

Only a Song.

It was only a song that the maiden sang,
With a thoughtless tone; yet the echo rung
In the heart of the lad. Like a pure white
lily,

It guided him over sea and land.

Or by an old, old-fashioned hymn,
Sung in the twilight gray and dim,
By mother's side or on father's knee;
Yet time cannot blot it from memory.

Only a song from the lips of one
Whose mission is past, whose brief life is
done—

A simple song; and yet, after all,
I never can sing it but tears will fall.

Only a song from a feeble pen,
And a faltering hand and heart; but then,
Who knows? Perhaps some life once sad;
In sin, was made to rejoice and be glad.

Brief as a song is this life of ours—
Fleeting as sunshine, and frail as the flowers
Then sing, my heart! oh, sing and be strong!
Thou shalt one day join in the "new, new
song."

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Home and School

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

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Praying in Half a Room.

IN a large and respectable school near Boston, two boys, from different States, and strangers to each other, were compelled by circumstances to room together. It was the beginning of the term, and the two students spent the first day in arranging their room and getting acquainted. When night came, the younger of the two boys asked the other if he did not think it would be a good idea to close the day with a short reading from the Bible, and a prayer. The request was modestly made, without whining or cant of any kind. The other boy, however, bluntly refused to listen to the proposal.

"Then you will have no objection if I pray by myself, I suppose?" said the younger. "It has been my custom, and I wish to keep it up."

"I don't want any praying in this room, and I won't have it!" retorted his companion.

The younger boy rose slowly, walked to the middle of the room, and, stand-

ing upon a seam in the carpet, which divided the room nearly equally, said quietly:—

"Half of this room is mine. I pay for it. You may choose which half you will have. I will take the other; and I will pray in that half, or get another room. But pray I must and will, whether you consent or refuse."

The older boy was instantly conquered. To this day he admires the sturdy independence which claimed as a right what he had boorishly denied as a privilege. A Christian might as well ask leave to breathe as to ask permission to pray. There is a false sentiment connected with Christian actions which interferes with their free exercise. If there is anything to be admired, it is the manliness that knows the right, and dares to do it without asking any one's permission.

For Young Men.

THE following is taken from the last article ever written by the late Henry Ward Beecher, a short time previous to his death:—

"I rejoice to say, that I was brought up from my youth to abstain from tobacco. It is unhealthy—it is filthy from beginning to end. I believe that the day will come when a young man will be proud of not being addicted to the use of stimulants of any kind. I believe that the day will come, when not to drink, not to use tobacco, not to waste one's strength in the secret indulgence of passion, but to be true to one's nature, true to God's law; to be sound, robust, cheerful; and to be conscious that these elements of health and strength are derived from the reverent obedience to the commandments of God will be a matter of ambition and endeavour among men."—*The Guardian*.

Timely Tracts.

The Story of Mark; Harry and Ethel; The Story of a Revival. By the Rev. J. H. VINCENT, D.D. Phillips and Hunt, New York; Wm. Briggs, Toronto.

Dr. Vincent, whose success in educational matters is well known, has published a series of tracts, entitled, "Our Own Church Series," of which the above form a part. They are worthy of the gifted author, and are deserving of extensive circulation. They are exceedingly well adapted for usefulness among all classes, but especially among intelligent young people, who sometimes drift away from Methodism.

Rome in Rome. By a ROMAN CITIZEN. Phillips & Hunt, New York; Wm. Briggs, Toronto.

This is the title of another series of tracts, brimful of such sentiments as are well adapted to the times in which we live. The Romish question is here presented in a variety of phases, and we can but wish that the entire series were scattered broadcast throughout the Dominion of Canada.



FED BY RAVENS.

Fed by Ravens.

AND Elijah the Tishbite, who was of the inhabitants of Gilead, said unto Ahab, As the Lord God of Israel liveth, before whom I stand, there shall not be dew nor rain these years, but according to my word. And the word of the Lord came unto him, saying, Get thee hence, and turn thee eastward, and hide thyself by the brook Cherith, that is before Jordan. And it shall be, that thou shalt drink of the brook; and I have commanded the ravens to feed thee there. So he went and did according unto the word of the Lord: for he went and dwelt by the brook Cherith, that is before Jordan. And the ravens brought him bread and flesh in the morning, and bread and flesh in the evening; and he drank of the brook.

A Genuine Love Story.

A young clergyman and his bride were invited guests at a large party given by a wealthy parishioner. In all the freshness and elegance of her bridal wardrobe, the young wife shone among the throng distinguished by her comeliness and vivacity and rich attire; and when, during the evening, her young husband drew her aside, and whispered to her that she was the most beautiful woman in all the company, and that his heart was bursting with pride and love for her, she thought herself the happiest wife in the world.

Ten years later, the same husband and wife were guests at the same house, where was gathered a similar gay company. The wife of ten years wore the same dress she had worn on the previous occasion—of course it had been altered and made over, and was old-fashioned and almost shabby. Toil and care and motherhood and pinched circumstances had taken the roses out of the cheeks and the lithe

spring out of her form. She sat apart from the crowd, careworn and pre-occupied. Her small hands, roughened with coarse toil, were ungloved, for the minister's salary was painfully small. A little apart, the ten years' husband stood and looked at his wife, and as he observed her faded dress and her weary attitude, a great sense of all her patient, loving faithfulness, came over his heart. Looking up, she caught his earnest gaze, and noticed that his eyes were filled with tears. She rose and went to him, her questioning eyes mutely asking for an explanation of his emotion, and when he tenderly took her hand, and placing it on his arm, led her away from the crowd, and told her how he had been thinking of her as she looked ten years before, when she was a bride, and how much more precious she was to him now, and how much more beautiful, for all her shabby dress and roughened hands, and how he appreciated all her sacrifice and patient toil for him and for their children, a great wave of happiness filled her heart; a light shone in her face that gave it more than its youthful beauty, and in all the company there was not so happy a couple as this husband and wife, their hearts and faces aglow from the flaming up of pure sentiment that transfigured and ennobled and glorified all the toils and privations they had endured.—*Exchange*.

THE saying that order is heaven's first law is particularly applicable to the housewife. When once the habit of placing everything in its proper place is formed, it is just as easy to do as it is to leave things lying about in disorder, and a thousand times better. Children should early be taught to put their toys away when done with, and so form habits of orderliness and neatness. A gentle but careful training in childhood will save severe lessons in after-life.