

The Disappointed.

There are songs enough for the hero
Who dwells on the heights of fame;
I sing of the disappointed,
For those who missed their aim.

I sing with a tearful cadence
For one who stands in the dark,
And knows that his last, best arrow
Has bounded back from his mark.

I sing for the breathless runner,
The eager, anxious soul,
Who falls with his strength exhausted
Almost in sight of the goal.

For the hearts that break in silence
With a sorrow all unknown;
For those who need companions,
Yet walk their ways alone.

There are songs enough for the lovers
Who share love's tender pain;
I sing for the one whose passion
Is given, and in vain.

For those whose spirit comrades
Have missed them on the way,
I sing with a heart o'erflowing
This minor strain to-day.

And I know the solar system
Must somewhere keep in space
A prize for that speedy runner
Who barely lost the race.

For the Plan would be imperfect
Unless it held some sphere
That paid for the toil and talent,
And love that are wasted here.

so filled her mind that she would have done well had she fixed her thoughts on Heaven, borne her sufferings meekly, and waited in unshaken faith for her summons home. But she was one of God's three hundred, and though faint she was still pursuing.

She found that the skilled nurse who had charge of her was not a Christian, and she lost sight of herself in her desire to rescue the soul of this stranger. She requested the nurse to read the Bible aloud to her, and she selected such passages as she believed most likely to rouse the nurse to repentance. She talked with her about religion, prayed with her and asked God to give her this soul before He called her home; and the prayer was answered. When I heard of that nurse's conversion I felt rebuked for sloth and indifference in working for Christ. I fear many of us would have been too much occupied with thoughts of death and our suffering to have looked about us to see if there was not some work we could do for the Master. I am glad to be able to add that the woman recovered, and it is likely she owed her life, humanly speaking, to her zeal for her Lord's work. For her thoughts were thus withdrawn from herself, so that sorrow for her loved ones, and shrinking from suffering and danger did not wear her nerves and exhaust her vitality.—*Pulpit Treasury.*

A Holy Life.

A HOLY life is made up of a number of small things; little words, not eloquent of speeches or sermons; little deeds, not miracles or battles, nor one great heroic act of mighty martyrdom, make up the true Christian life. The little sunbeam, not the lightning; the waters of Siloam "that go softly" in the meek mission of refreshment, not the "waters of the rivers great and many," rushing down in noisy torrents, are the true symbols of holy life. The avoidance of little sins, little inconsistencies, little weaknesses, little follies, indiscretions and imprudencies, little follies, little indulgences of the flesh—the avoidance of such little things as these goes far to make up, at least, the negative beauty of a holy life.

The Minister's Bow.

Nor long ago in a New England town, a new minister had been called and settled. In that town was a God-s forsaken old reprobate whom nobody respected or spoke to who could avoid it. He had never been known to go inside a church. He only worried when driven by necessity to do so, and loafed about the town a common nuisance. A few days after the new minister came to the town he met the old sinner on the village street, and, bowing, spoke a pleasant "good morning" and passed on. The old man turned and looked after him, and made enquiry of some one as to who he might be. The same thing happened a day or two afterwards; and again during the space of a week or two. Some one told the minister that he had made a friend of —, and laughingly told him that he was wasting his politeness on the old reprobate. "Never mind," said the minister, "it does not cost much to be polite, and no more to an old reprobate than to the squire of the town." It was not long till — was noticed creeping into the corner of the church door. He had come in late and



CHRIST'S ENTRY INTO JERUSALEM.

was the first to leave the church. He came again and again, and was finally brought to Christ, and during the rest of his life lived a consistent and earnest Christian life. He said the minister's bow was what did it. We do not know whether this little incident has any lesson in it for any of our readers, but we give it as it was told us.—*Selected*

Christ's Entry into Jerusalem.

[In our Lesson for August 1st the scene illustrated in our picture is described. The following verses beautifully set forth its true meaning for every loving heart.]

WHEN His salvation bringing,
To Zion Jesus came,
The children all stood singing
Hosanna to His name;
Nor did their zeal offend Him,
But as He rode along,
He let them still attend Him,
And smiled to hear their song.

And since the Lord retaineth
His love to children still,
Though now as King He reigneth
On Zion's heavenly hill,
We'll hock around His standard,
We'll bow before His throne,
And cry aloud, "Hosanna
To David's royal Son."

For should we fall proclaiming
Our great Redeemer's praise,
The stones, our silence shaming,
Would their hosannas raise.
But shall we only render
The tribute of our words?
No; while our hearts are tender,
They too shall be the Lord's.

Put Some Salt in It.

MOTHER, what makes you put salt in everything you cook? Everything you make you put in a little salt, and sometimes a good deal. So spoke observing little Annie, as she stood looking on.

"Well, Annie, I'll make you a little loaf of bread without any salt, and see if you can find out."

"O mother, it doesn't taste a bit good," said she, after she had tasted it.

"Why not?" asked her mother.

"You didn't put any salt in it."

"Mother," said Annie, a day or two afterwards, "Jane White is the worst girl I ever saw; she slaps her little brother Johnny, and pulls his hair, and acts real hateful. When I told her it was naughty to do so, and if she would be kind to her brother he would

be kind to her, she only spoke rough to me, and hit him again. Why won't she take my advice, mother?"

"Perhaps you didn't put any salt in it. Season your words with grace, my child. Ask help of God in all you say and do, and your words, spoken in the spirit of Christ, will not fall to the ground. Don't forget to put salt in, or else it won't taste good."

A Lesson for Smokers.

PLAIN speaking was formerly considered a duty by the Quakers. It is a pity they do not practise it oftener on smokers, taking the following as a specimen:

Recently a Quaker was travelling in a railway carriage. After a time, observing certain movements on the part of a fellow-passenger, he accosted him as follows:

"Sir, thee seems well dressed, and I dare say thee considers thyself well bred, and would not bemean thyself by an ungentlemanly action, wouldst thee?"

The person addressed promptly replied, with considerable spirit:

"Certainly not, if I knew it."

The Quaker continued:

"And suppose thee invited me to thy house, thee would not think of offering me thy glass to drink out of after thee had drank out of it thyself, wouldst thou?"

The interrogated replied:

"Abominable! No! Such an offer would be most insulting."

The Quaker continued:

"Still less would thee think of offering me thy knife and fork to eat with after putting them into thy mouth, wouldst thee?"

"To do that would be an outrage on all decency, and would show that such a wretch was out of the pale of civilized society."

"Then," said the Quaker, "with those impressions on thee, why should thee wish me to take into my mouth and nostrils the smoke from that cigar which thou art preparing to smoke, out of thy own mouth?"

ONE who knows says that in the country they blow a horn before dinner, but in the town they take one.

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FOR MISSIONS

For the Year 1886.

A Christian Heroine.

I HEARD of a Christian woman in an American city who was surely one of the bravest of our Lord's three hundred. The doctors wished to perform upon her a severe and dangerous operation and for that purpose had her taken from her home to a private room in the City Hospital. The probabilities were against her living through the operation, but it was the only hope of relief. She stood face to face with probable death under the surgeon's knife, to say nothing of her great suffering from the disease. We should suppose that her anxiety for her children, her own suffering, and her great danger would have