

**A Song in the Night.**

I TAKE this pain, Lord Jesus,  
From Thine own hand,  
The strength to bear it bravely  
Thou wilt command.  
I am too weak for effort,  
So let me rest  
In hush of sweet submission,  
On Thine own breast.

I take this pain, Lord Jesus,  
As proof indeed  
That Thou art watching closely  
My truest need!  
That Thou, my good Physician,  
Art working still;  
That all Thine own good pleasure  
Thou wilt fulfil.

I take this pain, Lord Jesus!  
What Thou dost choose,  
The soul that really loves Thee  
Will not refuse.  
It is not for the first time  
I trust to-day  
For Thee, my heart hath never  
A trustless "may."

I take this pain, Lord Jesus!  
But what beside?  
'Tis no unmingled portion  
Thou dost provide.  
In every hour of faintness  
My cup runs o'er  
With faithfulness and mercy,  
And love's sweet store.

I take this pain, Lord Jesus,  
As Thine own gift,  
And true, though tremulous praises,  
I now uplift.  
I am too weak to sing them,  
But Thou dost hear  
The whisper from the pillow  
Thou art so near!

'Tis Thy dear hand, O Saviour,  
That presseth sore,  
The hand that bears the nail-prints  
For evermore.  
And now beneath its shadow,  
Hidden by Thee,  
The pressure only tells me  
Thou lovest me.

**Antecedents of the Metropolitan Methodist Sunday-School.**

FROM THE RECOLLECTIONS OF ONE OF ITS FIRST PUPILS.

THE school above named is lineally descended from the first Sunday-school organized in this city, then the inconsiderable town of York. Its formation was of later date than a few other schools in the country. The Rev. William Smart, Presbyterian minister, claimed to have formed a Sunday-school in the town of Brockville so early as 1811; and the Rev. Thomas Rusch, Methodist minister, had a Sunday-school under his care during the war of 1812-15 in the city of Montreal, commencing during the first of these years. The first school in York was held in connection with the American Sunday-school Union, as were all the schools of the Province for that day and several years after.

The agent of the Sunday-school Union, the Rev. Thadens Osgood, visited the town in 1816, and addressed the week-day schools. In talking to the children of Mr. Barber's school, he spoke of setting up Sunday-schools—a notion which some of us scholars did not regard with favour; for it seemed to us a great hardship to go to school all the week, which we regarded as irksome enough, and then to go to school on Sunday besides. However, nothing came of the project for another two years.

In the early summer of 1818, the second place of worship in the town—the first one after the English Church—the Methodist meeting-house, or "chapel," as it was termed, was erected on the south side of King Street, between Yonge and Bay Streets, just at

the corner of Jordan Street, which was not opened till several years after. In the autumn of that year, that is, in November, 1818, Mr. Osgood came once more to the town, and laid matters in a train for the opening of a Sunday-school in the meeting-house, though he himself was not present when it was opened. It was opened the following Sunday, and henceforth taught by three or four gentlemen, all of whom worshipped in that congregation, although one of the most active never became an actual member of the Methodist Church, as he was the principal founder of the Presbyterian cause a few years after. The gentlemen referred to were Messrs. William P. Patrick, Hugh Carfrae, T. D. Morrison, and JESSE KETCHUM, the Presbyterian above referred to.

After some time a Sunday-school was commenced by the Church of England parson, Rev. Dr. Strachan. This school was taught in the Grammar School, usually called the "District School," which stood on an open space, which is now surrounded by Richmond, Jarvis, Adelaide, and Church Streets. This school, after a little, fell into the hands of pious Judge Willis, a gentleman lately from England.

At an early day there was less haughtiness towards the schools of Dissenters than sprang up afterwards; for I remember that our school was marched to the Episcopalian Church (where St. James' Cathedral now stands) to meet the Church of England school to a sort of examination, and received the bibles, purchased by a Parliamentary grant, each one subscribed with the name of the Lieutenant-Governor, Sir Peregrine Maitland, along with those of our three or four principal teachers. I received my first Bible that day.

When the Presbyterians erected a church, facing on Richmond Street, in 1823, some of our teachers and scholars went off to that; and the Methodist school was pretty much in the hands of Mr. Carfrae for some time. In the winter of 1824-25, another visit from Mr. Osgood issued in the formation of a school for the east end of the town, which was thought neglected. This was mostly sustained by zealous young men and women from the Methodist Church: Joshua VanAllen (the Superintendent), John Russell, Nathaniel and John Carroll, and the Misses Crawford, Lumden, and others were of this type. The East York school was held, first in Mr. Padfield's school-room, corner of Duke and Sherbourne Streets; then in the public school-room under the Masonic lodge in Market lane (now Colborne Street); and finally migrated to the new school-house, built by voluntary effort, at the corner of Duke and Berkeley Streets, part of which building is embodied in the fire-hall which now marks that spot. There the school remained as long as it bore the distinctive title of the East York Sunday-school.

The school in the old frame meeting-house arose, phoenix-like from its ashes, during the prosperous days of the church which preceded and followed the erection of the large brick Methodist Church on the corner of Toronto and Adelaide Streets, recently portrayed in this paper. This comprised a period of some five or six years. After the Union of 1833, and thenceforward till the union with the Methodist New Connexion in 1874, it bore the name "Wesleyan Methodist Sab-

bath-school." It had competitors of the same name after 1840, first in the George Street and then Richmond Street schools.

It would be interesting to trace the succession of superintendents and the many boys and girls reared up to usefulness from the first to the present, but I have not the time, the room, or the data for the particulars. Its great enlargement and success since its transference to the Tabernacle and Metropolitan Church is best known to the present honoured labourers there.

I was a scholar the first hour of the first day (for I helped to kindle the fire), and learned my first lesson from a bible-leaf pasted on a shingle, in default of any other book.

Going off the stage of action, as I am now doing, I most earnestly pray for the prosperity of the old school! Amen.—JOHN CARROLL.

**The Bird in the Shutter.**

THE rain upon the old church roof  
Came beating from the west,  
And, just outside, the leafless elms  
Tossed in their wild unrest.

Within, the house was dim and cold,  
And sad the pastor's theme:  
Not one sweet ray of Christmas hope  
Let fall a cheering gleam.

He spoke of trouble and of death,  
Of doubts, and woes, and fears,  
While overhead the Autumn rain  
Fell like a flood of tears.

Our heads were bowed in sullen grief,  
Our hearts were chilled with pain:  
The light of love seemed quenched fore'er,  
By bitterness of rain.

Then suddenly a cheerful sound—  
A bird-note sweet and clear—  
Rang through the hushed and gloomy house  
And startled every tear.

There, in the shutter, cold and wet,  
And ruffled by the storm,  
A lonely little bird had crept,  
And nestled to get warm.

The storm beat close above its head,  
And shook its slender perch,  
But there it clung, and chirped and sung  
Against the old gray church.

The pastor's voice grew soft and sweet,  
His kind eyes filled with tears,  
And, looking up, he spoke of Christ,  
And the eternal years.

He spoke of heaven, our happy home,  
And loved ones gone before;  
Of all the joys that wait the blest,  
On yonder shining shore.

And still the little bird sang on,  
A soft, unconscious strain;  
It only knew that it was warm,  
And sheltered from the rain.

—Paul Pastnor.

A RUNAWAY boy, Thomas Hopson, an apprentice to a tailor in the Isle of Wight, had just before come on board the admiral's ship as a volunteer. In the midst of the action, he asked a sailor how long the fight would continue, and was told that it would only cease when the flag of the Dutch admiral was hauled down. The boy did not understand about the striking of colors, but he thought if the hauling down of the flag would stop the fight it might not be difficult to do. As the ships were engaged yard-arm to yard-arm, and veiled in smoke, Hopson at once ran up the shrouds, crept out on the mizzen-yard of his own ship, and having gained that of the Dutch admiral, he speedily reached the top-gallant mast-head, and possessed himself of the Dutch flag, with which he succeeded in returning to his own deck. Perceiving

the flag to be struck, the British sailors raised a shout of victory; and the Dutch crew, also deceived, ran from their guns. While the astonished admiral and his officers were trying in vain to rally their crew, the English boarded the ship and carried her. For this daring service the boy was promoted to the quarter-deck; and he rose to be a distinguished admiral under Queen Anne.

**Brevities.**

THE following sentence contains all the letters of the alphabet: "John quickly extemporized five tow-bags."

THE deepest trust leads to the most powerful action. It is the silencing oil that makes the machine obey the motive power with greatest readiness and result.—Havergal.

I KNOW not which is the saddest reflection, the number of men drink has made thoroughly bad, or the number it has prevented from becoming good and great.

A MISSIONARY once asked the question at a mission school, "Where does Jesus live?" A little boy who had lately found the Saviour answered, "Please, sir, He lives in our alley now."

WHEN a rural-resort landlord thinks a city man is putting on too many airs, he merely says, as he hands him the key to his room at night, "Be careful to turn out the gas; don't blow it out."

Do not wade far out into the dangerous sea of this world's comfort. Take the good that God provides you, but say of it, "It passeth away, for indeed it is but a temporary need."—Never suffer your goods to become your god.—Spurgeon.

A LITTLE girl, who had been to a children's party, being asked by her mother on returning how she enjoyed herself, answered, "I am full of happiness. I couldn't be happier unless I were to grow."

TORONTO, Ont., reports a teacher who has been in his place for one hundred and twenty-six consecutive Sabbaths, and who in six years has reported but three absences from his class.

BEAUTIFUL REPLY.—"What are you doing?" said a minister as he one day visited a feeble old man who lived in a hovel, and was sitting with a Bible open—on his knee, "Oh, sir, I am sitting under His shadow with great delight, and His fruit is sweet to my taste."

THE story is told of an American visiting Montreal, who gave the waiter a silver trade dollar as a fee. Said the waiter, "Sir, did you intend to give me a dollar?" "I did." "Well, sir, this coin is at a discount. I can only take it for ninety-two cents. Eight cents more, please."

A LAD in Boston, small for his years, was errand boy for four gentlemen. One day they were chaffing him about being small, and said to him: "You never will amount to much; you never can do much business, you are so small." "Well," said he, "as small as I am, I can do something that you four cannot do." "What's that?" said they. "I can keep from swearing," said the little fellow. There were some blushes on four manly faces, and very little anxiety for further information on the point.