

"I am the Vine, Ye are the Branches."

Suggested by the International S. S. Lesson for September 5th, 1886.

Thou art the Vine, in whom indeed is life
To quicken all; Thy grafted branches we,
Who strong and fruitful grow 'mid storm
and strife.

If faithful only we abide in Thee.
That Vine the Father sendeth, caring still
For every branch, and all that fruitful be
He traineth, so with chastened heart and will
They more abundantly bear fruit in Thee.

Forlorn, O Lord, that I should barren stand,
Though serving fitly in a low degree;
If yielding aught, however weak, His hand
Will never place me hence, nor cast me
out from Thee.

May fruit engendered by Thy Spirit grow
To glorify Thee here by purity,
By patience, meekness, love, to anger slow,
Truth, goodness, gentleness and charity.

Though often in Thy dispensations just,
Thy ways, inscrutable, I cannot see;
Thy love and power and wisdom I will
trust
And confidently, Lord, abide in Thee.

From deadly blights and mortal stains made clean,
From blasting parasites of sin set free,
I bless Thee though the cure be sore and keen,
And only closer, Lord, abide in Thee.

When time is past Thy promise yet fulfil,
Where mournings all shall cease and sorrows flee:
Bliss I can ne'er conceive, that I may still
Through endless ages, Lord, abide in Thee.

AGNEW BELFORD.

Somenos, Vancouver Island.

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

TORONTO, DECEMBER 4, 1886.

The Southern Revivalists.

No religious awakening, we think, has ever so stirred any Canadian community as that resulting from the visit to Toronto of the two distinguished revivalists of the Southern Methodist Church. It was a marvellous sight to see four great congregations gathering day after day in two of the largest buildings of the city—the evening congregations would reach from 5,000 to 6,000 persons. The whole city seemed stirred, and the attractive power of the Gospel of Christ found a new illustration in the multitudes thronging to its faithful preaching. For it is the old, old Gospel of repentance and faith, and conversion and righteousness of life,

that these brethren preach. And many day after day, through their preaching, embrace the great salvation.

Several elements conspire to the producing of this result. The moral transformation in the characters of these men, both brought from the depths of degradation and made polished shafts in the hand of the Almighty, is one element of power. Their intense convictions and red-hot moral earnestness is another. The directness of their preaching and stern rebuking of sin within the Church or out of it carries conviction to every heart. The quaintness of expression and of manner, the flashes of wit, the touching or stirring illustrations, especially of Sam Jones, his keen insight into human nature and rare felicity in probing it to the quick—these give a charm of novelty, of fresh, unhackneyed presentation of the truth, that arrests the attention and compels the assent of the judgment, and in many cases the consent of the will, to the truth. Above all, implicit and intense dependence upon the power of prayer and the converting, saving, sanctifying power of the Holy Spirit secures the unfailing blessing of God which ever follows such faith.

We devote a good deal of space in both HOME AND SCHOOL and Pleasant Hours to reprinting extracts from these sermons, with the prayer to God, that they may impress the readers as they did those who heard them fall warm and glowing from the lips of the preacher. For these extracts we are indebted to the admirable reports of the *Globe*.

\$250,000 FOR MISSIONS For the Year 1887.

A Cent a Day for Missions.

SCARCELY any one in this land of plenty is unable to spare a cent a day for the conversion of the world. Where there is a will there is a way. If the resolve be only made the means will be found. Now what would a cent a day from the 185,292 members of the Methodist Church amount to in a year? Figure it out and see if it would not amount to \$675,715.80, nearly four times as much as the entire income of the Missionary Society from all sources last year. Now, as many persons give sums of from \$25 to several hundred dollars, a great many members must give very little, and many give nothing at all, for this purpose. What is wanted is to get every one to do something, however small. Why, even one cent a week from the 203,616 scholars and teachers in our Sunday-schools would amount to \$105,879.28 in a year, or more than half the entire income of the Society, and more than four times as much as the schools now raise. Let there be a united effort to raise one cent a week for each scholar, and one cent a day for each adult member of the Church.

Sunday-Schools and Missions.

THE Rev. Dr. Sutherland, Missionary Secretary, writes:
"Permit me to call attention to the good work done for the Missionary Society by many of our Sunday-schools. The income last year from this source

was over \$24,000; but an examination of the lists shows that only about two-thirds of our circuits do anything in this way. It would be a grand thing if all our schools could be brought into line."

This sum is nearly all raised during the Christmas holidays. Can't the schools give a larger Christmas offering this year than they ever did before. Let not one school omit the missionary collection on the last Sunday of the year—the fourth Quarterly Review day—then let every school do something definite and systematic in the way of circulating missionary cards and using missionary boxes.

The *Missionary Outlook* for 1887, the organ of the Missionary Society, and of the Women's Missionary Society, of the Methodist Church. Single copy, per annum, forty cents; clubs of eight copies, or upwards (may be addressed separately), per copy, twenty-five cents. We heartily commend to our schools and churches this valuable periodical. At this price it is the cheapest, as it is one of the best, Missionary papers published. The circulation for 1887 should be increased at least five-fold. Address—Rev. Dr. Sutherland, Methodist Mission Rooms, Toronto.

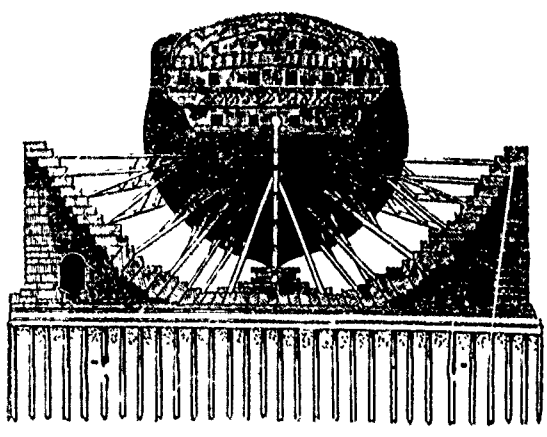
A Dry Dock.

DURING my recent visit to Victoria, I was driven by the Rev. W. W. Percival, minister of our Church in that city—to whose courtesy I am greatly indebted for much kindness—to the famous dockyard at Esquimaux, where there is a splendid dry dock constructed of solid stone, like that shown in the picture. It is designed, you see, to admit large-sized vessels at high tide, and when the tide goes out the water is shut out of the dock, which is then pumped dry and repairs are executed as if the ship were on dry land. We also visited Her Majesty's splendid man-of-war flag-ship, an account of which I shall give at another time.

Your Children's Good.

BY SAM JONES.

I BELIEVE, brethren, as parents, before doing anything we should stop right still and say: "Is this best for me?" and the next question we should ask is: "What effect will this have upon my children?" Good father, don't you know soon you are going to die? Don't you know that in a few more days you have to shake hands with your children and bid them good-bye forever? Think before each act and each word comes up. Stop and say:—"Is this the best for my precious children? Will it be best for them when I am dead and gone?" That is the way to talk it. There are some parents who are listening to my voice right now. It is time for you to halt and begin to think something about your children. You have run your selfishness and your own ideas of things, and perhaps that child of yours is ruined by it. And now it is time for us to bring up, halt, and see exactly how the thing lies. For your good, for your children's good. Listen. It will be



A DRY DOCK.

for your good, as for all of us, to have one heart, and one way, and let us all face into line. That is the best thing for you, and then whatever is best for me is best for my children. It will be for your good, and for your children's good. I see this fall that little Annie puts on little Mary's dress, that little Mary wore last winter. Little Bob has got on little Paul's coat. Little Mary has grown out of these clothes, and little Annie has grown up to them. Little Paul has grown out of his coat, and little Bob has grown up into it. I look at the little fellows growing up and say, "Wife just look how fast these little fellows are growing." I think they are growing monthly, but they are ten times as big in my heart to-day as they were five years ago. Our children step on our corns, it is said, when they are young, but they get up on our hearts when they get older; and I tell you, as I look upon my children at home, the all-absorbing thought with me is:—"My God, what will become of my children when I am dead and gone." I cannot put my hands on little Bob's head and say, "This little boy will be safe in heaven." I cannot put my hands on Paul's head and say, "This boy will never die drunk." I cannot to save my life. I would give all things in this world if I could throw my arms around my children to-day, and say for a certainty that these children are all as certain to be safe in heaven as that they live and breathe at home. I believe I would shout the balance of my hours in this world if I could just settle that fact. What is going to become of my children? I tell you you won't be here much longer with them, and they are going to quote you and talk about you after you are dead and gone. I have seen children and filled their hearts and heads with gospel and brought them down to, "What will you decide," and they will state boldly, "Mr. Jones, my father was as good a man as ever lived, and he did not object to dancing," and this, that, and the other, and not only have you set a bad example to them here, but you have looked and barred the gates of heaven in their faces forever. Now, sir, my children may quote me in a thousand things, but they shall not, never one of them, go astray in worldliness and say, "My father thought there was no harm in it." I am going to denounce now and forever everything that can lead a soul away from good, or debauch a human being. Just for the sake of a giddy, foolish hour you're subjecting your children to the perils of eternal damnation.

Do right and leave the results in the hands of the Lord.