

Harvest Home.

The precious freight is safely garnered in,  
The fields are empty of their golden store.  
Through the long August days the reapers  
toll'd

But now a brief cessation comes once more:  
For hark! what words do the soft breezes  
bear

From the far distance on the balmy air?  
The cry of "Harvest Home."

Oh! let them ring in the sweet summer air  
Let them be hailed with shout and song and  
smile:

Let music sound and let the feast be spread,  
And recreation sweet the time beguile.  
For "God is love," and with no niggard hand  
Hath scattered plenty broadcast o'er the  
land—

A bounteous "Harvest Home."

And 'mid our joy may we remember this,  
Nor slight the Giver while we take the gift;  
But to "Our Father" let us render praise;  
Let gratitude to Him our souls uplift,  
And let us for a righteous purpose use  
The precious golden grain, nor dare abuse  
This bounteous "Harvest Home."

Given for food, let us accept the gift,  
Nor ever seek, with rash and thankless hand,  
To change the grain into a source of ill  
To scatter sin and misery o'er the land;  
Sowing the seeds of discord, death, and woe,  
Which only a dark reaping-time can know—  
A sad, sad "Harvest Home."

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

TORONTO, OCTOBER 23, 1886.

Carrying Religion Too Far.

THE famous Mr. Wilberforce was in the twenty-fourth year of his age when he was elected member of Parliament for Hull. He afterwards attended the county election, and such was the charm of his eloquence on that occasion, in the large Castle area at York, that the people all cried, "We will have that little man for our member!" He was then one of the gayest of the gay: not an openly vicious man, but peculiar for his wit and his distinction in the fashionable circles. His wit became innocuous under Christian principles. He was said to be the "joy and crown of Doncaster races." He went to pay a visit to a relation at Nice, and was accompanied by the Rev. Isaac Milner, afterwards Dean of Carlisle. Mention was made of a certain individual who moved in the same rank, an ecclesiastical gentleman, a man devoted to his duty. Mr. W. said, regarding him, "that he thought he carried things too far;" to which Mr. Milner said he was inclined to think that Mr. W. would form a different estimate on the

subject were he carefully to peruse the whole of the New Testament. Mr. Wilberforce replied that he would take him at his word, and read it through with pleasure. They were both Greek scholars, and in their journey they perused the New Testament together. T at single perusal was so blessed to Mr. Wilberforce, that he was revolutionized; he became a new man; and the witty angster, the joy and crown of Doncaster races, proved the Christian senator, and at length became the able advocate for abolishing the slave trade.

The Church.

Two thousand years—two thousand years,  
Our bark, o'er billowy seas  
Has onward kept her steady course  
Through hurricane and breeze.  
Her Captain was the Risen One—  
She braved the stormy foe;  
And still He guides, who guided her  
Two thousand years ago.

True to that guiding star which led  
To Israel's cradled hope,  
Her steady needle pointeth yet  
To Calvary's bloody top!  
Yes! there she floats, that good old ship,  
From mast to keel below,  
Seaworthy still as erst she was  
Two thousand years ago.

Not unto us, not unto us,  
Be praise or glory given,  
But unto Him, who watch and ward  
Has kept for her in Heaven;  
Who quelled the whirlwind in its wrath,  
Rade tempest cease to blow—  
That Lord who launched our vessel forth  
Two thousand years ago.

Then onward speed thee, brave old bark,  
Speed onward in thy pride,  
O'er sunny seas and billows dark,  
The Holy One thy guide!  
And sacred be each plank and spar,  
Unchanged by friend or foe,  
Just as she left Jerusalem  
Two thousand years ago.

The Guest-Chamber.

Mrs. JONES, the housekeeper of Holmwood Hall, was showing us with much pride over the many rooms of the stately old mansion. We admired the magnificent hall, the fine picture gallery, the lofty reception rooms, and gazed out of the upper windows on the broad view of park, water, and hills beyond. But the best was yet to come. Mrs. Jones led us, with impressive solemnity, to a large, old-fashioned room with wide windows, and informed us with bated breath that "this was the chamber in which King James I. had slept. Yes, ma'am, it is just as it was when he left; the same furniture—even the tapestry hangings on the great carved bedstead have never been undrawn!"

"Has it never been used as a guest-chamber since then?" I asked. "Never, Miss; it was the King's chamber, and always will be his, and no one else's."

The old woman received from us as many expressions of wonderment and pleasure as we could muster, and appeared gratified at the impression the guest-chamber had produced upon us. After saying good-bye to her, we began to talk over what we had seen, as you may naturally suppose. Now, I am going to tell you the thoughts that came into my mind. You will remember in Luke xxii. 1-18, the question Christ told His disciples to ask the man with the pitcher of water—"THE MASTER SAITH UNTO THEE, WHERE IS THE GUEST CHAMBER?"

If the presence of an earthly king is considered such an honour, and the guest-chamber he occupies is such a sacred place, what about the guest-

chamber the Lord Jesus wishes to occupy?

Your heart is like a house with many chambers in it; is there room in it for Jesus? "The Master saith unto thee, Where is the guest-chamber?" He ought to have the best place in your heart, the largest part of your love, the greatest place in your thoughts: are you filling up all the rooms in your heart, and saying to Jesus when He knocks and wants to come in, "Lord, I have no guest-chamber for Thee; Thou must stay outside in the night, in the storm, wearied and waiting. No room, Lord Jesus, my heart is full!" Oh! could you say such a thing to Jesus?

Will you not rather ask Him to come in and take the best place? Do not trouble to get your heart ready for Him; He will put it all to rights Himself, and arrange the "guest-chamber" as He likes it. Only give Him a welcome and an entrance.

Listen to His word—"Behold, I stand at the door, and knock; if any man hear My voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with Me:" will you not in answer to such a loving entreaty from such a heavenly guest, *knock down now, and ask Him to come in?*

THERE are no calamities in the world from which the pious do not sometimes suffer. The best of it, however, is that God is their protection and comfort.—*Oviander*

Mr. MOODY is reported to have said that the next ten years will witness far greater gifts of money to promote Christian work than the world has ever known. The publication of "Our Country: its Possible Future and its Present Crisis" is certainly one of the signs of the fulfilment of that prophecy. No lover of his country and his kind can ponder long on these facts and arguments without being moved to do some great thing to save America from sin and to make it one of the chief factors in the conversion of the world to God. The book was prepared by Rev. Josiah Strong, of Cincinnati, and is published by the American Home Missionary Society at cost, twenty cents per copy.



JACQUES CARTIER.

Jacques Cartier.

JACQUES CARTIER was one of those memorable sailors who have won undying fame from their explorations in the New World. He was the first discoverer of Canada. Sailing from St. Malo, a seaport of France in the English Channel, in 1534, with two small vessels of sixty tons each and one hundred and twenty-two mariners, he reached the Gulf of St. Lawrence, landed at Gaspé, planted a cross and the *flour-de-lis* and took possession of the country in the name of his sovereign, Francis I. The next year he made another voyage as far as Montreal, and wintered in the country; but before spring twenty-six of his little company perished of scurvy. He made two subsequent voyages, but the earliest attempt to colonize New France were not very successful.

A Lament for Summer.

WEEP, Mother Nature weep;  
Summer is dead.  
See! there she lies in her shroud of flowers,  
Drooping her sun-crowned head;  
While the Past Hours  
Kneel, all weeping round her flowery bed.  
Blow gently, Autumn Winds;  
Sigh soft and low,  
Summer only knew Zephyr's balmy breath;  
But she that loved him so  
Now lies in death.  
Sing ye her dirge—but sing it soft and low.  
Mourn, O ye Dryads! mourn!  
Your woods are bare.  
The gracious Summer with her sunny light  
No more will linger there.  
Her spirit bright  
Has spread her wings, and vanished into air.  
Soft fall Autumn rains  
Summer has fled;  
Fall gently on her fair and fragrant face,  
As tears from heaven shed,  
Lost in her grace;  
Then weeping, fall on the beloved dead.

THE beautiful idea of Grecian mythology concerning the goddess whose soft and delicate tread caused the green herbs and lovely flowers to spring up on the island of Cyprus becomes a literal fact in the experience of a Christian lady; for in whatever soil God enters, a welcomed guest, every lovely plant springs up and every beautiful flower grows with divine fertility.—*Dr. Wise.*