# THE WESLEYAN FRIDAY, MARCH 24, 1882.

# OUR HOME CIRCLE.

#### "ABIDE WITH ME."

"Abide with me, fast falls the . ventide," A simple naiden sang with artless feeling.
4 simple naiden sang with artless feeling.
6 The darkness deepens. Lord, with me abide."
While in her voice the tender accents stealing, Fell, softly as the dying day, From those sweet lips, and did away.

Abide with me " She could not know the plea, The utter consecration, in her dreaming ; oy, like a bir t, made life a melody,

And Spring, its sun, along her pathway bea.ning, Stirred her young heart with gentle fires,

And quickened her with sweet desires.

The darkness deepens." Slowly fell the sound As if with plaintive grief the notes were laden;

Yet not a sorrow had her bosom owned. Or ever sadness t uche the lovely maiden. How could she sing "Abide with me," Or know its hidden mystery.

" The darkness deepens" and the years go by. The maiden 'neath the shadows oft has wan dered.

Joy, like a bird, has left its nest to fly, And bonds of love and happiness are suidered. Lo. all the friendliness of earth Has taken wings with joy and mirth.

Despair, the tearless offspring of all woe, The lonely progenv of a world of sorrow, Has turned upon her like a sudden foe,

To snatch Hope's only legacy-to-morrow And, shuddering, in her dumb distress, She drinks the cup of bitterness.

O Life ! She knows the anguish of its cross, Love turned to hate, and blessings to reverses; She, too. has felt the fever of remorse,

With its deep dregs of agony and curses. "When helpers fail and comforts flee," She dare not ask, " Abide with me.'

Mer voice it will not sing, the notes are dead. But in their stead, like some pale phantom haunting.

Weird echoes, through her memory, mocking

Breathe the dead song her aching heart is wanting.

"A bide with me," she cannot sing, But mutely brings the offering.

Fast falls the eventide ;" yet to her eyes

The golden light of morn is faintly dawning. "Earth's joys grow dim," but from the eternal

Is borne the answer to her spirit's longing. And now, as "falls the eventide, She whispers, "Lord, with me abide."

She knows it now, the faith that comes at last-Child of the pang and travail of her spirit, Born of the withering passions of the past, Its heavenly voice she lingers long to hear it;

Lo, through the valley of destair, Her song has sung itself to prayer.

#### THE GOLDEN SHEAF.

man whom I can never forget. He were faithful to the trust committed has a large body, and a very big to their care. The pastor is a farheart. When I see him, he always mer, but the teacher is a gardener. has a sparkle in his eye. He seizes He has only a small patch to culmy hand with both of his, and tivate. But the soil is rich, and sometimes throws his great arm the seed is good. He has but to affectionately around me, and dig, and plant, and hoe and reap. apeaks the most endearing words. There are only a few trees in his The secret of this affection is that orchard. He need not spend all he says I first introduced him to his time looking after them. Yet the Friend we both love the best, — he must bear them constantly in Jesus.

One day, some few years ago, dig about them, and water them States, or even the Irish crisis here, ping her father's hand, she went

anything outside of their little circle. Occasionally he invited these the week,-visited them at their homes and places of business, counseled them, assisted them. In fact, although an humble and at times a shrinking man, he was a model tree could not but bear truit.

Some of those boys have grown to be men, and are now occupying places of trust and influence. Not a few of them have become Christians, and are in turn making them selves useful as instructors of youth. And still my friend keeps on. He has his class in the Sunday-school, and faithfully performs his work. A few days ago, I received a letter from him, in which he says; "I have now at Alaska one of my Sunday-school boys, doing good work. I have another in my class who is anxious to go as a missionary to India. I am doing all I can for the

dear boy." This teacher is on the shady side of sixty. May he live many years to train up boys and young men for usefulness on earth, and glory in heaven. He is one of my golden sheaves. God be praised that I ever saw him! To the Lord be all the glory that he ever found the Saviour, and trusted in him; that the truth he received in his heart he is scattering in other soil; and that the grain is producing consecutive harvests. Who can tell what

grand results will be disclosed in eternity? My dear modest friend would

blush if he knew I was thus publishing to the world his good deeds; and some others, perhaps, may say, "Why not wait until he is dead?" If I live longer than he does, I will tell the story over again-no doubt with additions-and give his name. But I mention these facts now because I want them to stimulate others, and thus bear more fruit speedily.

I fear that many Sunday-school teachers do not realize the greatness of their responsibility, and how

There lived in New York City a much they might accomplish if they mind. Let him prune them, and

FROM REAL LIFE.

when I was pastor in the great city from the wells of salvation. Let if its policy were swayed to and fro over to the prisoner, and lifting her I was walking with the busy throng him have faith, and be sure to look

Years have passed away and John her she dropped it wrong side up, is old and grey-headed now, but the and there it lay, a mass of crude lads to his home for a social or reli- promise of that ever memorable work, tangled, everything seeming oh, sir," gious chat. He followed them all morting lives with him yet; lives out of order. "Well," said I, "what in his memory and lives in the is this you are engaged at?" "Oh," beautiful consistency of his godly she replied, it's for a Christmas life. He finds that his appetite for gift." I said, "I should not think dinner is quite as keen it not keener than ever, and what is better still. teacher. Of course, such a good he has the happiness of knowing meaning," and I went on abusing that he is a better man and a Christian, and that his example for good on. has increased a thousand fold since said, surprised at the sudden and the day that his friend's blunt, but abrupt change of the subject on faithful reproof led him to abstain from this "appearance of evil." May God bless thee, John, and may multitudes copy thy beautiful and praiseworthy example ! Reader, one word before we part: Art thou in the habit of having thy pint or thy glass, and of being seen going in and coming out of the drinking saloon? Then stop and think, before again crossing the threshold of that door, that perhaps some passer by may see in thy conduct a icense to enterin. Or, art thou in a stitch, there a movement of the the habit of taking an oceasional glass at thy home? Then, I pray beautiful work. Be not afraid, only

> grave! Then remember John W-, the Lord.-G. F. Pentecost. and go do likewise.

#### WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE.

The spheres of the two sexes, as I believe, are, like their natures and gifts, coequal but distinct, and incapable of identification unless womencantake what is now the work of men, and men can take the work of mothers. Law, even in the most civilized states, rests at bottom upon the force of the community, and the force of the community is male. Enactments by those who had not power to execute them would be futile. Would the men allow the women to vote them into a war, say in defense of a romantic queen of Naples, or some other darling of

female fancy? Would they execute upon themselves the severe laws which women are threatening to make against them in matters connected with the relations of the sexes? If they would, the tyranny oť man must be a fable. But if decrees were not carried into effect, and laws were not executed, the government would fall. In domestic life, though a character at least as high as the political is formed, political character is not formed. What would be the condition of a nation in a dangerous crisis like of his countenance, a tender pity that of secession in the United grew on her sweet face, until, dropthe emotions of the woman? bv The advocates of woman's suffrage it. If he is faithful, he will not be hardly realize the fact that they disappointed. He will save some are turning government over into precious souls. He may do more. female hands; yet in the United States, where the franchise is personal, the female voters would at toward India; and thus he may once outnumber the male; and in with his love embrace the world .--England it is well understood that the limitation to widows and spinsters is merely put forward as a mask. The next step would be a the little child went slowly away, demand of eligibility to parliament looking back pityingly. and to political office, which is pro-Away in the west of England, bably the personal aim of some of where the league-long billows break the female leaders (one of whom, upon the shore, is the quiet little indeed, wanted to be a candidate for fishing village of N—. Here was the home of John W—. He was a the presidency), and could not consistently be refused. But could good man, a Methodist, a leader of women in office ever be made aca class, and a mighty man in prayer. countable like men? A sex which but not a total abstainer. I don't is not thoroughly justiciable cannot mean by this that he was a drunkbe made thoroughly responsible; ard, or that anybody ever saw him and when women have interfered in politics their want of a restraining sense of accountability has appeared. Henrietta Marie, by the indulgence of her feelings, hurried her husband and the country into a civil war, as Margaret of Anjou had done before her; Marie Antoinette, by a similar outbreak of passion, precipitated the French Revolution, and the Empress Eugenie, with fatal truth, called the German war her own. That women cannot take part in the defense of the country is an argument which may have been pressed too far; yet they are hereby rendered untrustworthy counselors in questions of peace and war. Some who know the Southern states well say that if it, but there were tears in her eyes! the women could have had their Something appeared to give way way there would very likely have been a renewal of the civil war. The whole history of female government leads to conclusions adverse to the change; the reign of Elizabeth herself, now that we know what she really was and did, as decisively as the rest.-Prof. Goldwin | Jesus Christ is sorry for you.' O, Smith.

you would waste your time on that. It looks tangled, without design or the combination of colors, and so pel Herald.

"Why, Mr. Pentecost," she which we had before been talking and the persistency with which I had opposed her work-"why, Mr. Pentecost, you are looking at the side of God's workings with you. Down here they seem tangled, but up there he is working from the right side. Down here we are looking at the tangled side of God's providence; but he has a plan, here shuttle, and in the end there is a bright-eyed child, copying thy ex- ness; believe him in the mysteries. ample, may take the glass which Let him that walketh in darkness, shall bring him to a drunkard's and seeth not the light, yet trust in

ONLY.

It was only a blossom, Just the merest bit of bloom, But it brought a glimpse of summer To the little darkened room. It was only a glad "good morning,"

But it spread the morning's glory Over the livelong day. Only a song ; but the music, Though simply pure and sweet, Brought back to better pathways

As she passed along the way ;

The reckless, roving feet. " Only !" In our blind wisdom How dare we say at all? Since the ages alone can tell us

Which is the great or small.

MAN, JESUS CHRIST SORRY FOR YOU.

It was not quite train-time and among the waiting passengers a gentleman walked to and fro in the long depot, holding his little daughter's hand. A commotion near the door attracted the general attention, and several officers brought into the room a manacled prisoner. It soon became known that he was a notorious criminal, who was sentenced to the States prison for twenty years. The little child looked at him, first with wonder and horror; then, as she saw the settled, sullen gloom

mind I would never rest till my who can run a quarter of a mile at mother's God was mine also; and a good smart pace without having he exclaimed, while the to blow like a porpoise by the time tears ran down his face—"He's he has made his distance. And

This little child spoke a great truth when she stated that Jesus out stopping? Christ is sorry for the unsaved. He is full of compassion, and longs race, does it? that almost any animal to have all come to himself. -Gos in creation that pretends to run at

MR. GLADSTONE.

The woodman's craft is the only exercise, except walking, which Mr. third faster than you can, and ten Gladstone indulges in. It is many times as far, and this with legs not years since he was astride a horse, more than six inches long. I have wrong side. Turn it over." Then and he never much cared for the ex- a hound so active that he always I said, "That's just what you are ercise. He very rarely drives, and runs at least seventy-five miles doing; you are looking at the wrong neither shoots, hunts, nor fishes. when I stay a day in the woods But he is a great hand with the axe, with him; for he certainly runs establishing fresh claims upon the more than seven miles an hour, and filial respect of Mr. W. H. Gladstone, if I am gone ten hours, you see he himself no mean craftsman. In the recess, weather permitting, and sometimes whether or not, scarcely a day passes that he does not stroll out with his seventy three years on stopping, going more than three his head, and his axe on his shoul- hundred and fifty miles, and he will thee, think that perhaps some believing. Believe him in the darkwere paid at the current wage, he would have earned his dinner. Failing opportunity for tree felling, he African tribes will run for long distakes a turn for an hour or so on the terrace in front of the house, where the flower garden is, and whence may be seen a far reaching stretch of meadow-land bounded by trees. During the session, his hour for retiring to rest is usually contemporaneous with that of the adiournment of the House of Commons. It is oftener two than any not weary nor blown. And now other hour on the dial that he gets to bed, with the consciousness that he must be up betimes to carry on the business of an empire on which the sun never sets. At home, in the piping days of the recess, he does not follow the wholesome habit of some tired legislators, who, being in country quarters, have been known to go to bed at ten o'clock, by way of striking an average with the patriotic dissipation of the session. He is rarely in bed before

half-past eleven, and sometimes hears the chimes at midnight before selves, and not because they can turning in. But at whatever hour he retires to rest, he is down at a quarter to eight, and Lefore breakfast walks off to the little church in the village, where the service is couducted by his son, the rector. There is a private footway connecting the castle with the gateway leading into the road, and here, very soon after eight o'clock every morning, fair weather or foul, the English Premier may be seen walking toward the village church. -H. W. Lucy, in Harper's Magazine for April.

how many boys are there who can run, fast or slow, a full mile with

It hardly speaks well for our

all can outrun any of us. Take the smallest terrier-dog for can find, that is sound and not a puppy, and try a race with him. He'll beat you badly. He'll run a

must travel about seventy-five mile of distance. And then, a good hound will sometimes follow a for for two days and nights without Then you may have heard how some of the runners in the South

tances-hundreds of miles-carry. ing dispatches and making very few stops.

But I believe I can tell our boys something that will help them to run better. I was a pretty old boy when I first found it out, but the first time I tried it I ran a mile and a quarter at one dash, and I was I'm going to give you the secret:

Breathe through your nose. I had been thinking what poor runners we are, and wondering why the animals can run so far, and it came to me that perhaps this might account for the difference, that they always take air through the nose, while we usually begin to put through our mouths before we have gone many rods. Some animals such as the dog and the fox, do open their mouths and pant while running, but they do this to cool them-

not get air enough through their noses. I found once, through a sad ex. perience with a pet dog, that dogs must die if their nostrils become stopped. They will breathe through the mouth only while it is forcibly held open; if left to themselves they alw: breathe through the nose. So, possibly, we are intended to take all our breath through the nose, unless necessity drives us to breathe through the mouth.

There are many other reasons why we ought to make our nose

Nazareth offended.the Nazar may repea lief of to-Nazareth 3. Is 1 Matthew form, "1s It is, of ea probable his paren ed in the and assist on the we The son of him a because J The broth good reas other chil these wei his moth probably Nazareth could no and the o plied with ness of th not believ we think his pedigr them frui without i they wou any more Judea, wh was mad John 9. 2 can disce debased 4. A . . . in h reason is a person official c neighbors their min matters. if not dis 5. Con This cann lost the I conseque but must sense, th sistency of his mis could not because t his healit ceive the KOW BO acknowle sout the Not that were tail Save wrought accordin; taith thei es trom t

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Were a

in Fulton Street. Suddenly I was for fruit, and, when it is ripe, gather stopped, and a pleasant voice said : "You do not know me, but I know you. I have taken a sitting in your Sunday. Come in and see me." The arms of his influence may reach out—one toward Alaska .the other He then told me his residence, and also his place of business, and remarked, "When you are down town Sunday School Times. and want to write a letter, or rest

There was something very cor-

dial about this man-the same one I alluded to in the beginning-and lost no time in visiting him, and dtivating his acquaintance. I ever knew how he came to attend y church. He lived at a distance om us across the town, and his nily attended another sanctuary. r some reason, God sent him to and he brought a blessing, as as received one.

the worse for drink as he would ery soon he exchanged the sitsay. Oh, no. John was too good a in the gallery for a pew down man for that. All I mean is just 's, and became one of our promthis: he was not a total abstainer; supporters. In process of he was in the habit of visiting the he gave evidence of a change public houses called the "Union' art, and connected with the and the "Star" inns, to have what h by profession of faith. He he would call his "elevener." by timid man, and I could not at way of giving him an appetite for nduce him to lead in public but he came regularly to dinner, as he thought. So one day when he was coming out of one of ver-meeting, and attended wice a day. Cold and heat these inns (I think it was the Star,)

m did not detain him. He having taken his pint of ale or porvery day consistent, perse- ter, for he seldom exceeded that ristian. As regularly as moderate allowance, a triend of his be pulpit he was in the was passing by, who, though neithith no less interest did, er a Methodist or a total abstainer, than I preached. Of suddenly stopped, and looking him rew rapidly in his religit full in the face said, "John Wce. But perhaps his when I see you coming out of a ess was made through public house, I think I have a license to go in." That was a severe houl.

he united with the cut to John, for though a sensible me a Sunday-school man, yet he had never seen his exwas not only in ample in this light before; and so, ty. Feeling his feeling the smartness of his friend's procured all the reproof, he looked at him with those studied the word eyes which always beamed with atisfied with a honesty and truth, and replied. of the lessons, "Do you say that of John W.? he could do to Then you shall never have occasion

instruct his to say it of him again." He went up incidents home that morning a sad but wiser man. Sad that he should have d made good rangers com- given occasion for a brother to of six hundred fend; wise in forming the resolve in actual at- that, God helping him, he would rdly fail to never visit a public house again, with his five and that he would abstain forever rested in the from the use of the intoxicating o attention to cup.

HOW TO LOOK AT THINGS.

I went to see a lady once who was in deep trouble and in great dark. way down here I was just thinking ness on account of the great afflic- of mother, and the many things she tions which had come to her from used to teach me, when I was no the hand of the Lord. She had bigger than the blessed baby-for

eyes to his face, she spoke a few low words. He glared upon her like a

fiend, and she ran back half afraid after she was at his side again, father. It shows no want of indepressing nearer than before in her self-forgetful earnestness, and this time the prisoner dropped his self slight tremor passed over his hard sang to me, to cling to the Chris-

The train came presently, and follow the example of my godly the prisoner went quietly on board, parents, is no unmanly thing. and during the journey he gave the God forbid that I should glory in officers no trouble.

Upon their arrival at the prison, ties! Said a clergyman of my achis conduct was most excellent, and quaintance, "I have been young, continued to be so. Inmates of that and now am old, and I have spent prison having terms of twenty years my life in the study of the religiand over, are allowed a light in the ons of the world; but I have yet to evenings, and it was observed that find a stronger proof of the truth he spent the time in studying the of the Scripture than I discovered Bible. At length some one asked forty years ago in the character and how it came that he brought with life of my father and mother. him such a reputation for willful- That pride of intellect which a ness, since he had proved himself young man sometimes feels, which quiet and well behaved.

"Well, sir," said he, "I'll tell you. It was when I was waiting in the depot, before I came here. A little mite of a girl was there with had taught his ancestry anything, her father. She wasn't much more is a very weak and narrow affection than a baby, and she had long shiny of the brain! No generation exists hair flying over her shoulders, and in God's plan, for nothing. Every such great blue eyes as you won't generation of Christian believers often see. Somehow I couldn't help adds something to the reasonable looking at her. By and by she let faith of the world in Christ, as go her father's hand and came over truly as every generation of astronto me, and said, 'Man, I am sorry omers furnishes data for the calculafor you;' and you wouldn't believe inside then; but I was proud, and wouldn't show it; I just scowled at her blacker than ever. The little have for going back to the Ptoledear looked kind of scared like, and maic theory of the stars because I ran off to her father; but in a minute she was back again, and she came right up to me and said, 'Man,

sir! that clean broke my heart. Nobody'd spoken to me like that since my good old mother died.

years and years ago. I'd hard work to keep the tears back, and all the

FIDELITY TO A GODLYANCESTRY.

furnish all the air to our lungs. One is, the nose is filled with a little

forest of hair, which is always kept It is no dishonor to a young man to her father's hand. But a moment to believe in the religion of his moist, like all the inner surfaces of the nose, and particles of dust that pendence to be a Christian because would otherwise rush into the one's father was a Christian. To lungs and make trouble, are caught believe as my father believed, to and kept out by this little hairy detiant eyes as he listened and a trust the faith which my mother network. Then the passages of the nose are longer and smaller, and face. Then her father called, and tian hope which first bloomed at more crooked than that of the mouth, so that as it passes through the fireside of my childhood's home, them the air becomes warm. But to rest in my inherited religion, and these are only a few reasons why the nose ought not to be switched off and left idle, as so many noses are, while their owners go puffing breaking loose from such sacred through their mouths.

All trainers of men for racing and rowing, and all other athletic contests, understand this, and teach their pupils accordingly. After you have run a few rods holding your mouth tightly closed, there will come a time when it will seem as though you could not get air enough through the nose alone; but don't give up; keep right on, and in a few moments you will overcome makes him think that nothing in religious faith can be settled by this.-St. Nicholas.

the past, that he must, therefore, inquire de novo, as if no experience THE THREE SIEVES.

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"O, mamma," cried little Blanche Philpot, "I heard such a tale about Edith Howard! I did not think she could be so very naughty. One—'

"My dear," interrupted Mrs. Philpot, "before you continue, we will see if your story will pass three sieves.'

tions of astronomers who follow "What does that mean, mamma?" them. 1 have no more reason for inquired Blanche. rejecting the Christian faith of my

"I will explain it. In the first fathers because I have not investigated everything about it, than I place, Is it true?"

"I suppose so; I got it from Miss White, and she is a great friend of Edith's. am not an expert in the Copernican "And does she show her triend-

but I am afraid it was. I would

not like Elith to speak of me as l

" And, Is it necessary ?"

have of her.'

astronomy.-Austin Phelps, D. D. ship by telling tales on her? In the next place, though you can OUR YOUNG FOLKS. prove it to be true, Is it kind?" "I did no' mean to be unkind,

### HOW TO RUN.

Very few boys know how to run. "Ho, ho!" say a dozen boys. 'Just bring on the boy that can run faster than I can !"

"No; of course not, mamma; But, stop a moment. I don't there is no need for me to mention mean that most boys can't run fast | it at all.'

"Then, put a bridle on your fallen into deep melancholy. When I'd a good bringing up though |- I mean they can't run far. I I went in she was working on a bit more's the shame for me. Well, don't believe there is one boy in tongue. If you can not speak well, of embroidery, and as I talked with the whole of it is, sir, I made up my fifty, of those who may read this, speak not at all."-Good Words.