

# HOME & SCHOOL

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## Stepping Heavenward.

STEPPING heavenward, Lord, am I,  
As the days go fleeting by?  
Daisied fields of youth are round me,  
Cloudless is the blue o'erhead,  
But I ponder, as I wander,  
Whither goes the path I tread?  
It must lead me, lead me ever  
Toward some goal, though distant far,  
Onward, 'neath the sun of morning,  
Onward, 'neath the evening star.  
Wisely let me choose my way,  
Stepping heavenward, day by day.

Stepping heavenward, Lord, am I,  
As the noon of life draws nigh?  
Here the rocky steep is a trial  
Bid me choose a smoother way;  
There the thorns of self denial  
Press the feet that fain would stray;  
Worn and footsore I would falter,  
But the steps are one by one;  
Lead me, heavenly hopes that beckon,  
Till the toilsome march is done;  
Smoothing all the rugged way,  
Stepping heavenward, day by day.

Stepping heavenward, Lord, am I,  
As the days move silently?  
Lo! 'twas but a little journey,  
Though no resting place it gave;  
Aged feet are these that linger  
At the portals of the grave.  
Lowly in the darkening distance  
Lies the path I long have trod,  
Glorious pilgrimage, whose ending  
Is the city of my God!  
Glad the journey, blest the way,  
Stepping heavenward, day by day.

—Sunday Magazine.

## A Woman of Palestine.

In most eastern countries the women are closely veiled, and live in the utmost seclusion; seen by no one except the members of their own family. This is especially true of the Mohammedan countries. This is at once a sign and a cause of female degradation. They are regarded, not as the companions or equals of man, but either as slaves or as toys, and are guarded with jealous watchfulness. Such treatment naturally contracts their intellect, cramps their minds, and cultivates a disposition to fraud and deceit.

Among the Jews, almost alone among the people of the East, much greater liberty is allowed to women. An old Jewish saying is that God did not create Eve from the head of Adam to rule over him, nor from his feet to be trampled upon, but from his side, to be his companion and equal. And all through the Old and New Testament the beneficent character of the Hebrew and Christian institutions is seen in the nobleness and dignity and tenderness and purity of their treatment of woman. And wherever the Christian religion prevails throughout the world, there woman is ennobled and dignified and honored and loved. In the engraving we see the characteristic Oriental cos-



A WOMAN OF PALESTINE.

tume of the women of Palestine. They are still as fond of adornment as when they borrowed from the Egyptians, in payment for their long years of service, jewels of gold and jewels of silver, which jewels they afterwards plucked from their ears and from their necks for the construction and adornment of the tabernacle in the wilderness. Many Oriental women wear their whole fortune in gold and silver coins

upon their heads and around their necks. The woman in the picture seems to be playing with a beautiful pair of pet pigeons. These were sometimes tamed and made familiar playthings.

A WIDE, rich heaven hangs above you, but it hangs high; a wide, rough world is around you, and it lies very low.—Donald J. Mitchell.

## One Temperance Pledge.

BY A. C. MORROW.

"Get out there, you drunken vagabond! Get out, I say!"

That was what George Wilkin's had said to him one cold December Sabbath afternoon; and when "Old Tom Wilkins," as the boys all called him, spoke in that rough, angry tone of voice, the son knew he must obey him or suffer the consequences. This time it was the father who was intoxicated, though, I am afraid, as George left the den he called his home, if there had been any money in his pocket he would have gone to the nearest saloon, and have been soon the low thing his father called him. But to-day he had no money, so he wandered listlessly about the streets until his unhappy thoughts were arrested by the sound of music. He stopped and listened.

"Come to Jesus, come to Jesus just now," were the words he heard distinctly. He knew no more of Jesus than if he had been a native of Africa instead of New York City; but very sweet the refrain sounded as it floated out to him, cold, desolate, forlorn as he was. It was a mission Sunday-school. He sauntered in, and stood just now. There he stood during all the prayer, the very picture of poverty, his coat and pants torn and soiled, and his face and hands looking as though it was long since they had enjoyed the luxury of water.

The superintendent finished his prayer, but no one took any notice of the strange ragged boy by the door. He turned to leave the room, when a kind voice arrested him, and, looking back, he saw a lady approaching him. She extended her hand.

"My boy, I am glad to see you. I have a class of boys here; I wish you would come and join them."

"I ain't fit," he answered, looking down at his old, dirty clothing.

"Oh yes, you are!" the teacher answered.

He followed her reluctantly. As they reached the class, the boys giggled, and, though there was plenty of room for him, did not offer to give him a seat.

The teacher's seven-year-old Greta, who occupied a chair by her mother, rose, saying, "Take my seat, please." Then turning to the rude boys, she asked pleasantly, "Will you make room for me to sit by you?"

I cannot tell what the teacher said to those boys that afternoon, but it was a temperance lesson; and when she had finished, she took up a temperance pledge, and asked them to sign it.