

## When Summer Comes.

BY FRANCIS HALE BARNARD.

On skies, will summer ever come  
And bring us fairer, sweeter days?  
Will frozen earth be ever numb,  
And has the sun no warmer blaze  
To heat the still ground into life  
And wake the air with murmur's rife,  
Which say, "The earth that long was dumb  
A thousand busy tongues has found,"  
While countless rustling wings will hum,  
When mingles many a drowsy sound.

But now, at morn, like tangled ropes,  
The fairy woven skeins of frost  
Are meshed the faded earth across,  
Reminding me of some dead hopes  
Which all their warmth and joy has lost;  
Yet lie across our doubting hearts,  
A blighting presence, which imparts  
To us no beauty but of ice.  
And when, again, to hope we dare,  
The chilling mem'ry will arise  
Of dreams which died, tho' once most fair,  
A cold net woven from life's frost  
To keep joy down, is each mess crossed.

My heart, I speak to thee at last,  
For thee will summer ever bloom?  
Canst thou forget the fading past,  
Emerging from the Winter's gloom  
To glorious life, bright skies above  
Which tells thee thou art ruled by love?  
Oh, will thy mute chords ever wake  
In music, 'neath a tender touch,  
Which thrills thee, and the stillness break  
To murmur that thy joy is much?

Oh, longing heart, contented be;  
The present has some glorious days,  
And thou canst all around thee see  
The beauty which alone can raise  
Thee up to higher, grander things,  
If thou wilt take the proffered wings.  
Faint heart, in realizing this  
Before the crystal hours are gone,  
I know that thou canst never miss  
The Summer, tho' it may not dawn.

## OUR PERIODICALS.

PER YEAR—POSTAGE FREE.

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

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

C. W. COATES, 3 Bleury Street, Montreal.  
S. F. HUESTIS, Metho 1st Book Room, Halifax.

## Home &amp; School:

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

TORONTO, APRIL 25, 1885.

## Christ Welcoming Sinners.

WE are told that in stormy weather it is not unusual for small birds to be blown out of land to the sea. They are often seen by voyagers out of their reckoning and far from the coast, hovering far up over the mast on weary wings, as if they wanted to alight and rest themselves, but fearing to do so. A traveller tells us that on one occasion a little lark, which followed the ship for a considerable distance, was at last compelled through sheer weariness to alight. He was so worn out as to be easily caught. The warm hand was so agreeable to him that he sat down on it, and burying his little cold feet in his feathers, and looking about with his bright eye not in the least afraid, and as if feeling assured that he

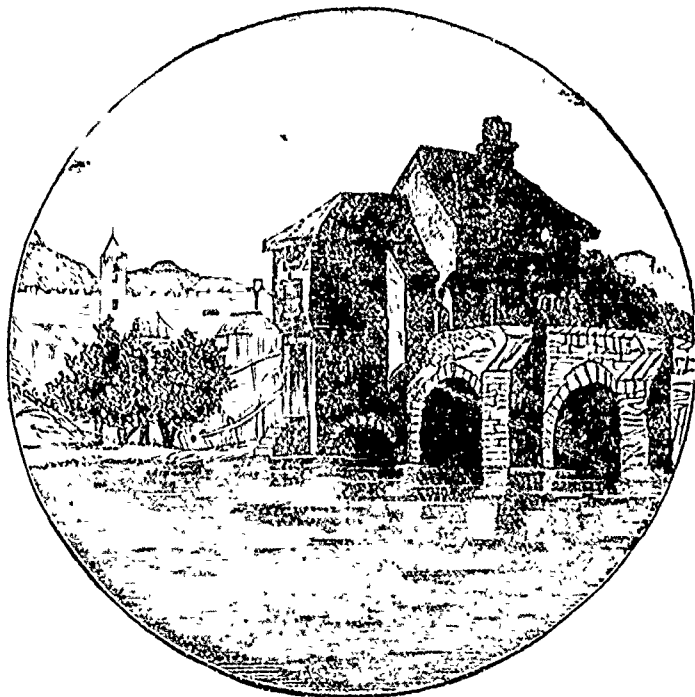
had been cast amongst good, kind people, whom he had no occasion to be so backward in trusting. A touching picture of the soul who is aroused by the Spirit of God, and blown out of its reckoning by the winds of conviction; and the warm reception which the little bird received at the hands of passengers conveys but a faint idea of that welcome which will always greet the worn-out sin-sick souls who will commit themselves into the hands of the only Saviour.—C. H. Spurgeon

## Alone with God.

ONE Sabbath night after discoursing on a very solemn subject which had stirred my own soul, I took a walk before going home. It was a clear starlight without any moon, and the heavens looked down upon me with all their sublime impressiveness. I found myself, unconsciously, walking in the direction of the mill. I had not gone far when I met my senior colleague and friend pacing slowly up and down by the side of the stream near his house. As soon as I came up he said: "Man, I couldna gang hame direct frae the chapel the nicht. After hearin' your sermon I wanted to be alone wi' God; and I never feel His presence as much as when I am out in a night like this. Ye were speakin' about death. D'ye ken I never think o' death! It's aye like that fills my mind. As long as I see such a sky as that above me, and hae a grip of Christ within me, I'm sure that death is swallowed up in victory. I am no sae sure, as some folks seem to be, that heaven will be sae different from this worl'. When I was a laddie I used the Book of Revelation frae beginnin' to end on Sabbath afternoon. And on a Monday morning when I got up to herd father's coos, just as the sun was risin' and spreadin' a glimmer owre the lift, the bits of birdies praising God wi' all their might, and the lock at the fit of the field like a picture a' peace, I wonder if Revelation and natur' were na' a one, and sometimes thoct that 'the new heaven and new earth' jist ment that when we woke up on the resurrection morn we would find ourselves in the same place with this differ: that sin and sorrow had fled awa' as the nicht was passin', jist like mist frae the braes."—*Scottish Magazine.*

## The Sweetest Joys.

VERY many of the sweetest joys of Christian hearts are songs which have been learned in the bitterness of trial. It is said of a little bird that he will never learn to sing the song his master will have him sing while it is light in his cage. He learns a snatch of every song he hears, but will not learn a full separate melody of his own. And the master covers the cage and makes it dark all about the bird, and then he listens and learns the one song that is taught to him, until his heart is full of it. Then, ever after, he sings that song in the light. With many of us it is as with the bird. The Master has a song He wants to teach us, but we learn only a strain of it, a note here and there, while we catch up snatches of the world's song and sing them with it. Then He comes and makes it dark about us till we learn the sweet melody He would teach us. Many of the loveliest songs of peace and trust sung by God's children in this world, they have been taught in the darkened chamber of sorrow.—*Christian Weekly.*



BEDFORD PRISON.

## Book Notices.

*William and Mary; A Tale of The Siege of Louisburg, 1745.* By David Hickey, Methodist Minister. Toronto: William Briggs, 78 & 80 King Street East.

We are glad to welcome another volume from our Publishing House. We are also gratified that the author is one of our own ministers, and is a member of the Nova Scotia Conference. We congratulate him on his first attempt at authorship, of which he has no cause to be ashamed. The book may be designated a religious novel, but is not deserving of a place in the *Index Expurgatorius*.

The scene of the story is Louisburg, Cape Breton, a portion of our own Dominion, of which all our readers should be glad to receive further information. The siege of that famous fortress is graphically told. The persons who are the chief actors are delineated in a few life-like touches. Our youthful readers will be especially interested in the career of William and Mary, who are the most conspicuous persons in the narrative. The volume will repay perusal. Its doctrinal teachings are orthodox. Our Sunday-school friends should by all means give it a place in their libraries.

*My Aunt Jeanette.* By Mrs. S. M. Kimball. New York: Phillips & Hunt. Toronto: William Briggs.

This is one of the most delightful books that it has been our privilege to read. The style of the book is picturesque. The different persons who are mentioned are described in a few paragraphs or sentences, which give the reader a good idea of their respective characteristics, while at the same time there does not seem to be any attempt at exaggeration.

Aunt Jeanette, who is the chief personage with whom the authoress makes us acquainted, was a noble Christian maiden lady, who lived in the State of Maine, not far from the City of Portland. She does not seem to have dreaded either poverty or riches. Her means were ample for her own wants, and still she had something to spare for charitable objects. Her life was one of godliness. She lived to help others, and took great delight in

assisting young people, particularly those of her own sex, how to become useful. Her's was cheerful piety, and she was never so happy as when engaged in schemes to make others happy.

This venerable lady was a member of a Congregational Church, but was always ready to co-operate with members of other denominations in works of faith and labours of love. In evangelistic services or in the temperance cause she was ever ready to lend a helping hand, and not a few were under great obligation to her for the benefits they received from her zealous labours.

It will be seen that the book is largely autobiographical. Mrs. Kimball was left in possession of all the literary productions of her distinguished relative, and in preparing the volume for publication, she has done little more than select from the journals, and add a few well chosen sentences as connecting links. Her part has been done with good taste, and we are much mistaken if the volume does not become a general favourite, especially with young people. It deserves an extensive circulation.

A TRANSCENDENTAL preacher took for his text, "Feed my lambs." As he came out of the church a plain old farmer said to him, "That was a very good text; but you placed the hay so high in the rack that the lambs couldn't reach it, nor the old sheep either."

A TRAVELLER visiting a Mexican cathedral was shown by the sacristan, among other marvels, a dirty opaque glass pial. After eying it some time the traveller said, "Do you call this a relic? Why, it is empty." "Empty!" retorted the sacristan, indignantly. "Sir, it contains some of the darkness Moses spread over the land of Egypt."

AMONG the Chautauqua graduates are two ladies who are totally blind. These ladies have had the entire course read aloud to them.

A MINISTER suddenly stopped in his sermon and sang a hymn. "If the members of the choir are to do the talking," he explained, "they certainly will allow me to do the singing." And then things in the neighbourhood of the organ became more quiet.