

**A Quiet House.**

BY MARY ANNE DEVLIN.

My house is quiet now, so still  
All day I hear the ticking clock,  
The hours are numbered clear and shrill,  
Outside the robins sing and trill,  
The sunshine sleeps upon the sill,  
My house is quiet now, so still

But silence breaks my heart: I wait,  
And waiting yearn for call or knock,  
To hear the creaking of the gate,  
And footsteps coming soon or late  
To greet me, sitting desolate.  
The silence breaks my heart. I wait

All through the lonely house I go,  
From hall to hall, from room to room.  
What should I seek to find to know?  
The brooding shadows spread and grow,  
The startled echoes mock me so,  
As through the lonely house I go

Ah! blessed Heaven, if I could hear  
Sweet noises in the tranquil gloom,  
Soft broken songs and laughter clear,  
The joyous murmur, glad and near,  
That loved me many a happy year—  
Ah! blessed Heaven, if I could hear!

Ah! blessed Heaven, if once, once more  
My longing eyes might see the stain  
Of little footprints on the floor,  
And grouped like roses at the door  
The sweet child-faces gone before  
Ah! blessed Heaven, but once, once more!

My house and home are very still  
I watch the sun, I watch the rain,  
The winter days come white and chill,  
And years go on. . . . Perhaps Death will  
Life's broken promises fulfill  
My house my home, my heart are still!

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

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**Enthusiastic Teachers.**

VIEWING a Sunday-school from the superintendent's desk during the half hour devoted to the Scripture lesson, it is quite easy to discriminate successful from unsuccessful teachers. The listless attitude, the dull eye, the expressionless features, the languid speech, with the inattentive class, proclaim who are inefficient. On the other hand, the earnest movements, the kindled, perhaps tearful, eyes, the rapt expression of features, the flushed cheeks, the calm yet vigorous words, with a group of boys or girls listening with strained attention, mark the successful teacher. Over the former dull stupidity reigns. Over the latter enthusiasm presides; not the enthusiasm of the fanatic feeding on the conceits of an unbridled imagination, but the enthusiasm kindled by the grand ideas

of the lesson which have taken possession of the imagination and set the heart on fire. Of the former class of teachers the Sunday-school has too many; of the latter it can never have enough. Go, therefore, O teacher, to the cross, and abide there until thy soul is a living flame! Then thou, too, wilt be numbered among successful teachers.

**Book Notices.**

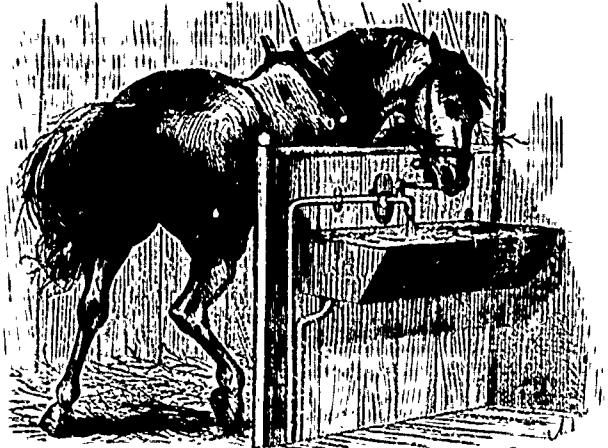
*The After-School Series. Preparatory Latin Course in English.* By William Cleaver Wilkinson. Svo., pp. 331. Toronto: William Briggs. Price \$1.25.

The After-School Series is one of the most ingenious and useful contributions of the fertile brain of Dr Vincent, the parent of the C. L. S. C. idea. The initial volume on the Preparatory Greek Course was a great success. We consider this volume an improvement even upon that. By its study the average English reader may become as familiar with the amount of Nepos, Salust, Caesar, Cicero, and Virgil, that is read in a college course as the average college student. Nay, more familiar. The judicious chapters on the city, language, literature, and people of Rome; the admirable running commentary on the authors, the comparative poetic translations of the sweet Mantuan bard will give a better insight into the spirit of those writings than most students get. We confess that we have enjoyed the outline of Virgil here given better than when plodding away as a school boy at the *Æneid* as task work. The author does not claim that this book is a substitute for a study of the language, but for those who cannot prosecute that it is the next best thing.

*Our Christmas in a Palace.* By Edward Everett Hale. Published by Funk & Wagnalls, New York. Paper, 12mo, 25 cents; in neat cloth binding, \$1 00. Toronto—William Briggs, sole agent for Canada.

It is unanimously conceded that Mr Hale has no superior in this country as a writer of short stories. Those who have read his later works, and especially this one, will go farther and claim that he has no equal. His humour is irresistible in its freshness and refinement, and a kindly heart and a teeming mind guide his pen into a realm of thought where both the child of leisure and the busy man of the world may find wholesome delight. The stories in this book are distinct, each being complete in itself, but they are knit together in an ingenious manner which we shall not forestall the reader's delight by divulging.

The *Atlantic Monthly* occupies a place in American literature somewhat like that of *Blackwood* in Great Britain. It relies exclusively upon its high-class character apart from illustrations. It announces for 1884 attractions unequalled by any other Magazine.—Contributions by The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table, Henry James, jr, W. D. Howells, Charles Dudley Warner, Whittier, Lowell, Aldrich, and a host of the foremost writers in America. The *Atlantic* is the best Magazine that comes to our table. It will be clubbed with the *Canadian Methodist Magazine* at \$3.20—the regular price is \$4.00.



OLD JIM.

*Diana.* By SUSAN WARNER, author of "Wide, Wide World," etc. 12mo, pp. 160. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Toronto—Wm. Briggs. Price \$1.50.

This is one of those stories of New England life for which Miss Warner has won such a distinguished reputation. It describes such familiar scenes and themes as the Village Sewing Society, the New Minister, the Minister's Wife, Parish Work, "The Party," and the whole round of rural social life. To say that the picture is admirably sketched in, is only to say what all readers of Miss Warner's books well know without our saying. The grand religious lesson of the book is this.

"Know well, my soul, God's hand controls  
Whatever thou fearest;  
Round them in calmest music rolls  
Whatever thou hearest.

"What to thee is shadow, to Him is day,  
And the end He knoweth;  
And not on a blind and aimless way  
The Spirit goeth."

*The End of a Coil.* By the Author of "The Wide, Wide World." Pp. 718. New York: Robert Carter & Brothers. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price \$1.50.

Miss Warner's books have all a high moral purpose. They can be placed without hesitation in the hands of young people—a most important desideratum at this time, when so much utterly frivolous or positively pernicious literature abounds. The leading incidents of the story, the author assures us, are actual facts—"even to the most romantic and unlikely detail." Perhaps this is what gives the book its fascinating interest. For advanced classes in Sunday-schools it will be found very attractive.

*The Letter of Credit.* By the Author of "The Wide, Wide World." Pp. 739. New York: Robert Carter & Brothers. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price \$1.50.

This is a rather long but very interesting story of home and school life. The scene is laid largely in New York and its vicinity. The story describes the aspirations and disappointments and moral traits and triumphs of a young girl, with their ennobling and purifying effect upon her heart and life. There is, of course, the record of the course of true love, with the inevitable happy marriage at the close; but it is a pure and wholesome story for either home or school.

**Old Jim.**

JIM is a fine large horse. He lives in the engine-house, and draws the horse-carriage. His stall is so made that, when the alarm bell strikes, it opens in front of him, leaving the way clear for him to rush out and take his place in front of the horse-carriage.

One night, the horseman (who sleeps upstairs, so as to be all ready if there should be an alarm of fire) heard a great noise down below,—stamping and jumping, as if the horses were getting ready to go to a fire, when there was no alarm at all. He went softly to the stairway, and looked down; and there was Jim, jumping over the shafts of the horse-carriage, first one way, and then another, just to amuse himself.

One day Old Jim was in the yard behind the engine-house, and a man went out to catch him, and lead him in. But he rushed and pranced around the yard, and would not be caught. Then the man set out to drive him in; and what do you think Jim did?

Instead of going in at the open door, he made a leap, and went in at the open window, without breaking a glass, or hurting himself in the least. No one who saw the window would believe that such a great horse could possibly have gone through it.

Outside of his stall, on one side, is a watering-trough, where Jim is taken to drink. The water comes through a pipe, and is turned on by a faucet. Two or three times the water was found running, so that the trough overflowed, when no one had been near to meddle with it.

At last the men suspected that Jim was the rogue, and they kept very still, and watched one night till Jim thought he was all alone. Then they saw him twist himself almost double in his stall, stretch his long neck out, take the faucet in his teeth, turn on the water and get a good drink. But he could not shut it off again.

Jim is a brave horse to go to a fire; but there is one thing that frightens him dreadfully, and that is a feather duster! He is not afraid of anything he sees in the streets, and the greatest noise will not scare him; but show him a feather duster, and his heels will fly up, and he will act as if he were going out of his senses.

The firemen think Jim a most amusing horse; and they sometimes say that he understands as much as some people do, and can do most everything but talk.