

Keep Trying.

If boys should get discouraged
At lessons or at work,
And say, "There's no use trying,"
And all hard tasks should shirk;
And keep on shirking, shirking,
Till the boy became a man,
I wonder what the world would do
To carry out its plan?

The coward in the conflict
Gives up at first defeat;
If once repulsed, his courage
Lies shattered at his feet.
The brave heart wins the battle
Because, through thick and thin,
He'll not give up as conquered;
He fights, and fights to win.

So, boys, don't get disheartened
Because at first you fail;
If you but keep on trying,
At last you will prevail.
Be stubborn against failure;
Try, try, and try again;
The boys who keep on trying
Have made the world's best men.
—*The Advance.*

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Home and School

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

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Our Sunday Mornings.

By long established tradition and custom, it has become a generally accepted fact that on every seventh morning we are to remain in bed from one to three hours longer than on the other six days. Various excuses are given for this indulgence. In the majority of cases it is claimed that the rest is needful; but can it be denied that, first, the loudest to demand the privilege are those whose life least requires it—such as children, and people of indolent (not active) wealth; second, in nine cases out of ten this unusual addition to the hours of sleep—or, oftener, of listless lying awake—rather adds to our weariness than relieves it.

Sunday should be the brightest and best day of the week, when the specks of rust can be cleaned from our moral armour, and our weapons burnished for the work that is before them; a day for pure thoughts, for high re-

solves, for the keenest and most delightful exercise of the intellect, as well as of the even nobler powers of the soul; a day full of active deed doing, with every faculty in fine and clear working order.

Much can be accomplished on Sunday in the way of practical usefulness to our fellow-men—our "neighbours"—which the business engagements and cares of week-days do not permit. Of all days, this sweet, joyous Seventh is the last to be wasted; to be dozed away in thick, sluggish lethargy, which not only devours time itself, but clogs the energies of mind and body till nightfall.

In the silvery, pure hours of the morning, while the day is unshadowed by the cares and passions, the little envies and worries, that gather about the fairest human lives; when hurt minds have been soothed by the balm of sleep, and the fatigued body refreshed and strengthened for good work; then let us be wide awake, with eyes sparkling, and lungs filled full with that sweet, sun-bathed air which only the early hours know. The birds are awake, and all fluttering and singing with the joy of new life, every Sunday morning. Can we not be sparrows for a while?—*Sel.*

A Prayer at a Garden-Party.

SOME of the most beautiful gardens and groves in India are devoted to the worship of idols, and many are the prayers there offered to the gods which see not and hear not. It is not often, however, that the pleasure-gardens, which are found in some of the large cities, have such earnest prayer offered in them as that sent up by one of our missionaries not long ago.

Miss Thiede, a devoted Christian missionary in Lahore, is in the habit of giving her zenana pupils a yearly treat in the shape of an open-air feast, in a lovely garden, just out of Lahore. There, under a marble pavilion, with sweet breezes coming from splashing fountains and fragrant flowers, the feast is spread, and every precaution is taken to prevent any man from intruding, as, of course, many or most zenana pupils are what is denominated *pardah nishin* ("enthroned behind the curtain"), and are never to look on the face of any man except their own fathers, husbands, and brothers. On one occasion, however, some drunken European soldiers forced their way into the garden, and came up boisterously to the pavilion, where Miss Thiede's pupils were engaged in innocent games, or were lifting up their young voices in praise of their Redeemer. One soldier behaved with greater rudeness than the rest, breaking one of Miss Thiede's chairs, scattering her things about, and finally approaching her with a menacing and insolent manner. Shall I tell you what Miss Thiede did? She knelt down there, and began to pray that



THE STREET-WAIF.

God might touch the man's heart, and make him a better person, and pardon his sins. "The prayer had so much effect, that the man," says Miss Thiede, "quietly knelt down, quite changed," then, when the prayer was finished, he rose, replaced everything he had scattered, bowed to Miss Thiede, and went away. — *Children's Work for Children.*

The Street-Waif.

A LITTLE child in the piercing wind,
Stood in the busy street,
And asked of the passers-by that he
Might brush their dusty feet.

But few gave heed to the pleading voice,
Till a lady who came that way
Said, "Are you hungry, my boy?" He replied,
"I've had nothing to eat to-day."

She noticed the features pale and wan,
And gave him a dime for food,
Then urged him to meet with the Band of
Hope,

And learn with them to be good.

"My mother," he said, "on the island died—
A place they have for the bad;
And," added the innocent child, "I guess
A father I never had."

Oh, what a tale was wrapped in the words
Which the starving boy had told!
While his frail form awayed in the fitful
wind

Of winter, bleak and cold.

With his promise gained, the lady left,
And thought, "Will he keep his word?"
But while they were singing he entered in,
And the tender prayer-song heard.

The teacher spoke of the Shepherd's love,
Who brings the lambs to the fold,
Where they never hunger, nor thirst, nor
fear

The blast of the bitter cold.

Day after day came the stranger child
Where the bruised reed was bound,
Until the Saviour of whom he heard
His little heart had found.

And none could doubt, when they saw his
face,

That shone with heavenly light,
That the Holy Dove was there, and changed
To day his life's dark night.

"Now."

A MINISTER of the gospel determined on one occasion to preach from the text, "Now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation." While in his study, thinking, he fell asleep, and dreamed that he was carried into hell, and set down in the midst of a conclave of lost spirits. They were assembled to devise means whereby they might get at the souls of men. One rose and said, "I will go to the earth, and tell men that the Bible is all a fable." "No, that will not do." Another said, "Let me go, and I will tell men that there is no God, no Saviour, no heaven, no hell." This proposal was also rejected, on the ground that men would not believe it. Suddenly one rose, and, with a wise mien—like the serpent of old—suggested, "No; I will journey to the world of men, and tell them that there is a God, a Saviour, a heaven, and a hell, too; but I shall tell them that there is no hurry—that to-morrow will do; that it will be even as to day." And they sent him. *The road of By-and-By leads to the town of Never.*

God's Love.

How great is God's love toward his children! How tenderly he watches over them by day, and sends his angels to guard them at eventide! Each joy, each sorrow, is ordered by that God of love. Not a tear falls from the eye but he sees, not a sorrow but he beholds it. And when the feet of his children press down into the cold, dark valley, even there he is present to guide and cheer.

We should grow more thankful to our heavenly Father day by day for all the blessings he bestows upon us; and submissive also when he sends afflictions, knowing "all things work together for good to those who love God."