

Cast Thy Burden on the Lord.

BY ANNIE L. DYER.

Hast thou heard the precious promise,
Never tried in vain?
Jesus says, "Leave here thy burden,
I will thee sustain."

Cast thy burden on Him fully,
Trust Him day by day,
Serve the Lord, and serve Him only,
Keep the narrow way.

Pray that He may take thee wholly,
Now, without reserve;
For He's promised to receive thee,
And thy soul preserve.

As thou know'st that He can never,
Never break His word,
Wilt thou trust His precious promise,
And obey the Lord?

Take thy cares and trials to Him,
To the throne on high,
He will comfort thee, and make thee
Perfect by and by.

Do you say, "The words He uttered
Were not meant for me?"
Surely, you can test the promise,
You can come and see.

Are you weary with the burden?
Has it heavy grown?
Why, then, bear it any longer?
Why not lay it down?

Take it to the feet of Jesus,
Take it, leave it there!
Do not trouble more about it,
It will be his care.

Trust more fully and completely
In the word He's given;
Leave thy doubtings; launch out boldly
On the way to heaven.

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Thoughts for Mothers.

You are tired, weary mother. The careworn, anxious look on your face, the long-drawn sigh of discouragement, and the dejected attitude, all indicate that the duties of the day have been more than your willing heart could plan, or your ready hands execute. But can you not see by the expression of your child's face as he stands before you, that thoughts which bid defiance to submission are rising in his breast, and wait only to be quickened into life by a hasty, passionate reproof? Control your irritation; speak kindly, lovingly to him. Note now the change; the I-will-if-I-want-to look has disappeared from his face, and submission is plainly written on every feature.

An hour later. Your little ones are quietly sleeping, and you wonder as you sit there in the gathering darkness, if there is no release from this weary

load. Must one weary day succeed another, and so the years of life wear away? There may come a release at any hour of our lives. The little one who clings to you through the long weary day, may be lying white and still ere another day shall have passed away, and the lips that weary you with their prattle now, may never again lip the sweet words in your ear. As these unwelcome thoughts come crowding into your mind, you cry out in agony of spirit, "Not that! Oh, not that?" Involuntarily, you clasp your sleeping babe closer to your heart, and as your eyes rest on the dear boy, sleeping so sweetly in his little bed, you feel thankful that you were patient with him to-night.

Dear mothers, we stand among the shadows of earth. Around us there is turmoil, confusion and strife; but if we will open our hearts from within and drink deeply from the "Fountain of Life," we shall find our souls refreshed. Then shall the dear ones whose sunshine is the smiles of mother, and whose happiness depends upon the cheerfulness of the wife, abundantly reward us for all our efforts. Oh, let us be patient and tender with these little children! Too quickly they pass from our homes out into the world's great battle-field. God grant they may then look back upon a childhood made happy by a mother's patient forbearance. Treasure up this lesson in your heart, apply it to your life, and remember that the little trials which meet you on every side, may be but rounds in the ladder which reaches to the gate of heaven.—*Church and Home.*

Trying to be Useful.

A GENTLEMAN whose name was Harvy was riding slowly on horse-back along a dusty road. As he did so he was looking about in every direction for a stream, or for a house, from the well of which he might refresh his tired and thirsty horse with a good drink of water. While doing so, he turned a bend in the road, and saw before him a comfortable-looking farmhouse; and at the same time a boy, ten or twelve years old, came out into the road with a pail of water, and stood directly before him.

"What do you wish, my boy?" said Mr. Harvy stopping his horse.

"Would your horse like a drink, sir?" said the boy respectfully.

"Indeed he would, and I was just wondering where I could get it."

Mr. Harvy thought, of course, that the boy was in the habit of doing this to earn a few pennies; and so, when his horse had taken his drink, he offered the boy a bit of silver, and was very much surprised to hear him refuse it.

"I wish you would take it, my little man," said he, as he looked earnestly at the boy, and noticed for the first time that he was lame.

"Indeed, sir, I don't want it. It is little enough that I can do for myself or anyone else. I am lame, and my back is bad, sir; but mother says no matter how small a favour may seem, if it is all we can do, God loves it as much as He does a larger favour; and this is the most that I can do for others. You see, sir, it is eight miles from here to the next village, and I happen to know that there is no stream crossing the road in all that distance; and so, sir, almost every one passing here is sure to have a thirsty horse, and I try



THE SEA OF GALILEE.

to do a little good by giving the poor creatures a drink."

Mr. Harvy looked with great interest on the boy. He thanked him for his kindness; and as he went on his way, he felt that the little fellow had preached him a sermon that he would not soon forget.

The Watching Angels.

A LITTLE girl was lying on a sick bed from which she was never to rise again. She was in great pain of body, but the sweet young heart that believed in Jesus was at rest. A little while before she went away to be with Him she opened her blue eyes and whispered, "Angels are all around my bed!"

And so they were. And it is not only at such times that the watching, waiting angels are about us, but always, everywhere, in the daylight and in the dark, at work or at play, with a heart full of love, or a heart in which angry, selfish passions are burning.

Think of it, dear children, when the hasty words rise, when the temptation to run away from the right comes—the loving angels are watching, and, as far as you will let them, are helping you to conquer! Don't let them turn away grieved to say, "I tried, but failed." Listen, and you will hear the spirit voices calling you to the right path! Look, and you will see the spirit hands beckoning! Do not think that this watch-care is for a chosen few only, and that you may not be in the number. It is for you. "He shall give His angels charge concerning you."

Chautauqua in the South.

THE growth of the Chautauqua idea is marvellous. Its latest development is the establishment of an Assembly in Florida. It opens at Lake de Funiak, on February 10th., and closes March 9th. It offers a grand programme rivalling that of the original Chautauqua itself—in addition to the attractions of the balmy Spring of the land of flowers. The trip is easily made in connection with the visit to the World's Fair; and by the same routes of travel. A large hotel and several boarding-houses offer accommodation at reasonable rates.

For information address C. C. Banfill, Lake de Funiak, Fla.

The Sea of Galilee.

BY MRS. M. G. KENNEDY.

It is a little egg-shaped lake, twelve and a half miles long and six miles wide, shut in by tiresome limestone rocks, and lying away down in a hollow, its surface six hundred and fifty feet below the level of the ocean. But there is something which honours it more than all the seas. Jesus said to its waves: "Peace, be still; and there was a great calm."

There is in every boy and girl something very much like this sea; and when the winds of temptation are blowing hard, how the waves rise! One minute it is all quiet and beautiful, and the next there comes something that ruffles it all over. There is a wave of anger, and one of selfishness, and one of disobedience, and one of fretfulness—oh, what a lot of waves all over the boy or girl that was so calm a little while ago! Read Isaiah lvii. 20, 21; and then read John xvi. 27, where Jesus says: "My peace I give unto you." Oh, what a peace that is—how calm!

Has Jesus ever looked over the troubled sea in your heart, and said: "Peace be still?" Oh, how He wants you to ask Him to do it!

DR. SUTHERLAND, our Missionary Secretary, forcefully says; "What are our Sunday-schools doing for the great missionary cause? Some of them are doing nobly; some are doing nothing. Two years ago the income from this source was over \$23,000; last year it fell off more than \$1,000. Why should not all our Sunday-schools fall into line in this the greatest enterprise of the Church? Where is the next generation of missionaries and missionary givers to come from if not from our Sunday-schools? And what hope of finding them there unless they are trained aright? Our Sunday-school superintendents and teachers have it in their own power to determine whether the Church of twenty years hence shall be a missionary Church or not."—*Wesleyan.*

HAPPINESS is like manna; it is to be gathered in grains, and enjoyed every day. It will not keep; it cannot be accumulated; nor have we got to go out of ourselves or into remote places to gather it, since it has rained down from heaven at our very doors, or rather within them.