

HOME AND SCHOOL

Do unto others
As ye would
have they
should
do unto
you.

RULPH SMITH - CO. TORONTO.

Vol. V.]

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 10, 1887.

[No. 19.

The Deacon's Little Maid.

DEER in the green New England hills,
In a dimple fair to see,
With orchards whose fruitage the summer
fills,
Lies a little Bethany.
What wonder that Mary, the little maid,
Pondering Bible lore,
Pictured, wherever her steps had strayed,
Those raptvellous things of yore?

With his eyes' great glory upon me, 'Dear,
Come sit at my feet all day!'"

"And doesn't he?" answered the mother
sweet;
"Can you think it, except he say?
To love him well is to sit at his feet --
To serve him, to bide away."

"Now bring me the tray, and the spats and
prints,
Cool in the well-head there;

In Feudal Times.

OUR engraving illustrates a most
uncommon scene in the old and stormy
times of rapine and pillage. The free-
booters and robbers of the German
forests used to ride forth to plunder
passing-merchants, much as the wander-
ing bedouins of the desert do to-day.
Under the wicked motto that might

"Troubled With Doubts."

"TROUBLED with doubts!" Well,
I wouldn't say it if I were you. Do
you know that every doubt a man
ever had, if he took it up by the
roots, there is a seed at the end, and
that seed is sin? If you quit sinning
you will quit doubting. When you
feel like saying, "I have my doubts,"



IN FEUDAL TIMES.

That scanning the houses far away,
On the hillsides in the sun,
She questioned, many an innocent day,
Which was the very one

Where the brother and sisters sat at meat
With their friend, when the day was low,
And Mary lovingly washed the feet
That had journeyed in mercy so?

She was Deacon Sternbold's little maid;
Her mother was kindly True;
Primer and hymns to her sire she said,
But her heart her mother knew.

Helping the dame one Saturday morn
At the churn, all suddenly
She cried, "Mother, oh, I wish I'd been born
Real Mary of Bethany!"

"Or I wish that Jesus would walk in here,
And call me to him, and say,

"Then finish the seams of your gown of chintz,
That to-morrow you may wear.

"And if baby wakes from his nice, long nap,
Just sing him your little song
While mother's busy; the work, mayhap,
Won't need to hinder us long."

Maid Mary went at the gentle word;
Some beautiful inward smile
Dawning up to her face as if she heard
More than was spoken the while.

For the child's deep heart was beating still
With joy of that saying sweet:
"To bide with him is to do his will;
To love him, to sit at his feet."

—Mrs. A. D. P. Whitney.

Love the Scriptures, and wisdom
will love thee.

makes right they used, when they
were not fighting each other, to pillage
the industrious. Thank God that
under a Christian civilization the
Kaiser himself cannot wrest from the
poorest of his subjects anything that
is his own. So much in this respect,
as well as in much higher ones, has the
Gospel done for man.

WHEN we shall climb the shining
steps of heaven, and from the light
of the eternal world look back on the
enigma of human life, we shall have
nothing for which to praise God more
than for not having given us every-
thing for which we ask here on earth.

just change the expression and say,
"I have been at some meanness or
devilment," and you will get the
thing in good shape. A man is not
a sinner because he is an infidel;
he is an infidel because he is a sinner.
I never saw a man that did not be-
lieve in hell but he was heading that
way, right straight. A fellow once
said to me, "Science is about to de-
monstrate that there is no hell." I
said, "How long before the explor-
ing party will be back to report?"
(Laughter.) "Don't know." I said,
"When they come back let me know,
I want to be on hand when they
make their report."—Sam Jones.