

HOME & SCHOOL

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Help the Poor and Needy.

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When your heart is burdened sore,
With the ill it cannot cure,
Go and aid the struggling poor—
Help the poor and needy.

Though you may not ever know
Why was sent your weight of woe,
Go with heart of pity, go—
Help the poor and needy.

Let your sighs be turned to song,
Let your sympathies be strong,
Pray more with the heart than tongue,
For the poor and needy.

Though your purse be very low,
Still some favour you may show,
Some indulgence may forego,
To help the poor and needy.

In the grand eternal years,
God will wipe away all tears,
And dispel all anxious fears,
Help the poor and needy.

Rather than be rich and great,
And among the wicked wait,
I would share the humble fate
Of God's poor and needy.

Jewish High Priest.

BY THE EDITOR.

How different the condition of God's chosen people Israel, in the days of their ancient glory, from that of their descendants of the present day! Then they were under His peculiar care. He set His love upon them to keep them, and when they obeyed His word, no weapon formed against them prospered. Under Solomon, Jerusalem was one of the greatest capitals of the earth, and the riches of the Gentiles flowed into it—the gold of Ophir, the pertumes of Arabia, the purple dyes of Tyre, and all the glory of the kingdoms. The Temple of Solomon was one of the most splendid buildings in the world, and the temple service had the most gorgeous ritual. The High Priest wore a long, violet coloured robe, girt about him with an embroidered girdle, and having a row of bells and pomegranates around the skirt. Over this was the ephod and a golden and jewelled breastplate. On the front of the snowy turban were written in letters of gold, "Holiness unto the Lord." Thus clothed he ministered at the altar, and offered up sacrifices for the sins of the people. In this he was but a type of the Great High Priest, even Jesus Christ, who is for us entered into the holiest of all, and ever liveth

to make intercession for us. No human priest or intercessor can come between our souls and Christ—the great High Priest—Himself both priest and victim. To Him we all may come by the blood of the everlasting covenant, and through His atonement be made partakers of His great salvation.

concerned about his soul, and Christians increased his agitation by talking with him and praying with him. He wished Christians would let his patients alone. Death was but an endless sleep, the religion of Christ a delusion, and its followers were not persons of the highest culture and intelligence."

without number she has taken me to her room, and with her hand upon my head she has prayed that God would give her grace to train me for the skies. Two years ago my precious mother died, and the religion she so loved during life sustained her in her dying hour. She called us to the bedside,

and with her face shining with glory asked us to meet her in heaven, and I promised to do so," said the young lady, displaying deep emotion. "Can I believe this is all a delusion? that my mother sleeps an eternal sleep? that she will never waken again in the morning of the resurrection, and that I shall see her no more? No, I cannot, I will not believe it." Her brother tried to quiet her, for by this time she had the attention of all present. "No," said she, "brother, let me alone; I must defend my mother's God, my mother's religion."

The physician made no reply, and soon left the room. He was found shortly afterwards pacing the floor of an adjoining room in great agitation and distress of spirits. "What is the matter?" a friend inquired. "O," said he, "that young lady is right. Her words have pierced my soul." And the result of the conviction thus awakened was that both the young lady and the physician were converted to Christ, and are useful and influential members of the Church of God.

Young friends, stand up for Jesus at all times and in all places wherever you hear His name reviled, or His counsel set at naught. Rather let the language of your heart be, "God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ."

PASTOR: "The resources of our church are all dried up."
DEACON: "Yes, we've got a good dryer in the pulpit." We implore all our friends who are pastors to be very guarded in their remarks when the deacons are about.

When a lady living in Chelsea sent to London for a doctor, she apologized for asking him to come such a distance. "Don't speak of it," answered M.D. "I happen to have another patient in the neighbourhood, and can thus kill two birds with one stone."



JEWISH HIGH PRIEST.

My Mother's God.

At a fashionable party a young physician present spoke of one of his patients whose case he considered a critical one. He said he was "very sorry to lose him, for he was a noble young man, but very unnecessarily

A young lady sitting near, and one of the gayest of the company, said, "Pardon me, doctor, but I cannot hear you talk thus and remain quiet. I am not a professor of religion, I never know anything about it experimentally, but my mother was a Christian. Times