

Home.

More than building showy mansions,
More than dress of fine array,
More than domes and lofty steeples,
More than station, power and sway;
Make your home both neat and tasteful,
Bright and pleasant, always fair,
Where each heart shall rest contented,
Grateful for each beauty there.

Seek to make your home most lovely,
Let it be a smiling spot,
Where, in sweet contentment resting,
Care and sorrow are forgot.
Where the flowers and trees are waving,
Birds will sing their sweetest songs;
Where the purest thoughts will linger;
Confidence and love belong.

There each heart will rest contented,
Seldom wishing far to roam,
Or, if roaming, still will ever
Cherish happy thoughts of home.
Such a home makes man the better,
Sure and lasting the control,
Home with pure and bright surroundings,
Leaves its impress on the soul.

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Home and School

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

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FOR MISSIONS

FOR THE YEAR 1887.

THE growing interest in Sunday-schools, and increased recognition of their value as an important part of the work of the Church, is shown by an article in the January number of the *Methodist Magazine*, by the Rev. Dr. Carman, one of the General Superintendents of the Methodist Church, on "The Sunday-school as a Centre." It is written in his own vigorous style, and enforces great truths which should be pondered by every teacher and superintendent in our schools. In an early number the Rev. John Philp, M.A., of the great St. James Street Church, Montreal, will also contribute a valuable paper on "Methodism and Sunday-schools." Several schools have taken for a number of years from two to ten copies of this *Magazine* to circulate instead of libraries, as being

fresh and more attractive. To procure its general introduction for that purpose, special rates will be given to schools, which will be made known on writing to the publisher, Rev. William Briggs, Toronto.

Rev. E. R. Young on our Indian Policy.

"HAVING had the pleasure of spending three happy, busy weeks among our wide-awake neighbours south of us, I feel prompted to give you some items in reference to the trip.

"I went, at the cordial invitation of the "Women's National Indian Association," with the request to speak on the Indian question from our Canadian standpoint. I spoke out as plainly and as emphatically as I could in behalf of the vanishing race. They listened to me with patience and acknowledged that our methods of dealing with the Indians were vastly superior to theirs.

"It came as a great shock to the national vanity of some when I told that grand audience in the great Broadway Tabernacle, New York, with Gen. Clinton B. Fisk in the chair, how that when a company of us Canadians were travelling through the upper parts of the States of Minnesota and Dakota years ago, when the angry, war-like Sioux were roaming and chafing under the dishonest treatment of their agents and defeat by the troops, and were watching for opportunities to rob and murder all who fell into their hands, the talisman that had enabled us to pass safely through the very heart of the disturbed region was a British flag fluttering from a whip-stalk. They looked at each other for a moment in amazement, and then the building rang with their applause. The good people of that great nation wish to treat the Indians fairly, and this grand Women's Society is doing a blessed work in arousing public sentiment, and in bringing such pressure to bear upon the Government that treaties are being more respected and a better class of agents is being appointed. The ladies are among the noblest in the land, and their Association is becoming one of great power and influence."

Portrait of a Brahmin Priest.

SOME of our young readers, as they look at the picture, will be ready to ask, "Is this a man or a woman? and what is that queer thing on the forehead and nose?"

This is a Brahmin priest, who thinks his face is greatly beautified by that ugly mark. He is a follower of the Hindu god Vishnu, and the mark like a trident tells everybody he meets that he is so. Every morning, when he dresses himself, bathes and says his prayers, after he has washed his face he takes a paste made of yellow earth, and makes that middle mark just over his nose; then, with similar material, he puts a broad white line on each



PORTRAIT OF A BRAHMIN PRIEST.

side, and joins them across his nose. To be without this mark he would consider worse than being without his clothes. A crowd of half-naked Brahmins, all marked like this, makes one think of that verse in the Book of Revelation, which speaks of the men who "worship the beast and his image, and receive his mark in their forehead, or in their hand." (Rev. xiv. 9.)

I HAVE seen the precious old heart-broken mother; her boys had gone to the bad, and patiently the mother came up to me, and said: "I will have to give my boys up forever. I have prayed for them every day from their birth to the present: I have filled them with my prayers, and at night when they were asleep I bathed them in my tears; and yet my boy to-day said to me, 'Mother don't you ever mention religion to me again,' and scoffed me away from his presence." And she said, "I will just have to give up and quit." But the very next night I saw the two boys of that precious mother walk up to the altar and give their hearts to God, join the Church, and each say, "Glory to God! I am a saved man." And then I saw the old mother jump up and clap her hands together and say: "Glory to God! He has delivered my soul in peace from the battle that was against me. I thought my boys were gone forever; and, blessed be God! they are saved, when I thought they were lost forever."—Sam Jones.

The Singing Heart.

"Poor child! don't you feel very lonely living here all alone through the day while your mother is away at work?"

"I should, ma'am, if it wasn't for the singing."

"What singing, dear?"

"The singing in my heart, ma'am. The Bible says: 'And they sang a new song,' and I have thought so much about it, and when I'm alone I can hear it in my heart all the time now, and I don't get lonesome any more."

How many of us have thought of the promises in the Bible until we have singing hearts!—*Youths' Examiner*.

Mind.

MIND your tongue! Don't speak hasty, cruel, unkind or wicked words. Mind your eyes! Don't permit them to look on wicked books, pictures or objects.

Mind your ears! Don't suffer them to listen to wicked speeches, songs or words.

Mind your lips! Don't let tobacco foul them. Don't let strong drink pass them. Don't let the food of the glutton enter between them.

Mind your hands! Don't let them steal, or fight, or write any evil words.

Mind your feet! Don't let them walk in the steps of the wicked.

Mind your heart! Don't let the love of sin dwell in it. Don't give it to Satan, but ask Jesus to make it his.—*Selected*.