

Canada Shall be Free.

BY REV. JAMES COOKE SEYMOUR.

O VIGOROUS land! where a Northern sun
Beams forth in a clear blue sky;
Where abounding life is in winter's breath,
And in summer zephyr's sigh.

A land of large brains, and where wills are strong,
Where knowledge to all is free,
With passionate love of the right and true,
And the fullest liberty.

It was on these shores, the Old British Flag
To victory on was led;
To gain the freedom we own to-day
Our brave forefathers bled.

Shall we the rich heirs of this noble land,
With its glories far and near;
Shall we cowardly cast our rights away,
Grand rights! that have cost so dear?

Let the holy fires that our fathers warmed
Awake in the people's heart;
Let freedom arise with mighty voice,
And traitors shall feel the smart.

"For God and our Queen!" our rallying cry,
We'll do what'er is right;
We'll guard at all cost our liberties dear,
And never give up the fight.

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Home and School.

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

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God's Voice.

THE voice of God is never silent. It may always be heard by him who reverently listens for it. Neither the discords nor the harmonies of earth can ever drown it. In listening to an orchestral performance of a well-known sonata, splendid in its harmonies, and suggestive in its movements, I noticed that—amidst the far noisier sounds of other instruments—the tone of a solitary harp was not overpowered, but was still distinguishable by one who had ears to hear it—for it was unique in its sweetness. And thus, amidst the chorus of the world's rejoicing, and even amidst its din and babel, he who has an ear may still hear what the Spirit says unto the churches.—*Selected.*

Example of Christ.

It is said that, thinking to amuse him, his wife read to Dr. Judson some newspaper notices, in which he was compared to one or other of the apostles. He was exceedingly distressed, and then added: "Nor do I want to be like them. I do not want to be like Paul, nor Apollon, nor

Cephas, nor any mere man. I want to be like Christ. We have only one perfectly safe Exemplar—only one who, tempted like as we are in every point, is still without sin. I want to follow him only, copy his teachings, drink in his spirit, place my feet in his footprints, and measure their short-coming by these—and these only. Oh, to be more like Christ!"—*Selected.*

The Deadly Serpent.

SOME time ago, a party of sailors visited the Zoological Gardens in one of the eastern cities in the United States. One of them, excited by the liquor he had taken, and as an act of bravado to his companions, took hold of a deadly serpent. He held it up—having seized it by the nape of the neck in such a way that it could not sting him. As he held it, the snake, unobserved by him, coiled itself around his arm, and at length it got a firm grasp, and wound tighter and tighter, so that he was unable to detach it. As the pressure of the snake increased, the danger grew; and at length the sailor was unable to maintain his hold on the neck of the venomous reptile, and was compelled to loose it. What did the snake then do? It turned round and stung him, and he died.

So it is with the appetite for strong drink. We can control it at first, but in a little time it controls us. We can hold its influence in our grasp for awhile, so that it shall be powerless; but afterward, "it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder."—*Selected.*

James Hall.

AMONG the scholars who went to the old district school was a boy by the name of James Hall. His parents were poor, and he had rather a hard time trying to get an education. But little things did not discourage him. He believed in the saying that "Where there is a will, there is a way."

He was one of the older scholars, and sat in a desk with his back to the wall. Behind him, on the wall, he had pasted a motto which he had cut from some paper. It was so placed, that when he turned his head to one side his eyes caught the words of the motto. It read thus:—

"ONE HOUR LOST, IS LOST FOREVER."

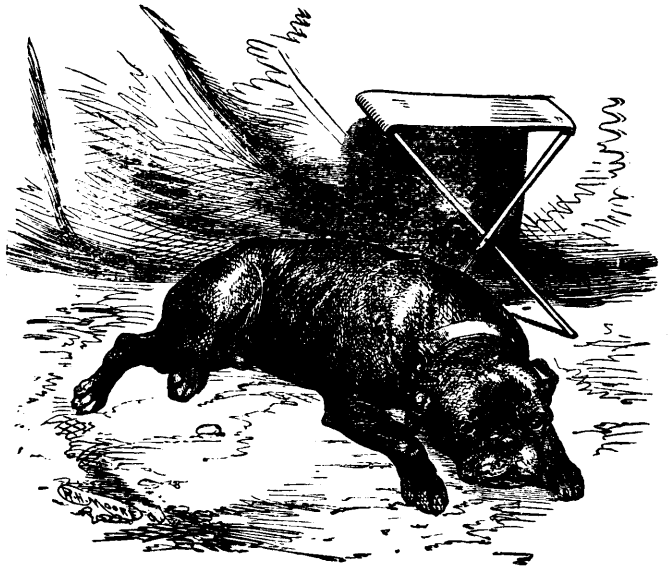
For aught I know, the motto is still there in the old school-house; but the boy has long since become a man, and has stood in high places of trust—honoured by all. He is now a successful teacher in one of the foremost colleges of our land. That simple motto which he placed upon the wall was intended merely for his own benefit, but nobody can tell the help and blessing it has been to other hearts.

In all these years I have never forgotten those words, and they have been woven into the fabric of my whole life.

No one can tell how much they have had to do with my history. When we speak true words, or live out true lives, we can not tell how many may be lifted up and blessed by our influence. Every time you do right, you point the eyes of some poor traveller to a better way. This is the power of those who follow Christ.

W. O. C.

Do to-day's duty, fight to-day's temptation, and do not weaken and distract yourself by looking forward to things which you cannot see, and could not understand if you saw them.



"BULL."

(From a photograph by the Author.)

"Home, Sweet Home."

IN the spring of 1863, two great armies were encamped on either side of the Rappahannock River, one dressed in blue and the other dressed in gray. As twilight fell, the bands of music on the Union side began to play the martial music—"The Star-spangled Banner" and "Rally Round the Flag;" and that challenge of music was taken up by those upon the other side, and they responded with "The Bonnie Blue Flag" and "Away Down South in Dixie." It was borne in upon the soul of a single soldier in one of those bands of music, to begin a sweeter and a more tender air; and as he slowly played it, they joined in a sort of chorus of all the instruments upon the Union side, until, finally, a great and mighty chorus swelled up and down our army—"Home, Sweet Home!" When they had finished, there was no challenge yonder; for every band upon that farther shore had taken up the lovely air so attuned to all that is holiest and dearest, and one great chorus of the two hosts went up to God. And when they had finished, from the boys in gray came the challenge, "Three cheers for home!" and as they went resounding through the skies, from both sides of the river, something upon the soldiers' cheeks washed off the stains of powder.—*Frances E. Willard.*

"I've Got It!"

A LITTLE fellow who was seeking the mercy of the Lord, knelt down to pray beside a Christian worker. The childish penitent poured out his prayer to God, and received an answer of peace, and had the witness of the Spirit testifying with his spirit that he was a child of God.

When he had concluded, the brother by his side commenced to pray, and besought the Lord to forgive and bless the lad. The little fellow interrupted him:

"I've got it! You needn't pray for that any more. I've got it!" and so went on his way rejoicing. The Lord Jesus Christ had come into his heart to make his abode there.

It is well to have the matter of our prayers clearly defined, and the answers to them well understood. How many a time prayers are offered which partake largely of the nature of vain repetitions! And sometimes persons pray for things which they have already received, unless their professions are an empty delusion and a snare. Is it not well for us, in our asking, to know first what we have received? And while we thank God for that, we are better prepared to ask for other blessings at his hand.—*Selected.*