

## The Present Time.

BY OSCAR WILDE.

WHAT profit now that we have bound  
The whole round world with nets of gold  
If hidden in our heart is found  
The care that groweth never old.

What profit that our galleys ride,  
Pine-forest-like, on every main?  
Rom and wreck ate at our side,  
Grim wanderers of the House of Pain.

Where are the brave, the strong, the fleet  
Where is our English chivalry?  
Wind-grasses are their burial-sheet,  
A d sopping waves their threnody.

O loved ones lying far away,  
What word of love can dead lips send  
O wasted dust! O senseless clay!  
Is this the end? Is this the end!

Peace, peace! we wrong the noble dead  
To vex their solemn slumber so;  
Though childless and with thorn-crowned  
head,  
Up the steep road must England go.

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## Home &amp; School:

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

TORONTO, MAY 12, 1883.

## Woman's Work in Foreign Missions.

AN eminent divine in a recent address on Foreign Missions, says, "I stand amazed before the revelations of the last decade, as to how women may help Christ's kingdom come. What unused and unguessed resources have been lying hid, which this "Woman's Work for Woman" has called out of their secret places and sent on missionary errands around the world! It is the dawn of a new day, and there scarcely has been a brighter since the angels made the Judean air thick with melody at the birth of Jesus. It looks after all, as if the strategic point in the warfare for the world's conversion to Christ, were the heart of woman. That won, the family is won, and when up goes the family, down goes heathenism."

A little more than a score of years ago, a devoted Christian woman, Mrs. Doremus, of New York City, a close observer of missionary work in heathen lands, became convinced that an agency was required, hitherto unemployed, for bringing the Gospel to bear upon a very important portion of the heathen world. Although the missionaries of our various Boards had accomplished a great work in the introduction of a pure Christianity into those dark lands, by the translation of the Scriptures, and by the preaching of the

Gospel, yet their labours had failed of reaching the women on account of the peculiar customs of heathen countries in secluding women in zenanas and harems entirely unapproachable by the outside world. Within those dark walls were shut up millions of precious souls for whom Christ died, who were left to go down in darkness and death, generation after generation. God put into the heart of this Mother in Israel, Mrs. Doremus, to devise some instrumentality by which these heathen women might be reached with the Gospel of salvation.

She, with a few other godly women, conceived the plan of a woman's missionary society for sending out single ladies, who would be unembarrassed by family duties, for making an effort to penetrate those hidden recesses of pagan tyranny and superstition. To human view, the plan appeared truly ominous. To break into those long established customs could only be contemplated but under the inspiration of Christ's command, to carry the Gospel to every creature. Not only did the good women have to face the difficulties which would have to be overcome on heathen ground in carrying out their cherished plan, but the good fathers of our Mission Boards warmly opposed it on the grounds, that a woman's society would divert the interest which properly belonged to the already organized societies, and hence would only prove a vital injury to the cause of missions generally.

Thus launched, they proceeded to carry out the grand purpose of reaching their heathen sisters in the dark domains of degradation and death.

Four consecrated young ladies volunteered to go forth as the first representatives of this new born enterprise. The Great Head of Missions went before them, and "the gates of brass and bars of iron were out in sunder," and "the hidden riches of secret places," the souls of the perishing women, were reached with the Gospel of salvation.

The long-established prejudices gradually yielded, and one by one the zenanas of India were entered by these devoted young women, and many souls were found who were truly yearning for the bread of life.

The Church of Christ has received a wonderful impetus by the additional agency which has been exercised during the last twenty years in the line of woman's influence. Achievements have been won in the dark lands of pagan idolatry which establishes the fact, that the "Master has come," and is calling for women to exercise her fullest energies in the rescue of her degraded sisters.

Let the godly women of Christendom take heart and courage. Having put hand and heart to this mighty work of evangelizing the millions of heathendom, let them not look back.

A grander, holier enterprise, never enlisted man's energies or woman's devotion. Let there be a holy emulation to see who shall give, and pray, and labour most to honour Christ, and win souls to Him.—*Gospel in All Lands.*

PROTESTANT missions, says Joseph Cook, cost \$7,500,000 annually; but this would not pay the liquor bill for the United States for three days nor that of the British Islands for two.—*Visitor.*

## Japan.

THE following letter from a young Japanese Christian to a young lady in Dundas, shows the highly coloured modes of expression of the Oriental, but is of much more value as expressing the joy of the Salvation through Jesus Christ:—

Though I do not yet worship your noble face, I present a letter to you reverently.

Day after day it is now proceeding towards the season of changing clothing, yet I congratulate all your family is rising, and sitting in good health.

In the next place, as all my humble house is sponding light without events, allow me to ask you to keep your mind rested concerning us.

Now, as I have often heard of noble sister from Meacham "Sensei," I ought to have asked of your peace long time before, but the way being too far, the matter has been postponed till now unconsciously. I beg your pardon for that many times. But noble sister being mindful of me, though the way is far, had sent me with favour tracts and cards which cannot be obtained in my country. I am obliged, and thank you very much. My parents ought to have thanked you for your kindness, but they being busy in every day affairs, asked me to give their thanks to you through me, though it is want of politeness. I wish very much that you will not hurt your feelings for that.

In this land Meacham "Sensei" (teacher), and his family are in good health, and active in the missionary work as ever; so I wish you will put off your anxiety.

I have received extraordinary thick favours from the noble sister of Meacham "Sensei," and I thank for that ten thousand times. And also, I, though unworthy, had received the baptism from Meacham "Sensei," and I am exceedingly glad and rejoicing in truth, that I obtained life everlasting, and hope of sitting on the right hand of the Saviour in heaven, and enjoying everlasting peace and joy.

In my country, the doctrines of Jesus were exterminated for a long time, but since few ten years, that truth began to prevail very much, and at present, the believers were increased, and churches were built in many provinces. So I think it will spread through the whole country within few years.

I wish you will take care of yourself in your moving and stopping in this season.

Though it is the last stroke of my pen, please communicate the voice of my compliment to all.

I remain,

—Outlook. AISON ASA.

"MAMMA, do angels have heads?" said a five year old boy to his mother, as he played about the nursery. Now, the mother being busy at the sewing-machine, didn't consider her answer, and replied, "I guess not." He stood still a few minutes, then seemed to fret. She turned to see what he was doing, and asked: "Willie, what ails you?" "Why you said angels had no heads, and how will I know you in heaven? I can't see without any head" The mother put down her sewing to soothe the real distress of the little boy, resolving to be more careful in her answers the next time he asked any question.

*Laura Clarence; a Treatise on Baptism.* This is the title of a very ably written book, from the pen of Rev. D. McNaughton, M.A. It combines in the form of a racy story, a strongly argued and critical presentation of the points in controversy between Immersionists and Pseudo-Baptists. The characters are finely drawn from life. Some of the incidents of Western life are quite as amusing and thrilling as any in Uncle Tom's Cabin. The writer has wisely blended his controversy with the lives of actual living characters in the Western States. There is a perfect charm in the setting of things, as well as in the strong arguments so richly seasoned with incidents, and thus rendered attractive to the public mind, and most especially to youthful readers. The volume is well adapted to Sunday-School Libraries. We venture to say it will prove a great source of profit and amusement to every intelligent reader. The first edition has some mechanical blemishes, but we understand a new edition is to appear shortly in better form and binding. It would be difficult to find elsewhere an equal amount of sense and humour, intellectual spice and solid argument, as are combined in this truly admirable and intelligent work on baptism. The book can be got from the author, whose address is North Kepple, Ont., price 60 cents, or at Methodist Book Room, 80 King Street East, Toronto.

MANY parents who have not the opportunities for the education of their children near home will be glad to know where they can obtain such advantages under proper safeguards and restraints. We have great pleasure in commending to such the "Yorkville Academy" under the management of the Rev. T. A. Ferguson. Mr. Ferguson is an honoured minister of the Toronto Conference, and was for some years English Master, and afterwards Mathematical Tutor, at Victoria College, Cobourg. We can bear personal testimony to his efficiency as a teacher. He has associated with him an able staff of instructors. The Academy is a new, handsome and commodious building in one of the most pleasant and healthy parts of Toronto. Under its roof pupils of either sex will find the advantages of a Christian home and high class educational training. Mr. Ferguson's address is 129 Bloor Street East, Toronto.

A TEACHER ought to make some preparation each day in the week for his Sunday's work with his class. In no other way is he likely to be thoroughly fitted when Sunday comes. He may gain but little each day; he ought to gain something. A single illustration noted; a new parallel text examined; a fresh and prayerful reading of the lesson; a few minutes given to an arrangement of his plan of teaching—some attainment made, that the day pass not wholly unimproved.

A GENTLEMAN called upon a rich friend for some charity. "Yes, I must give you my mite." "Do you mean the widow's mite?" "Certainly." "I should be satisfied with half as much as she gave. How much are you worth?" "\$70,000." "Give me your check, then, for \$35,000. That will be half as much as the widow gave; for she, you know, gave her all."