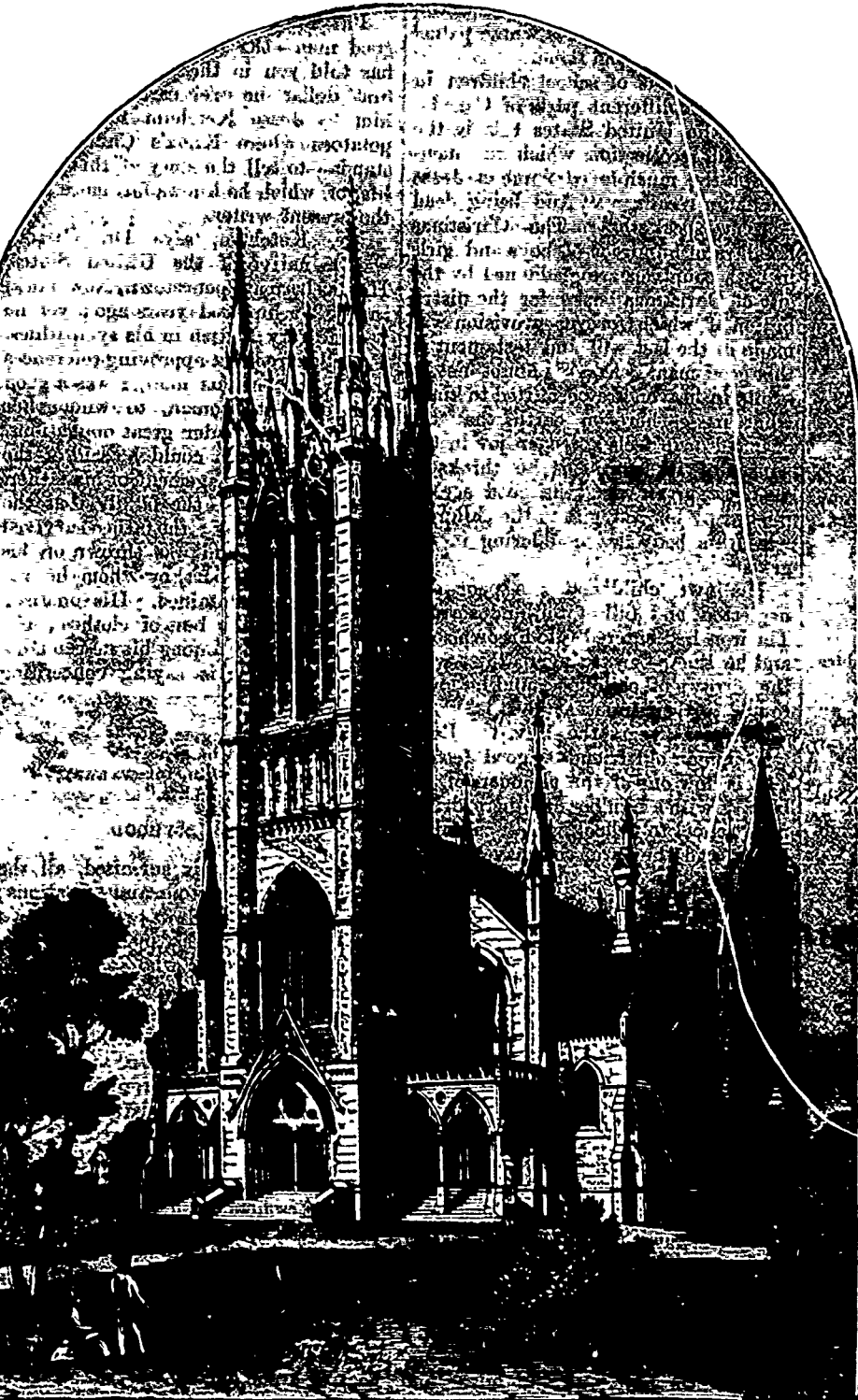
Like music of solemn singing  
These words came down to me—  
"The Lord is slow to anger,  
And of mercy great is He;  
Each generation praiseth  
His work of long renown,  
The Lord upholdeth all that fall,  
And raiseth the bowed down."

That gave me the strength I want-  
ed  
I knew that the Lord was nigh;  
All that was making me sorry  
Would be better by and by;  
I had but to wait in patience,  
And keep at my Father's side,  
And nothing would really hurt me  
Whatever might betide.

## The Metropolitan Methodist Church, Toronto.

MOST of our young readers have heard of this famous church, and many of them have seen it. We have pleasure in giving, for the benefit of both classes, an engraving of it, and competent judges, who have travelled around the globe, say it is the handsomest Methodist church in the world. None of the great cathedrals or churches which we have seen abroad are so grandly situated as it is, in a noble square of two acres, in which it is the only building. Broad green swards, paths, &c., shrubbery, and flowers, present a scene of mingled beauty as we approach.

We think the church looks most beautiful of all on a bright moonlight Sunday night, when the light shines through the stained-glass windows, and the rolling of the organ and singing of the vast congregation are



METROPOLITAN METHODIST CHURCH, TORONTO.

heard on the street, and the walls and towers seem in the bright moonlight transfigured to marble or alabaster.

This beautiful church may be considered to a great extent a monument

to the energy and zeal and good taste of the late Rev. Dr. Punshon. It was he, we believe, who suggested its erection, and actively promoted its progress, and gave his counsel as to its

design. One of its windows is a memorial to his beloved wife, who died in Canada, and another is to be made a memorial of himself. It is a wonderful sight to see it crowded full of people, as it often is; and when they rise to sing some of our grand old hymns, the effect is sublime.

It is a favourite place of meeting for the Bible and Tract Societies, and the like; and many famous preachers—Bishop Peck, Dr. Peck, Dr. Vincent, Dr. Punshon, Dr. Douglas, Dr. Nelles, Rev. J. H. Robinson, and others, have preached within its walls. The Rev. George Cochran, Dr. Potts, Rev. Wm. Briggs, and the Rev. Hugh Johnston, have been its pastors. But its most solemn associations are those of the memorial services held here on the death of Dr. Green, Dr. Punshon, Dr. Taylor, Dr. Ryerson, and others who have passed away. Here the first General Conference was held, and here the Anniversary and Breakfast Meeting of the Missionary Society took place.

It will hold, when crowded, nearly 3,000 persons. One hundred and fifty lights or more can all be lit in a moment, by a spark of electricity. It cost, with the ground, about \$150,000; yet the gospel, in its simplicity and purity, is preached here as plainly as in the humblest country school-house.

In the rear of the church is a beautiful school-room, and here is a very successful Sabbath-school, under the superintendency of J. B. Bousted, Esq., one of the most energetic of Sunday-school workers.

The porches shown at the corners were part of the architect's original design, but they have been omitted in the construction.

On the day after election, a liquor-dealer asked a baker who had voted NAY to license, "Why did you vote against my business? Did I not always pay you for the bread I got?" "Yes!" replied the baker, but some of the men who drink your whiskey have not!"