

was taken, had decided at the last minute to remain at home.

"May not my first good turn be to go with them?" I thought; and when I had told them something of my story, the Lord put it into their hearts to trust me, and I came with them in their son's stead. You see now how it is. I work with my hands for wages, but my time is the Lord's. I cannot waste an evening, or holiday, or Sabbath. I have all those wasted years to redeem."

"Your story has taken hold of me as no sermon ever did," said the young man who had first spoken. "I think we all have wasted time and broken Sabbaths, as well as our mother's prayers, to look back to."

His voice trembled and broke, and one of the other boarders finished up for him by saying:

"We will give up the Sunday excursion, and go with you to church and Sunday-school."

"Thank God!" said the Englishman. "I do not love to tell my history, but every time I do it wins helpers to the good cause."

#### A Lost Day.

Lost! lost! lost!

A gem of countless price,  
Cut from the living rock,  
And graven in Paradise.  
Set round with three times eight  
Large diamonds, clear and bright,  
And each with sixty smaller ones,  
All changeable as the light.

Lost, where the thoughtless throng  
In fashion's mazed wind,  
Where thrilleth folly's song,  
Leaving a sting behind;  
Yet to my hand 'twas given  
A golden harp to buy,  
Such as the white-robed choir attune  
To deathless minstrelsy.

Lost! lost! lost!

I feel all search in vain;  
That gem of countless cost  
Can ne'er be mine again!  
I offer no reward,  
For till these heart-strings sever,  
I know that heaven-intrusted gift  
Is left away for ever!

But when the sea and land  
Like burning scroll have fled;  
I'll see it in His hand  
Who judgeth quick and dead;  
And when the scathe and loss  
That man can ne'er repair,  
The dread inquiry meets my soul,  
What shall it answer there?

#### Brandy and Murder.

Most of our young readers have heard or read of the murder of Abraham Lincoln, the sixteenth President of the United States. When Wilkes Booth, the cowardly murderer of Mr. Lincoln, saw his helpless and unsuspecting victim sitting in the box at the theatre, he had not the cruelty to strike the deathblow. His human feelings overcame him and kept him from it. He knew if he were drunk he could do it. He rushed into a saloon and called out, "Brandy! brandy! brandy!"

After gulping down the hellish stuff he felt his brain poisoned by it. That fitted him for the work of death. Crazy and made a fiend by the brandy, he went back to the theatre and fired the fatal shot. The noble-hearted Lincoln fell a victim to the fiend whose brain had been maddened by intoxicating drink. Alas! that we must have a poisonous drink sold in our fair land which prepares and emboldens men for such work.—*S. S. Messenger.*

#### Regulating the Elephant.

EVERYBODY had heard that the great elephant was loosed, and several families whose gardens he had torn up and whose boys he had trampled upon were sure of it. There was great excitement, and the town held a meeting to decide what should be done. They did not want to exterminate him; in fact, many of them did not believe that they could exterminate him, for he was a pretty big elephant. Besides he was useful in his proper place—in shows, in India and in story books.

"Our best plan is to try and regulate him," said an enthusiastic speaker. "Let us build toll-gates all along the route he is going to take and make him pay—"

"Yes, but that leaves him roaming round," shrieked an old woman, "and I don't want my boy killed."

"Keep your boy away from him; that's your business. Why, madam, don't you know that an elephant's hide and tusks are valuable for mechanical and surgical purposes, and that he is useful in India? Besides, there is the toll he will pay. We shall by this means get money into the public treasury to build schools for a good many boys who are not trampled to death."

"That's the plan. Regulate him! Regulate him!" shouted the crowd.

So they appointed a great many committees, and drafted constitutions and by-laws, and circulated petitions, and by the time the elephant had killed several more boys, and had trampled a quantity of gardens, they had erected very comfortable toll-houses for the gate-keepers and gates for the elephant; and then they waited with satisfaction to see the animal regulated.

Slowly the feet tramped onward; slowly the great proboscis appeared in view, and with a sniff of contempt the elephant lifted the gate from its hinges and walked off with it, while the crowd stared after him in dismay.

"Well!" exclaimed the keeper, catching his breath, "we haven't made much money so far, but the regulatin' plan would have been first-rate if the elephant had not been a little stronger than the obstruction." The elephant's name was whisky.—*The Stirling News-Argus.*

#### The Living Seed.

HERE is a singular story which we found in the local columns of a Pennsylvania paper. In fact, it is a tragedy; yet we find it instinct with a strange lesson of hope and good cheer.

Michael Dunn was born fifty odd years ago in England. His parents were thieves. He was taught to pick pockets as soon as he could walk. At eight years of age he was sent to the Old Bailey for stealing a silk dress.

As he grew older he was trained as a burglar by the most accomplished "cracksmen" of England. In prison or out, his sole companions were convicts, thieves, and murderers. He served out terms of imprisonment in England, Ireland, Van Dieman's Land, Canada, and three of our State prisons. Could any good come out of such a life?

One man however hoped for him; a man who never lost hope of any human being, however debased. This was Joseph R. Chandler, the journalist, who gave up the later years of his life to the reform of prisons and prisoners.

He observed Dunn's affection for a cog that was in the Philadelphia jail, and, one day, his eager, tender manner to a little child who visited the prison.

"All is not lost," said Mr. Chandler to the chaplain. "The good seed is alive still." He saw Dunn daily, and strove to elevate his moral nature, and hoped he had succeeded. The man was discharged. But six months later he was again convicted of stealing in New York.

The good seed, however, was not dead.

When he was released, under the influence of Mr. Chandler's teaching he went to a religious meeting held for discharged convicts, became a sincere penitent, and then—the best proof of sincerity—set about helping men who had sunk as low as himself. He opened in New York a House of Industry where discharged convicts were set to work, or allowed to stay until work was found for them. In three years he had found employment for over four hundred men and started them on the road to honesty and honor.

#### Kindness Better than Blows.

A CORRESPONDENT gives the following account of the manner in which a balky horse was cured: A number of years ago a gentleman living in one of our western states bought a horse which he knew had but one fault—that of balking any where and at any time.

He had become such a confirmed balker that he was considered almost worthless, and had been bought for a mere trifle.

The morning after his purchase the gentleman, confident that kindness would remove the habit, if it manifested itself, harnessed his horse preparatory to starting for town. Getting into his buggy, he gave the word to start; but no notice was taken of it. A half-hour spent in petting and coaxing did not change the situation. He finally sent into the house for a book, and for two hours sat in his buggy reading "Pilgrim's Progress." Meantime the horse had become fairly ashamed of this state of affairs. His head had descended nearly to the ground, and his whole aspect was that of one who had done a mean act. Laying aside the book, the gentleman again gave the word to start. This time he was successful; and never again did "the balky horse" give him any trouble. He was thoroughly cured.

#### Canada on its Defense.

A GOOD many Canadians do not know that their own country is one of the very best agricultural regions in the world, and that the crops in Ontario are much better than in any state in the American Union. The editor of the *New York Christian Advocate* recently wrote very disparagingly of a part of Canada through which he passed. The patriotic feelings of the editor of HOME AND SCHOOL could not stand that, so he wrote to the *Advocate* the following defense of his native land, which was presented in that paper before probably 150,000 readers. As the facts are of special interest to Canadians, the letter is here given in an abridged form:

*Editor Christian Advocate:* "I read with much interest everything you write, and was sorry that you had to give so poor an account of a part of our country through which you made a recent run. What I object to is your inference that 'one would think that men who are content to settle in Canada were driven by an adverse fate.' If you had gone over some of our older roads, as the Great Western or Grand Trunk, traversing our rich farming dis-

tricts, and . . . which are situated the thriving cities and towns of St. Catharines, Hamilton, Brantford, Woodstock, London, Guelph, and others, you would come to a different conclusion. In the southern part of this region the grape, quince, apricot, pawpaw, and peach grow to perfection. The finest peaches I ever saw grew in my own garden in Hamilton. I remember statistics which show Ontario raised more wheat and more root crops to the acre, and had more live stock and more agricultural implements to the acre, than any state in the Union but two; but I cannot now turn to the chapter and verse. But I have before me the report of the Bureau of Industries for the Province for 1883, from which I quote the following, page 35:

"The average price of farm land in Ontario, according to last year's returns, is \$38.37 per acre, inclusive of buildings. In Michigan the average price, according to the United States census of 1880, was \$36.15; in Ohio, \$45.97; in Indiana, \$31.11; in Illinois, \$31.87; and in the whole Union 18.85. The average value of the live stock per acre in Ontario and the four States named for the respective years [1882 and 1883] are nearly equal, but with the advantage in favour of the Province."

"The report of the same bureau for 1885 gives the average yield of cereals per acre in the Province of Ontario and eight American States as follows: Fall wheat, Ontario, 24.5 bushels to the acre; Ohio, 8.1; Michigan, 20; Indiana, 10.8; Illinois, 9.2; New York, 15.5; Pennsylvania, 10. In 1882 Ontario's average yield of fall wheat was 26.3 bushels to the acre; the highest in these eight States was 18.7, in New York.

"You will excuse me for troubling you with this mass of figures; they furnish the best data for arriving at accurate conclusions. We have, I think, the third or fourth largest merchant marine in the world.

"The rapid growth of the city of Toronto, in which I live, is equalled by that of very few cities in the United States. And the growth of Methodism in the Dominion is perhaps not equalled in the world. In this city of about 100,000 we have twenty Methodist churches, one of them, as you know, possessing probably the finest church property in America. In the Dominion, notwithstanding our million and a half of French Roman Catholics, about every fifth man you meet is a Methodist, and in the province of Ontario nearly every third man. Of all the Protestant Sunday-schools and scholars in the Dominion more than half are under the care of the Methodist Church, and that Church, according to our last census, is making relatively greater progress than any other. We Canadians do not feel that it is at all an adverse fate to live in such a land.

"Yours very faithfully,

"W. H. Withrow."

The Editor of the *Advocate* very courteously adds the following note to the foregoing letter:

"Certainly it was furthest from my intention to under-estimate a region where I have seen much to respect, where I have enjoyed the most generous hospitality, and which, in my letter from Toronto last spring, I painted in such colours that an over-enthusiastic 'States' citizen asked why I did not move there. But Canada, neither from the Grand Trunk, the Great Western, nor the Canada Southern, does itself justice, and that is all that was meant."