

# HOME SCHOOLS

Vol. I.]

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## Not a Word for Jesus?

HAVE you not a word for Jesus—  
Will *the world* His praise proclaim?  
Who will speak if ye are silent?  
Ye who know the Saviour's name.

You, whom He hath called and chosen,  
His own witnesses to be,  
Will you tell your gracious Master,  
Lord, we cannot speak for Thee!

"Cannot!" though He suffered for you,  
Died because He loved you so!  
"Cannot!" though He has forgiven,  
Making scarlet white as snow!

"Cannot!" though His grace abounding  
Is your freely-promised aid!  
"Cannot!" though He stands beside you—  
Though He says, "Be not afraid!"

like some many-footed dragon crossing the stream; but the river steamer glide safely beneath it. Near the northern end is a monument of pathetic interest—a huge boulder, commemorating the burial-place of 6,500 Irish immigrants, who died here of ship fever in 1847.

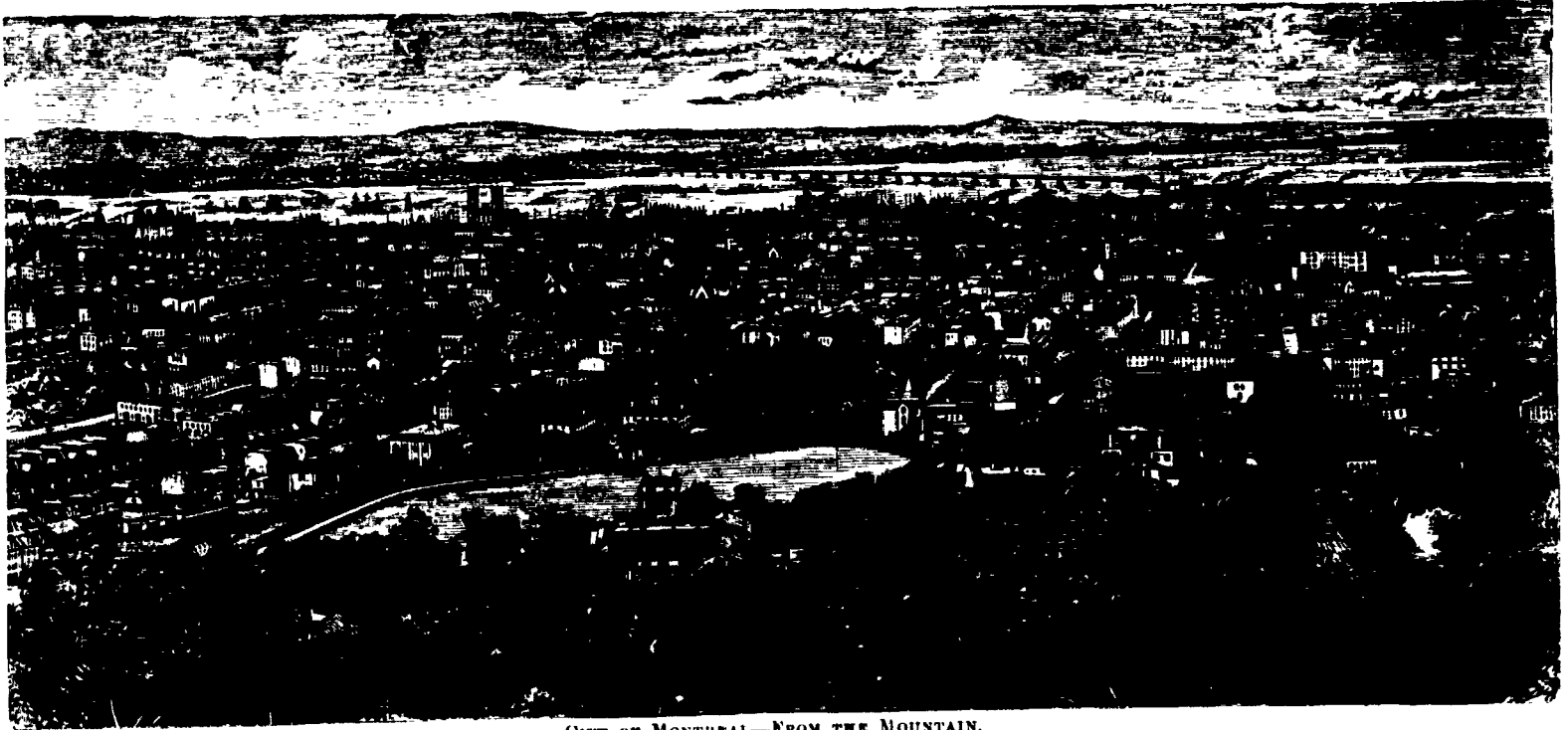
In current numbers of the *Methodist Magazine* appear three handsomely illustrated articles on the Dominion of Canada. Among the engravings are pictures of St. John, Quebec, Montreal, Kingston, Hamilton, and numerous others of British Columbia, Winnipeg, Manitoba, and the North-West. The whole series will be of great interest.

him, and it would be better for the boys now if they went through the same seasoning process. It is good to bear the yoke in youth. At the age of twelve he began the service of Christ, and never left it for a day till he heard his Master say, Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.

And as Mr. Dodge grew in stature and years, he grew in favour with God and man. His life was one of cheerful industry. Nothing in the way of duty was irksome—rather, it was a pleasure to be enjoyed, and the smile, so genial and loving, with which his friends were always greeted, was merely the sunshine reflected from his glowing

being very poor, was actually in want of clothes for himself, and, I added, playfully, "He is a man just about your size." The next day he came into my third-story room, lugging a bundle much larger round than his body. I remonstrated with him for taking that labour on himself, but he said he preferred to do it rather than have his coachman leave the horses. The bundle was a complete wardrobe for the good shepherd, and covered him many a time while he preached the word.

DR. G. STANLEY HALL of Cambridge, Massachusetts, has been making some



CITY OF MONTREAL—FROM THE MOUNTAIN.

## Montreal.

THE view of Montreal from the mountain is one that it would be hard to surpass. In the foreground the observatory, reservoir, McGill College, and the elegant villas of its merchant princes; further off the clustering spires of its churches and massy architecture of old palaces of trade; then the far-shimmering St. Lawrence, the great highway of commerce; and in the purple distance the hazy hills of Belœil and mountains of the Eastern Townships.

One of the chief objects of interest at Montreal is the famous Victoria Bridge, over a mile and a quarter long, with twenty-three spans of 242 feet each (the centre one 330 feet), costing \$6,800,000. At a distance it looks

## Mr. Dodge's Way.

I HAVE often heard him relate his experience as a boy in a store, contrasting his duties as the youngest clerk with the work of boys now. His father was a prosperous man of business, and might easily enough have brought him up in idleness, which is supposed by many fools to be the same as brought up a gentleman. But the lad was placed as a clerk in a store, and it was his duty in the morning to take down the shutters and get things ready for business. To do this he had to get up before daylight in winter and hurry down to the store: and all day long he was running errands, carrying parcels home for customers, and doing anything else that he was told to do. This discipline he saw was good for

heart. Immersed in business that assumed wide range and vast proportions, he kept his soul serene in the light of heaven, so that the cares of the world, the love of money, and sordid greed had no dominion over his buoyant spirit. More than the counting-room, or the presidency of the Chamber of Commerce, he loved the Sunday-school room, the house of God, the prayer-meeting, and the chamber of the suffering, whose wants he might relieve. His delight was in making glad the hearts of the poor.

There are others who have wealth, and are as free as he was. But I never saw or heard of any man of his wealth who would do so much for others, besides giving largely. I wrote to him that a minister of the Gospel,

curious and interesting experiments among children just entering the Boston primary schools, and he gives the results of his observations in a bright and readable article in the May number of the *Princeton Review*. For example, one-fifth of these children did not know their right or left hand; one-fourth of them did not know their elbows; one in three had never seen a chicken; two out of three had never seen an ant; one out of three had never consciously seen a cloud; two out of three had never seen a rainbow; more than half of them were ignorant of the fact that wooden things are from trees; more than two-thirds of them did not know the shape of the world; nine-tenths of them could not tell what flour is made of.