

Barely Victorious.

Safe home, safe home in port,
Rent courage, shattered deck,
Torn sails, provisions short,
And only not a wreck—
But oh! the joy upon the shore
To tell our voyage perils o'er.

The prize, the prize secure!
The wrestler nearly fell—
Bare all he could endure,
And bare not always well;
But he may smile at trouble gone,
Who sets the victor's garland on.

No more the foe can harm!
No more of leaguered camp,
And cry of night alarm,
And need of ready lamp;
And yet how nearly had he failed—
How nearly had that foe prevailed.

The lamb is in the fold,
In perfect safety penned;
The lion once had hold,
And thought to make an end;
But One came by with wounded side,
And for the sheep the Shepherd died.

The exile is at home!
Oh nights and days of tears!
Oh, longings not to roam!
Oh, sins and doubts and fears!
What matters now grief's darkest day,
When God has wiped all tears away!

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

TORONTO, MAY 8, 1886.

\$250,000**FOR MISSIONS****For the Year 1886.**

THE cost of the late rebellion in the North-West has been put at \$8,000,000, and it is probable this is not too high. Let Christian people reflect upon the fact, that if the Indians had been in the hands of Protestant missionaries, instead of in the hands of impecunious politicians, not one dollar of that enormous expenditure would have been necessary; nor would the country have had to bear the shame, for the first time in its history, of shedding the blood of our Indian tribes. A tithe of the \$8,000,000, spent in missionary and educational work, would have civilized the tribes, and rendered a revolt morally impossible. "But then, you know, Government can't make grants for sectarian purposes." Of

course not! All the available funds must be used for "political" purposes, chiefly to pension off men who have been "useful to the party," but whose work in the North West has been simply to drive the Indians to desperation, and then into revolt; while the people at large have to foot the bills to the tune of \$8,000,000. Now is a good time to shout "Hurrah for party government!"—*Missionary Outlook.*

The Missionary Society of the Methodist Church.

INCOME AND EXPENDITURE, 1884-85

Income.

Subscriptions and Collections	\$141,261 54
Juvenile Offerings	2,932 60
Legacies	6,473 27
Donations on Annuitiy	1,074 00
Indian Department	6,737 79
Miscellaneous	1,737 55

Total Income \$159,199 71

Of which amount deduct for Legacies, Donations on Annuitiy, etc., transferred to Investment Fund account 7,716 24

Net Income from Regular Sources \$151,483 47

Expenditure.

Domestic Work, including Missions to Settlers in Missionary Districts \$101,485 25

Indian Work, including the Mount Elgin Industrial Institution 59,262 95

French Work, in the Province of Quebec 8,182 00

Foreign Work—Japan 14,164 91

Special grants for purchase, erection, or repair of Mission property, furniture, etc. 9,937 93

Special Grants—Affliction and Supply 2,614 60

Appropriations towards Allowances of Superannuated Missionaries and Widows 4,900 00

General Superintendents' Expenses 2,683 33

District Superintendents' Expenses 823 60

Circuit Expenses—Deputations, advertising, etc. 3,234 34

Annuitiy in consideration of Donations to the Society 1,001 08

Interest, Discount on Drafts, etc. 4,265 74

Publishing charges 3,929 69

Cost of management 8,616 01

\$202,042 52

Deduct for Special Expenditure on Buildings and Property in Japan, Berens River, etc. 7,900 00

Net Ordinary Expenditure \$194,142 52

Deficit \$21,729 75

A Ship in a Storm.

(See next page.)

Look at these two ships. Are they both alike? This one in the foreground is a schooner. The other is a full-rigged ship in a dismantled condition. How would you like to be on one of them in such a storm? I know that you would not like it, if you knew all. I will try to tell you something of the dark side of a sailor's life. But neither words nor pictures can make it so plain as when you are roused in the night from a sound sleep with the cry: "All hands shorten sail!" No time for a little more sleep then! A boot thrown at your head might invite you to "turn out" before you had finished your nap. You stagger on deck and perhaps are drenched to the skin at once with a shower of spray; or you sit down awkwardly when the ship gives a lurch and take a bath in the lee scuppers. You gasp and may wish yourself at home in a nice bed. But as the railroad station is too far away to be easily reached, you are soon aloft standing on a foot rope holding on for dear life to keep from being thrown from the yard by the rolling of the ship or the wild flapping of the heavy sail.

The coarse canvas is severe on finger ends, especially so when it is wet or frozen, for the wind often jerks the sail from the firmest grip of a dozen men. It sometimes takes all hands an hour or more to take in one large sail. This is not always the case.

One day when rounding the Cape of Good Hope, we were going along under full sail with fair weather and a good breeze. At noon dark clouds began to rise rapidly in the horizon. The captain, with an anxious look, at once gave the order: "All hands shorten sail!" Everybody worked with a will and 'twas lucky for us that we did. In about one hour twenty-four men had stripped the ship. Out of about twenty-two sails only two were left. These were storm sails. By the time we had done this, the gale was raging in all its fury. Thanks to the barometer for giving us warning, and to God for so taking care of us. That night, as the ship rolled and plunged and the lightning flashed, I wondered whether I should ever see home again. Ten days later we spoke an iron ship that had lost her mainmast in the same gale, which lasted for nearly two days.

ONE of the very best papers for the little folk that we know is that charming monthly, "Our Little Men and Women," published by D. Lothrop & Co., Boston, Mass. Price \$1 a year. It is full of well drawn and attractive pictures and interesting reading, that will make the eyes of the young folk sparkle.

MRS. MARY A. LIVERMORE has long been known as a valiant advocate of Co-operative Housekeeping. Hitherto she has enforced her theory from the lecture platform. In *The Chautauquan* for April she carries it to the literary field. Mrs. Livermore's belief is that isolated housekeeping must be merged into co-operative housekeeping in order that housewives obliged by the increasing demands of the nineteenth century life to be "Jacks of all trades and good at none" may have time and strength to prepare themselves for the higher social, intellectual, and benevolent demands made upon them.

HELEN CAMPBELL has one of her delightful practical articles in *The Chautauquan* for April. Her subject is Village Improvement Societies.

Notes for Bible Study This periodical is now in its sixth year of publication, and has reached a large circulation in America and Europe. It is highly appreciated by ministers and Bible students. Toronto: S. R. Briggs, Willard Tract Depository.

AS OTHERS SEE US.—The Rev. Donald Fraser, writing to the *Presbyterian Record* from Victoria, B.C., says:—"We ought to learn a lesson from our Methodist brethren. The Presbyterians of this province are, I believe, considerably more numerous than the Methodists, but while we have eight ministers, they have thirteen doing work among white people, besides seven Indian missionaries, one Chinese missionary, and quite a number of mission teachers."

A SIGNIFICANT FACT.—Though the Jesuits have been engaged in the work of missions to the heathen more than two hundred years, they have never been known to translate the Bible into



BARBARA HECK.

the language of the people, and so give them the inspired word of God. Protestants, on the other hand, have translated the Bible into no less than two hundred and sixty-six different languages, and sent the printed word of God to hundreds of millions of mankind.

BARBARA HECK.*A STORY OF THE FOUNDING OF UPPER CANADA.*

BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER I.—THE SEED OF THE KINGDOM.

ON a blithe spring morning in the year 1760, a remarkable group of persons were assembled on the Custom-House Quay, in the ancient city of Limerick, Ireland. An air of hurry and excitement was apparent in some of its members, which contrasted with the singular calmness of the others. Bales, boxes, bedding, and household gear were piled up on the quay, or were being rapidly conveyed, with much shouting, by stout-armed sailors, dressed in blue-striped guernsey-shirts, on board a small vessel of about three hundred tons that lay alongside the pier, with sails partially unbent, like a sea-fowl preening her wings for flight. This was evidently a group of emigrants about to leave their mother country for a land beyond the sea. Yet they were emigrants of a superior sort, all decently clad—the men in knee-breeches, comfortable hose, and frieze coats; and the women in blue cloaks, with hoods, and snowy caps. It was not poverty from which they fled; for their appearance was one of staid respectability, equally removed from wealth and abjectness. Very affectionate and demonstrative were the friends and neighbours about to be separated, many of them never to meet on earth again.

"Ah! Mr. Philip, shall we never hear ye preach again?" pathetically cried one kind-hearted Irish widow; "who'll teach us the good way when ye're beyant the salt say?"

"You forget, Mother Mehan, that Mr. Wesley will send one of his helpers to Balligarrene, and come himself sometimes."

(Continued on page 78.)