

Your Own.

WHAT if your own were starving,
Fainting with famine pain,
And yet you knew where golden grew
Rich fruit and ripened grain?
Would you hear their wail
As a thrice-told tale,
And turn to your feast again?

What if your own were thirsting
And never a drop could gain,
And you could tell where a sparkling well
Poured forth melodious rain?
Would you turn aside,
While they gasped and died,
And leave them to their pain?

Yet, what else are you doing,
O ye by Christ made free,
If you'll not tell what you know so well
To those across the sea,
Who have never heard
One tender word
Of the Lamb of Calvary;

"They're not our own," you answer,
"They're neither kith nor kin."
They are God's own: his love alone
Can save them from their sin;
They are Christ's own:
He left his throne
And died their souls to win.

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Home and School.

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

TORONTO, JUNE 1, 1889.

With God Each Morning.

A TRAVELLER visiting at Aix-la-Chapelle, noticed one morning a number of boys and girls on their way to school. On their backs were their book-knapsacks, secured after the German fashion. They were young soldiers in the great school army, moving forward so attack and carry such formidable heights as arithmetic, grammar, geography. The traveller noticed that these warriors of peace entered a roomy church. He followed them into the house of God; and was it hushed and silent? No! A great throng of children had gathered there. Hundreds were present. On one side of the church were boys, and on the other were girls. They knelt, and their voices were blended in devout prayer. Then, birdlike, they warbled together a cheerful hymn. No teacher seemed to be there to oversee them; no clergyman to guide them in worship. It seemed to be a voluntary act of child worship, not on any special day, but as a fitting preface of their daily tasks. Was it any wonder

that the visitor was deeply impressed by this scene?

How many of our young people are particular to begin each day with a look into God's word, and then a look in prayer up to God himself? The school-world has its temptations; prayer fights them down. It has its duties; prayer helps us to climb those steps of obligation. You need not visit a church each morning to prepare yourself, but you should withdraw to the stillness of some chamber of devotion, and there—alone with God—begin the day.

Rest at Last.

Experience of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, as recorded by herself.

FOR some three or four years past there has been in my mind a subdued undercurrent of perplexity and unhappiness, in regard to myself in my religious experience. I have often thought, when sitting by myself, "Why am I thus restless? Why not at peace? I love God and Jesus Christ with a real and deep devotion; and in general I mean to conform my life to him. I am as consistent as many Christians are; then why not satisfied?"

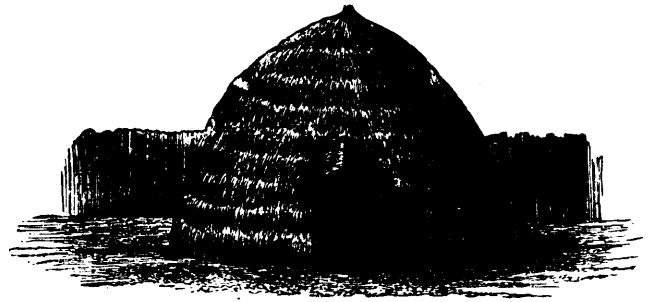
I could conceive of a style of Christian devotion as much higher than my present point, as my present position is above that of the world. I often saw, as by a dart of sunlight, that an entire identity of my will with God's, would remove all disquiet, and give joy even to suffering; as says Paul, "Sorrowful, yet always rejoicing."

The more I groaned in spirit, and longed and prayed, the more inveterate and determined and unsubdued seemed every opposing desire. The sensitive fear of blame, the ever-luring, self-conscious desire of proving to myself and others that I was right, I perceived to be stronger and more efficient in me than the love of Christ, the fear of his opinion, and the desire of his will.

"Am I then not a Christian?" thought I. Then why do I, why have I, loved Christ—loved him so deeply as I know I have; nay, as I know I do? I cannot tell. I think I love him above all; yet certainly my will is, at best, only in a small degree subjected to his. "Well, then," I thought, "if you see that entire union and identity of your will with Christ is the thing, why do you not have it? Just submit—give up all these separate interests. Unite your soul to him in common interest. Why not?" Ah! why not? Words of deep meaning to everyone who tries that vain experiment! Every effort breaks like a wave upon a rock. We reason, reflect, resolve; and pray, weep, strive, love—love to despair; and all in vain. In vain I adjured my soul, "Do you not love Christ? Why not, then, cut wholly loose from all these loves, and take his will alone? Is it not reasonable, since you can be blessed in no other way? What else can you do?"

Something said to me, "You are a Christian, perhaps, but not a full one." "Learn of me," said Christ, "and ye shall find rest." I do not find rest, consequently I do not learn of him. I perceived that the New Testament ideal of a Christian was different from the higher than what I ever tried or purposed to be; that I was only trying at parts, and allowedly in some things living below. Nor did it comfort me at all to think that other Christians did so, and even good ones, too; for I remembered, "He that shall break one of these least commandments," etc.

The question was distinctly proposed to me, "Will you undertake and make a solemn and earnest effort to realize the full ideal of Christ's



RUMANIKA'S TREASURE-HOUSE.

plan, though not one other Christian should?" The obstacles were many. "It will do no good to try. With a lower standard have I striven, wept, prayed, despaired in vain; and shall I undertake this? I shall never do it." This was my discouragement. "How can I see God clearer than I have seen him? Can I ever be searched and penetrated and bowed by a deeper love than I have known, and which yet has been transient—has never wholly subdued me? Can I make deeper, sincerer resolutions? Can I have more vivid views? No. What then?" I thought of this passage: "I will love him, and my Father will love him; and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him." "That is it," I thought. "Christ has been with me by visits and intervals; this permanent abode is what I have not known."

Again, "Abide in me, and I in you"—a steady, ever-present Christ within, who should exert an influence steady as the pulse of my soul. This I needed. I copied that class of texts. I prayed with prayer unceasing that Christ would realize them. I despaired of bending my will. I despaired of all former and all present efforts; but at his word I resolved to begin, and go for the whole. As James and John: "He said unto them, Launch out now and let down the net. They say unto him, Master, we have toiled all night, and have taken nothing; nevertheless, at thy word we will let down the net; and lo! the net brake with the multitude of fishes."

What was the result? When self-despair was final, and I merely undertook at the word of Christ, then came long-expected and wished-for help. All changed. Whereas, once my heart ran with a strong current to the world; now it runs with a current the other way. What once it cost an effort to remember, now it costs an effort to forget. The will of Christ seems to me the steady pulse of my being, and I go because I cannot help it. Skeptical doubt cannot exist. I seem to see the full blaze of the Shekinah everywhere. I am calm but full, everywhere and in all things instructed, and find I can do all things through Christ.—*Exchange.*

Unprofitable Toil.

THERE was a man in the town where I was born who used to steal his firewood. He would get up on cold nights and go and take it from his neighbour's woodpile. A computation was made, and it was ascertained that he spent more time and worked harder to get his fuel than he would have had to if he had earned it in an honest way, and at ordinary wages. And this thief is a type of thousands of men who work a great deal harder to please the devil than they would have to do to please God.

A LITTLE girl remarked: "When I make the bad thoughts go away, the hole fills up with more." One day, when reproved for behaving badly, she said: "It makes me feel bad inside unless I let the bad out."