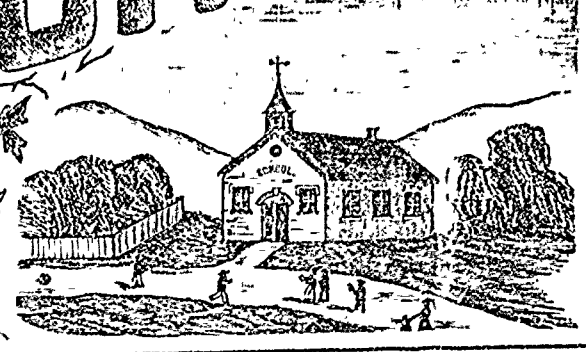
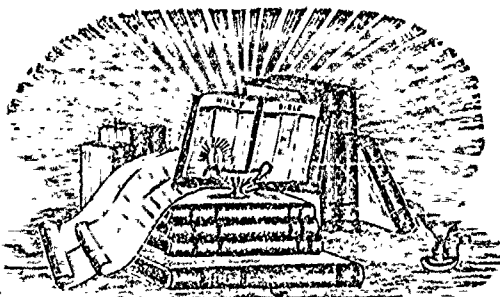


HOME & SCHOOL.



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[No. 10

And They Said, The Lord Hath Need."

BY V. G. RAMSEY.

Those whose hands are loaded with gifts of love divine
There comes at times a whisper, "These treasures are not thine."

We fill our barns to bursting, we clutch the world with greed.
The voice cries, "Oh, remember, the Lord who gave has need."

Oh, Jesus, blessed Master, whose mercy gives us all;
When Thou hast asked a pittance, have we refused Thy call?"

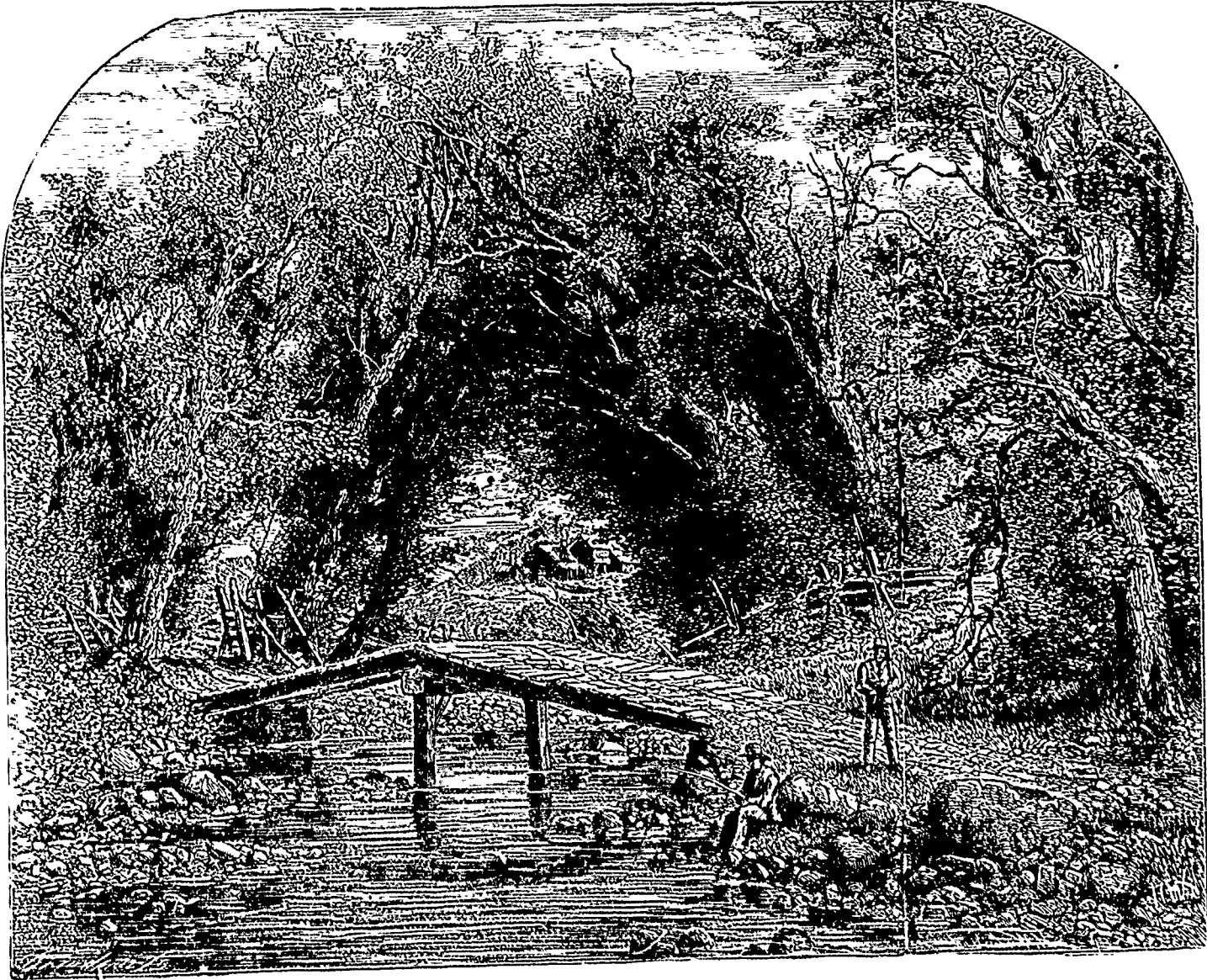
Thou sawest us lost and ruined, in the blackness of despair,
And for our great salvation, Thy blood Thou didst not spare

And is it so, dear Saviour, that we let Thee stand and plead;
Asking of our abundance, for what Thy poor doth need?"

adjacent clearing adds its sense of companionship and takes away the feeling of solitude of the primeval forest, it heightens the enjoyment. And where running water—some purling brook or rapid stream—with its quaint wooden bridge as in the engraving, adds life and variety to the scene, the picturesque effect is complete. Our readers should cultivate a love of nature. It will prove a source of continual delight.

The Habit of Sin.

A LABOURING man in Ballymoney, Ireland, when coming out of a state of "conviction," said to those around him, "Boys, what's the biggest wonder you ever saw?" He repeated his question, and then said: "O isn't it to see an old gray-headed sinner like me saved at the eleventh hour? O you are young—you are in the first, you are in the third hour, and so on. Come, it is far



A RURAL SCENE IN CANADA.

We load our dainty tables, we wear our silks and gold.
We dwell in "coiled houses," like those who lived of old.

We gather up the blessings the hand of God has strown,
But do we all remember, the Lord may claim His own?

A Rural Scene in Canada.

FEW countries in the world can present lovelier rural scenery than Canada. Our primeval forests of majestic native trees are a sight to kindle enthusiasm in any mind that has not become indifferent to its beauty by its very familiarity. When an

God spreads a perpetual feast before our eyes, and He means that we should enjoy it to the utmost.

We would often have reason to be ashamed of our most brilliant actions if the world could see the motives from which they spring.

easier than if you wait as I did. O sin's a nail the devil drives into the heart, and when it gets riveted it's hard to pull out."

This homely but forcible expression was the means of deeply awakening a minister's son who heard it.—*Youth's Companion.*