

"The Hand that Rocks the Cradle."

THEY say that man is mighty,
He governs land and sea,
He wields a mighty sceptre
O'er lesser powers that be;
But a power mightier, stronger,
Man from his throne has hurled,
"For the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rules the world."

Behold the brave commander,
Staunch 'mid the carnage stand,
Behold the guidon dying,
With the colours in his hand.
Brave men they be, yet craven,
When this banner is unfurled:
"The hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rules the world."

Great statesmen govern nations,
Kings mould a people's fate,
But the unseen hand of velvet,
These giants regulate.
The iron arm of fortune
With woman's charm is purled,
"For the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rules the world."

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

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FOR THE YEAR 1887.

A Protecting Providence.

It will not be difficult to mention cases in which eminent individuals have been preserved from danger and death by the manifest hand of Providence.

John Knox, the Scottish Reformer, had many enemies, who sought to compass his destruction. He was in the habit of sitting in a particular chair in his own house, with his back to the window. One evening, however, when assembling his family, he would neither occupy his accustomed seat nor allow anybody else to do so. That very evening a bullet was sent through the window with a design to kill him. It grazed the chair which he usually occupied, and made a hole in the candlestick.

It is related of Augustine that he was going on one occasion to preach at a distant town, and took a guide to direct him on the way. By some means the guide mistook his way, and got into a by-path. It was afterwards discovered that a party of miscreants had designed to waylay and murder him, and that his life was saved through the guide's mistake.

Charles, of Bala, was once saved from death by what some would call a foolish mistake. On one of his journeys to Liverpool his saddle-bag was put into the wrong boat. He had taken his seat when he discovered it, and had to change at the last minute. At first he was vexed and disappointed, but he afterwards learned that the boat in which he intended to go was lost, and all its passengers drowned.

Howard, the philanthropist, was once preserved from death by what some would call mere chance, but which was no other than a special Providence. He always set a high value on Sabbath privileges, and was exact and careful in his attendance on the means of grace. That he might neither increase the labour of his servants nor prevent their attendance on public worship, he was accustomed to walk to the chapel at Bedford, where he attended. One day a man whom he had reproved for his idle and dissolute habits resolved to waylay and murder him. That morning, however, for some reason or other he resolved to go on horseback, and by a different road. Thus his valuable life was preserved.

The Rev. John Newton was in the habit of regarding the hand of God in everything, however trivial it might appear to others. "The way of man is not in himself," he would say. "I do not know what belongs to a single step. When I go to St. Mary Woolnoth, it seems the same whether I go down Lothberry, or go through the Old Jewry; but the going through one street and not another may produce an effect of lasting consequence. A man cut down my hammock in sport, but had he cut it down half an hour later I had not been here, as the exchange of the crew was then making. A man made a smoke on the seashore at the time a ship was passing, which was thereby brought to, and afterwards brought me to England."—*The Quiver for April.*

Eleven Weeks' Excursion to Europe for \$450.

In compliance with numerous requests, the Rev. Dr. Withrow proposes to organize a tourist party of not less than 20 for a Summer Excursion to Great Britain, Holland, Belgium, the Rhine, Germany, Switzerland, France. It will occupy eleven weeks, and cost \$450, which covers all expenses. Persons joining; this party can enjoy one of the finest routes in Europe, with great economy of time and money, under the personal guidance of a traveller familiar with the whole of the journey. For particulars, address him at the Methodist Book Room, Toronto.



STAFFA.—(See first page.)

Dog-Teams in the North-West.

BY THE REV. E. R. YOUNG.

WHERE is the genuine noble boy, who does not love a splendid dog. Somebody has styled the dog man's most intimate dumb companion, the first to welcome, the foremost to defend.

In the Wild North Land, the dogs are much more to the inhabitants than mere companions and guardians. In those vast dreary regions, where there are no railroads, or street cars; no horses or carriages or waggons; no roads, or paths of any description, the dogs, with their long, narrow sleds, supply the place of all the other modes of travel and traffic in winter. The picture on the opposite page is a common every-day scene in the regions lying away north of the fertile prairies of our own great western country.

See how contentedly the "boss" sits on the dog-sled, smoking and watching the cautious Indians trying to harness up that vicious, wolfish Huskie dog. They have need of caution, for he seems bound to make a stubborn fight for his liberty, even if the odds are against him.

THE SLED.

The sled upon which the men are sitting will give you a fair idea of the ones used in that country. It is made of two oak boards, each about twelve feet long, eight inches wide and one inch thick. These two boards are strongly fastened together by cross-bars, then one end is planed down thin, and after being well steamed is bent up to form the front end. A good train of four dogs is supposed to be able to draw about five hundred pounds on one of these sleds. The speed at which they travel, of course, depends very much upon the nature of the country, and the character of the dogs and drivers. I have travelled through some wild, rough regions where the high rocks were so numerous, or the forests so obstructed with dense underbrush or fallen trees, that after toiling along as hard as we could all day, we

did not make more than twenty-five miles. Then, to make up for this slow rate, I once went ninety miles in a day, but this was on the frozen surface of Lake Winnipeg, with a "blizzard," a North-West storm, blowing us on.

THE DOGS.

The dogs of that land are called Huskies or Esquimo'. They are a wild, wolfish lot of fellows, good to work, if well broken in, but they are terrible thieves. They have warm, furry coats of hair, sharp, pointed ears, sharp muzzles, and very bushy, curly tails. They sometimes say in fun, out there, that if you want to get a real, genuine Huskie dog, you must get one with his tail curled up so tightly, that it lifts his hind feet from the ground. They have wonderful powers of endurance, and will tug and pull away at the heavy loads long after horses would have been wearied out. Like their masters they are exposed to many hardships, and often suffer from starvation and the bitter cold.

GREAT THIEVES.

These dogs are great thieves, and it seems to be natural to them. Poor fellows, they are often so sadly neglected by their owners that they must either steal, or die of hunger. And like the ostrich, it does not seem to make much difference what they make their meal out of. I have known them to eat the harness from each other's backs, and the leather fastenings from the sleds. Some of them think the whip is a dainty morsel, and others delight to steal and eat leather mits or gloves. I knew some of them, that found a drunken Indian asleep one day, and they eat the moccasins off his feet without waking him up. They share the fortunes of their poor Indian masters, and are fat or lean just as their owners are, and that is according to the abundance or scarcity of fish or game.

THEIR HARDSHIPS.

When a company of Indians returned to a Trading Post, or Mission,