

## Hymn of Union.

BY JOHN BOWMAN.

[The following true hymn was written for the Dundas Centre Methodist Sabbath School Anniversary, 1883.]

ETERNAL God! Thee we adore,  
Thy name we'll praise from shore to shore.  
Within Thy Church, O Lord, this hour  
Thy light and love be ours—O power,  
On every heart that bears Thy name  
Kindle the Spirit's living flame.

From rock-bound Scotia's stormy strand,  
To where Pacific waves expand,  
By surging tides flowing free,  
From shores of every inland sea,  
Thousands of hearts shall beat as one  
And sing the glory of Thy Son.

O Lord! this heritage divine,  
We claim as promised land of Thine.  
Gird every toiler with Thy might,  
Surround his path with heavenly light,  
Inspire each heart, eternal Lord,  
With the rich glories of Thy word.

Hundreds of temples then shall rise,  
And loving hearts bring sacrifice;  
Immortal hope vast hosts inspire,  
While all shall thrill with love's desire,  
And joy's pure, living fountains flow  
Within Thy glorious Church below.

The Atlantic's waves shall clap their hands,  
The billows roar on western strands;  
The winds across the prairie sea  
Swell with triumphant songs to Thee.  
While vale, and hill, and rock-bound coast,  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

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TORONTO, FEBRUARY 2, 1884.

## The Toronto Railway Disaster.

THERE is deep grief in many homes in the city on account of the terrible railway accident that occurred on the Grand Trunk. It has been a sad ushering in of the new year. Little did the unfortunate fellows who lost their lives think that their end was so near. They started off to work with happy hearts to begin the new year, and of those on board the train nineteen were killed and as many were wounded. The scenes at the accident are described as being of the most terrible character. It is painful even to think of fellow beings, in the full enjoyment of life and health, being driven to death in this terrible manner. They went out with their dinner pails in the early morning, before the great mass of the merchants and tradespeople were astir, and before they reached the place of their labours, the

end to many of them had come. What a transformation in a few short hours! What a solemn admonition to be also ready, for there is but a step between us and death!

January 2, 1884.

GOODBYE to the wife and children—a kiss to the baby last,  
As into the cold grey morning the husband and father passed—  
For the holiday is over, and the workday is begun—  
So goodbye to the happy home, till the daily toil is done

But the earthly toil was over, altho' he knew it not,  
And a train to a far, far country, unwittingly he sought,  
While above the fiery chariot the pitying angels wait  
To carry each faithful spirit up to the golden gate!

A shout, a shock, a crash!—and over the pure, white snow  
Is scattered a mass of ruin,—with human forms below,  
And, oh! for the wives at home, and the children that no more  
Shall welcome home the father when the daily toil is o'er!

Oh, earth, thou art full of sorrow! Oh, life, thou art dark and sad,  
Save for the light from Heaven that has come to make us glad.  
With the hope of the life immortal that holds the key of this,  
So the joy of the coming meeting may thrill through love's parting kiss!

And perchance the angels heard the songs of the other shore  
Blend with the mortal music of the goodbye at the door.  
Goodbye to the wife and children—a kiss to the baby last,  
As into the spirit world through the cold grey morn he passed.  
—Fidelis, in *The Week*.

## A Melancholy Funeral.

NOT since the burial of the volunteers who fell at Ridgeway has there been such a funeral in Toronto as when eighteen of the victims of the railway accident were buried in one day. Floating from the cupola of St. Lawrence market and other buildings in the neighbourhood were flags, all at half-mast, with not a breath of wind to unfurl their folds. Twenty thousand human beings were crowded together on Front, Esplanade, and East and West Market streets. Here came an Orange band with drums muffled and their banner decked with the sombre emblems of mourning. Close in rear followed some Roman Catholic organization, their emerald green sashes fringed with crape. How true it is that death breaks down all barriers and levels all differences. Here for once, orange and green met beneath the broad banner folds of one common brotherhood—that of man—to pay the last tribute of respect to a brother. A stranger passing through the immense crowd could easily see it was no holiday turnout for pleasure or sport. Men with solemn faces spoke in low tones of the terrible disaster that has thrown a pall over the glad New Year, and of the destitute condition in which the families of many of the victims have been left. A firing party from the Grenadiers, with arms reversed, passed with slow and measured step through the crowd. Their tall bearskins towered above the heads of the dense throng as they moved along, followed a few paces in rear by the gun carriage bearing all that was mortal of their late comrade. Cold and brilliant the sunlight streamed on the bright trappings of their artillery horses and

their drivers, a striking contrast with the black pall which hung in sombre folds over the iron-mouthed cannon and swept the pavement on each side of the carriage. Then on the unwonted stillness rose the grand awe-inspiring strains of "The Dead March in Saul." Heads were bared and bowed as the gun carriage passed, while minute bells pealed from every tower in the city. Slowly the procession advanced, then with slow and measured stride, playing that tune forever wedded to Mrs. Adams' beautiful hymn, "Nearer, my God, to Thee," came the Grenadiers' band. At every step their playing seemed to meet with a response in the hearts of the people, and although the words were not there, still it seemed as if the instruments fairly spoke out—

Then let the way appear  
Steps up to heaven,  
All that Thou sendest me  
In mercy given;  
Angels to beckon me,  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee.

A chord was struck that vibrated through all hearts; women sobbed aloud, while men reverently bared their corners and brushed the tears from the corners of their eyes as the mournful cortege passed by.

## Mission to the Jews, New York.

WE take the liberty to quote from a letter from the Rev. Jacob Freshman, New York, the following interesting facts about this mission:—"The Lord is leading us wonderfully; without salary, without anything substantial to depend upon, we have now lived through nearly two years, and our work is extending on all hands. Not only ourselves, but three missionary assistants have to be sustained; and, to the glory of God, let me say, that I have been able to hand them sufficient to live every week. Our trust is in the living God. We have opened a second hall for services every Saturday. The place is crowded with Jews. We have commenced also a second Sunday-school, with 50 Hebrew children."

JEROME, writing of the children of Christians, says: "Let the child be accustomed, early in the morning, to offer prayer and praise to God; and at evening again, when the day is past and gone, let him end his labour by bringing his evening offering to the Lord." This beautiful exhortation bears primarily and chiefly on parents working within the family circle—"that fairy ring of bliss"—but the Sunday teacher, in talking to his pupils on points of Christian duty, can assist their parents by impressing upon the children the idea that the proper way to greet the morning light and to close the evening hour is to do both with praise, thanksgiving, and prayer.—*S. S. Journal*.



PLOUGHING IN THE EAST.

## Ploughing in the East.

IN Egypt and Syria, barley is merely thrown on the surface, and then pressed into the ground by means of a log of wood, which is dragged over it. For wheat, small furrows have to be made, either with a broad, heavy hoe or a plough.

The ploughs are of the same make now as they were probably 3000 years or more ago, being entirely of wood, and still drawn by oxen. Wheat is never sown on wet land, and it does not require much irrigation. The man who drives the plough has in his hand a goad, something like an English farmer's spud, having a point at one end, and a kind of hoe at the other. With the point he goads on the oxen, and with the spud cleans the plough. This explains the passages about "kicking against the pricks," "having put his hand to the plough."

A new feature has been introduced into the Wednesday evening service at the Metropolitan Church, Toronto, in the shape of a "question drawer." A number of papers containing queries on topics bearing upon Christian life are flung promiscuously together into a receptacle, and are then answered by the pastor. This interesting feature promises to be very attractive, and induces a large attendance on Wednesday evenings.

THERE is nothing that strikes a stranger more forcibly, if he visits Sweden at the time of the year when the days are the longest, than the absence of night. There is a mountain at the head of the Gulf of Bothnia, where on the 21st of June, the sun does not go down at all. It only occurs one night. The sun goes down to the horizon, you can see the whole face of it, and in five minutes it begins to rise again.

LIKE most garments, like most careers, everything in life has a right side and a wrong side. You can take any joy, and by turning it around, find troubles on the other side; or, you may take the greatest trouble, and by turning it around, find joy on the other side. The gloomiest mountain never casts a shadow on both sides at once, neither does the greatest of life's calamities.