

OUR HOME CIRCLE.

THE LAST ROLL-CALL. Through the crowded ranks of the hospital, Where the sick and the wounded lay; Slowly, at night-fall, the surgeon Made his last slow round for the day.

THE LATE T. B. SMITHIES.

Thomas Bywater Smithies, the son of poor but godly Methodist parents, was born at York, Aug. 17th, 1815, just at the time when the English nation was in the exuberance of its joy at the battle of Waterloo, and the overthrow of the power of the great Napoleon Buonaparte.

When Thomas was a boy, prompted by another boy, they together committed an act of dishonesty. Thomas told his pious mother, and she urged her boy to go to the man they had injured, and confess his fault.

Thomas B. Smithies gave his heart to God in early life, and joined the Methodist Society in York, went to the Methodist Sunday-school, and he there became a teacher. Some of the boys he had under his care fifty years ago are good Methodists in Yorkshire, who love to recall the happy days they spent with their teacher.

He spent some years in York in industrial pursuits, and saved a little money from his moderate income. He came to London in 1851, and was engaged for a few years in the Gutta Percha Works, City-road, still saving what money he could; and deeply impressed with the great importance of the Temperance movement, he had two small tracts printed in its advocacy, and sent the advertisement of them to the Wesleyan Magazine, with £5 to pay for its insertion.

recommended the work, and although for some years it was a hard struggle to carry on the work at all, he had faith in his work, and he lived to see that serial have a sale of more than 300,000 per month. Meeting with encouragement from Lord Shaftesbury and other Christian philanthropists, including the Archbishop of Canterbury, he commenced in 1855 the issue of a larger work, The British Workman, a broad sheet filled with most attractive engravings, and with information on the great social questions of the day, so well suited to working people, that it recommended itself wherever it was seen, and it also soon reached a sale of 300,000 monthly.

He also secured the copyright to himself of other periodicals, some of which had been originated by the Rev. Carus Wilson, thirty years before, such as The Children's Friend, The Friendly Visitor, The Infants' Magazine, and a new one, The Family Friend, originated by Mr. Smithies. The old ones he re-constructed, illustrating them profusely with high-class engravings, and the result was soon seen in a very largely increased circulation.

Independently of these serial publications, Mr. Smithies had printed and put into circulation small books at one farthing, one half-penny, and one penny, all devoted to Temperance and questions of great social reform, and these with leaflets, flyleaves, and broadsheets, he has sent forth in English, French, German, and Dutch, and other foreign languages, literally by millions.

He was a man of overflowing benevolence, and a surprising number of philanthropic societies found in him a liberal supporter and a generous worker. He was a man of such self-denying labors, so energetic, so persevering, so catholic, it was difficult for some of his friends and admirers to know to what denomination he belonged, for he was largely and constantly associated with them all; and it was a most touching sight to see the venerable Earl of Shaftesbury, of over fourscore years, bending reverently over Mr. Smithies' grave, mourning as sincerely as any of the hundreds of sorrowing friends who gathered at that memorable funeral. Yet Mr. Smithies, although so wide and catholic in his sympathies, was a true and generous Methodist throughout the whole course of his life.

He suffered severely from heart disease, and from mental overwork a year before his death, and was long confined to his own room, but uncomplainingly he suffered the will of God, and in great peace he entered into rest at Earlham Grove, Wood Green, July 20th, 1883, aged nearly sixty-eight years.

years. His was a model life of industry and good-doing, which not many will have the courage fully to imitate.—Methodist Temperance Maz.

LUTHER'S PSALM.

Among Luther's Spiritual Songs, of which various collections have appeared of late years, the one entitled Eine feste Burg ist unser Gott is universally regarded as the best; and indeed still retains its place and devoted use in the Palmodies of Protestant Germany. Luther's music is heard daily in our churches, several of our finest psalm-tunes being of his composition.

The great Reformer's love of music, of poetry, it has often been remarked, is one of the most significant features in his character. He it was, emphatically, who stood up for the spiritual world of man, and only by the footing and miraculous power he had obtained there, could work such changes in the Material World.

Unhappily, or happily, Luther's poetic feeling did not so much learn to express itself in fit words that take captive every ear, as in fit Actions, wherein truly, under still more impressive manifestation, the spirit of spherical melody resides, and still audibly addresses us. In his written Poems we find little, save that strength of one "whose words," it has been said "were half battles;" little of that still harmony and blending softness of union, which is the last perfection of strength; less of it than even his conduct often manifested. With Words he had not learned to make pure music; it was by Deeds of love or heroic valor that he spoke freely; in tones, only through his Flute, amid tears, could the sigh of that strong soul find utterance.

Nevertheless, though in imperfect articulation, the same voice, if we will listen well, is to be heard also in his writings, in his Poems. The following for example, jars upon our ears; yet there is something in it like the sound of Alpine avalanches, or the first murmur of earthquakes; in the very vastness of which dissonance a higher unison is revealed to us. Luther wrote this Song in a time of blackest threatenings, which however could in nowise become a time of despair. In those tones, rugged, broken as they are, do we not recognise the accent of that summoned man (summoned not by Charles the Fifth, but by God Almighty also), who answered his friends' warning not to enter Worms, in this wise: "Were there as many devils in Worms as there are roof tiles, I would on"—of him who, alone in that assemblage before all emperors and principalities and powers, spoke forth these final and forever words: "It is neither safe nor prudent to do aught against conscience. Here stand I, I cannot otherwise. God assist me, Amen!" It is evident enough that to this man all Pope's Conclaves, and Imperial Diets, and hosts, and nations, were but weak; weak as the forest; with all its strong trees, may be to the smallest spark of electric fire.

A safe stronghold our God is still, A trusty shield and weapon; He'll help us clear from all the ill That hath us now o'er-taken. The ancient Prince of Hell Hath risen with purpose fell; Strong mail of Craft and Power He wreath in his hour, On earth is not his fellow.

With force of arms we nothing can, Full soon were we down-riden; But for us fights the proper Man, Whom God himself hath bidden. Ask ye, Who is this same? Christ Jesus is his name, The Lord Zebaoth's Son, He and no other one Shall conquer in the battle.

And were this world all Devils o'er, And watching to devour us, We lay it not to heart so sore, Not they can overpower us. And let the Prince of Ill Look grim as e'er he will, He harms us not a whit; For why? His doom is writ, A word shall quickly slay him. God's Word, for all their craft and force,

One moment will not linger, But spite of Hell shall have its course 'Tis written by his finger. And though they take our life, Goods, honour, children, wife, Yet is their profit small; These things shall vanish all, The City of God remaineth. —Thomas Carlyle.

ANOTHER VIEW.

People should not be too ready to call a man "a fault-finder," a "croaker," or an "old fogey," when he calls attention to things that are wrong. Wrongs or faults cannot be corrected until attention is called to them. Reform cannot be effected unless existing evils are called in question—brought to light; nor can threatening departures from the good and the right way be forestalled without warning.

Luther and Wesley were great fault-finders; so, too, have been all reformers since their day. The prophets, John the Baptist, Christ, and his inspired apostles, were fault-finders. And all of them were persecuted more or less by their times. So it is to-day: if a man speaks out against the sins of the people, the scandals and abominations of the times in and out of the Church, he is called a "croaker," "old fogey," or something worse.

Condemn not a man simply because he finds fault; but see what the fault is, and help to correct it, and, if need be, help to correct any fault in the fault-finder himself—after the beam is taken from "thine own eye." A fault-finder (such as has been described) is far better than the fault-conniver or the fault-defender.

THE GATES OF HELL.

In a sermon upon this subject, Mr. Talmage said: "Another gate of hell, and the chief gate, and as wide as all the others put together, is the gate of alcoholic beverages. On the night of exploration I found that everything was done under the enchantment of the wine cup; that was one of the chief attractions of the illuminated garden; that staggered the step of the patrons as they went home. The wine cup is the instigator of all impurity, and the patron of all uncleanness. So far as God may help me, I shall be its unending foe. It was the testimony of the officials on the night of exploration that those who frequent the house of death, go in intoxicated; the mental and spiritual abolished, the brute ascendancy. Tell me a young man drinks, and I know the rest. Let him become a captive of the wine cup, and he is a captive to all vices. No man ever runs drunkenness alone. That is one of the carrion crows that go in a flock. If that break is ahead, you may know that the other breaks follow. In other words, it unbalances and debases and makes him prey to all the appetites that choose to alight on his soul.

"There is not a sin on this continent that does not find its chief abettor in the place of inebriety. There is a drinking bar before, behind, or a bar under it. The officers said to me that night, 'You see how these escape legal penalty, they are licensed to sell liquor.' Then I thought within myself, the court which licenses the sale of intoxicating liquors and gambling houses, licenses libertinism, disease, all crime, all sufferings, and courts who swing open this grinding, roaring, stupendous gate of the lost. But you say, you have shown us how they swing in to allow entrance for the doomed. Please tell me how they swing out for the escape of the penitent. Let me answer, it is the exception when they come out. I think nine hundred and ninety-nine out of a thousand perish."

A GOOD HINT.

"Never criticise the sermon before the children." This is Grandma Ward's motto, and she strictly follows it. No matter how feeble or prosy are the words spoken from that country pulpit, grandma always finds some good seed planted in the garden of her heart. The children learn to reverence what is revered at home. No word of disrespect for the minister or his message is ever heard about that cheerful table.

A young minister occupies the desk to-day. It is his first attempt. With trembling voice he announces his text: "And to brotherly kindness charity." Twice he repeats the beautiful words, each time in a feebler tone. A few broken attempts at commencing the sermon follow, and then the modest youth sits down, as many an abler man has done before, overcome with a sense of his own unworthiness.

"Grandma," exclaims little Mary after the brief service is over, "what did you think of the sermon this time?" "It was an excellent text, my child," says Mrs. Ward. No other word of comment passes her lips.

"How much better is this sweet charity than the after-sermon talk around many another Christian fireside."

"What a slim sermon," comments the father.

"I don't want to go to church," says John.

"What a blunderer," says mother.

"I could not keep my face straight," says Mary.

"Rather stay at home and read," cries Susan.

If we would have our young friends receive the Word with gladness, let us also do it, even though the preacher be not silver tongued.—Golden Rule.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

BAD TO BACKER.

One day at school I told the boys 'Twas wrong to chew tobacco; A six-year-old, Grown very bold, Presumed to give his veto. Says he: "I saw A fellow chew Because he had the toothache." 'Tint never wrong For anyone To chew that has the toothache, The school agreed With him; indeed, His logic charmed the urchins. Quite puzzled, I Could scarce reply At first to his assertions. A happy thought, However, brought Relief from Greeley's namesake: "Horace," I said, "If a girl instead Should chance to have the toothache, And want to chew, What should she do?" Like older ones by time unschooled, He scratched his head, And then he said: "She'd order have the tooth pulled."

DANGER CLIFF.

There was once a gentleman, it was said, who was wealthy. He had a large family of beautiful children; and he loved his wife, and sons, and daughters very dearly, and daily he would have his coachman take them out. Away they go through country and city, and forest and park. But near one of the pleasant drives there was a deep chasm, and its sides were rocky and steep, so that to go too near it would be almost certain death.

But the coachman would often see how very close he could drive to the edge of the abyss without dashing its precious load to destruction. This he continued to do day after day, though he did not mean any harm. He only wanted to show how near he could come to danger and yet escape. But one day he came just a little nearer, when in an instant he became dizzy as he looked down into the dark chasm, and was gone.

But horses, coach, and family all escaped, and came safely home. Then another coachman must be found; and the gentleman sent word all about, and advertised for a good, safe, skillful man. And many came, and he questioned them, each by himself, in order to get the right one.

"How near can you drive to Danger Cliff?"—so that chasm was called—"without driving over?" asked the gentleman of the first who came. "Ab, your honor, it's not every coachman that can do the likes o' me. Sure I've driven as near as your finger breadth minny's the time, an' 'twas all the sim as though 'twas a mile or more. I've never burt a hair o' the hide." "You may pass out," was the answer; "I do not wish your services."

Then came another, and he was asked the same question about driving near the chasm. And he said he could come within six inches, but feared to go nearer. "I do not wish you," was said, and he passed out, wondering how near the gentleman wanted his coachman to drive to this place of danger.

So they came and went, till one answered, "Sir, I think I could drive very near, even to the edge, if necessary; but I always make it a point to keep as far away as I can." "And you are the very man I wish, sir. Keep far away from this and all other dangers as you drive the coach about the country. Remember my family is in your keeping, and for their sakes, as well as your own, do not take one risk unless you must."

Mary's the boy who said "I'm not afraid to taste cider, or beer, or wine, just this once. I know where to go, and where not to go, and what I can stand. And if I want to smoke a cigar I can smoke one, and there stop. And I can read one had book, and no more, if I set my heart upon it. And I can spend an hour with Jim Brown and not swear, even if he does. What's the use of a fellow's going to excess every time? Why can't he have a little of these things, even if they are not quite so good, and stop just where one wants to?"

Yes, but nine chances to one the boy will keep coming nearer to Danger Cliff, and then in an instant his head will whirl, and over he will go, and disappear in darkness forever.

Yes, but who ever plunged over Danger Cliff who kept as far away from it as possible.

Keep far away from every Danger Cliff.—The Pansy.

"Mamma, I had better go to heaven while I am little, for I might be bad when I get big, and could not get in." The mother didn't answer, and the boy went on: "But if I do go when I am little, how will I do—who will mind me until you come?" "O," said mamma, with a tear in her eye, "God will manage it." "Yes, he will send an angel to mind me, and he will tell me as soon as you get there, so I can run and stay with you, and then I'll be all right, mamma," and mamma, clasping the dear little talker close, thought if they were so happy as to be finally shut in with God and the angels forever, it would be "all right," sure enough.

I heard of two little children—a boy and girl—who used to play a great deal together. One day the boy came to his mother and said: "Mother, I know that Emma is a Christian." "What makes you think so, my child?" "Because, mother, she plays like a Christian."

"Plays like a Christian?" said the mother, the expression sounding a little odd.

"Yes," replied the child; "if you take everything she's got, she don't get angry. Before, she was selfish, and if she didn't have everything her own way, she would say: 'I won't play with you; you are an ugly little boy.'"

Johnnie is a conscientious child. One day he hurried in from his play in great trouble, saying: "Mamma, I've said a bad word." His mother was surprised, and Johnnie seemed quite penitent. After talking to him of his sin, his mamma said: "Hadt' you better ask the dear Lord to forgive you, Johnnie?" Down he dropped on his knees beside her and commenced his prayer, coming to the point without any preliminary remarks. Suddenly he looked up with a "business" expression and exclaimed, "Mamma, hadnt' I better ask him now to forgive me for that lie I told when we lived on Vine Street?"

"You were made to be kind," says Horace Mann, "generous and magnanimous. If there is a boy in the school that has a lame foot, don't let him know that you ever saw it. If there is a poor boy, with ragged clothes, don't talk about rags when he is in hearing. If there is a lame boy, assign him a part of the game which does not require running. If there is a hungry one, give him part of your dinner. If there is a dull one, help him to get his lesson. If there is a bright one, be not envious of him; for if one boy is proud of his talents, and another is envious of them, there are two great wrongs, and no more talent than before."

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