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OUR PREMIUM.

The Premium offered with the *Magazine* for 1884 is, we think the most attractive ever given therewith. The title is, "Anecdotes of the Wesleys," by the Rev. J. B. Wakeley. These are gleaned, the author tells us from all the Lives of the Wesleys, from Wesley's Journals, the Arminian and Wesleyan Magazines, and from hundreds of volumes and pamphlets. Though an American book it has reached a tenth edition in England, and sells at one dollar and a quarter, without the steel portrait. It gives over four hundred pithy and racy anecdotes, that cling like burrs, to the memory of the Rev. Samuel and Susannah Wesley, and of John and Charles Wesley. The wisdom and piety, the wit and humour of the Founder of Methodism and of the remarkable family to which he belonged are strikingly set forth. The book contains 391 pages and is handsomely bound in cloth, with stamped and gilt back and side. A special feature, not found in the English Edition, is an admirable steel portrait of the venerable Founder of Methodism, so familiar in the old Wesleyan Hymn-book, which has been specially imported by the Book-Steward, and never before printed in Canada. This of itself is almost worth the price asked for the book. This attractive premium is now ready for delivery, and will be sent, *Postage Paid*, to all subscribers to the *Magazine*, old or new, for the merely nominal sum of *Thirty-five cents*.

This handsome volume is issued below cost as a premium to our subscribers. We hope, therefore, that all the ministers will kindly send their order for this valuable premium, by post card at once, when it will be promptly sent them and charged to their personal account.

We are anxious that they should be in immediate possession of a copy, as it will greatly help them in their canvass. The price of the *Magazine* is as heretofore \$2 a year, *Magazine* and *Christian Guardian* together \$3.50. The *Century Magazine* and *Harper's Monthly* will be sent to subscriber for \$3 each. The regular price of each of these is \$4. Terms to Agents, same as heretofore.

THE REV. DR. NELLES ON SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.

At the late Sunday-school Convention, held in Cobourg, the Rev. Principal Nelles, D.D., President of Victoria University, delivered an admirable address on "The Sabbath-school an Authorized and Fruitful Field for the Working Power of the Church." This address has attracted much attention and was made the subject of a leading article in the *Toronto Globe* strongly endorsing the position which he took. The following is a brief outline of the address:

He remarked that he thought it was hardly worth while to discuss the question of authority in the face of the abundant authority there was in every page of the Bible, both by precept and

example, for religious training. As to the fruitfulness of the field, he could not do better than follow the advice of the old philosopher and take the consenting testimony of the wise on the subject. It was only necessary to go about the country and ask the people as to the usefulness of the Sunday-school, and there would be a very hearty expression from all the Protestant Churches in Christendom proclaiming its immeasurable value. Indeed the Sunday-school was their chief reliance just now for systematic religious instruction in any systematic and thorough form. Religious training, it was well known, was sadly neglected in many homes, and this was not the fault of the Sunday-schools, for this evil existed to just as great an extent before Sunday-schools were founded. Religious training was also neglected in the public schools all over the continent. Seeing, then, that there was a great want somewhere, the Sunday-school was almost the only means of supplying that want. In this connection he wished it to be distinctly understood that he thought something more should be done in our public schools than is done for the religious training of the young, and that all that was asked for in that line could be accomplished without doing violence to the conscience of any member of the community. He did not wish to have it thought strange that he touched upon this question with such earnestness. It was a vital matter, not touching any particular Church alone, but the whole nation. To allow any considerable portion of the community to grow up without any religious training was to bring them up in immorality and crime. An important question presented itself here, Whether or not the Sunday-school could be made more fruitful and powerful? In the early history of the Sunday-school it was looked upon only as a school for neglected children. Then it came to be recognized as a means of instruction for those of all grades in the congregation. Why could it not be made a place for young people, not merely the children alone, and for that matter for the mature people as well, and thus the whole congregation would be instructed in the Holy Scriptures? This experiment was being tried in some places in the United States, and he believed in Knox Church, Toronto. To make such a scheme work successfully, one of the present preaching services on the Sabbath would be devoted to a consideration with the whole congregation of some passage of Scripture which had previously been studied at home. In this way there would be a more intelligent piety, a more consistent staple form of religious life, and a wider diffusion of religious intelligence among the people. The learned Doctor pointed out that there is a great revival of interest going on at present in regard to the study of the Scriptures, such as perhaps the Church had never seen before. This was made necessary by new discoveries in the field of science, which opened up a new era of Biblical criticism and research. In this way the efforts of the very men who denied the authenticity and inspiration of the Gospel were being overruled in the good providence of God for good. He paid an eloquent tribute to the memory of Martin Luther, who opened the prison house in which the truth had hitherto been imprisoned, and proclaimed a free

Gospel to all, and in closing he again drew attention to the important point of how the Sunday-school can be made more productive of good in the future. The learned Doctor delivered an eloquent and powerful address, occupying upwards of an hour, and his remarks were listened to with the deepest attention. The session was dismissed with the benediction.

"THIS IS MY MOTHER."

THE following incident, related in the *Burlington Hawkeye*, illustrates both the tenderness of the German heart and the familiar lines of Coleridge:

"A mother is a mother still,
The holiest thing a live"

We were at a railroad junction one night, says the writer, waiting a few hours for the train, in the waiting room, in the only rocking-chair, trying to talk a brown-eyed boy to sleep, who talks a great deal when he wants to keep awake.

Presently a freight train arrived, and a beautiful little old woman came in, escorted by a great big German.

They talked in German, he giving her evidently lots of information about the route she was going, and telling her about her tickets and her baggage-check, and occasionally patting her on the arm.

At first our United States baby, who did not understand German, was tickled to hear them talk, and he "snickered" at the peculiar sound of the language that was being spoken.

The great big man put his hand up to the good old lady's cheek, and said something encouraging, and a great big tear came to her eye, and she looked as happy as a queen.

The little brown eyes of the boy opened pretty big, and his face sobered down from its laugh, and he said,—

"Papa, it is his mother!"

We knew it was, but how could a four-year-old sleepy baby, that couldn't understand German, tell that the lady was the big man's mother, and we asked him how he knew, and he said,—

"Oh the big man was so kind to her."

The big man bustled out, we gave the rocking chair to the little old mother, and presently the man came in with a baggage-man, and to him he spoke English. He said,—

"This is my mother, and she does not speak English. She is going to Iowa, and I have got to go back on the next train, but I want you to attend to her baggage and see her on the right train, the rear car, with a good seat near the centre, and tell the conductor she's my mother."

"And here is a dollar for you, and I will do as much for your mother some time."

The baggage man grasped the dollar with one hand, and grasped the big man's hand with the other, and looked at the little German with an expression that showed that he had a mother, too, and we almost know that the old woman was well treated.

Then we put the sleeping mind-reader on a bench and went out on the platform and got acquainted with the big German.

He talked of horse trading, buying and selling and everything that showed he was a live business man, ready for any speculation, from buying a yearling colt to a crop of hops or barley

and that his life was a busy one, and at times full of hard work, disappointment, hard roads.

But with all this hurry and excitement he was kind to his mother, and we loved him just a little.

When after a few minutes' talk about business, he said, "You must excuse me; I must go in the depot and see if my mother wants anything," we felt like taking his fat, red hand and kissing it.

Oh! the love of the mother is the same in any language, and it is good in all languages.—*Youth's Companion*.

FAREWELL TO THE PRINCESS LOUISE.

"FAREWELL! farewell to thee," Victoria's daughter,
We bid thee a kindly, a loving farewell!
Smooth be thy passage across the blue water—
Calm be its bosom, and gentle its swell.
Not from conventional matter of form,
We offer the fondest, best wish of our heart,
With sincerity true, and with earnestness warm,
We bid thee good bye and regret we must part.

Son of MacCallum More,
Shall we ne'er see thee more?
Friend of our northern shore
Here is our hand,
Over Atlantic's swell
Safe may'st thou journey well,
And our true story tell
In thine own land.

Tell our beloved Queen,
Canada fields are green,
And her fair forests green,—
Scarlet and gold;
Charms both the sense and eye,
While her blue arching sky—
Earth's starlit canopy,
Beauties unfold.

Tell her that fond and true
Men bid you now adieu—
Men who would fight for you
In danger's van!
Tell her that all revere
Britain's old Banner here;
That its each fold is dear
To every man!

Tell her that freedom reigns
Over our hills and plains;
And progress onward strains
From shore to shore.
Tell her our happy land
Boasts of a gallant band,
True round that flag to stand
To the heart's core.

WHO KILLED HIM?—This question was asked in an energetic way by a preacher not long since concerning a man of the town who had been brought to his death by liquor. The preacher answered it: "We, the Methodists and Baptists of this community who allow liquor to be sold in our town." The preacher was not far wrong, if wrong at all. Nearly every community could stop the sale of liquor if the members of the Church would exert themselves to have it voted down.

Home and School will contain many hints on teaching and other S. S. items that will make it especially useful for teachers. In addition to the large amount of reading attraction to all ages, every school should take enough to supply each teacher, even if it took no more.

SUNDAY-SCHOOLS will please send in their orders for all S. S. papers as soon as possible, that there may be no interruption in sending them, and that we may prepare to meet the anticipated largely increased demand.