

What God Does for Boys.

God wants the boys—all kinds of boys—
To love him, serve him, do his will;
He wants those boys that make a noise,
And those who keep so very still.

God calls the boys, yes, every one,
Those that are in and out of school;
Though jumping, shouting, full of fun,
He leaves none out—that is his rule.

God loves the boys of every kind—
The rich and poor, the short and tall;
Even for wicked ones you'll find
His grace is given to one and all.

God gives the boy a tender heart,
And says—just so they all can hear—
"Will you not choose the better part
Just now, while Jesus is so near?"

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Home and School

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

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Family Libraries for the People.

It is easy in our days for hungry readers to supply their wants from circulating or public libraries. It is easy, in general, to borrow books from accommodating neighbors. But books obtained in this way, read rapidly, and returned, cannot fill the place of a home library. This is a vital need in every family circle comprising eager and inquiring children. Wise parents study the wants of their children, sympathize with their tastes, and provide them with fascinating and instructive reading, that gives a daily charm to home life. A few shelves—called the children's book-case—filled with the best works of popular authors, have a magnetism whose power is never lost. They throw a glamour about one's early years, creating beautiful dreams, stirring noble thoughts and generous aims, and sowing precious seed, whose fruitage is abundant. It is not surprising that so many farmers' sons and daughters desert the homestead as soon as they outgrow parental control, for the home-life has been too narrow and barren to satisfy them. No books, no paintings, no music, no pleasure, no amusements! Dredging toil from Monday morning to Saturday night, relieved only by

meals and sleep! What active mind would not grow weary of such monotony? A pleasant library, so that restless minds on long evenings and on stormy days, would have their own pleasant associations around them. They and have kept the homestead in the family for successive generations. It ought not to excite wonder that so many boys in town and city find their way to the streets at night, and fall easy victims to evil habits and corrupt associations. Their best safeguard was in a home full of sunshine, made attractive by pleasant books and cheerful conversation. Having no such home, acquiring no love for reading, and finding nothing to attract and satisfy in life within doors, their active natures drive them to the streets in search of amusement, and expose them to untold perils. But the responsibility for low tastes and vicious indulgences belongs in part, at least, to the parents, who failed to give a magnetism to home life.

A library in every English home should be one of our national mottoes—a library the children may call their own, and in which they may feel a personal interest and pride. The material is abundant from which to draw to satisfy every disposition and taste. A library in every home! It will give food to the hungry, and medicine to the sick, and cheerfulness to the desponding. It will carry sunshine to many gloomy households, fill empty minds with wholesome thoughts, form healthy tastes in children, and lead them to despise low indulgences, and shun evil associates.—*Methodist S. S. Record.*

Girls in China.

Girls in China are believed to have no souls, and to kill them is not murder, and, therefore, not to be punished. Where parents are too poor to support the girl-children, they are disposed of in the following way:—

"At regular times an officer goes through a village, and collects from poor parents all the girl-children they cannot care for, when they are about eight days old. He has two large baskets, hung on a bamboo pole and slung over his shoulder. Six little girl-babies are placed in each basket, and he carries them to some neighbouring village, and exposes them for sale. Mothers, who want to raise wives for their sons, buy such as they may select. The others are taken to government asylums, of which there are many all through the country. If there is room enough they are all taken in; if not, they are drowned."

Will not the little girls who read about this, save their pennies to send the Gospel to China! Jesus died for the fathers and mothers and children in China as well as for us.—*Gospel in All Lands.*

When thy father and mother forsake thee, the Lord will take thee up.

What is it?

Is not this an elegant creature? What a interesting expression of countenance it has! What beautiful eyes, and such a charming mouth! It is impossible to help laughing in its face as it stares at you through the glass side of an aquarium.

This is the ray, or skate-fish, one of the most curious of all the finny family—for it has fins. The immense wing-like things on each side are expansions of the pectoral fins. The ray has a very broad, flat body, and it swims slowly along the muddy bottom of the sea. It lives on clams and other shell-fish, which it digs up with its spade-like snout, and crunches as easily as you would a cracker. In France its flesh is considered a delicacy. It is tough, we are told, when caught, but becomes tender when kept several days. "No, thank you; none for me, please. I prefer good beef-steak."

On the coast of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick it is sometimes caught as much as five feet long, and weighing 200 lbs.; but it is used chiefly to bait lobster-pots, and for manure.

There is a sort called sting-rays and whip-rays, from the long, stinging-lash which they wind about their victims. The torpedo-fish is a kind of ray, which can give a powerful electric shock when handled. The sword-fish, which often has terrific conflicts with the whale, and sometimes conquers that giant of the seas, is also a sort of ray.

The sole is another flat-fish of a kindred family; the strange peculiarity of which is, that it has both eyes on one side of its head, because, swimming with its side towards the bottom, it has no use for an eye below. It is a hideous-looking object, but, like some other things, is better than it looks, and is excellent eating. In the museum of the Toronto University there are some excellent specimens of both rays and soles.

Well-Preserved Meat.

The River Viloui, in North Siberia, is frozen a greater part of the year. In the cold season the natives follow its course to the south; and as spring comes on they return. It was during one of these migrations that an entire rhinoceros was discovered. The river, swollen by the melting snow and ice, had overflowed its banks and undermined the frozen ground, until finally, with a crash, a huge mass of mingled earth and ice broke away and came thundering down. Some of the more daring natives ventured near and were rewarded by a sight wonderful in the extreme. A broad section of icy earth



WHAT IS IT?

had been exposed, and hanging from a layer of ice and gravel was a creature so weird that at first they would not approach it. It hung partly free, and had evidently been uncovered by the landslide. From the herd extended a long horn, as tall as some of the children, while behind it was another, smaller one. But the strangest feature of this curious monster was that it was covered with hair.

At first, the astonished discoverers thought the creature was alive, and that it had pushed aside the earth, and was coming out. But the great rhinoceros was dead, and had probably been entombed thousands of years. The body was frozen as hard as stone, and the hair-covered hide seemed like frozen leather, and did not hang in folds as does the skin of living species. Several months passed before the animal was entirely uncovered, and so perfectly had nature preserved it, that it was then cut up and the flesh given to the dogs.

The news of this discovery passed from native to native and from town to town, until it reached the ears of a government officer. He at once sent orders for the preservation of the carcass, but the flesh had already been destroyed; and now only its head and feet are preserved in one of the great museums of Russia.—*St. Nicholas.*

Lord, he loveth thee the less that loveth anything with thee which he loveth not for thee.

I HAVE heard sermons on the responsibilities of mothers that made me tremble. While we accept our responsibilities, we say to fathers: You are not doing your duty to your children when you go to the polls and vote for men who legalize the liquor-traffic. You cannot expect us to keep them pure, when by your votes you open the doors of temptation to them.—*Mary A. Livermore.*