THE WESLEYAN, FRIDAY, JULY 11, 1884.

OUR HOME CI ROLE.

AT THE DOOR.

A singer stood at Heaven's gate, And gazed in through the shining bars. The night was hushed, the hour was late, And 1 eauty dreamed among the stars. She called; her voice no answer brought; She paused and bowed her head in thought.

The brightness of eternal morn Streamed through the portals on her face, As though the flush of day, new-born, Forever glørified the place. The singer raised her head and sang; Night listened, and the blue skies rang.

As softly as a wind kissed rose. Lets fall a petal to the ground, So did the music, at its close, And echo drop of melting sound. But no bright face drew near the bars And smiled and listened with the stars.

On earth the singer's thrilling note Had held a breathless throng in awe; And fame her name in sanlight wrote Where passing thousands praising saw. Now, none in all sweet Heaven came To bow before that lofty name,

Then did a maid draw near the place Whose brow might charm in Paradise The stars-whose golden flowers that grace The dark lake of the night's cold skies-Were not more fair, with all their light, Than her soft eyes, and not more bright.

Her tresses-gathered sunbeams fell In rippling gléry to her feet ; Her charms had bound men with their spell But now, none came her step to greet ; No bright eye gazed upon ber there, No angel spoke and called her fair.

A monarch dreaming dreams of gold, Drew near the jeweled gates divine, But darkness closed about him cold, Scarce would the stars upon him shine; And filled with shame he bowed alone, Dishonored, helpless, and unknown.

A woman poor, with patient face. And eyes made beautiful with trust, With soul that never showed its grace Till treed from its poor house of dust,

Approached the shining portals now, And lo ! a pure light bathed her brow Passed was her bitter journey long ;

said,

She touched the gate with 'rembling hand, And through the portals broke a song That fi led the night with music grand ; The doors flew back, and, with glad face, She entered that celestial place !

. God reads the soul, and not the face ; He hears the thoughts, and not the tongue; In Heaven the features wear no grace, Save that which round the spirit hung ;

And only they are lovely seen Whose lives on earth have noble been. -E. W. Shurtleff.

HESTER ANN ROGERS.

mother, on condition that she This transparent, sensitive, fer might be left free to follow her vid woman presents a curious psychological study. She was an religious inclinations. Thinking that as she had never been used illustrious example of the glorious work that may be wrought in a to hard labor, she would soon weary and give it up. her mother human soul by the transforming consented. "But they knew not and sanctifying grace of God. She the power and goodness of that burned and shined. Having be-Ged who had strengthened me in gun the new life, she went right on unto perfection. The flame all my tribulation," she writes. of her devotion shone with a radiance undimmed and everbrightening from the moment it of the gospel. It came at last by an act of faith. Responding to was kindled, at the touch of the voice which spoke to her infaith, by the Sun of righteousness. ner ear, the words, "Fear not, The unclouded mirror of her soul only believe," she answered, "Lord Jesus, I will, I do believe; reflected the faintest image that was cast upon it. She was in-I now venture my whole soul tensely subjective, and all exupon thee as God; I put my soul ternal impressions were fused in into thy hands; thy blood is the furnace of her glowing soul, sufficient; I cast my soul upon and reproduced bearing the thee for time and eternity." In stamp of her own individuality. a moment her fetters were broken, Even in sleep she was responsive and her soul felt the full rapture of to touches unfelt by natures less redeeming love. "I was truly a delicately strung and tuned. Her new creature, and seemed to be in. ardent spirit could not be satisfied a new world. I could do nothing until it had grasped and held all but love and praise God," she her gracious Lord offered to give. writes. Her labors, fastings, and She knew the length, breadth, depth, and height of the love of vigils came near destroying her Christ. Freely receiving, she life, but deliverance came at last through the relentings of her kinfreely gave. Walking daily with God in white, the flowers of dred. She was tried and came paradise bloomed along ber path- forth as gold. After a long sickness her health stand where they can see little wav. She was born in 1756. Her returned, and soon afterward she and hear less? He religiously father was a clergyman of the tells us that by faith she claimed adheres to the addresses which Church of England, from whom and enjoyed the perfect love of have made his name famous the she inherited some of the best God, the love that casteth out all world over. At New-cross on traits of her character. His fear. "I now walked," she writes, Sanday he gave us to understand death, which took place when she "in the unclouded light of his that it was sometimes a struggle was nine years old, profoundly countenance, rejoicing evermore, with him to take up a new subaffected her. "I believe," she praying without ceasing, and in ject. For instance, he had long writes, "I shall have reason to everything giving thanks. I desired to preach on justification. bless God forever for the lessons dwelt in Christ, and Christ in me. but had not been able to do so as he gave me." Her childhood was I durst not deny the wonders of yet. He had discoursed on parone of perpetual agitations. She his love." After this there was a don times out of number, but the had an intense love of pleasure deeper tone and an intenser glow thought that God should look into and a peculiarly sensitive con- in her Christian life. Such pas- his ledger and say, "Moody, I science. Oscillating between sages as this taken from her haven't got anything against you,' worldiness and religion, alternate- journal show the habitual state of quite staggered him; but Mr. ly dancing and praying, going to her trusting soul. "I was so Moody is not always equally church and then to the theater, happy in the night that I had effective, and any little incident now reading the Bible and then little sleep, and awoke several thoroughly unnerveshim. On Monnovels and romances, her early times with these words deeply day night he asked the people at girlhood was a continued battle in impressed; "The temple of an the bottom of the hall not to the midst of antagonistic in- indwelling God." His love move as it made him "lose the is, that, considering their miserfluences and tendencies. The humbles me in the dust: it seems thread of his discourse, if he had ably superficial education, which world bid high for this gifted as a mirror to discover my no- one." He is never dull, and fits them for nothing in this home is the place where he should tion, and the word was 'grog.' soul, but God asserted his claim thingness. Sometimes my weak- some of his arrows hit their world or the next, women stand to her heart by drawings of his ness of body seems quite over- mark with amazing force. Each on as high a plane as they now Spirit. Referring to the vanities powered with the Lord's presence hymn given out by him reveals do. It only shows what mother and mistakes of this period of her manifest to my soul; and I have only the more clearly what will wit has done for them. Only a and mistakes of this period of her / manualt I could bear no more and be the subject of the address. short time ago an enthusiastic lad who is rude to his sister, im- steer the vessel in a straightforwas not left without keen convic- live. But then I eagerly cry, O His best Bible lecture-for he has Boston journalist wrote to me in pertinent to his mother, and vul- ward course. S) with many ions, gentle drawings, and many give me more and let me die!" abandoned the term Bible-reading great glee because Matthew Arnshort-lived resolutions, especially She enjoyed "a heaven of commu- -is based on "the good shep- nold had declared American woshort-lived resolutions, especially bloc chypter and takes that end in ruin, and takes takes that end in ruin, and takes tak read such books as were access- it. But the fullness of her joy did ery drawn from pastoral life in begged her not to quote a male dren. The place for politeness, grog than in fog."-Temperance ible to her, some of which were not cause her to forget that she Palestine, and is led up to and foreigner on such a subject, as all as Helps puts it, is where we Banner. helpful and others harmful. She was still in the smoke and dust of followed by the strikingly suit that most men require of women mostly think it superfluous. fought a long, fierce battle the battl ; fighting the good' fight able hymns which are to be found in society was receptivity. Findagainst the world and against of faith. "A hyporcite,' she in Mr. Sankey's collection. His ing women more sympathetic and false and superficial views of writes, "may boast he is never evening addresses partake more adulating than men, even clever religion, all the time yearning for tempted—has no doubts or fears of the character of passionate ap- Matthew Arnold would prefer our and have not full faith in its recti- at night or alone you are when what was truest and highest, and —but a child of God (some rare peals to the ungodly.—Christian women to our men, and hence tule and propriety, then it is a sinning, God is looking right at

gether unassaulted by our vigilant knowledge of heavenly things.

knowledge of heavenry turugs. Under a sermon in the parish church on the Sunday before Easter, in April, 1774, she was so powerfully affected that she wept aloud to the amazement of those around her. She went home, ran up stairs, fell on her knees and up stairs, fell on her knees and made a solemn vow to ally re-nounce all sin. After a sleepless successful labors in saving souls and edifying the Church. Like a lighted torch she carried and night she rose early, took her kindled the flame of religion "finery," high-dressed caps, and everywhere she went. She was a such like, and ripped them all up, so that she could wear them no class-leader, having as many as more; then cut her hair short; and nearly a hundred souls under that it might not be in her power her charge at one time. Her her charge at one time. Her O robin, singing in the rain, power in prayer was extraordin. Why hast thou not a dreary strain to have it dressed, and in the most solema manner vowed never to ary-she prayed for instantage. dance again. If there was a ous blessings, and answers were tinge of morbidness here, it was given in mighty baptisms from on associated with such a conviction high. In chambers of sickness as breaks the proud heart and she was an angel of light. prepares it for the healing touch occasionally preached. of the Great Physician.

manner was quiet, but her word She had never yet heard the was with power. She was known Methodists, and did not think and esteemed throughout the well of them, but a neighbor who Wesleyan Connection in the Brithad found the peace of God ish kingdom, and enjoyed the among them advised her strongly special friendship of Wesley and to attend one of their meetings. Fletcher. She was among the She went privately at five o'clock group that stood around the dying in the morning, and took a private bed of Wesley, having been a seat. The preacher was Samuel member of his household for two Bardsley, and his text was: years previous. "Comfort ye, comfort ye my peo-Her death was both pathetic

ple, saith your God." "I thought and beautiful. "After giving every word was for me," she birth to her fifth child she lay writes. "He spoke to my heart composed for more than half an as if he had known all the secret hour, with heaven in her countenworkings there; and pointed all ance, praising God for his great such sinners as I thought myself mercy, and expressing her gratito be, to Jesus crucified." Entude to all around her. She took lightened and comforted, she her husband's hand and said, 'My "These are the dear, the Lord has been very kind people of God, and show the way to us; O he is good, he is good; of salvation." Henceforth she but I'll tell you more by and by. consorted with the Methodists. A In a few minutes her whole frame storm of persecution followed. was thrown into a state of agita-Her mother threatened to disown tion and agony. After a severe her, and but for the intercessions struggle for about fifteen minutes. of a kind uncle would have turned bathed with a clammy, cold sweat, her out of doors. She was disshe laid her head on his bosom, inherited by her godmother. "This, however," she says, and said, 'I am going.' Subduing his alarm, 'Is Jesus precious ?' he "weighed nothing with me, as my asked. 'Yes, yes; O yes!' she replied. He added, 'My dearest language was, None but Christ in earth or heaven." She proposed love, I know Jesus Christ has long to do all the house work for her been your all in all; can you now tell us is he so?' '1 can-he isyes-but I am not able to speak. He again said, 'O my dearest, it is enough.' She then attempted te lift up her face to his and kissed him with her quivering lips and latest breath."

A light and graceful form, a

IN THE RAIN.

And yet, O robin, thy sweet strain Seems singing o'er and o'er again,

Thy betters sing 18 major key, And life's all hope and harmony If skies are fair; class-leader, having as many as But when the lead blots out the blue, three of these weakly meetings, The world is false and heaven untrue-All minor there,

> For dreary days ? Or is it that thou seest the light Which waits afar to shine more bright Upon our wave?

Some lesson we can learn from thee, She O robin, singing in the tree, Her For days o'ercast. Thou'st trilled it o'er and o'er again,

I smile to hear the joyrul strain, " Pain cannot last." - Eleanor Kirk, in Congregationalist.

THROUGH SUFFERING TO SYMPATHY

He who has passed through trial can feel most tenderly for those who are similarly afflicted. This is so true that the inspired writer has said even of Jesus, "In that He himself hath suffered, being tempted, He is able to succor them that are tempted;" and, indeed, in one aspect of it. the very necessity for the Incar-

with another save in the heart of him. Nay, more, the having suf-

similar experience. Indeed, it was in connection with an affliction of that sort that my attention was first drawn, a few weeks before buried a be meeting of synod where an honored minister, who has been

to what he does not piefer ; but facts are stubborn, and can't be put away. So long as house-keeping remains in its present chaotic condition; so long as "servantgalism" is the chief topic of conversation; so long as the woman who toils is considered inferior to the woman who dresses and does nothing; so long as two "1 like that sermon so much." codes of morals are tolerated, one Well inquired her father, "whom damning the woman and the are you going to bring to Jesus ?" other upholding the man; so long A thoughtful expression came as emotion is cultivated at the over her face as she replied, "I expense of reason, women will, think, papa, that I will just bring as a rule, be practically inferior myself to Him. Herfather thought to men. No great, noble woman- that would do admirably for a bebood can come from the present ginning. order of society. There can be found no grand men without grand mothers. Therefore, this Republic had better look to its women. Beauty and style and veneered accomplishments do not make a ton on my glove.' woman.

A BEATIFUL_DEATH.

"Doctor, is I got to go?" "Aunt 'Liza, there is no hope for you.'

"Bress the Great Master for His goodness. I'se ready." The doctor gave a few directions to the colored women that sat around 'Liza's bed, and started to leave, when he was recalled by the old woman, who was dritting out with the tide.

"Marse John, stay wid me till it's ober. I want to talk ob de nation is found in the principle old times. I knowed you when which I have just enunciated. a boy, long 'fore you went and To have a sympathizing God we been a doctor. I called you Marse must have a suffering Saviour, John den; and I call you the and there is no true fellow-feeling same now. Tak yo' ole mammy's hand, honey, and hold it. I'se him who has been afflicted like lived a long, long life. Ole marster and ole missus hab gone fered like another impels us to go before, and de chillun from de and sympathize with him. Those old place is scattered ober de of us who have lost little children world. I'd like see 'em 'fore I feel a prompting within us to starts on de journey to night. speak a word of comfort to every My ole man gone, and all de parent who is passing through a chillun I nussed at dis breast has gone too. Dey's waiting for der

mudder on de golden shore. I bress de Lord, Marse John, for takin' me to meet 'en. dar. I'se some twelve years ago, to the lought de good fight, and I'se not text of this discourse. I had just afraid to meet de Saviour. No mo' wo'k for poor ole mammy, no loved daughter, the light of the mo' trials and tribulations-hold household, and the darling of all my hand tighter, Marse John-in it, and had gone to attend a fadder, mudder-marster-missus -chillun-I'se gwine home. The soul, while pluming its short firm chin accentuating the through the same trial oftener wings for its flight to the Great delicate arch of the beautiful than once before, came up to me Beyond, rested on the dusky face throat, a mouth small and ex- and took me by the hand, and of the sleeper, and the watchers, said to me, with a reference to my with bowed heads, wept silently.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

FOR THE BOYS AND GIRLS. A minister had preached a sim.

ple sermon upon the text, "And they brought him to Jesus." As he was going home, his little daughter walking beside him said.

"What are you doing now ?] never saw a girl that was so al. ways finding something to do !" " I'm only going to sew a but.

"Why, you are not going out, are you ?' "O, no. I only like to get things ready beforehand; that's

all. And this little thing that had been persisted in by Rose Ham. mond until it had become a fixed

habit, saved her more trouble than she herself over had any idea of; more time, too. Ready beforehand-try it.

As surely as you do, faithfully, you will never relinquish it for the slipshod, time-enough when it's wanted way of doing .- Young Christian.

Some bad boys tried to persuade a good little boy to play truant. "No, no, I can not," said he. "Why ? now why ?" they asked.

"Why," answered the boy, "because if I do, I shall have to pray it all out to God at my mother's knee to-night.'

"Oh, well," they said, " in that case you had better not go." Bad boys expect of boys better brought up than themselves better things than they can practice. But you see what a bridle the habit of prayer puts on a little child.-Child's Delight.

There was once a horse that used to pull around a sweep which lifted dirt from the depths of the earth. He was kept at the business for nearly twenty years, until he became old, blind, and too stiff in the joints to be of further use. So he was turned into a pasture, and left to crop the grass without any one to disturb or

rest," etc. (understood o rest on the est dom. Many wards, and it part of his life and permanen David made resting time. he meditated Lord. Lookin his eye was unadorned ta ark of God wa struck with t and his own n thought that better than the pugnant to hi formed the gre a house for G ark and be th worship. The to the wilder times of the n settled kingdon nent building. and decided ad ion was most pious. It wou to God and ma tion to use his sion of religion David, king ov to be any les David, the she the fugitive au too many rich houses of their to worship in and inconveni les. While we sive expendite decorations, w pounds of the the poor cann than in making convenient, c conducive to the it is intended. had special re the good work. 2. It was no approved of Da cause the right The approval but elsewhere Chron. 6:8-9) tery to us whe not only righ which have his

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quisite, a faultiess nose, eyes tender and thoughtful, with eyebrows sorrow, "By these things we She was dead.—Eli Pcrkins. perfectly arched, a rounded fore- live." That was all, but each head above which the hair is successive year since then has modestly put back over the shapegiven a new verification of his ly head, with its plain but becomwords, for oh ! how often in the ing cap, the whole face sweet and intervals have I been enabled to womanly, and illuminated with a comfort others with the comfort saintly light reflected from within with which I have been comforted this is HESTER ANN ROGERS, of God, and the efficacy of the whose Christian experience as consolation lay largely in the pictured in her own glowing fact that it was offered by one words, has quickened the faith who had proved its value for himand love of many, and will for self generations to come continue to augment the spiritual forces that

We cannot do good to others save at a cost to ourselves, and are bringing this world to our our own afflictions are the price Curist .- Nashville Christian Advowe pay for our ability to sympathize. He who would be a

helper must first be a sufferer.

He who would be a Saviour must

somewhere and somehow have

been upon a cross; and we cannot

have the highest happiness of life

in succoring others without tast-

A WOMAN ON WOMEN.

Kate Field, in a letter to the

MOODYS ADDRESSES.

cate.

Mr. Moody's voice acts like a spell, or why do people patiently

ing the cup which Jesus drank and submitting to the baptism wherewith He was baptized. Every real Barnabas must pass to his vocation through seasons of personal sorrow-and so, again, we see that it is true that "by these things men live." The most comforting of David's Psalms were pressed out of him by suffering; and if Paul bad not had his thorn in the flesh we had missed much of that tenderness which quivers in so many of his letters. - Rev. Wm. i aylor, D, D.Boston Herald, says: The marvel

I CANNOT CHOOSE.

I cannot choose-I should have liked so much To sit at Jesus's feet, to feel the touch Of His kind, gentle hand upon my head, While drinking in the gracious words He said, And yet to serve him!-O divine employ, To minister and give the Master joy ! To bathe in coolest springs His weary feet And wait upon Him while He sat at meat ! Worship or service-which? Ah that is best To which he calls me, be it toil or rest-To labor for Him in life's busy stir. Or seek His feet, a silent worshiper. So let him choose for us : we are not strong To make the choice; perhaps we should go wrong, Mistaking zeal for service, sinful sloth

For loving worship, and so fail of both.

POLITENESS AND ITS PLACE.

Sir Arthur Helps has the happy

faculty of putting expressions of

wisdom into a few words. It was

bother him, But the funny thing about the old horse was that every morning, after grazing awhile, he would start on a tramp, going round and round in a circle, just as he had been accustomed to do for so many years. He would keep it up for many hours, and people often stopped to look and wonder what had got into the head of the venerable animal to make him walk around in such a solemn way when there was no earthly need of it. But it was the force of habit. And the boy who forms bad or good habits in his youth will be led by them when he becomes old, and will be miserable or happy accordingly.

FOG AND GROG.

Arthur was walking along the beach with his father one fine afternoon. He had been watching the bathers bobbing up and down, their red caps or flapping straw hats shining in the water he who said "familiarity should like shoals of buoys in the ocean,

not swallow up courtesy." Prob- Here and there he spicked up a ably one-half of the ruleness of cork or a wine bottle, and at last youths of this day, that late in his father pointed out to him a life will develop into brutality, is great hulk of a vessel that had due to the failure of parents to recently been wrecked. It had enforce in the family circle the on it an immense load of coalrules of courtesy. The son or several hundred tons. You could daughter who is discourteous to now look into it and see piles members of the family because of of coal; but could not get at 16, familiarity with them is very likely and it would cost more to get it to prove rude and overbearing to out than it was worth. So at others, and very certain to be a last the coal was sold for \$11. tyrant in the household over "How did it happen to get wreckwhich he or she may be called to ed?" asked Arthur, "I asked that question," replied his father,

There is at this day, undeniably of a gentleman with whom I walkamong the rising generation, a ed to the wreck the day after the lack of courteous demeanor in the accident, and I said to him, 'I family. Of all places in the suppose it was caused by fog.' He speak the gentlest and be the So, upon inquiry, I learned that most kindly, and there is the this was true; that the crew had place of all where courteous de- been drinking, and of course with gar in his home, will prove a sad wrecks in life. Men make mis-

When we propose to do a thing, your mother. No matter how late consider what he prefers superior thing not to be done. vou

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A correspond Surgical Tiger where it com-Scarle' lever means of al. much less 10 many cases wh pularly assign in Anouse nada country man tami's had be three years, 1 been away tre months, and no house who has where it was.

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