

## Prohibition.

A WIT spider's net was spread  
With the remains of hapless flies;  
No valiant arm avenged the dead,  
Where duty watched with sleepless eyes—  
The matron, chancing there one day,  
Beheld the tyrant in her room,  
Darting upon his struggling prey;  
She swept him with her legal broom!

A gaunt and hungry wolf whose lair  
Was littered o'er with whitened bones,  
Grew fat upon his dainty fare;  
He heeded not the victims' moans.  
What's death to lambs, to wolves is fun;  
High living made the wild beast bold;  
But Justice shot him with his gun  
To save from death the harmless fold.

A vulture, flying from its nest  
Upon the mountain's cloud-capped height,  
Went forth a-foraging in quest  
Of doves that ventured in their flight  
From the protection of their cote.  
A marksman with unerring aim  
Fired well a prohibition shot  
And brought to terms the fluttering game.

A dog was foaming at the mouth,  
Dragging along a broken chain;  
He hated water, though a drought  
Scorched his hot, open jaws with pain.  
He was a dangerous beast; would bite  
With fatal fangs mankind or brute:  
But he fell in his tracks despite  
His barking at the men who shoot.  
—Herald.

## OUR S. S. PAPERS.

PER YEAR—POSTAGE FREE.

The best, the cheapest, the most entertaining, the most popular.

Christian Guardian, weekly	\$2 00
Methodist Magazine, 96pp., monthly, illustrated	2 00
Methodist Magazine and Guardian together	3 50
The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly	1 50
Sunday-School Banner, 32 pp. 8vo., monthly	0 60
Berean Leaf Quarterly, 16pp. 8vo.	0 06
Quarterly Review Service. By the year, 24c. a dozen; \$2 per 100; per quarter, 6c. a doz.; 50c. per 100	
Home and School, 8pp. 4to., fortnightly, single copies	0 30
Less than 20 copies	0 25
Over 20 copies	0 22
Pleasant Hours, 8pp. 4to., fortnightly, single copies	0 30
Less than 20 copies	0 25
Over 20 copies	0 22
Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than 20 copies	0 15
20 copies and upwards	0 12
Happy Days, fortnightly, less than 20 copies	0 15
20 copies and upwards	0 12
Berean Leaf, monthly, 100 copies per month	5 50

Address: WILLIAM BRIGGS,  
Methodist Book and Publishing House,  
78 & 80 King St. East, Toronto.

C. W. COATES, S. F. HURST,  
8 Bleury Street, Wesleyan Book Room,  
Montreal. Halifax. N. S.

## Home and School

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

TORONTO, JUNE 2, 1888.

## The Canadian Chautauqua.

A CANADIAN branch of the famous Chautauqua Assembly has been established at Niagara. A hundred acres of land on the lake shore, a little west of the town, has been purchased and laid out as a beautiful summer resort, under religious and educational auspices. A first class hotel and a number of elegant cottages have been erected, and an amphitheatre capable of accommodating an audience of 4,000 has been constructed. This place is designed to be a rallying place for Canadian Chautauquans, and to furnish an annual programme of high-class lectures and artistic and musical entertainments by some of the ablest talent on the continent. Special prominence is given

to Sunday-school, Normal class, and Chautauqua work. Dr. Vincent, the originator of the now world wide Chautauqua movement, successfully inaugurated this Canadian Assembly last season, and is to deliver the commencement oration and lecture during the coming summer.

Among the other distinguished participants in the programme will be the Rev. Dr. Duryea, of Boston; Dr. Orniston, of New York; Chancellor Sims, of Syracuse University; the Hon. G. W. Ross, Minister of Education; Dr. Daniel Clark, Superintendent of the Toronto Asylum for the Insane; Rev. Drs. Carman, Dewart, Sutherland, Wild, W. J. Hunter, B. D. Thomas, Rev. J. S. Ostrander, the Oriental lecturer, and many others.

For two weeks, from July 21st, there will be a full programme of daily lectures, etc.; and from July 1st there will be a less frequent series of entertainments. An International Missionary Conference and special gatherings in the interest of the Y. M. C. A., the W. C. T. U., and other departments of temperance work will also be held. The design is to furnish a pleasant summer home, surrounded by religious safeguards and under highly educative and moral influences. The success which has already attended the enterprise is an indication that it meets a want that is felt by a large portion of the community.

This Assembly enjoys unusual advantages of access, being situated on the through line of travel with the fine steel steamers *Cibola* and *Chicora* daily from Toronto, and with direct connections for all parts of the east and west by the Michigan Central Railway system.

This is expected to be the great rallying place for Sunday-school, Temperance, Y. M. C. A., and other moral and religious gatherings in Canada. Correspondence for particulars should be addressed to L. C. Peake, P. O. Box 503, Toronto.

## Hath Laid on Him the Iniquity of Us All.

"AND the Levites shall lay their hands on the heads of the bullocks; and thou shalt offer one for a sin-offering, and the other for a burnt-offering."

This was Charley's verse to read one morning at family worship. After reading, his father always gave a chance to ask questions about what they had read.

"In the 12th verse which I read," said Charley, "what did the laying their hands on the head of the bullock mean?"

"It meant that their sins were laid upon the heads of the bullocks which were about to be slain and offered as a sacrifice. One of them was to be offered as a sin-offering—and this



"HATH LAID ON HIM THE INIQUITY OF US ALL."

meant that Jesus would atone for sins by his death; the other was offered as a burnt-offering, every bit of it to be consumed—and this meant that the Levites were to devote every bit of their lives to the service of God."

## Peculiar Singing.

MUSIC is a power for good, and it is sweet to hear the voices of children attuned in praise. In the month of June, each year, the children of the charity schools of London gather by thousands under the spacious dome of St. Paul's, and sing in chorus, and the effect is grand beyond description.

Handel, whose oratorio of the Messiah is one of the greatest works of genius and devotion, heard them once and expressed his wonder and delight. But then the children must have been trained by a skilful and competent leader, or there would have been noise and discord.

One day we strayed into a village Sunday-school. It was expected that we should make a few feeble remarks, and we complied. In his desire to reward us, the smiling chorister advanced and said:

"Would you like to hear the children sing?"

We said we would, and certainly thought we would when we said so, but to err is human.

The chorister's opportunity had come, and he beamed and expanded like a sunflower.

"Now, children, open your books at the page which has the hymn, 'Oh, how I love the Sunday-school!' Ready, ready—now then, one—two—three—sing!"

And off they started at a rapid pace, mouths wide open and tones that were screaming, piercing, ear-splitting, and made the walls ring.

The chorister was not satisfied.

"Children, you can do better than that. Open your mouths, sing faster, louder, and throw more spirit into the hymn."

With that he gave the signal, aided with his own trumpet voice, and waved his arms up and down, quick and fast, as an eagle's wings.

The children got excited, and sang as they had never done before, and ought never to do again. They scaled the topmost peaks of song, and when the last scream died away the chorister sat down panting, but his face rosy with joy.

Oh, ye choristers! thanks to all for your labour of love, but a word of caution to him who needs it. Teach the children to sing in time, to avoid screaming, to modulate their voices, and now and then to strike the lower, softer notes!

## If I Were a Man.

If I were a man, do you s'pose I'd dare  
In the face of my Maker to curse and swear?  
No. I never would give to good people pain,  
By a habit that brings neither pleasure nor gain.

If I were a man, do you s'pose I'd think  
For a moment of tasting the druggard's drink?

No. It only brings a man trouble and woe,  
And I'll be a temperance man wherever I go.

It seems that the nearest fixed star is twenty millions of millions of miles from the earth. This is quite a tidy little distance; and Sir Robert Bale, the present Astronomer Royal of Ireland, lately tried to give a juvenile audience, to whom he was lecturing, an idea of how long it really was. He said, that supposing a railway ran all the way from the earth to that star, and the fare was no more than a penny for every hundred miles—a rate that would take a person, say from Toronto to Montreal for less than eight cents—and reckoning the national debt of Britain at seven hundred millions of pounds sterling, then a person going to the booking-office with all that sum in gold, in five thousand waggons, would find that, after the clerk had taken about a thousand years to count that money, there would be about one hundred millions of pounds short of the price of that one ticket. Come, now, what do sceptics about distances say to that? And mind, always, that is the nearest. The rest are so far off that there is no way to calculate their distance. The earth really is pretty small.—*Truth*.