

## July.

WHEN the scarlet cardinal tells  
Her dream to the dragon-fly,  
And the lazy breeze makes the nest in the trees  
And murmurs a lullaby,  
It is July.

When the tangled cobweb pulls  
The corn-flower's blue cap awry,  
And the lilies tall lean over the wall  
To bow to the butterfly,  
It is July.

When the heat like a mist-veil floats,  
And poppies flame in the rye,  
And the silver note in the streamlet's throat  
Has softened almost to a sigh,  
It is July.

When the hours are so still that Time  
Forgets them, and lets them lie  
'Neath petals pink till the night-stars wink  
At the sunset in the sky,  
It is July.

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## Home and School

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

TORONTO, JULY 16, 1887.

**\$250,000****FOR MISSIONS****FOR THE YEAR 1887.**

## The International Sunday School Convention.

THE Chicago Inter-Ocean thus characterizes this great gathering: It is hard to speak in anything but superlatives of the Fifth International Sunday-school Convention, which has just closed a three days' session in this city. It was a grand body of grand men and women, banded together for a noble purpose, and the meeting has partaken of the character of both men and cause. The meeting was an inspiration from the start, and has moved on with a spontaneity and enthusiasm which has filled every session with pleasure and profit. Nothing lagged, nothing was superfluous. There was noble music, addresses which gave courage and inspiration to the weary and dispirited, and audiences sympathetic, receptive and enthusiastic. The last day added a climax to an already

successful meeting, and the last night's session capped that climax. As Mr. Jacobs said, it was "a fire-cracker meeting." For three days over a thousand representatives of the best and liveliest element in the churches of all denominations, North and South, had been meeting together, catching the contagion of personal enthusiasm, learning new lessons, forming new resolves, and it was natural that the last meeting should be the best of the series. The convention was a remarkably successful one. All the arrangements were complete and comfortable, the music was an inspiration of itself, the speeches were all that could be asked, and the audience was so kindly that every one was nerved to his best effort. The woman's session at Farewell Hall, at which illustrations of primary work were given, was an exceedingly enjoyable meeting, and the audience seemed to most appreciate those addresses which embodied practical illustrations of the theories advanced, as did that of Dr. Schauffler. A supplemental meeting was held at noon when the Rev. Dr. Withrow, of the Third Presbyterian Church, taught a model lesson. If words are to be believed, the visitors have appreciated Chicago's hospitality and they will carry home with them kindly memories of the great convention and of the thousand homes in which they were entertained. Nor is the debt all with them, for they have left a blessing behind. The meeting was just such an one as such a body of men, working in so great a cause, may expect to have when they come to the great Convention City.

## Message from the S. S. Convention to the Queen.

THE following is the cable despatch sent by the Chicago S. S. Convention to Queen Victoria:

"To General Ponsonby, London, England: The International Sunday School Convention of the United States and Canada, assembled in Chicago, present hearty congratulations to her Majesty, Queen Victoria, on this Jubilee occasion. They recognize that during the generous reign of fifty years her Majesty has been an earnest defender and advocate of the Bible as the foundation of the Christian religion, and a living exemplification of the favour of God. Righteousness exalteth a nation." Signed by the President.

"God Save the Queen" was then sung by the audience.

The audience wanted to show its fraternal regard for Canada by singing "God Save the Queen" again, and so the words were giving out and taken down, and the 4,000 people stood up and sang the hymn as it is seldom heard this side the water, and then, carried away by patriotism, swung off into "America," and lifted the grand anthem on a magnificent wave of song and then sang "God Save the Queen" again.

Mr. Peake, of Ontario, in a vigorous address, said the question of annexation of Canada had engaged the attention of some, but six years ago they were annexed to Canada. Under present circumstances he had no objection to annexation. This was the first time he had visited Chicago, he was impressed with its greatness, and after three days' stay here, the impression was deepened that this was a wonderful city. There was one thing, however, Toronto could beat Chicago in, and that was in the regard that if they took a ride on the street cars they would not be offended with tobacco smoke. He had found very many big hearts, and had formed friendships which would last through eternity. He was also impressed with the earnestness and enthusiasm displayed in the convention, and it was a great thing to see so many gathered from all over the continent to compare notes and receive inspiration for the prosecution of their work. In their Young Men's Christian Association they had a Sunday-school for Chinamen, and every Chinaman in Toronto was a member of it. He thanked the convention for the very hearty manner in which they sent that congratulatory letter to the Queen on her Jubilee, and it was very fitting that such a message should be sent to her from the convention seeing that for fifty years she had been the sheet-anchor of the Christian religion. He hoped they would soon visit Montreal in as great force as they had visited here, and he would promise them a hearty welcome.

## Wrecks on the Shore.

BY OLIVE THORNE MILLER.

NOTHING that we find on the beach is more of a wreck than the torn bit of seaweed that we preserve and spread so carefully, and that is so beautiful; but the wrecks I am telling about were all the homes of living animals, and among your seaweed—if you have any—I have no doubt you can find at least two or three genuine wrecks, not of one creature's home, but of whole cities of little animals.

When you pick up what looks like a bit of weed, but is rather stiff and horny, keeping its shape as you handle it, you may be sure it is no weed. If it is shaped like a tiny shrub, an inch or two high, it is one that is very common on our shores, the *Bugula turrita*. If you look closely at it, even with a common magnifying glass or "lens glass," you will see that it is in little joints. Well, at every one of these joints is a little cell, or room you may call it, and when it was in the sea a little creature lived in each one. It could draw itself down into a mere lump in the bottom, or it could thrust out a daisy-shaped head and draw the sea-water into its mouth.

What is strangest about them, all the little fellows that lived in one of these small shrubs were connected together in such a way, through the

hollow stems, that they were like one animal, and lived and died together. And, wonderful to say, it is all one family, and grew from one mere dot of sea baby, which swam around by means of the fringe of hairs, or cilia, till it wished to settle, when it became fixed on a shell or a weed, and began this great family of hundreds of creatures.

Sometimes you will find on a broad seaweed or a shell a flat colony of these little creatures, standing out like the spokes of a wheel, and branching in every direction. This is the *Crista eburnea*, and it had its tenant at every joint. Nothing could be prettier than this little white city when a fairy-like blossom opened at every joint.

One of the most curious of these queer cities is called the leafy sea-mat. It looks like a thick-leaved plant, from a half-inch to two or three inches high, and of brownish colour. Look carefully at it, especially if you have a glass, and you will see that it is covered with little cells shaped like tiny slippers, or, as one writer calls them, cradles. They do look like cradles, the more so, as each one had its living baby in it.

Some of these big sea families grow in the shape of a lovely feather, from one inch to three inches long; it is a *Sertularia*, and I dare say you have one among your seaweeds—nearly every one has. It is yellowish in colour, and stiff, and will not stick to the paper like seaweed, but has to be gummed or otherwise fastened. The beautiful pink coralline that you gather in the rock pools or on shells was once the home of thousands.

Little and harmless and weed-like as they look, some of them are well provided with weapons. The feathery one I spoke of has been carefully studied through a microscope, and it is discovered that each tiny dot of a polyp (these little fellows are polyps) has a lance, or a dart, or whatever you may call it—a long, elastic thread, very strong, that usually lies coiled up in his cell, but which he can throw with great force. It is armed with barbs, and it in some way poisons any little creature it touches. So it isn't so innocent a bit of seaweed as it looks. It is a true wreck, not of one, but of thousands—a ruined polyp city, in fact, or what the books call a Polypidom.

Sometimes among all these cities, you will find one little fellow that lives in his cunning shell house all alone. It is about the size of a pin's head—a minute tube coiled up tightly and fastened to a seaweed. The owner, when alive, was a worm-like creature with an elegant flower-like head, and a cork-shaped door to keep out enemies. Its name was *Spirorbis*.

THE jury brought in a verdict of "not guilty." His Honor said admonishingly to the prisoner: "After this you ought to keep away from bad company." "Yes, your Honor, you will not see me here again in a hurry."