

God Bless Mother.

A LITTLE child with flaxen hair
And sunlit eyes, so sweet and fair,
Who kneels, when twilight darkens all,
And from whose loving lips there fall
The accents of this simple prayer:
"God bless! God bless my mother!"

A youth upon Life's threshold wide,
Who leaves a gentle mother's side,
Yet keeps, enshrined within his breast,
Her words of warning—still the best;
And whispers, when temptation-tried,
"God bless! God bless my mother!"

A white-haired man who gazes back
Along life's weary, furrowed track,
And sees one face—an angel's now;
Hear words of light that led aright,
And prays with reverential brow,
"God bless! God bless my mother!"

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Home and School

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

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The Ear of Shaftesbury's Nurse.

Few knew of his unhappy childhood, and of the teaching of his faithful old nurse, of whom to the last he would speak as "the best friend he ever had in the world;" and although everyone knew of his strong fidelity to evangelical truth, and of his firm faith in God, perhaps comparatively few were aware how beautifully simple and childlike was that faith. The idea that he was little else than a narrow bigot will be considerably modified by a thoughtful perusal of the remarkably interesting volumes of his life.

And yet the home into which the future philanthropist was born was such as to discourage the growth of true piety. His father was an able man and of keen sense, but largely engrossed in public life; his mother, daughter of the fourth Duke of Marlborough, was a fascinating woman, and attached, after a certain manner, to her children, but too much occupied with fashion and pleasure to be very mindful of their religious training. Occasionally his father asked him a question from the Catechism, but for the rest he was left to grow up in the cold, formal religion of the time.

But there was in the household a simple-hearted, loving, Christian woman, named Martha Millis, who had been maid to young Ashley's mother when at Blenheim. She loved this gentle, serious little boy, and was wont to take him on her knee and tell him stories from the Scriptures. Throughout his life, it seems to us, can be traced the effects of these teachings, which, growing with his strength and strengthening with his strength, ripened into a firm and intelligent but a childlike faith. She taught him the first prayer he ever uttered, and which, even in old age, he found himself frequently repeating. He promised Mr. Hodder, before his fatal illness, to put this prayer into writing, but he was never able to fulfil this promise.—*The Quiver*.

How Glaciers Make Soils.

Up on the sides of the mountains the frost keeps splitting the immense edges of rocks into large and small pieces. These sometimes fall of themselves, and sometimes the snow avalanches carry them down. So the ice river, or glacier, has mixed in with it large numbers of rocks and stones of various forms and sizes. Some of these fall down into the cracks to the very bottom; others are carried along the sides, and grind with tremendous force against the rocks there. The moving ice grinds not only the sides of the gulch, but also grinds to powder the stones fallen in where they are under hundreds of thousands of tons of ice, it may be. They also grind and crush, and wear off the bed. These stones are in great part ground to fine soil. When this material flows to, or is pushed to, the lower end of the gulch, it is carried away by the water, and deposited as soil, far away. Why, the Arve river is so charged with this crushed rock, that it looks almost milk white, and as it runs swiftly you can see its white waters fifty miles down stream, where it enters the clear blue Rhone. Then the white Arve water is plainly seen for a mile, before it mixes with and is lost in the clear Rhone. The Rhone river, for many miles below its head, at the Rhone glacier, is also white with the ground up rock. But it enters the upper end of the broad Geneva lake (or Lake Lemman, as it is called on the map), which is fifty miles long and eight wide. Here it spreads out and runs so very slowly that the ground rock sediment, or soil, sinks to the bottom, and the water flows off beautifully clear at the lower end, near the city of Geneva.

Many glaciers are to-day making soil in Switzerland, which is carried off in the Arve and Rhone, and deposited in part in Southern France, and in part carried into the Mediterranean many hundreds of miles from Mount Blanc, where it was formed. The soil supplied to the Rhine river is carried to and enriches portions of



A POLYNESIAN IDOL.

Germany, far north. Other rivers, like the Ticino, flow south-east and carry new soil to portions of Northern Italy. Various streams are doing the same in many other directions.

A large part of Greenland and of other far northern lands, is almost covered with glaciers, which are grinding down the mountains and carrying them into the ocean.—*Selected*.

A Polynesian Idol.

THE whole of the inhabitants of the vast Polynesian Archipelago, in the Southern Pacific, were at the beginning of the present century idolaters. The vast proportion of them are now Christians. Never even in the days of the apostles, nor when the Roman Empire was converted to Christianity, have the triumphs of the Gospel been so marked and so glorious. In the Fiji Islands, where only a few years ago the inhabitants were the most degraded cannibals on the face of the earth, there are now 900 Wesleyan chapels, 240 other preaching places, 54 native preachers, 1,405 local preachers, 2,200 class leaders, and 106,000 attendants on Methodist worship out of a population of 720,000; and this is very largely the result of the labours of the heroic missionary, John Hunt, a Lincolnshire ploughboy, who grew up to man's estate with no education, and died at the early age of 36. Yet in twelve short years, he became the apostle of Fiji, and brought nearly the whole nation to God.

The picture above shows the char-

acter of some of the hideous idols, which the South-Sea heathen in their blindness used to worship. But, thank God, they are casting their idols to the moles and to the bats, and turning to the living and true God! Our own Church has its missionaries among the heathen, whose labours have been gloriously blessed. We hope that every school and every scholar in Canada will have a part in the grand work.

Shall we whose lamps are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The light of life deny?
Waft, waft, ye winds, his story!
And you, ye waters, roll!
Till like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole!

When She Said It.

THE late Earl of Chichester was authorized by Queen Victoria in 1849 to write to the Youriba chiefs in Western Africa, that she was glad that they were encouraging commerce, but commerce alone would not make a nation great and happy like England. That, she said, has become so by the knowledge of the true God and Jesus Christ. She was therefore glad that they had kindly received the missionaries, and to show how much she values God's Word, she sent a present of it to Sagbua in both the Arabic and English languages. This settles the correctness of the report, which has been denied by Sir Henry F. Ponsonby, that Queen Victoria ever told an African chief that the Bible was "the secret of England's greatness."