

**Three Travellers.**

BY LILLIE K. BARR.

Across the prairie wild and wide  
Three travellers went one winter night,  
Mid sobbing winds and beating rain,  
And the moon's pale and cloudy light.  
They walked alone, and far apart,  
Yet the same motive stirred each heart.

The first was but a little child,  
A maiden of a dozen years;  
The angels heard her small swift feet,  
And saw her weariness and tears.  
But pain and fear she did not heed,  
Her mother's life was in her speed.

The next, a soul with sorrow dumb,  
A peasant woman, old and poor;  
She neither felt the wind or rain,  
She thought not of the lonely moor;  
For it was but the road to save,  
A son and husband from the grave.

That selfsame night, at midnight's hour,  
A man went swiftly o'er the moor,  
His soul serene in solemn thought,  
His feet, in duty's pathway sure,—  
A holy man who went to pray,  
With one who died at dawn of day.

Each traveller had his special care,  
And neither knew the other's pain,  
But it was Love that crossed the moor,  
Amid the beating wind and rain—  
Pure Love, unselfish, undefiled  
In wife and mother, priest, and child.

O lonely tempest-beaten moor!  
So bleak below, so dark above,  
Across thy dreary, weary miles  
I see the shining steps of Love,—  
Of mighty Love, whose wondrous light  
Can make earth's darkest places bright.

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

TORONTO, OCTOBER 25, 1884.

**Our Sunday-school Papers—Special Offer.**

In order to secure the introduction of these Sunday-school papers into every school of the united Church, the following very liberal offer is made:

All schools not now taking these papers and ordering them for 1885 will receive the numbers from the time of ordering to the end of the year free. This will enable all our schools to receive the four special missionary numbers of *Pleasant Hours* and *Home AND SCHOOL*—which should be read by every scholar—free. As these papers are the cheapest in the world—only 22 cents a year in quantities of 20—this offer involves a loss which can only be made good by a large increase of circulation.

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N.B.—Schools taking advantage of this offer will please state in their letters, that they are new subscribers for these periodicals.—Wm. BRIGGS, 78 and 80 King Street East, Toronto.

**A Correction.**

In the last number of HOME AND SCHOOL, there appeared a brief notice of "Rutherford," a novel, by Edgar Fawcett, being a recent volume of Funk & Wagnalls' well-known Standard Library. That notice was not written by the Editor, and during his temporary absence from home was inserted by mistake without his knowledge or consent. Of most of the books of the "Standard Library" we cordially approve, but we think that the publishers are making a mistake by introducing into it works of fiction. These books, notwithstanding their high character among works of that class, we cannot commend to the young readers of HOME AND SCHOOL.

**Closing up for the Winter.**

THE Rev. A. Andrews thus writes in the *Guardian* on this important subject.—Ed.

How is it, brethren, that you cannot keep the Sabbath-school open during the winter in this neighbourhood?

"If you were here in the winter you would know."

This remark referred to the deep snow, the winter's storms, and the great distance that some had to come to the church where the school was held.

Do you keep the day-school open? "Oh, yes; but that is different."

Is the church kept open, too?

"Yes." And do the farmers drive to market with their grain in the winter?

"Yes, they must go when they have grain to sell."

Well, brethren, it seems strange. The day-school is kept open, and is even better attended than in summer. The church services go on as usual. The marketing is done mainly in the winter; and I suppose the friends visit their neighbours in the winter. But the Sabbath-school must be like the bears that are said to be half asleep and suck their paws during the winter months.

No! no! dear friends. If our young folks need teaching in the summer, so they do in the winter.

Besides, see the time that is lost getting ready for the funeral of the school in the fall, and then the delay in digging it up in the spring, to say nothing of the break in the lessons.

Happily the number of half-year schools is rapidly diminishing. Let us determine that ere long no school in the land shall be closed during any part of the year. A. A.

**The Halton Victory.**

THE liquor men have had their Waterloo. They concentrated all their powers upon Halton and have lost the fight. Through a sympathetic paper in Toronto they are now asking for the most favorable terms of surrender. The *World* proposes compensation to the liquor men for their vested rights. They have concluded they will have to give up poisoning, and they now want to be paid by the public to retire from the business. They have robbed many a proud mother of her promising boy,

and they now want to be paid for giving up the privilege of misleading more boys. They have made many a family fatherless, and they now want the widows and orphans to share the cost of a testimonial to them for the services they have rendered the country. They have invested money in a doomed business, and the country is now asked to refund it to them. It is many years since these wholesale and retail vendors of poison have been warned continuously not to risk their money in that business, but the profits were so great that they jumped at the risk. They probably knew what they were doing. Most of them have got back principal and interest long ago. It is not for their losses they need to be paid, but for the stoppage of the golden



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stream of blood-money which they consider their "vested right." The very expression should make their cheeks to burn and tingle. A vested right to curse the nation! The idea is a good one for Satan. Can he not also make a good thing by retiring from business and getting paid for his vested rights? The best feature of the local option method of destroying the liquor traffic is that it reduces this vested rights theory to an absurdity. Here is a great brewery, say in London. The people of Halton County determine to send it no more orders. Surely it has no further claim upon them. Six months ago C. lord County refused to buy any more, and Simcoe County will probably do the same. If the London brewery is going to have a grievance and a claim, the farmers of the West should also make up their claim, because the Hindocs are underselling their wheat in the Liverpool market. We might have been willing to buy off the liquor-dealers if we could have got rid of them in that way and in no other, but no terms would have fetched them so long as they were not sure of their fate. Now that they are sure, we see no occasion to pay for the surrender of "a gone coon."—*Montreal Witness*.

*Evening Rest.* By J. L. Pratt. Young Folks' Library. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.; Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price 25 cents.

A simple, quiet story; whose character is adequately expressed by the title. *Evening Rest* is the name given to a little hamlet in the Blue Ridge region of Pennsylvania, remarkable for the beauty of its surroundings and the lovely character of its people. Thither goes a young man from the East to visit an uncle whom he has never before seen, and his experiences during the stay make up the contents of the book. The author, throughout the story, dwells much upon the sweet and tender influences of home. In "Evening Rest" he creates an ideal

household and community, and strives to show how much they have to do with the formation of character.

**Results.**

BY REV. JAMES INGLIS.

"It is a blessed thing that (at least some of) the children reverence their teachers as long as ever they live. I had my old Sunday-school superintendent at my anniversary last week—a white-haired man—and nothing gave me greater joy than to see him occupying the chair at that anniversary, and I don't think he had a greater joy in coming to preside. He formed my habits, and gave them a right direction, and turned them into the right channel, and so long as I live I shall have reason to be grateful to God for his example and the teaching I constantly got from him. This will be the case with you and your children. I had a young girl, about sixteen or seventeen; come to see me the other night about joining the Church of God. I said to her, 'What has led you to feel anxious about your soul, and what has brought you to want to join the Church and be a Christian?' She said, 'It was from my little sister. [I had just seen her little sister, a girl about three years younger.] My sister used to come home and tell me of what her teacher had been telling her, saying she had found the Saviour, and that made me very anxious; and I began to feel unhappy. I wanted to pray, but I did not know how to begin, and my little sister prayed for me and prayed with me, and it is through her that I am here to-night.' There is another result of Sunday-school work.

"Fellow-labourers in the Gospel of Jesus Christ, if you are discouraged sometimes, remember that your God will never suffer you to labour in vain. God will bless your work, and His rich smile shall rest upon that in which you are engaged—in trying to bring the children to Christ. May God bless you in your work here!"