

"Hoe Out Your Row."

ONE day a lazy farmer's boy
Was hoeing out the corn,
And moodily had listened long
To hear the dinner horn.
The welcome blast was heard at last,
And down he dropped his hoe;
But the good man shouted in his ear,
"My boy, hoe out your row!"

Although a "hard one" was the row,
To use a plowman's phrase,
And the lad, as the sailors have it,
Beginning well to "haze"—
"I can," said he, and manfully
He seized again his hoe;
And the good farmer smiled to see
The boy hoe out his row.

The test the lad remembered,
And proved the moral well,
That perseverance to the end
At last will not fail tell.
Take courage, man! resolve you can,
And strike a vigorous blow;
In life's great field of varied toil
Always hoe out your row.

—Selected.

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Home and School

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

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Not Bothered About Souls.

"Tom, you're the sort of Christian I like." The speaker was a young man, of no religious profession. His companion was a church member in good and regular standing. "You're the sort of a Christian I like. You never seem to bother yourself about a fellow's soul." The words were lightly spoken, but they pierced like an arrow. If we had listened at Tom's chamber door that night, we would have heard something like this: "O God, forgive me that I seemed indifferent to the welfare of my friends! Help me to trouble myself more and more about them! Make me hungry and thirsty for the salvation of those about me! Give me a passion for souls!" Kind reader, are you one of the members of Christ's church who are not bothered about souls? You have unconverted friends. You profess to believe the Bible. It declares that all who reject Christ shall be cast forth into the outer darkness, where their worm dieth not,

and their fire is not quenched. Yet you utter no warning, stretch forth no hand! One of two things must be true. Either (1) your profession of love toward your friend is mere pretence; or (2) your profession of faith in the declarations of Scripture is a serious error. May the Lord help us to believe in the verities! If there is a hell, how should we pray and strive to deliver our friends from the danger of going there! If there is a heaven, how should we stretch out both hands to help them thither! But if heaven is nothing but a dream, and hell is a hoax, then, in "not bothering ourselves about souls," we are doing the correct and logical thing. Read Ezekiel 3. 15-21.—*Interior.*

Doing for Christ.

A LITTLE boy said that he wished Christ were on earth still, so that he might do something for him.

"What could a little fellow like you do?" some one asked.

"Why, I could run errands for him," was the reply.

Do you know how to run errands for Jesus? He has said that all you do for any of his creatures you do for him. Now what is there that you can do for Jesus? If you love him, you will show it by being loving and kind to some one else, and see how much good you can do them, for Christ's sake.

The Night in the Lighthouse.

WE looked up from our little boat that was rocking in the ocean's crystal cradle. There in the door of the lighthouse tower, shooting up out of the sea, stood the keeper. Would he take us in? The sun had gone down. The night was trailing across the sea darker and darker robes of shadow. If there were no hospitality in the lighthouse, certainly the sea could offer none. But the keeper was willing to be our host. We climbed the ladder planted against the tower. We passed within the strong walls that made the shaft of this mighty candlestick in the sea. How cozy was the kitchen! The sea without was cold—how warm the shelter within! The clock could tick. The tea-kettle could hum. Sweet and domestic was this duet in the tower amid the waves.

Later we were shown to a round little room above the kitchen—our quarters for the night. We went down into the depths of slumber deeper than any diver that ever touched the ocean bed. But others watched while we slept. Above us was another snug, round sleeping-room. Higher up was the watch-room. Finally came the lantern—an eye of glass with a pupil of fire. This light must be watched. What if it should suddenly fail at midnight? What if some vessel, headed for the harbor, should miss the guiding ray of the lighthouse and be dashed upon the rocks? While we were asleep, others must watch.

As for the vessels far out to sea, they could race through the darkness, heedless of any light on the rocky shore, for the heavens were studded with the torches of worlds, each set like some Pharos in the midst of the deep, abyssal gulfs of space. But in these vessels, also, while some slept in security, others must watch.

If we extend that thought still farther, how many must watch that others may sleep! You are young. Father and mother still are with you. All anxiety about you, food or clothing may go to sleep in your bosom, because your parents watch over your welfare. In your vacation, you journey. The train rushes along all night. You may close your eyes. Ahead, though, in the locomotive-cab, is a watch that is never taken off from the track. You near your home again. You halt. You take up the duties of school-life once more. That you may safely pursue them, what is society but an aggregate of eyes looking out for your welfare?

Think of these unrecognized blessings. Be grateful for this incessant watchfulness in your behalf. Above all, think of the heavenly eye that never slumbers nor sleeps. Be grateful to God, and prove it in your life.

The Upper World.

A GENTLEMAN, visiting a large salt mine in Austria, was told that in the mine were persons living who had never been on the earth's surface. Here were they born, here had their whole lives been passed. The father of a family might sometimes visit the outer world; to his children it was unknown ground.

Before the gentleman left the mine, being anxious to ascertain what such a child must think of the upper world, he asked permission to talk with one of them.

He found the boy—a child of some ten or twelve years—ready to enter into conversation, and to tell all he knew. He was well acquainted with his own little world—the mine; he could find his way through its intricate passages, and could drive a horse with ease, for these animals, after having once been brought down to the mine, also spend their lives there.

But when the gentleman began to talk of the upper world—of which the boy knew nothing—he did not find it easy to make himself understood. He told the child—or tried to—about the sun, but how could one understand whose only idea of light was formed from the lanterns that lit up the mine? He tried to tell him of fields of green grass, of beautiful trees laden with fruits and flowers—but here he utterly failed. The boy had never seen anything which resembled in any way the things of which he spoke.

He seemed to understand more about rivers, for there was really a little lake in one part of the mine.

When his instructor saw the gloomy little pond, he felt how utterly it must fail to help the boy to realize the lovely flowing streams he had tried to picture.

At length the gentleman gave up the task, feeling that he had imparted no new idea.

"The child has seen nothing with which I can compare them," said he. "Even a clover plant might help him imagine a tree, but if one has never seen leaf or branch, how shall he get a faint idea of anything in the vegetable world more complicated?"

So it seems with the vague descriptions of heaven we find in the Bible. Heaven is far more glorious as compared with earth than is the interior of a mine when compared with the most beautiful scene upon it! But when the sacred writers would attempt to describe it, they find us like the boy in the mine—unable to follow them—and are compelled to sum it up by the assurance, "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard!"

The Happiest Boy.

WHO is the happiest boy you know? Who has "the best time?" Do I mean the one who, last winter, had the biggest toboggan; or who now has the most marbles, or wears the best clothes? Let's see.

There was a king who had a little boy whom he loved. He gave him beautiful rooms to live in, and pictures and toys and books. He gave him a pony to ride, and a rowboat on a lake, and servants. He provided teachers, who were to give him knowledge that would make him good and great.

But for all this the young prince was not happy. He wore a frown wherever he went, and was always wishing for something he did not have. At length one day a visitor came to court. He saw the boy, and said to the king:

"I can make your son happy. But you must pay me my own price for telling the secret."

"Well," said the king, "what you ask I will give."

So the visitor took the boy into a private room. He wrote something with a white substance on a piece of paper. Next he gave the boy a candle, and told him to light it, and hold it under the paper, and then see what he could read. Then he went away, and asked no price at all.

The boy did as he had been told, and the white letters on the paper turned into a beautiful blue. They formed these words:—

"Do a kindness to some one every day!"

The prince made use of the secret, and became the happiest boy in the kingdom.

You cannot repent too soon, because you do not know how soon it may be too late.