

A Mighty Fortress.

A mighty fortress is our God,
A bulwark never failing;
Our helper in the flood
Of mortal ills prevailing;
For still our ancient foe
Doth seek to work us woe;
His craft and power are great,
And armed with cruel hate,
On earth is not his equal.

Did we in our own strength confide,
Our striving would be losing;
Were not the right man on our side,
The man of God's own choosing.
Dost ask who that may be?
Christ Jesus, it is he;
Lord Sabaoth is his name,
From age to age the same,
And he must win the battle.

And though this world, with devils filled,
Should threaten to undo us;
We will not fear, for God hath willed
His truth to triumph through us.
The Prince of Darkness grim,
We tremble not for him,
His rage we can endure,
For lo, his doom is sure,
One little word shall fell him.

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

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How to Pray.

If you would offer true and acceptable prayer, seek for the grace of the Holy Spirit to enlighten your mind and to move your heart as well as your lips. Let every petition be offered through Christ. We have boldness and access by faith in his blood who is the great High Priest, and the "one Mediator between God and men.

There must be an entire reliance on his merits, as the ground and reason why you should receive mercy, and find grace to help in time of need. There must be repentance and forsaking of sin, for "if you regard iniquity in your heart, the Lord will not hear you."

You must draw nigh with a loving heart, for cold and languid prayers are of little worth. Hope in the divine compassion must be felt whilst you utter the cry of the penitent: "God be merciful to me a sinner!"

And with all there must be a forgiving spirit: "for if ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your heavenly Father forgive your trespasses."

A Word to the Boys.

I HAVE made up my mind to speak to you about a little matter, for I believe you want to do what is fair. Now, when the girls study just the same books you do, and often go far ahead of you at school; when so many of them become teachers, doctors, missionaries, etc., what right have you to sit about—as lazy as a cat—and let these girls work and tug till they are tired out, for your comfort, and to do things which you should attend to yourselves. Don't they like to run and play as well as you do? Don't they need the exercise and fun that you get in the great, splendid outdoors, just as much? Are you not physically stronger, and better able to bear the heat of the kitchen, and the breathed over-and-over air of in the house, than they? Ought you not, then, in your big, hearty, good natured fashion, to "give them a lift," and take care of your own room, if they do of theirs? It seems to me this is just a "fair divide."

Let me tell you about three splendid boys I knew once on a time. Their father died, and their dear mother was left to bring them up, and to earn the money with which to do it. So these young fellows set in to help her. By taking a few boarders, doing the work herself, and practicing economy, this blessed woman kept out of debt, and gave each of her sons a thorough college education. But if they hadn't worked like beavers to help her, she never could have done it. Her eldest boy—only fourteen—treated his mother as if she were the girl he loved best. He took the heavy jobs of housework off her hands, put on his big apron, and went to work with a will; washed the potatoes, pounded the clothes, ground the coffee, waited on table—did anything and everything that he could coax her to let him do, and the two youngest ones followed his example right along.

Those boys never wasted their mother's money on tobacco, beer, or cards. They kept at work, and found any amount of pleasure in it. They were happy, jolly boys, too—full of fun—and everybody not only liked, but respected and admired them.

All the girls in town praised them, and I don't know any better fortune for a boy than to be praised by good girls, nor anything boys like better. They all married noble and true women; and to-day one of those boys is president of a college, and is in demand for every good word and work; another lives in one of the most elegant houses in Evanston, and is my "beloved physician;" while the third is a well-to-do wholesale grocer in Colorado, and a member of the city council.

I tell you: Boys who are good to their mother and sisters in the house, always grow up to be nice men. Now, I am not blaming you boys, nor anybody else. I know that any number of you are good and generous as you can be; and I know, too, that you haven't been taught to think about these things.—Miss Willard, in Union Signal.

How Life is Made Nobler.

You have read Longfellow's popular "Psalm of Life?" Yes? Very good. Then you recollect the stanza which reads:—

"Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act that each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day."

Do you know what these lines mean? Not exactly, eh? Then I will tell you. The first two lines teach us that the end for which we were born



SWALLOW TIME.

is not either to "have a good time," or to sit, with long faces, brooding over our sorrows. The last two mean that we ought to put such deeds of kindness, love, duty, and self-control into our lives each "to-day" as will cause us to be nobler, better, nearer to God and heaven each "to-morrow."

This is a very beautiful sentiment. And, more than this, it states a very solemn duty. What, then, let us ask, are we putting into our lives "to-day?" Love, diligence, and self-denial, or hate, idleness, and self-will? If the latter, then we are going backward—we are further from goodness, nobleness, and God than we were yesterday, and "to-morrow" will find us more ignoble still. But if the former then we, as the poet says, are farther to-day than we were yesterday on the road to moral beauty and to the dear God who loves us. By keeping thus we shall at last reach that glad to-morrow which will be our first day of everlasting bliss.—Our Youth.

God's Wonders in Nature.

WHERE the untrained eye will see nothing but mire and dirt, says Sir John Lubbock, science will often reveal exquisite possibilities. The mud we tread under our feet in the street is a grimy mixture of clay and sand, soot and water. Separate the sand, however, as Ruskin observes,—let the atoms arrange themselves in place according to their nature,—and you have the soil. Separate the clay, and it becomes a white earth, fit for the finest porcelain; or if it still further purifies itself, you have a sapphire. Take the soot, and if properly treated it will give you a diamond. While, lastly, the water purified and distilled will become a dew-drop or crystalize into a lovely star. Or, again, you may see in a shallow pool either the mud lying at the bottom or the image of the sky above.

STATISTICS of Wesleyan Methodism in England for the past year show that the majority of new members added to that body have come from the Sunday-school, and that but for these accessions the membership would have diminished instead of increased as it has. The Wesleyans propose a closer alliance between their Sunday-schools and churches, so that the former may have representation in the counsels of the latter, and the latter have more influence in the organization and work of the former.