

### The Five Loaves.

WHAT if the little Jewish lad  
That summer-day had failed to go  
Down to the lake, because he had  
So small a store of loaves to show?

"The press is great," he might have said;  
"For food the thronging people call.  
I only have five loaves of bread,  
And what are they among them all?"

And back the mother's words might come,  
Her coaxing hand upon his hair:  
"Yet go, for they might comfort some,  
Among the hungry children there."

Lo, to the lakeside forth he went,  
Bearing the scant supply he had:  
And Jesus with an eye intent,  
Through all the crowds, beheld the lad,

And saw the loaves and blessed them. Then  
Beneath his hand the marvel grew:  
He brake and blessed, and brake again,  
The loaves were neither few nor small;

For, as we know, it came to pass  
That hungry thousands there were fed,  
While sitting on the fresh green grass,  
From that one basketful of bread.

If from his home the lad that day  
His five small loaves had failed to take,  
Would Christ have wrought—can any say?—  
That miracle beside the lake?

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## Home and School.

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

TORONTO, MAY 3, 1890.

### Happy Death of a Sunday-School Superintendent.

THE Carlton Street Methodist Church, Toronto, was appropriately draped in mourning on March 23, as a token of the loss sustained by the congregation in the death of Mr. Robert Irving Walker. It is seldom that a congregation is called upon to part with one so actively identified with all interests. At the time of his death, Mr. Walker was pew steward and Treasurer of Carlton Street Church, and also class leader, local preacher and Associate Sabbath-school Superintendent. For many years past he was always at his post in the vestibule of the church before the Sunday services, welcoming both members and strangers, his quiet, unostentatious manner, being a fitting introduction to the service of the hour.

At the Sabbath-school, where Mr. Walker was long known and loved by the children as Associate Superintendent, it was decided to shorten the ser-

vice in order to allow the children to look, for the last time, on the features of their friend. About 450 scholars walked together to the late residence on College Avenue, accompanied by the pastor, Superintendent Kent and the teachers, and before leaving they sang in subdued voice the hymn "Shall we gather at the River."

Robert Irving Walker was the third son of the late Robert Walker, well known as the founder of the King street dry-goods business, and one of the leaders of the old Primitive Methodist Church. He was born fifty years ago on King street, almost on the site of the present store, and entered his father's business at the early age of fourteen, the firm-name being Walker & Hutchinson. He devoted himself with energy to the affairs of the business and has been for years past the senior partner.

Mr. Walker was informed by his physicians six weeks ago that there was no possibility of his recovery, and, although, at that time, he did not realize that his case was so hopeless, he cheerfully prepared for the end. When informed that friends were praying for an extension of his life, and asked if he would not like to live a few years longer, he replied that he had been thinking of the case of Hezekiah, whose life had been lengthened fifteen years, and who, after all, did not use these years to advantage. He was cheerful and resigned throughout his long illness, and even on his death-bed did not forget to send his annual subscription to the Missionary and Educational Funds of the Church. He was conscious almost to the last and passed away without pain.

A memorial sermon was preached in Carlton Street church by Rev. Dr. Johnston; the pastor, Rev. Dr. Hunter, being a brother-in-law of the late Mr. Walker.

*The Methodist Magazine* for April, 1890. Price \$2 a year; \$1 for six months; 20 cents per number. Toronto: William Briggs.

The leading article of this number, which gives it a special value, is a memorial tribute to the Rev. Dr. J. A. Williams, by the Rev. Dr. Carman and the Rev. Dr. Dewart, accompanied by a portrait of the late General Superintendent. The day on the Rigi and on Lake Lucerne, the Editor says, was the most enjoyable the Canadian Tourists had. The article is splendidly illustrated, as is also Lady Brassey's account of her visit to Goa and Ceylon. The Rev. Geo. Bond describes and illustrates his horseback ride through Palestine. His adventure at Jacob's Well was strangely unique. Mr. T. Mason gives some interesting reminiscences of old Richmond Street Church and Choir, and Bishop Hurst wisely discusses the important topic, "How to reach the Masses." The story "How Honest Munchin Saved the Methodists," has a grim humor. Mrs. Barr's Yorkshire tale grows in realistic power. A portrait and sketch of the late Dr. Pickard are given, and the Editor discusses "Canada in Literature," with some recent examples. This is a strong number.

CHILDHOOD is the place to start in the pathway of virtue.



LESSON PICTURE.

MAY 11.—FEEDING THE MULTITUDE.—Luke ix. 10-17.

### A Broken-Hearted Father.

AN affecting scene—one of saddest—occurred a short time ago, at the visiting window of a certain jail. A boy, about eighteen years old, was incarcerated, awaiting transportation to Dennemora prison, where he is to serve a six years' sentence. The prisoner was a fine-looking young fellow.

His father—an aged minister—had come to visit him. The son stood with shamed face at one side of the grating, and the grief-stricken father on the other. Drink had been the cause of the boy's troubles. The father pleaded earnestly with his child to reform while in prison, to read his Bible, and improve all spare time in study.

"Son," continued the father, "if you had the grace of God in your heart you wouldn't be here. If those cursed grog-shops were swept away, I'd have been spared all this. Let it be a lesson to you, boy. This is the last time you will probably ever see me. I am old, and probably won't live to see your six years out. Oh, my boy! promise me to give yourself to God, that I may see you over yonder."

The boy promised, and the old man went his way.

While this father returns to his house to go down to a premature grave in sorrow, the man who ruined his son is now engaged in ruining other sons. Which shall we have—the home or the saloon?—*Exchange.*

### Methodism in Newfoundland.

FACTS of which the writer became cognizant during a recent visit to the Island, chiefly from contact with missionaries from solitary stations—compelled at that season to visit St. John's for supplies—produced a thrill of sympathy and of exultation. It was like reading a chapter from the Acts of the Apostles or pages of John Wesley's Journal to hear of the toils and triumphs of men who proclaim the message of salvation to fishermen and their families along those northern shores. Such experiences make men heroes. We need men of that intrepid stamp and character for the extension of our work in Canada. Should they be allowed in the strength of manhood, because of sheer exigencies of family life, at much cost of feeling and personal preference, to drift away to conferences across the line. Rather should the men who have learned to "endure hardness" in Newfoundland be retained for their "work's sake" in our own conferences.—*Wesleyan.*