

The Love of God.

Like a cradle, rocking, rocking,
Silent, peaceful, to and fro;
Like a mother's sweet looks dropping
On the little face below.
Hangs the green earth, swinging, turning,
Jarless, noiseless, safe and slow;
Falls the light of God's face bending
Down and watching us below.

And as feeble babes, that suffer,
Toss and cry, and will not rest,
Are the ones the tender mother
Holds the closest, loves the best;
So when we are weak and wretched,
By our sins weighed down, distressed,
Then it is that God's great patience
Holds us closest, loves us best.

O great heart of God! whose loving
Can not hindered be, nor crossed,
Will not weary, will not even
In our death itself be lost;
Love divine! of such great loving
Only mothers know the cost—
Cost of love, which all love passing,
Gave a son to save the lost.

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

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The Barred Door.

LAST autumn, when I was spending a few holidays at Elie, in Fifeshire, I walked some distance, one evening, into the country. Just after dusk, as I approached a small cottage at the roadside, I heard a painful cry, and presently saw running toward me a little girl in a state of great agitation and alarm. Before I had time to enquire the cause of her distress, she called out: "The door's barred! the door's barred! Come and help me! come and knock!"

"Are your parents not in?" I replied.

"Yes; but they're in bed, and the door's barred. Come and knock."

"Oh, yes," I said; "I'll do that." And I went with her, and was quite prepared, if need be, to spend a long time knocking. But my first knock brought the mother, who opened the door with a smile; and the timid little girl, who evidently feared she might have to spend the night outside alone in the darkness, ran in past her, and was safe.

Oh, how I have wished that I might see girls and boys as anxious to get into the heavenly home as that little girl was to get into her earthly one! And how gladly I should help any of them at the door of that home, at which, if we knock, it shall be opened to us!



EASTERN HAND-MILL.

The Queen's Methodist Servant.

THE Duchess of Kent was much attached to her Methodist maid, so when the latter became sick she was sent to a watering-place, to recover. When convalescent, she wrote to the housekeeper that she was ready to return. Not receiving any reply, she wrote to a friend, who took the letter to the Duchess, and soon the housekeeper was called in, when it was discovered that she had paid no attention to the letters she had received, and had even supplied the maid's place with a stranger, and assigned as her reason, "That as Hannah was a Methodist, it was not right to have such persons about the Princess [Victoria], so it was a good opportunity to get rid of her."

The Duchess was indignant, and Hannah—the Methodist girl—became chief housemaid when Princess Victoria became Queen of England, and subsequently she was put in charge of the private rooms occupied by Prince Albert.

The gentleman from whom these facts were obtained, said: "I have been several times to Buckingham Palace, and have been taken by Hannah through the palace, and I have had from her such satisfactory statements respecting the Queen's manner of life, that I have not the slightest hesitation in speaking of Her Majesty as a truly religious woman. One thing particularly pleased me. I learned that the Queen and Prince Albert had family prayer together regularly, and that they were accustomed, on these occasions, not only to read a portion of God's Holy Word, but also to sing a hymn or psalm of praise."—E. B.

"Thou Shalt not Steal."

Two young men were one day looking earnestly at a large factory in a certain town. They had come hundreds of miles to see it, and to get into it. There was a secret there which they wanted to find out—a machine which a clever man had invented—which was doing work nothing else could do so well. And these young men had resolved to obtain a sight of this machine, and find out its secret, and make drawings of it, and then come home and make a similar machine for themselves. And their plan was this: They put aside their fine clothes, and put on the clothes of mechanics; and in that dress meant to ask for work in this factory, and work until they found out the secret, but they had just arrived, and they did not mean to apply for work till next day.

One of the young men had the habit of reading a chapter of the Bible every morning, and next day the chapter happened to be that one in Exodus where the ten commandments are. He had read it many times before, and always to the end; but

this morning, when he got to the eighth commandment, he could go no further. A great light flashed up from it, and smote his conscience. Right up out of it came the words: "Thou shalt not steal." He read them again, and every word seemed to kindle into fire—"Thou shalt not steal."

He laid the Bible on his knee, and took himself to task. "Is it not stealing I have come here to do? I have come all this way to search out a clever man's invention, and make it my own by stealing it."

"His agitation was very great. But he turned to his companion and said: "What we have come here to do, if we do it, will be theft—theft of another man's thought, and skill, and honour, and bread." Then he took up the Bible again and opened it in the Gospel of Matthew, and read: "All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." And he said: "If this machine were ours—if we had spent years inventing it, and had succeeded in getting it to work, would we think it right if some stranger were to steal into our factory on a false pretence, and rob us of the fruits of our labour?"

His companion was angry at first. But, by-and-by, he acknowledged that it would be wrong. And they came back to their home without the secret. God's word was a lamp to their feet to help them depart from that evil.—*The Wonderful Lamp.*

"Jesus Wept."

THERE is a sublime record made concerning our divine Saviour—"Jesus wept." In his humanity he was a man of like passions with ourselves. In the sorrowful home of the sisters in Bethany, and at the grave of his friend Lazarus, his heart was melted into tenderness and from his eyes flowed abundant tears. And, think you, our great High Priest has ceased to be touched with the feeling of our infirmities? O no! Though he has ascended up on high, and is at the right hand of the divine majesty, he has a heart which feels every sorrow which each member of his mystical body bears. He was tempted in all points like as we are, and is therefore able to succour them that are tempted.

Shall we be like this blessed Saviour, tender-hearted, compassionate, easily moved at the sight of suffering? Have we, like him, tears to shed?

Say not, it is unmanly to weep. No, not in sight of Jesus' tears trickling down his manly cheeks. Let us as his followers prove the luxury of "weeping with those that weep."—*Selected.*

THE Indian sketch called "Calf Shirt," in HOME AND SCHOOL for May 31st was wrongly attributed to Rev. Dr. McLean instead of to Miss A. L. McCartney.