THE WESLEYAN, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1880.

Our Home Circle

ANTE-MORTEM.

How much would I care for it could I know That when I am under the grass or snow, The raveled garment of life's brief day Folded, and quietly laid away; The spirit let loose from mortal bars, And somewhere away among the stars, How much do you think it would matter then What praise was lavished upon me, when, Whatever might be its stint or store, It neither could help nor harm me more i

If, while I was toiling, they had but thought To stretch a finger, I would have caught Gladly such aid to buoy me through Some bitter duty I had to do; Though when it was done they said (may be To others-they never said to me-The word of applause so craved, whose worth Had been the supremest boon on earth, If granted me then), 'We are proud to know That one of ourselves has triumphed so.

What use for the rope, if it be not flung Tifl the swimmer's grasp to the rock has clung? What help in a comrade's bugle blast, When the peril of Alpine heights is past i What need that the stirring pean roll, When the runner is safe beyond the goal ? What worth in ealegy's blandest breath, When whispered in ears that are hushed in death No ! no !--if you have but a word of cheer, Do speak it while I am alive to hear ! -Margaret J. Preston.

UPON THE ROCK.

"Now, Peter, confess you feel rather afraid sometimes when the wind blows high and the waves force their way up to your cottage door; brave old sailor as you are, are you not somewhat afraid ?"

" Afraid of what, Master Hubert ?" asked the old fisherman, who was busy mending his nets.

"Why afraid your pretty little house will be blown down; it is dangerously near the coast. Peter."

"Do you think so, Master Hubert?" replied the old man, looking up at his cottage with a bright smile.

"I'm not afraid," he added; "yon little nest of mine is like the house the Great Master spoke of, the one where "the rain descended and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house, and it fell not; for it was founded upon a rock.' If it were down here on the sands I should have reason to fear, but it's safe there."

"Well, I suppose it is," said the boy ; "it's lonely though, Peter."

" Lonely, bless your heart, no ! any thing but lonely, within sight and sound of the sea, and the brave ships homeward and outward bound, and the fishermen's children climbing up and down the rocks, and on Sundays, Master Hubert. there's a gentleman comes out three miles to read and talk to us. for you know there's neither church nor chapel here on the cliff: he comes to my house, and it's proud me and my good wife are to have him, not but what know you, for the face is much the same though.'

"And you still live in your old home?" live ? But it won't be much longer, sir. You know that verse, sir-

A few more storms shall beat On this wild, rocky, shore : And we shall be where tempests cease

And surges roll no more ! "No more storms in heaven, peace,

love, joy, forevermore." And a happy smile | assed over the aged, weather-beaten face.

"Safe in the haven of rest; think of that. "Oh! tell me Master Hubert." he added, as if he thought his companion were still a boy, " tell me have you built upon the Rock-Jesus the Rock of Ages."

The young man shook his head, and rose to go. " I'll come again," he said "and have another talk with you." And he went again, and yet again, and attended the services held in Peter's cottage home; add, in the presence of the light which is ever stronger than the darkness, and the pure, perfect truth more powerful than error, his prejudices against religion vanished away, and, when restored in health of mind body he left the village on the and cliff, old Peter knew that he, too, was building "upon the Rock." Those who had been friends ridiculed him when he told them of his altered views, but their scorn and contempt could not destroy the peace and joy in Hubert's

heart. "Strange that a poor, old fisherman should be the means of doing good to anyone like you, Hubert," said one of his friends.

"In the Bible in which I now believe," "eplied Hubert, " there is a verse that says, "God hath chosen the foelish things of the world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty."

A true carnest follower of Christ Hubert remained, and on the cliff near old Peter's cottage he built a chapel in memory of his visit there.

They call it "the fisherman's chapel," and sometimes in stormy weather white winged sea-gulls will fly round it as though to warn of coming disaster, aud the waves will rush boldly up and beat against the walls and windows and the winds will tell in angry voices of the destruction they have caused els e where. But no one is at all afraid : the preacher goes on with his sermon, or the congregation with the singing ; they know the storm will soon be over, and they have no cause for fear, for they are safe " upon the rock."-Methodist

ters, and the sea breeze perpetually sir; sharper and thinner though, than | blows the smell across the encampment it used to be; I ought to ha' known you of the fishers, which lies sweltering. under a terrible sun, and but poorly provided with even the few things that go

"Ay, yes, sure; where else should I to make the Oriental comfortable. In Ceylon matters are little better, as far as the divers are personally concerned. and in China and Japan the industry is one that attracts only the lowest orders. From these sources most of the gems of our markets are derived, but the pearl oyster is of such extensive distribution, a creature of every shore, that nearly all countries contribute pearls to the general stock.

* PORCUPINE CHRISTIANS."

Are there any professors of religion who deserve such a name? A recent writer speaks of "porcupine Christians." bristling all over with the sharp quills of prejudice, bigotry, censoriousness, exclusiveness, and all manner of unlovely things, and further says : "I have personally come in contact with more than one porcupine Christian." So have we. Sometimes, even when making the most friendly overtures, we have discov ered bristling quills. Chronically combative, many people so habitually assume the offensive that their fellow Christians soon come to dread association with them, and their unamiable attitude excites fears which repel advances, and make it perilous to meet them. If approached, it must be very warily, or up fly their quills, and, to avoid harm, it is found prudent to keep them at a distance. They meet every opinion and measure with a sharp oriticism, and dissent from every view and plan which they have not originated. While showing no disposition to affiliate with others, they are continually complaining of the want of love in

the church, and instead of showing any sympathy with their brethren in Christian work, they manage to embarrass and obstruct every benevolent enterprise with objections to place or with their chronic carping.

These " porcupine Christians" are especially annoying to their pastors. We heard one, only recently, referring to a no uncommon experience among ministers, who, upon making a call, met with one of this class. Instead of a cordial welcome, such as a spiritual shepherd might expect from one of his fold, he came upon a " fretful porcupine," and, with the quills bristling up, he had to hear the sarcastic remark ," I supposed you had forgotten I was a member of the church." We were not surprised that, with the impression made by such a reception, this pastor was led to say that he did not "hanker" to make many or lengthy visits to such people. We

THE FOUR FRIENDS.

"Lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in death they were not divided.' This sentiment, from David's lament over Saul and Jonathan, might have been appropriately inscribed on the granite cross which marks four graves in Virginia. The occasion of the monument is thus told :

In 1858 four gentlemen entered their sons at a boarding-school at Cokesbury, S. C. They had been four years intimate friends and clergymen in the Methodist Church.

These boys remained at this school, room-mates and class-mates, for two years, and entered Wofford College. standing relatively first, second, third and fourth, in a large class.

They remained at the institution fouryears, were room-mates all the time. graduating relatively first, second, third. and fourth.

They then entered a law-office at Spartanburg, and studied law under the same chancellor.

The war broke out, and at the call for troops they all entered Jenkins's rifle regiment from South Carolina, and were messmates in the same company.

Being near the same height, they stood together as comrades in battle in this regiment.

At the second battle of Manassas. August, 1864, a shell from the enemy's battery fell into the ranks of this company, killed these four boys, and none other in the company.

They are buried on the battle-field, and sleep together in the same grave. -Nashville Advocate.

COMBATS OF THE OCBAN.

Among the extraordinary spectacles sometimes witnessed by those who 'go down to the sea in ships,' none are more impressive than a combat for the supremacy between the monsters of and the whale are described as Homeric in grandeur.

The sword-fish go in schools, like whales, and the attacks are regular sealights. When the two troops meet, as soon as the sword-fish have betrayed their presence by a few bounds in the horse knocked me down, and both my air, the whales draw together and close up their ranks. The sword-fish always | little Reuby ! I am sure I am dying endeavors to take the whale in the flank, either because its cruel instinct has revealed to it the defect in the car- The kind-hearted gentleman took the cass-for there exists near the brachial fins of the whale a spot where wounds are mortal-or because the flank presents a wider surface to its blow. The sword-fish recoils to secure a went out of his blue eyes for ever.

greater impetus. If the movementescapes the keen eye of his adversary, the whale is lost, for it receives the blow or the enemy and dies instantly. But, if the whale perceives the swordfish at the instant of the rush, by a spontaneous bound it springs clear of the water its entire length, and falls on its flank with a crash that resounds for many leagues, and whitens the sea with boiling foam. The gigantic animal has only its tail for the defense. It tries to strike its enemy, and finishes in hearts. him at a single blow. But, if the active sword-fish avoids the fatal tail, the battle becomes more terrible. The aggressor springs from the water in his turn, falls upon the whale, and attempts not to pierce, but to saw it with the teeth that garnish its weapon. The sea is stained with blood ; the fury of the whale is boundless. The sword-fish never let the roses go out of his hand, harasses him, strikes him on every side, kills him, and flies to other victories. Often the sword fish has not time to avoid the fall of the whale, and contents itself with presenting its sharp saw to the flank of the gigantic animal which is about to crush it. It then dies like Maccassus, smothered beneath the weight of the elephant of the ocean. Finally the whale gives a few last bounds into the air; dragging its assassin in its flight, and parishes as it kills the monster of which it was the victim.

Our Young Folks

FAITHFUL SANDIE.

Dean Stanley, in the course of a recent sermon to children in Westminster Abbey, told a touching story of an Ed. inburgh street boy. Two gentlemen were standing at the door of a hotel one very cold day, when a little boy with a thin blue face, his feet bare and red with the cold, and with nothing to cover him but a bundle of rags, came and said : 'Please, sir, buy some matches.' 'No, don't want any,' the gentleman said. 'But they are only a penny a box,' the poor little fellow pleaded. 'Yes, but you see we don't want a box,' the gentleman said again. ' Then I will gie ye twa boxes for a peany,' the boy said at last, and so to get rid of him, the gentleman who tells the story says, 'I bought a box; but then I found I had no change, so I said. "I will buy a box to-morrow." " Oh do buy them to night, please,' the boy pleaded again ; 'I will run and get ye the change, for I am verra hungry. So I gave him the shilling and he started away. I waited for him, but no boy came. Then I thought I had lost my shilling; still there was that in the boy's face I trusted, and I did not like to think bad of him. Late in the evening I was told a boy wanted to see me ; when he was brought in I found it was a smaller brother of the boy that got my shilling : but, if possible, still more ragged and poor and thin. He stood a moment diving into his rags as if he was seeking something, and then said : 'Are you the gentleman that bought the matches fra Sandie. ?' 'Yes.' 'Weel, then, here's fourpence out o' yer shilling; Sandie cannot come, he is very ill; a cart ran over him and knocked him down, and he lost his bonnet and his matches and your sevenpence, and both his legs are broken, and the doctor says he'll die, and that's a'.' And then putthe deep. The battles of the sword-fish ting the fourpence on the table, the poor child broke down into great sobs. The two little things lived alone, their father and mother being dead. Poor Sandie was lying on a bundle of shayings. He said : 'I got the change, sir. and was coming back; and then the legs were broken ; and, oh, Reaby, and who will take care of you when I am gone ? What will ve do. Reuby ?" lad's hand and said he would always

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THE HOUSE

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I wish we had a chapel for him to preach Recorder, in."

"Perhaps you may have one some day," said Hubert, as he bid the old man good-bye. The years passed away and the boy became a youth, (a man as he called himself.) The only home he had ever known was with an elderly relative, for his parents died when he was a baby; at his own request he went abroad to travel and to study, and while away in one of the continental cities the news came to him of his relative's death, and also that he was left sole heir to his large estate. Congratulations poured in upon him, and friends (so-called) gathered around him; some of these, however, were soon somewhat disappointed in Hubert; he plainly showed them that he would be no frequenter of gambling tables and gilded dancing saloons, of wine parties and worse than frivolous festivities ; in all these things he found no pleasure.

But he loved to gather round him men of highly cultivated intellect and refined poetic tastes, and these chosen friends of his, who, had they given their hearts to him who gave his Son to save them, would have been an honour and a support to any Christian Church, were not content to criticise the works of man alone; they took God's Holy Word and compared it with the so-call. ed wisdom of other ages; they held it up to ridicule and contempt, and spoke lightly of its teachings and commandments. Hubert studied hard, for he wished to win a name and a rank for himself among the learned of his day. But his work brought him little pleasure; he found "much study" to be a to say with wise King Solomon, " Vanity of vanities, all is vanity."

the seaport town where, when a boy he walked along to the little fishing vilthe shingley beach below.

"You've forgotten me, Peter," said him.

bert ?"

"Yes, it is," was the reply; "many a time, Peter, I've sat here by you, and you remember how proud I was when in which they seldom earn a compe- son, when the air is moist. In the mid-I first learned how to row and swim; tence.

you taught me, you know. Peter ?" " Ay, yes, bless you, sure I did; my squalid, almost revolting; for the shore when the hat is finished, is betrayed by eyes is getting dim, sir, made me not is beaded with decaying masses of oys- knots, and much diminishes the value,

THE PERILS OF PEARL-

FISHING.

Such is the value of the pearl that life will be always risked for its attainment, and if the sharks would only sow the banks with pearls they might confidently rely on a regular harvest of men. As it is, they levy a grim tax from the divers, and but for the bustle and noise along the oyster.beds during the "fishery." which frighten off the less daring monsters, the percentage of deaths would inevitably be much greater. The Bahrein and Ceylon fisheries are, of course, the largest and most valuable; but China and Japan, South America. and Australia, as well as some of the islands off the African coast, preduce the precious oyster in abundance. great commercial value, and often yield a larger revenue than the season's find of gems, so that the diver never really goes down in vain. Nor is the smallest "seed pearl" valueless, for it is a pretty, natural fact that only pearl powder will

properly polish pearls, and, moreover, the gems ground up command a ready market in the East, where they are supposed to have a surpassing efficacy in restoring exhausted vitality and renewing wasted vigor.

The diver, therefore, has always encouragement in his perilous labor; and to the last, even when he takes his fata! dive to the waiting shark, he has still the fascination before him of a possible

The old man looked at him, "Why however, the divers grow old at their

have too many of these"porcupine Chris tians" in all our churches.---Baptist Weekly.

PANAMA HATS.

The Jipijana, or Panama hats, says The Journal of Bojany, are principally manufactured in Veraquas and Western Panama. Not all, however, known in commerce by that name are plaited on the Isthmus ; by far a greater proportion being made in Manta, Monte Christi, and other parts of Ecuador. The hats are worn almost in the whole American continent and the West Indies, and probably would be equally used in Europe did not their high price (varying from \$2 to \$150) prevent their importation. They are distin-guished from all others by consisting only of a single piece, and by their lightness and flexibility. They may be The shells themselves are, however, of rolled up and put into the pocket without injury. In the rainy season they are apt to get black; but by washing with soap and water, besmearing them with lime juice, or any other acid, and exposing them to the sun, their whiteness is easily restored. So little is known about these hats that it may not he out of place to give an account of their manufacture.

The 'straw' (paja), previous to plaiting, has to undergo several processes. The leaves are gathered before they un-

fold, all their ribs and coarser veins removed, and the rest, without being separated from the base of the leaf, is reduced to shreds. After having been exposed to, the sun for a day, and tied prizethat shall send him home to live at into a knot," the straw is immersed anto weariness of the flesh," and was ready | ease the rest of his life. So he calls out boiling water until it becomes white. to the shark charmer to charm his best, 1t is then hung up in a shady place, and, with the delusive spell ringing in and subsequently bleached for two or Tired and wearied he left his home his ears, plunges down to death. But three days. The straw is now ready for a time in search of health. Follow- the monster of the deep that has been for use, and in this state sent to differing some strange impulse he went to lying for him, far under the shadow of ent places, especially to Peru, where the boat cares little for exorcism or en- the Indians manufacture from it those always spent his summer holidays; he chantment, and so the diver is never beautiful cigar cases, which sometimes seen again. His comrades in the boat bring as high as \$30 each. The plaitlage. There stood old Peter's cottage feel the rope suddenly shaken, and as ing of the hats is very troublesome. It on the chiff, and the old man himself on suddenly raised; the lessened strain commences at the crown and finishes tells its grim story at once, and then at the brim. The hats are made on a the empty bucket comes floating up to block, which is placed upon the knees. the young fellow, as he sat down beside the surface, a message that the diver is and requires to be constantly pressed dead. In the vast majority of cases, with the breast. According to their quality, more or less time is occupied no," he cried, " it can't be Master Hu- toil, neither meeting with sharks nor in their completion-the coarser ones kings' ransoms in their gropings along may be finished in two or three days, the shell-strewn banks, and the Bahrein while the finest may take as many men speak of it as a monotonous and mouths. The best times for plaiting are gone out with you in your old boat ; do | laborious means of livelihood, and one | the morning hours and the rainy sea-

dle of the day and in dry clear weather. The surroundings of their work are the straw is apt to break, and this,

Dying on One's Knees. - Under this heading a writer in the Christian Press lately recalled these interesting tures-whose presence we may scarcely facts. : Alexander Cruden, well known as the author of the invaluable help to the Bible study the Concordance, was very poor. What little profit came from his book he gave away. When about grave. A little ragged boot-black fell seventy years of age he was found at on the icy streets of Chicago one winhis humble lodgings, kneeling by his ter's day. A cheery young lady passchair, his Bible open before him, his ing, said, as she helped him up, face calm and peaceful, but his spirit gone to God. David Livingstone, the great explorer, when very ill of his last to his companions, 'I'd like to fall a sickness, was left for a little while alone in his tent. Upon the return of his men he was found upon his knees. They paused a moment, but he moved not; then they entered and touched him, but he was dead. A medical stn-Jent in New York was recently missing and nothing will do this save genuine at his breakfast table. He was sought kindness in the heart. Every girl in his room, and was found, the bed undisturbed, but he kneeling at its side cold in death.

As an enemy is made more fierce by our flight, so pain grows proud to see us truckle under her. She will surrender upon much better terms to those who make head against her.

HINTS TO GIRLS.

take care of Reuby. Poor Sandie had

just enough strength to look up as if to

thank his protector, and then the light

Give your best sympathy. There is no greater human power than the tenderness of woman. If you can minister to some one in sickness, lessen somebody's distress, or put a flower in some poor home, you have done a thing you will be always glad to think ofs You will be remembered, and a woman asks no grander monument than to live

Not far from my home was the plain cottage of an Irish woman and her only son-a brave young fellow-dying of consumption contracted in the war .--One day, in my visit to him. I carried him some lovely red roses. The next time I went the mother said : 'He Miss. He held 'em when he died, and the last he ever said was, "Give my blessin' to the young lady for bringin' the flowers."' And the desolate mother buried them with him as the most precious thing he possessed. The blessing of that poor frish youth will always be

a pleasant memory. Be gentle. Strength of character and sweepness of disposition are in no wise incompatible. Doubtless, the most winsome nature on earth is that which combines the naturalness and dependence of a child with the strength of a true woman. There are people whose touch is balm to us; restful persons, whose companionship is a benediction -who draw out the best of our nanote, but whose absence creates a void which the heart hungers to have filled The remembrance of a tender word will last long after you are in your you hurt you?" His whole face beamed as, after her departure, he said dozen times, if I could have her speak to me like that.' A harsh voice in a woman is like a

discord in the sweetest music. One can easily get into complaining and dissatisfied tones. Have a sunny face; ought to make it possible to have People say of her : She brightens every life she touches.' If you never do aught else in life, bring sunshine into every heart you meet.'-Sarah K. Bolton in Earnest Worker.

Politeness is the expression or imitation of social virtue.

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