

OUR HOME CIRCLE.

THE TEXT OF THE WALL.

Every day, or blue or gray, Cloud or sun, as may befall, Turn I, with the earliest ray, To my text-roll on the wall; Word of comfort, word of cheer, Word of courage waits me here. Sometimes 'tis a whisper sweet, Sparkling like a drop of dew; Just to sit at Jesus' feet, Thence my loving Lord to view. And I meet the day untried, With the Master at my side. Sometimes 'tis a bugle note, Crisp and clear, serene and high; Or a song that seems to float Like a hawk from out the sky. Sometimes 'tis a battle call— That brief text upon the wall. Now, in ringing phrase and terse From the lips of prophet old, Meets my eye a warning verse, Stern, defiant, eager, bold! Need to dare whatever foe, Forward in that strength I go. Sometimes when my spirits droop, And the glooming tears are nigh, Radiant as an angel troop, Flits a single promise by— Promise, herald of a train, Swift to clear away the pain. Every day, or blue or gray, Sun or cloud, as may befall, Turn I with the dawning ray, To my text-roll on the wall; Word of solace, word of cheer, Word of faith awaits me here. —M. E. Singster, in Observer.

JOSEPH BENSON.

Joseph Benson was born to be a preacher and a scholar. He graduated at Kingswood School, to Trevecca College, and to the pulpit by the force of a tendency which was providential. The adjustment of means to ends, of agents to the work to be done in the Church, is of God. He was tenacious of his opinions, conservative in every fiber of his mental constitution. Wesleyan theology was accepted by him without any mental reservations, and he was disposed to insist that all others called by the Methodist name should do likewise. With regard to all questions of Church polity, he was content with what had worked well, and opposed all changes proposed with the hope of doing better. Frail of body, he was mighty in intellect—a living refutation of the fundamental assumption of materialism. His mental energy seemed almost inexhaustible, and he performed almost incredible labors. At midnight his study-lamp was burning, and at five in the morning it was relighted. A studious youth and of a sedate and religious turn of mind, before he was ten years old he was in the habit of praying daily in secret. In his sixteenth year he felt consciously the regenerating power of the Holy Spirit. He had come in contact with the Methodists, and he felt drawn to them by spiritual affinity. Believing that Methodism offered to him such a career of self-sacrificing service for Christ as his heart coveted, he went to London to meet and confer with Mr. Wesley. The great leader saw that he was no common youth, and took him to Kingswood and appointed him classical teacher. At Oxford he proposed to complete his studies, but his relations with Wesley and Lady Huntingdon caused him to be regarded with disfavor there. The Bishop of Worcester refused him ordination, and thus he was thrust out to do a work that was ready for his willing hands, and he went forth under a higher commission. Soon he received clearer light and fuller assurance. "The Lord," he writes, "scattered my doubts, and showed me more clearly the way of salvation by faith in Christ. I was not now anxious to know how I had resolved, or not resolved. I had the Lord with me in all things; my soul rejoiced in his love, and I was continually expecting him to fulfill in me all his good pleasure." His life had been providentially drawn into its proper current; he knew and felt it to be so, and his thankful heart found a heaven on earth in the work to which he was called and to which he joyfully consecrated his life. As a preacher he was richly and variously endowed. Possessing largely the critical faculty, he was exceptionally able as an expounder of the Holy Scriptures, while his declamatory powers were such as often made his awestruck hearers feel as if the thunder-peals of the final judgment were breaking on their startled ears. He was a revivalist. Vast crowds flocked to hear him, to whom he preached with such power that they were moved to tears, and loud cries of anguish were wrung from the hearts of sinners pierced by the arrows of conviction. As in apostolic times, the word as preached by him had free course and was glorified; souls were converted while he was speaking, their darkness turned into light and their mourning in-

to joy. His journeys were evangelical omissions, great companies of people turning out and escorting him on his way. The chapels being too small, he preached to the assembled thousands in the open air. At Gwenna, ten thousand men and women stood before him at once, and under the divine afflatus he preached with such overwhelming effect that the saints wept for joy and sinners wailed aloud in the agonies of penitential pain. In a single month he preached over forty sermons to sixty thousand hearers. He was a master of assemblies, knowing the way to the consciences of men, and how to pour oil of consolation into their troubled hearts. On one occasion when thronged by a vast multitude eager to hear him, he requested all converted persons to retire to the outskirts of the crowd, so that the unconverted might approach him and hear the message of God. No one moved—they stood as if spell-bound. "What all unconverted?" he exclaimed. Like an electric thrill, the keen conviction of sin ran through the multitude, and "conscience-stricken sinners fell as if slain by these three words."

His literary labors were abundant and useful. The work by which he is best known is his Biblical Commentary—a work which shows the fruits of his extraordinary diligence and good judgment as a compiler, and a high order of ability as an exegete. It became a standard with the Wesleyan preachers, and still holds its place as a valuable contribution to Methodist literature. He was prolific in other lines of literary labor—biography, polemics, and the editing of the *Methodist Magazine* and of books. The Greek Testament was his special study, and his accurate knowledge of its contents, and his spiritual insight, made him a master in its exposition, a trustworthy guide to such as were disposed to dig deep that they might reach the hidden treasures in this mine of heavenly truth. He died in 1821 in his seventy-third year, literally worn out in his Master's work. His dust sleeps in the City Road Chapel, London. A slight, stooping figure plainly attired, a grave, thoughtful face, a well-shaped head, with a few scattered hairs above the broad forehead, a voice feeble and unmusical, with a pulpit mannerism ungraceful yet singularly impressive—Joseph Benson stands in his place, a master spirit among the mighty men who made Methodism what it is to-day, and his influence will be felt until the last chapter of Methodist history shall have been written amid the thick-clouded wonders and glories of the final consummation. —Nashville Christian Advocate.

A TELLING INCIDENT.

A certain New England church recently became the scene of much wrangling and contention. One of the deacons had made himself obnoxious in secular affairs to several members, and the good brethren were determined to oust him. Nearly all the members had taken sides for or against the deacon, and the church seemed on the verge of dissolution. At one of the evening meetings in which the prayers and testimonies were of a decidedly personal nature, a venerable man of eighty arose, and told the following story:

When I was a boy, our family lived on a small farm over in York State. One day in the fall of the year, father and mother went away, and left us children to our own devices. They told us not to go away from the house, but to pick over beans until we were tired, then to play quiet games in the kitchen. It didn't take us long to get tired of picking over beans, and we soon growled ourselves hoarse playing menagerie; then by common consent, we went to the barn, and began hunting hen's eggs. One old hen was sitting, and refused to leave her nest. My brother was of an inquiring turn of mind, and very stubborn. He was determined to know how many eggs old Nancy had under her. He seized her energetically by the tail-feathers, and tried to drag her from the nest, but she picked him in the face so fiercely that he was glad to retreat. Soon a bright idea suggested itself to him, and he shouted triumphantly, "I know what I'll do, I'll burn her off." He ran to the house for a match, and we looked on admiringly while he set fire to the hay. You can readily imagine the result. We routed the hen, but we burned the barn and the house.

Now, brethren, will you persist in baying your own way, and destroy the church? It seems just as though the Lord had left us to our own devices, and we aren't willing to work for him; so we find time to meddle with our neighbors. Let us pray, brethren, that we may not consume the church in fire everlasting. The old man knelt, and the rest of the evening was spent in a real prayer meeting.

A WARNING TO PARENTS.

Few people seem to properly estimate the great wrong of frightening children. Nearly every household has its "ugly old man," or its "great old bear." This terrible old man and this great old bear are powerful factors in nursery discipline. "Come along here, now," a mother or nurse will say to a child, "and let me put you to bed." "I don't want to go now," the child replies. "You'd better come on here now, or I'll tell that ugly old man to come and take you away. There he comes now." This has the intended effect, and the child, trembling in fear, submits at once and goes to bed, probably to see in imagination all kinds of horrible faces.

The sad death of a little girl, which occurred recently, shows what a strong impression these "fancies" make on the minds of children. The little girl was a beautiful child, and everyone at the fashionable boarding-house where her parents were spending the summer months loved her with that purity of affection which a child so gently yet so strongly inspires. She would stand at the gate and clap her little hands in glee when her father came to dinner, and when he would take her on his shoulder, she would shout and call to every one to look how high she was. One day a large, shaggy dog came into the yard, and when she ran to him and held a flower to his nose, he growled and turned away. She was terribly frightened, and the black nurse, who stood near, was not slow in making a mental note of the impression the dog had made. Several nights afterwards, when bed-time came, the child was unusually wretched.

"Yer'd better come heah an' git in dis bed," the nurse commanded. "I don't want to." "All right, den, I see gwine out an' call dat ole dog what growled at yer. When he comes an' fin's yer outen de bed, he'll bite yer head off."

The little child grew deathly pale. "Nuthin' would suit dat dog better den ter git a chance at yer. 'Tother night he coteh a little girl across de road an' eat her all up." The child screamed.

"Come here den, an' I won't let him ketch yer." The poor little thing obeyed. Her father and mother were at an entertainment, and there was no appeal from the negro woman's decision. When morning came the little girl did not awake with her glad "good mornin', papa an' mamma." She had tossed all night, and a hot fever had settled upon her. She grew rapidly worse, and the next day the physician declared that there was no hope for her. She became delirious, and, struggling, would exclaim: "Dog shan't have mamma's little girl!" It was a sorrowful circle that surrounded her death-bed. The parents were plunged into a grief which none but the hearts of fathers and mothers can feel. Her last moments were a series of struggles. How hard the beautiful can die. She wildly threw up her little hands, and shrieked: "Go away, dog!" A gentle hand wiped the death froth from her lips. Again she struggled, and shrieked: "Dog shan't have—" but she died ere the sentence was finished. —Exchange.

A SHREWD INDIAN.

The story about an Indian who found a white man lying dead in the woods with a bullet-hole in his forehead is one of the best illustrations of the habit of observation which a detective must cultivate. The Indian came into the white settlement and told his story: "Found a white man dead in the woods. Had hole in his head. Short white man shot him with long gun; ramrod of gun three inches beyond muzzle of gun. Wore gray woolen coat. Had little dog with short tail. Had waited long time for dead man to come along." "How do you

know all this? Did you see it?" was naturally demanded of the Indian. "O yes! me saw; now show you." The settlers visited the scene of the murder, and the Indian showed them the spot where the murderer had waited for his victim. He had set his gun against the tree. It was a long one, because the bark was slightly grazed high up, and about three inches above the mark left by the muzzle there was a slight mark made by the ramrod, showing that it projected three inches. The man wore a gray woolen coat, because where he had leaned against the tree little particles of gray threads had been caught by the bark. There was the place where the dog sat on his haunches. His stump-tail left a mark in the yielding soil. The murderer was short, because when he reloaded his gun he set the butt a good way from his feet. The trail he left coming and going showed he was white, because he turned his toes out. Indians never did. The trail also showed that the one coming to the tree was older than the one going away from it—hence, the murderer had waited. —New York Times.

THE LIFE OF FAITH.

Secure upon the flood's deep floor, The diver walks where others drown; In vain round him the waters pour, Or strive to sink him breathless down. His armor breaks the dangerous tide; With air that ranges the regions above His vital flame is still supplied. While safe he seeks for treasures-trove. So may we, mid the overflowing flood Of worldly thought, and sin, and care, Stand in the "pony of God." And breathe the draughts of heavenly air. So may we live as strangers here, Winning the wealth of Paradise; Till that our Lord, the Life appear, And bid us joyful to him rise. —E. Johnson.

IN NORWAY.

The Geiranger fjord is one of the branches of the Stor fjord, near its head. Though small, it presents in a concentrated form all the most notable features of Norwegian scenery—steep and lofty cliffs rising abruptly from the water's edge, towering mountains, rushing waterfalls, dark ravines, dense and leafy woods. The fjord is one of the narrowest in Norway, and the rocky walls that flank it on both sides are steep, rising in many places sheer from the sea to a height of 2,000 feet, with still loftier mountains in the background. The entrance to the fjord is guarded by two lofty headlands, and from these the fjord winds inland for twenty-five miles. On the north side, about half way up, there is a magnificent pile of rock, supported by massive buttresses, and surmounted by a bold horn which rises to a height of 5,500 feet. On the top of a prolonged ridge on the southern bank we see a deep layer of snow, the transverse section of which has the appearance of a wall fifty or sixty feet high. The echoes reverberating among these mountains, when the steam-whistle sounds or when a gun is fired, are wonderful. The walls of rock approach more closely, and become more precipitous and more picturesque, toward the head of the fjord. There the wild grandeur is most impressive, and it is intensified by the grotesque profiles that stand out against the sky. The magnificence of nature is lavished in all directions. The waterfalls, which sweep over every ledge and fill every corrie, add immensely to the charm of the scene. In some cases they are all dissolved in spray before they reach the middle of the rock. Others appear to drop directly from the clouds, or to pour themselves forth from the overhanging mists. The finest of all is the group of falls called the Kvisslaafossen, or the Seven Sisters, the streams of which cross and recross, separate and reunite many times, forming, when the water is abundant, an elaborate network of silver threads covering the whole face of a broad and dark precipice. High upon the cliffs we see little garrets, or farm houses, in positions in which it seems incredible that human beings can live. Some 1,600 feet up the cliff there is a glassy ledge not more than 100 feet wide, and above it there is another cliff 2,000 feet high. On this ledge the hardy Norseman has built a log hut for his family and a shed for his cattle. The farm can be reached only by a tortuous path which goes zigzag up the bed of a roaring torrent. The supplies of the peasants must be carried painfully up this path, or must be drawn over the face of the cliff by ropes. When the parents go out to the hill to work, or descend to the shore to fish, they tether their young children with ropes, lest they should stray

to the edge of the precipice and fall over. In these and in similar cases there is generally seen at the foot of the cliff a trim little boat house with a skiff moored close by. It is as necessary that the Norwegian farmer should have a boat below him as that he should have a roof over his head, and he is as much at home on the billows as on the rocks; but, with all this, it is marvelous that such situations should have been selected for human habitation, and it is ever more marvelous that it should be possible to extract the means of living from such places and out of such soil. There are many such instances among the cliffs of the Geiranger, and they cannot be said to encroach on its grand solitude any more than the eyrie of the eagle mars the grandeur of the Alpine height. —Good Words.

SATISFIED.

Do you know the origin of the word satisfied? *Satis* is a Latin word meaning full. To be satisfied means to be made full, with no room for any other wish. How impossible, therefore, for things which relate only to time to satisfy an immortal soul! A lady who came into a large fortune, built a splendid mansion and called it "Satis House," thinking that as she now possessed all the heart desired, she would be perfectly happy there. But alas! she had to find, as others have found, and are every day discovering, that money cannot buy happiness. Her life was very dreary and sad in spite of her possessions, and it ended in her growing terribly depressed (still seeking the happiness of which her heart was capable in earthly things, which cannot possibly minister to spiritual needs), and one day the mistress of Satis House was found dead, having herself terminated the life which had become so unbearable to her. Reader, that lady is not the only one who deceives herself in thinking that her life, her inner and spiritual being, can be satisfied with the things of this world; nor is she the only one to awake to the fact that life may bear an outside label, "Satis House," while within the heart, "out of which are the issues of life," there are aching void and an anxious longing; the mere profession of being satisfied is as an empty name, a foolish mockery! —Morning Thoughts for our Daughters.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

NOW I LAY ME. Golden head, so slowly bending, Little feet so white and bare, Dazy eyes, half shut, half opened, Loping out her evening prayer. Well she knows when she is saying, "No, I lay me down to sleep," 'Tis to God that she is praying, Praying him her soul to keep. Half asleep, and murmuring faintly, "I should die before I wake," Tiny fingers clasped so saintly, "I pray the Lord my soul to take." O, the rapture, sweet, unbroken, Of the soul who wrote that prayer! Children's myriad voices floating Up to heaven, record it there. If, of all that has been written, I could choose what might be mine, It should be that child's petition, Rising to the throne divine.

CONVERSION OF A CHILD.

I was at this time pastor of a large church in Boston. Special interest arose among our people, and I was holding a few extra meetings, and giving some addresses to the children and young people. I was greatly pleased to see Lucy at several of the meetings, coming of her own accord. One Monday morning, a week or so after this, as I was going down to the dining-room, she intercepted me at my study door. I was surprised to see her down so early, for she was not usually the first to come down to breakfast. She came towards me with a strange eagerness. I saw by her face and the tears standing in her eyes that something unusual had happened to move her. I said, "What is it, dear?" She made no reply at once in words, but with a bound she flung her arms around my neck and began to cry and sob, not as if in sorrow, but with gladness, hugging and caressing me all the time. Presently she said, "Papa, I have got something to tell you." I at once turned and drew her with me into the study. And catching her in my arms she sat on my knees in the same chair where a few months before she so unwillingly sat to receive my rebuke and instruction in righteousness. "Now tell me all about it, dear," I said to her. "Well, papa, you know how naughty I was when you talked

to me here a long time ago. I did not forget it. I have been very sorry and ashamed about it, and have often since prayed to God to make me a better child. Well, you know the little meeting you had with the children? I went to some of them and resolved that I would give my heart to Jesus, but I did not. Yesterday your sermon in church made me see what a great sinner I was, and I went to bed very unhappy last night, thinking of my sins and wondering if God would forgive me. I don't know how it was, but I think God must have awakened me. It was in the night and quite dark, when I awoke. I thought of my sins, and then thought of all you had taught me about Jesus. Then I got out of bed and knelt beside it, and gave my heart to him, and oh, I am so happy! and I have been awake ever since, waiting for the morning to come so that I could tell you." —Dr. G. F. Pentecost.

A BOY'S RELIGION.

If a boy is a lover of the Lord Jesus Christ, he can't lead a prayer-meeting, or be a church officer, or a preacher, but he can be a good boy, in a boy's way and in a boy's place. He ought not to be too solemn or too quiet for a boy. He need not cease to be a boy because he is a Christian. He ought to run, jump, play, climb and yell like a real boy. But in it all he ought to show the spirit of Christ. He ought to be free from vulgarity and profanity. He ought to eschew tobacco in every form, and have a horror of intoxicating drinks. He ought to be peaceable, gentle, merciful, generous. He ought to take the part of small boys against large boys. He ought to refuse to be a party to mischief, to persecution, to deceit. And above all things, he ought now and then to show his colors. He need not always be interrupting a game to say that he is a Christian; but he ought not to be ashamed to say that he refuses to do something because it is wrong or wicked or because he fears God or is a Christian. He ought to take no part in the ridicule of sacred things, but meet the ridicule of others with a bold statement that for the things of God he feels the deepest reverence. —Royal Road.

THE TWO MEN INSIDE.

An Indian once asked a white man to give him some tobacco for his pipe. The man gave him a loose handful from his pocket. The next day he came back and asked for the white man; "For," said he, "I found a quarter of a dollar among 'a tobacco." "Why do you keep it?" asked a by-stander. "I've got a good man and a bad man here," said the Indian, pointing to his breast; and the good man says, "It is not mine; give it back to the owner." The bad man says, "Never mind, you got it, and it is your own now." The good man says, "No, no! you must not keep it." So I don't know what to do, and I think to go to sleep, but the good and bad men keep talking all night, and trouble me; and now I bring the money back I feel good." Like the old Indian, we have all a good and a bad man within. The bad man is Temptation, the good man is Conscience, and they keep talking for and against many things that we do every day. Who wins? Stand up for duty; down with sin. Wrestle with Temptation manfully. Never, never give up the war till you win. —Early Days.

A GOOD PLAN.

The children lived in a little cabin home, and all three of them—Nell, Rob and Lizzie—were taking a gay "make-believe" ride on an old log. Fido jumped and barked as if he enjoyed the fun as much anybody. A gentleman who was passing down the road stopped and laughed. "Good morning, little folks! That is rather slow riding. Wouldn't you like a horse and carriage?" "Yes, sir," said Robbie; "but we haven't any, and so we are getting the most fun we can out of what we do have." Was not that a wise answer? How much pleasanter this world would be if all the little people—and big ones too—would stop fretting about the things they cannot get, and make the best of what they have!

Do you know any verse in the Bible that teaches us to be satisfied with what we have? —Sign-beam.

THE MY ST Of the with me have ma pecially y my own came me There w as youn I was so two or th Israel, a opinions, should e in the se far too took the Our rank easy to s this." I all diffi cient, an those w cause to As tar of our te one is st an Metho cannot be ed dead them, bu we knew their Lov Little ably; dis but; the King, a and rewa success by souls "Once th And pe They we With s I ask the They w Ascrib to Thei It woul to writ only men began, s pose any the same that I did some had love; ind whether t est places that I was them, and their disp Once I quire for had been dny's only she was th Are y mother. "Yes," known of "She said mother; to get at "Yes," tell the la Jesus." "She s sus bless as well as will take e Dear ch the "Childr A bo Of my f some rem "fallen as can trace, in the Ch the childr They we teachers. ing up the the Lord, a those who Some have or section but they Some have may even bidding th find rest to grateful an have depa tain hope only thro Christ did mercy, and his atonin of myself true! "I have n But childr For man Better than Temples divi Inscab Halleluja ly "goodn show me more so th much pers burch veme I am "to expect to d is not to d So— "be And sors Thou art m My glory a —Lillie Magazine. REMEDY A recent contained Academy of Dr. Dilthil and turpe fibrous e the throat thil pours and fac sets fire to resious in the air in Dr. Dilthil to experien ratio stop; slumber at