

Our Home Circle.

SOMETIME, SOMEWHERE.

Unanswered yet? the prayer your lips have pleaded In agony of heart these many years? Does faith begin to fail; is hope departing, And think you all in vain those falling tears? Say not, the Father has not heard your prayer; You shall have your desire, SOMETIME, SOMEWHERE.

ABOUT SYDNEY SMITH.

When Sydney Smith received the living of Foston-le-Clay from the Archbishop of York, the prospect was so gloomy that he was almost discouraged. Foston had not boasted of a resident clergyman for a hundred and fifty years, owing to the wretched condition of the house which had once been the parsonage. The living consisted of three hundred acres of glebe-land of the stiffest clay, and there was no tithe. The difficulties of the situation then were by no means trifling: a house to be built without experience or money; a family and furniture to be moved into the heart of Yorkshire; and the absolute necessity of becoming a farmer, which, to a man who had hitherto devoted himself to preaching, literature, and society, and did not know, as he said, a turnip from a carrot, was far from agreeable.

But Sydney Smith's cheerful temper and high spirits never deserted him. He drew up the plans for his house himself; bought horses and bricks and timber, and set to work with such good will that, to use his own words, "In spite of ignorance, inexperience and poverty, I landed my family in my new house nine months after laying the first stone, and, by issuing forth at midnight with a lantern to meet the last cart, with the cook and the cat, which had stuck in the mud, had them all fairly established by twelve o'clock." It is said that, though this house was a marvel of ugliness, a more compact, convenient abode could not well be imagined.

As they lived more than a mile from the church, and the roads were hardly passable, they needed a carriage, and how Sydney supplied this deficiency he relates at some length:

"After diligent search, I discovered in the back settlements of a York coach-maker, an ancient green chariot, supposed to have been the earliest invention of the kind. I brought it home in triumph to my admiring family. As it was somewhat dilapidated the village blacksmith repaired it, the village tailor lined it with green cloth, and, but for Mrs. Smith's earnest entreaties, I believe the village painter would have exercised his genius upon the exterior. It escaped this danger, however, and the result was wonderful. Each year added to its charms. It grew younger and younger—a new wheel—a new spring. I christened it 'the Immortal.' It was known all over the neighborhood. The village boys cheered it, and the village dogs barked at it."

To match this chariot, Sydney had a huge, bony, ugly-looking steed, which, in spite of the vast quantity of grass, hay, corn, and oats with which he was supplied, grew thinner and thinner every day, and had *famine* so plainly written on his countenance that they named it "Calamity." He was as sluggish in disposition as his master was impetuous, and so Sydney invented his patent "tantalus," which consisted of a small sieve of corn, suspended on a semicircular bar of iron from the ends of the shafts, just beyond the horse's nose. The corn, rattling as the vehicle proceeded, stimulated "Calamity" to unwonted exertions, and, with the hope of overtaking this imaginary provender he managed to travel at a moderately rapid pace.

Fancy him in his barn of a church, preaching to fifty or sixty illiterate, plodding Yorkshire rustics, who yawn audibly at his sermons. It is said that his manner in the pulpit was as energetic as his words were earnest, and one of his remarks in regard to his early experience in preaching is full of significance: "When I began to thump the cushion of my pulpit, on first coming to Foston, as is my wont when I preach, the accumulated dust of a hundred and fifty years made such a cloud that for some minutes I lost sight of my congregation."

"I can't bear," he said on another occasion, "to be imprisoned, in the true orthodox way, in the pulpit, with my head just peeping above the desk. I like to look down upon my congregation, and fire into them. The common people say I am a *bold* preacher because I like to have my arms free to thump the pulpit.

One of Sydney's best repartees was his reply to Sir Edwin Landseer, the

painter of animals, when the artist asked him to sit for his portrait: "Is thy servant a dog that he should do this thing?" The following is one of his most graceful compliments: On examining some new flowers in the garden, a beautiful girl, who was one of the party, exclaimed, "O Mr. Sydney, this rose will never come to perfection." "Permit me, then," said he, taking her hand, "to lead perfection to the rose."

His rank as a writer and thinker is well known. He projected the *Edinburgh Review*, edited the first number, and contributed to the magazine during a space of twenty-eight years. Sir Henry Holland, once said of him, very finely, "If Sydney Smith had not been the greatest and most brilliant of wits, he would have been the most remarkable man of his time for a sound and vigorous understanding and great reasoning powers; and if he had not been distinguished for these, he would have been the most eminent and purest writer of English." His best sermons are said to have been marvels of eloquence, and he has a just claim to be considered one of the greatest preachers of this century. But his reputation as a wit overshadowed all else. He did not caricature, like Douglas Jerrold, nor pun like Thomas Hood. He was not playfully facetious, like Charles Lamb, nor bitterly and ungenerously sarcastic, like Lord Brougham. But he is usually regarded as being, of all English wits, the greatest master of keen, good-tempered ridicule. It is proof of the high order of his wit, that it was most brilliant upon momentous occasions, and exercised a powerful influence upon events of great political importance.—*National Repository*.

A NOBLE EXAMPLE.

A lady writes a pleasant note to the editor of the Independent, which is well worth printing:

"As so much is said and written about the temperance principles of our President's wife, I would like to present another phase of her character, as an example for the women of our land to follow.

During an acquaintance with her for the last twenty-five years, I have never heard her speak ill of any one. I once asked her how this came about, that she was so guarded in this respect, when I knew she was tempted as much as any one to use her tongue to the detriment of others. She said, in reply, that at night, before going to sleep, her husband would say to her: 'Now have we said anything against any one to day?'

I know this is entering the privacy of the home-circle of the long-ago; but, as she is in such a conspicuous place, I cannot forbear to use my knowledge for the general good. She herself may never think of possessing this trait, and may not remember this remark of hers to me; but years have not effaced it from my mind.

As one of the great evils of our day, among the women, at least, is gossip and scandal such an example from the first lady in the land cannot be too highly extolled."

All of which we commend, not simply to the next President's wife, but to all our readers.—*N. Y. Independent*.

MRS. PARTINGTON.

The character of Mrs. Partington, which one of our own humorists has made famous, originated with Sydney Smith; and the little squib which brought the amiable dame into notice serves so well to illustrate his method of ridicule, that, though known to every one, it might be quoted here. It was written at the time when Lord John Russell, one of his best friends, was introducing the reform bill into Parliament, and meeting with such opposition. "I do not mean," said Sydney Smith "to be disrespectful, but the attempt of the lords to stop the progress of reform reminds me very forcibly of the great storm at Sidmouth, and the conduct of the excellent Mrs. Partington on that occasion. In the winter of 1824 a great flood set in upon that town. The tide rose to an incredible height, the waves rushed in upon the houses, and every thing was threatened with instant destruction. In the midst of this sublime storm, Dame Partington, who lived upon the beach, was seen at the door of her house, with mop and patters, trundling her mop and squeezing out the sea-water, and vigorously pushing away the Atlantic ocean. The Atlantic was roused. Mrs. Partington's spirit was up. But I need not tell you that the contest was unequal. The Atlantic ocean beat Mrs. Partington. She was excellent at a slop or a puddle, but she should not have meddled with a tempest." This little paragraph had a success quite unlooked for, spreading in every direction; and sketches of Mrs. Partington and her mop were to be seen in the windows of all the picture shops about the country. In fact, it would be difficult to conceive of any thing better in its way. It is good-tempered, the situation is irresistibly ludicrous, and the application is to the last degree keenly and satirically witty.—*National Repository*.

FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH.

BY DANIEL E. ANDERSON.

Amongst the freshmen that entered the Royal College of M—, at the commencement of the session of 1865 was Gédéon M—.

A few days after his arrival he became the butt of laughter and ridicule to a certain set of his fellow students, for he had an impediment in his speech and at times stammered painfully. Nevertheless, this did not hinder him from reconstituting with one of the students for swearing, and using vile and blasphemous language. But though some laughed at him, others admired his moral courage, and it was not long before they had evidence that his courage was coupled with high intellectual attainment and genuine piety. As the weeks and months went by, his consistency never flagged, and though, at times, it was put to rude and severe tests, it stood firm and unshaken. He had that charity which beareth all things, suffereth long, and is kind, and thereby gradually won the esteem and respect even of those who used once to jeer at him. More than once, during the recreation hour, he was surrounded by a knot of students, arguing with him on some doctrinal point of the Christian religion, or on the fallacies of the Romish Church, under the yoke of which his fathers had been enthralled.

About this time he came and settled at P—, near Glenside, my beloved home, and I was thereby thrown offener in his company, and a fast friendship soon sprang up between us. Many a time we have wandered together along the banks of the river at the bottom of the deep glen, and our Bible or Testament in hand, have held sweet converse together—or have sat on the summer-seat under the shady trees searching the Scriptures. He was by two or three years my senior, not only in age, but also in Christian experience, and I rejoiced I had come across a fellow-student who knew more than I did, and who by his piety could help and encourage mine.

Now the memory of those happy days comes back to me like sweet fragrance from a garden of spices, and I thank God for the privilege of having once enjoyed the friendship of such a man. We were also at the same time members of the Young Men's Christian Association, and Gédéon—who invariably took part in the meetings—when his soul was filled with his subject, forgot all impediments, his tongue became loose, and words of spiritual comfort or earnest appeal flowed from his lips. "Open Thou our lips, and our mouth shall show forth Thy praise." He was a valiant captain in the army of the Lord, and God wanted him for nobler work above!

After leaving college he entered a solicitor's office, and very soon there also he won the esteem and approbation of his chief and fellow-clerks, and a bright prospect seemed to be opening before him—but God had decreed otherwise with regard to our dear friend's future. In 1867 a severe epidemic fever passed over the Island of M—, carrying off the inhabitants a hundred a day. That pearl of the Indian Ocean, once the Sanatorium of the South, under the influence of abundant torrential rains, and over-luxuriant growth, exhaled death from the marshy ground, and undrained towns and villages. In vain the people sought medical aid and remedies—the fever would have her hecatombs, and there was scarcely a family from which she carried not off one or two victims—nay, in some instances whole families were swept entirely away, and there was no one left to tell the tale.

It was on a Saturday afternoon, whilst we were assembled as usual in the vestry of St. John's chapel, that the Secretary of the Association read a letter requesting the earnest prayers of the members in favor of Gédéon, who lay dangerously ill with fever at the Civil Hospital, without hope of recovery. He had been suddenly struck down, and delirium having set in, he had become so violent that it had been thought prudent to send him to the hospital. The news shocked us and brought sadness to our hearts. We had missed him for one or two Saturdays, but we never expected to hear that illness had been the cause of his absence. He had left P— some time before this. As it was then too late to visit him I resolved to go to the hospital the next day, and I shall never forget what I saw there on that early Sunday morning. The wards of the hospital were literally packed with the sick and dying; the beds were placed close to one another, and instead of thirty there were sixty patients in one ward,—European, Creole, Indian, Chinese, all lay side by side. I went to the ward in charge, and asked to see my friend, but to my surprise he answered that since the day before no one had answered to the name of Gédéon M—; that either he was dead, or was so ill that he could not answer to the roll-call. I walked round the wards with a full and heavy heart, inspecting the face of each young man who resembled Gédéon, but without avail.

I passed from one ward into another, and a fear lest he had died the day before began to grow upon me, when I came to the private ward, which was also quite full. On one of the beds lay a young man with shaven head, and a broad compress on his forehead—his hands were tied to the bed to prevent him from removing the compress. That could not be my friend—the wan and haggard face and the sunken eyes were so different from the full cheeks and bright, intelligent eyes I used to know; and besides, the name on the paper above the bed was not his. I went back to the warder and begged of him to help me in my search. On referring to his book, and the number of the bed on which this young man lay, we found the wrong name had been put on the paper, and of a truth there was dear Gédéon. I untied his hands, and spoke to him; but for some time his eyes remained closed and he gave no answer—the flickering breath alone gave evidence that life still hung by a thread. I stooped and called him loudly by name close to his ear, and held his hand in mine—he opened his eyes. I asked if he recognized me and a feeble pressure of the hand was all the answer. I then spoke a few words of consolation, and asked him if, now that he was about to end his life, he could say that his faith in Christ was still a source of joy to him; whether he did, at that moment, realize that Christ was present with him, and would never leave him. He opened his lips, and tried to articulate a few words, but I failed to catch them. I then read the twenty-third Psalm, laying special emphasis on the words: "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me." A smile of inexpressible joy flitted across his features as he fixed his gaze towards one corner of the ceiling, as if he saw some one there, and raising his head slightly he uttered the words: "Jésus, mon Sauveur, et mon Roi (Jesus, my Saviour, and my King)" and closed his eyes again. I kept his hand in mine, and knelt by his side, and commended his spirit into the hands of the Saviour, to whom he had just given his dying testimony. I left him, and came back a few hours after—but a quarter of an hour after I had gone my friend had passed from mortality to immortality. He had been faithful to his Saviour unto death. "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord."—*The King's Messenger*.

POOR AND PROUD.

Young men out of business are sometimes hampered by pride. Many young men who go West take more pride than money—and bring back all the pride and no money at all. A young man that "works for his bread," no matter what honest work he does, has no reason for shame. A young man who esteems money he has is disgraced. All young men starting in life ought to aim, first of all, to find a place where they can earn their bread and butter with hoe, ax, spade, wheelbarrow, curry-comb, blacking-brush—no matter how. Independence first. The bread-and-butter question settled, let the young man perform his duty so faithfully as to attract attention, and let him constantly keep his eyes open for a chance to do better. About half the poor, proud young men, and two-thirds of the poor, discouraged young men, are always out of work. The young man who pockets his pride, and carries an upper lip as stiff as a sheet-iron door-step scraper, need not starve, and stands a good chance to become rich.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

Rev. Mr. Christopher once called on an aged class-leader, and after having prayed with the family, said: "Brother, how is it you have been a church member so long, and yet are not a converted man?" "Are you my judge?" "I know you by your fruits. You have no family worship." "Do you know that I have no family worship?" "Yes, I know it." "Well; it is true, but I would like to know who told you?" "No one told me, but I know that had you been in the habit of having family worship, that cat would not have jumped out of the window, frightened, as it did, when we knelt to pray." The test was true in that case.—The brother confessed that he had omitted family worship because he did not wish to hinder his workmen. He was touched with their proof and immediately set up an altar, and years afterward testified that he had found it profitable, even financially, to acknowledge God in the house.—Since he had made his religion real in his daily life his workmen had become more industrious and faithful.—So we come back to the truth of the old statement, "Prayer and provender hinder no man's journey."

spurn not the slightest word or deed, Nor deem it void of power; Their's fruit in each wind-tafted seed, Whistling its natal hour. A whispered word may touch the heart, And call it back to life. A look of love bid sin depart, And still unholly stride.

Our Young Folks.

WHAT SAYS THE CLOCK?

"Tick, tick, the clock says, 'tick, tick, tick! What you have to do, do quick, Time is gliding fast away. Let us act, and act to-day." "If your lessons you would get, Do it now, and do not fret; That alone is hearty fun Which comes after duty done." "When your mother says, Obey, Do not loiter, do not stay; Wait not for another tick; What you have to do, do quick." "If my little boy will mind, And be prompt, and good, and kind, Time to him will be a friend; Time for him will sweetly end."

"I DON'T CARE."

BY WASHINGTON HASBROUCK, P.H.D.

"I don't care!" How often we hear young people say this! My young friend, you ought to care—aye, you will care, perhaps, when it is too late. "Don't care" has ruined thousands. It has filled jails and almshouses and murderers' graves; it has wrung the hearts of parents, and brought deep blushes to a sister's cheeks; it has broken down many a young man who has started out in life with the brightest prospects of success, but has too often said, "I don't care."

Be careful how you allow yourself to utter these words. Some years ago there was a bright talented boy, coming late out of school. He had been kept in by his teacher for bad conduct. As he stepped into the street, a friend of his—a noble man, and one who always delighted in helping boys—said to him: "I am very sorry to see you coming out of school so late." The boy replied in a careless, ungentlemanly way: "I don't care."

Now, remember, that I was intimately acquainted with this lad. I knew his father and mother. They were excellent people, and denied themselves many things that they might give their son the advantages of a good education. This boy was talented—no one in the school more so. He could stand at the head of his classes whenever he tried to, but he didn't care.

This spirit of "I don't care" grew upon him, and at last his father took him out of school and put him in a store. But he failed there, for he didn't care whether he pleased his employers customers or not. After remaining in the store a short time, he was dismissed. He didn't care, but father and mother and sister cared, for they shed many tears on account of his failure.

Some years after this I saw him driving a dirt-cart, in trousers and shirt and barefoot; but he didn't care. For several years I did not hear any thing from him. One day, I ascertained that he had shipped as a common sailor for a foreign port; but on ship-board, as everywhere else, he didn't care, and when the vessel reached her harbor, the captain kicked him off the ship. After wandering about a few months on a foreign shore he died of fever, and lies buried thousands of miles from home. Upon his tomb-stone, truthfully might be inscribed these words:

"Here lies a once noble, talented boy, who came to an untimely grave, because he didn't care!"

TEN DOCTRINES.

The following statement by Dr. J. H. Vincent has simplicity of statement and comprehensiveness. Every child should commit it to memory:

- I. I believe that all men are sinners. II. I believe that God the Father loves all men, and hates all sin. III. I believe that Jesus Christ died for all men to make possible their salvation from sin, and to make sure the salvation of all who believe in him. IV. I believe that the Holy Spirit is given to all men to enlighten and to incline them to repent of their sins, and to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ. V. I believe that all who repent of their sins and believe in the Lord Jesus Christ receive the forgiveness of sin. [This is justification.] VI. I believe that all who receive the forgiveness of sin are at the same time made new creatures in Christ Jesus. [This is regeneration.] VII. I believe that all who are made new creatures in Christ Jesus are accepted as the children of God. [This is adoption.] VIII. I believe that all who are accepted as the children of God may receive the inward assurance of the Holy Spirit to that fact. [This is the witness of the Spirit.] IX. I believe that all who truly desire and seek it, may love God with all their heart and soul, mind and strength, and their neighbors as themselves. [This is entire sanctification.] X. I believe that all who persevere to the end, and only those, shall be in heaven forever. [This is the true final perseverance.]

After a great snow-storm a little fellow began to shovel a path through a large snow-bank before his grandmother's door. He had nothing but a small shovel to work with. "How do you expect to get through that drift?" asked a man passing along. "By keeping at it," said the boy cheerfully; "that's how."

LESSON VII.

ABRAHAM AND ISHMAEL.

TIME—B. C. 1912

PLACE—Abram, Canaan, near Beth-el, and goes to the settlements at Hebron.

CONTEMPORARY now under the shade settled by the descendants of Canaan. Babylonia built by Nimrod near

CONNECTION—Abram failed. The license of a de mean form of decc but false in fact. as his sister. The Sarai, as an unma to the harem of wealth and honora by plagues sent up hold, the king re band, with a reb sent him out of E he had acquired. To his old encampm he again establish hovah.

EXPAN Into the south. Palestine. This where distinctly of south country, Jos

Abram was ver rich in Egypt. He has 100 or 200 camels, 1000 sheep And Abraham, he exceeded that amo ty. In cattle. Egyptian nobles te rearing of cattle, sceticism of ear mentioned before possessions, for rare in Egypt, and gold." In gold. Egypt gold was only solid, molter rings for currency plates for overlays and stone.

He sent on his gulate his moveme water and pastura of the Lord. We tar and the name Doubtless Dean S that Egypt repre we call the "world off its dust from h "a closer walk with

There was a str Originating, doub scarcity of herbag their flocks, and the possession of t of water, which in have a value unkn of a country like o

And Abraham be no strife. Now actor shines out, at atmosphere of Mount," Matt. 6 :

Well watered, watered region. T sity in the East. security from per the Jordan is first river of Palestine for in its swift out 1,300 feet and ov when it reaches t and Gomorrah.

at the lower end of now the sea covers forms the lower Even as the garden plain of the Jorda vanished glory of t plains of the Nile still fresh in the u

Lot chose all the was evidently gov selfish principle abode. He was f the best part of t so doing he shoul vicinity of the chu worship of God. I ness, he was first plundering of his in the war of th soon after, and th flight from Sodom tines and crimes with it.

Cities of the pla these cities—Sod Zeboim and Zoar Siddim, at the Des cities were destr and swift judgment of heaven. Pitehe

We may suppose to keep at a safe o of abominations; within the perilo sin, he is imper

The men of Sod higher blessing of wanting in the ch able that he was parted from Abra married a woman state of society in lacy upon which l lands and crops, gious privileges. the true religion, a the privilege of Abram; yet he se count of this in se

The Lord said likely that up to t Lot as his heir, and at this very ti by the direct prom of the earth."