

A Mother's Gift—The Bible.

REMEMBER, son, who gave thee this,
When other days shall come;
When she who had thy earliest kiss,
Sleeps in her narrow home:
Remember, 'twas a mother gave
The gift to one she'd die to save.

Thy mother sought a pledge of love,
The holiest for her son;
And from the gifts of God above,
She chose this holy one;
She chose for her beloved boy,
The source of light, and life, and joy.

I bid thee keep the gift, that when
The parting hour shall come,
We may have hope to meet again
In an eternal home.
Thy precious faith in this shall be
Sweet incense to my memory.

And should the scoffer in his pride,
Laugh that fond faith to scorn,
And bid thee cast the pledge aside,
That thou from youth hast borne;
I bid thee pause, and ask thy breast,
If he or I have loved thee best!

A mother's blessing on her son,
Goes with this holy thing;
The heart that would enjoy the one,
Must to the other cling.
Remember 'tis no idle toy,—
A MOTHER'S GIFT, my darling boy!

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

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"Follow Me!"

SOME time ago, a gentleman tells us, he was travelling in Syria, and stopped to watch three shepherds, who were watering their flocks at a well. All the sheep mixed together, and to a stranger they appeared as one. Presently one shepherd arose from the well-side and called out, "Men-ah!" the Arabic word, "Follow me."

To the gentleman's surprise, about thirty sheep separated from the others, and followed the man up the hill. The second shepherd cried out "Men-ah! Men-ah!" and away went the second flock.

The stranger was very much astonished at this, and seeing the third shepherd gather up his crook and a few scattering dates that had fallen from the palm under which he had rested, he stepped up to him and said: "Would your sheep follow me if I called them?" The man shook his head. "Give me your cloak and crook, and let me try!"

The shepherd did so, even taking off his dirty turban, and twisting it around the stranger's head,

with a grin of amusement; and then he stood and watched the gentleman call "Men-ah! Men-ah!" until he was quite hoarse.

The sheep stood lazily blinking at him, basking in the sunshine, but not one moved a step.

"Do they never follow any one but you?" asked the gentleman of the shepherd.

"Only when a sheep is sick, and then the silly creature follows any one," replied the shepherd.

So the gentleman, and you and I, learn this lesson: That if any of Christ's sheep cannot hear his voice, or distinguish it from the world, the flesh, and the devil, it is because the sheep is sick. Yes! Soul-sick, sinful, back-slidden, and, oh, so foolish! Is that what troubles you? Are you tired of prayer and Bible-reading and working for Jesus? Oh, poor, sick soul, come back to your Shepherd to-day. Let your prayer be this: "Cause me to hear thy voice;" and when you hear it again, keep close to his side.—*Advocate.*

Won by a Smile.

IN London, in 1872, one Sunday morning a minister said to me: "I want you to notice that family there in one of the front seats, and when we get home I want to tell you their story."

When we got home I asked him for the story, and he said, "All that family were won by a smile."

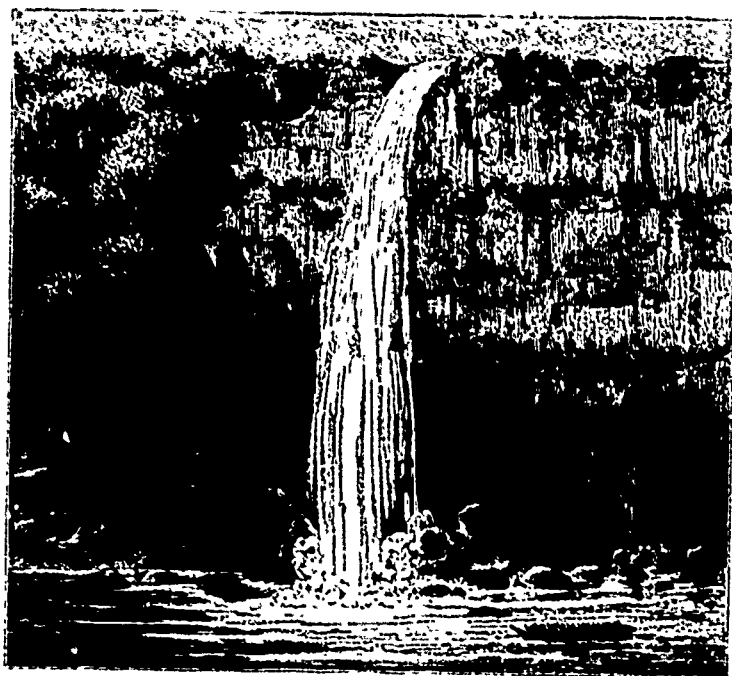
"Why," said I, "how's that?"

"Well," said he, "as I was walking down a street one day I saw a child at a window; it smiled, and I smiled, and we bowed. So it was the second time—I bowed, she bowed. It was not long before there was another child; and I got in the habit of looking and bowing. And pretty soon the group grew, and at last—as I went by—a lady was with them. I didn't know what to do. I didn't want to bow to her, but I knew the children expected it, and so I bowed to them all. And the mother saw that I was a minister, because I carried a Bible every Sunday morning. So the children followed me the next Sunday, and found I was a minister. And they thought I was the greatest preacher, and their parents must hear me. A minister who is kind to a child, and gives him a pat on the head, why the children think he is the greatest preacher in the world. Kindness goes a great way. And, to make a long story short, the mother and father and five children were converted, and are going to join our church next Sunday."

Won to Christ by a smile. We must get the wrinkles out of our brows, and must have smiling faces.—*Mooly's Stories.*

The Great Procession.

ONE of the most important features of the great fair at the Ganges and Jumna rivers, in Allahabad, are the nine processions. In one, four elephants, with "sadhoo" (ascetics) on them, bearing huge banners, led the way, followed by palanquins containing the holiest of holy men. Then came drums and other native instruments, making an awful din, which was added to by others blowing trumpets, as if their lives depended upon the amount of noise made. The multitude shouted, and seemed very excited as these "sadhoo" passed along the route reserved for them.



FALL OF THE EDWIN ARNOLD RIVER INTO THE FOCK BASIN.

We went with some difficulty to the stream where the people were bathing, and there we saw a poor, thin old man—almost insensible—carried like a baby and dipped in the river. He was brought back and laid in a doolie, while his friends sat down and talked of different things. There was this poor old man dying, and men and women passed and repassed, intent on their own business, caring nothing for him.

Presently his friends stood up and made way for a priest, who had come with a small vessel of Ganges water and a dirty little calf. This calf was brought up to the dying man, and he was made to hold the end of its tail, while the priest, after saying a few words, poured some water on its back, which ran down the tail into the old man's hand. He was made to drink the water, and after that his spirit was supposed to have passed into the animal.

The Little Faces.

THERE are timely as well as touching reflections by a writer in the *Children's Friend*:—

"Suppose the irregular procession of children, schoolward bound, which one meets on the streets, all wore 'shining morning faces,' what a bright and happy throng it would be!

"But some little ones we meet with traces of tears on their faces, and grief looking out untimely from the childish eyes whose birthright is merriment. Hapless, defrauded ones, who go from impatient, fretful homes to the tasks of the school-room; whose mothers forget that a cupful is as full as a brimming bucket, and that childish sorrows and disappointments are not so small to those who have them to bear. How poorly those parents discharge their duties who send out their children for the day unhappy! Could they know for one hour the desolation of the homes from which the children have gone forth for the last time, by reason of the epidemics which have wrought such havoc in many neighbourhoods this year, how patient, how watchful, how tender, they would be!

"It is never our tenderness that we regret," says George Eliot, in speaking of those who are gone beyond our loving or our chiding. No: and it is not our patience that comes back to mingle the bitterness of unavailing regrets with our sorrow. Homes photograph themselves on the faces of their inmates; and a piteous picture is that limned on the sensitive surface of many an unhappy little countenance that lingers behind its more fortunate mates. Is it your fault, sister or mother?"