## THE WESLEYAN, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1884.

# OUR HOME CIRCLE.

MY CHRISTMAS GIFT.

Some git, Sea. Lo. 1, to the shrine My hands would study bay; But I can or h give a Again this Christmandar, Since all I have has come troin thee Already thine my gitts must be.

And yet, while filening and Brothers strive, With loviuz.p-tient care, Some token of their to lerne-s For loved ones to proceed. My friend, my broch of I would be Preparing some choice gut for thee.

Angels thine advent halled with praise ; Low at thine infant fact The she, herds bowed ; while waiting sage Piled offerings rich and sweet. What gift may poverty like mine Bring to a gracious Saviour's shrine

One only gift thou asked, Lord ; Gladly I give it thee ! No treasures could increase thine hoard-

Thou seek'st not mine, but me ; So I a loving heart to-day Obedient on thine alta: lay. Still, I would fain, with patient care,

My little off-ring make, More worthy to b tendered thee-More fit for thee to take. A fitter shine wherein may be An altar consecrate to thee.

Each hour some sin be cast away, Some holy grave upspring, Some formen vanquished every day, Some heaven-bound thought take wing Each day thy will be better known. And conquer by its might my own.

return.

lovingly upon him.

thou Me ?"

sioned :--

est I love Thee !"

through and through :---

"Feed My lambs!"

Thus, through these preparation days, Help me, dear Lord, to bring My little tribute to thy praise, My Saviour, Friend, and King ; And on thine altar, Christmas day A heart prepared for thee to lay.

And when the stars of Christmas burn Upon the midnight sky, Before the angels' triumph song, "Glory to God, Most High," Accept this heart ; it wil not be Quite worthless, since it is with th e. - 34.0 - 1005 -

MR. CURTLAND'S CHRIST. MAS.

BY MRS. HARRIET A. CHEEVER.

Mr. Christopher Curtland was rubbing his hands with evident satisfaction. His ledgers showed the closing year to have been one of unusual profit for the firm of Curtland & Curtland, and the next day but one would be Christmas, when the house would fairly ring my lips only. Come out into the

Jack would come home from no longer unbidden to a seat! college for the holidays. Kate Come into my heart, and abide Ye beckon me on ; and I fain would go, and Jennie would arrive from my welcome guest. I will forget their expensive boarding-school, Thee nevermore; no longer will I and as for little Kittie, aged five, selfishly lavish on my own, only, the child would be almost crazed the rich gifts of Thy love. I will The face which earth has marked with care, with delight at the sight of her care for the 'little ones,' nor ever Linking of sin and pain, Like an infant's brow shall be calm and fair

knew what guilt, so oppressed some time I'll tell you all about Christopher Curtland that he it."

But that afternoon, when Chrisasked involuntarily :--"Dear Lord, how comes this? topher Curtland called 'at the What have I done to Thee house of his struggling pastor and A gentle voice, in which there told him that in view of unmerited prosperity he had decided to send was no anger, not one trace of his oldest son, in company with resentment, answered sadly :---

"Christopher Curtland; I have his own son, to college as a sort of been hungry, and you gave Me thank-offering, only he wished his no meat; thirsty, and you gave part in it to remain a profound Me no drink; naked, and you secret, the pastor, in rehearsing clothed Me not; sick and weary, the gladsome tidings to his grateful wife, remarked :-but you noticed Me not!"

Mr. Curtland found only voice "But, wife, you should have seen Mr. Christopher Curtland's to falter forth :---"Dear Lord, how could this face while he was talking; there was nothing boastful about it. On be ?"

And the soft, reproachful voice the contrary, his manner was really humble and subdued: but went on :-

"For your own household and his face, dear man, was so calm kindred you have done well; your and radiant-well, all I can say wite and children and your pros- is, it looked to me as if-as if he perous brother and his family will might have seen the Lord !"be loaded with gifts and good Zion's Herald.

cheer on the coming Christday, but how about My 'little ones?'

> am sitting alone by my fireside to-night, As I often have done before, And I list to the voices, so clear and bright, Of the children outside the door. Christmas has come they tell me in glee :

Christmas has come ! Ah, me! Ah me! The song has a sad refrain.

fast, The sombre entwining the gay, Like childhood's friends from the far

The little ones watch me and whisper low, "Poor grandpa is sad to-night;" smile, for how should the darlings know My friends who are out of sight?

They show me a boy brimming over with Tup, Instead of a grandfather sage; In my childish pleasure I try to run ; Have my limbs grown stiff with age ? I look in the mirror, Oh! who would know

The aged form I see, The wrinkled face and the beard of snow, The answer came in clear, brief Can that strange old man be me words, thrilling the listener

I laugh at the picture ; the voice I hear Has a shrill and hollow sound. Alas! that, too, has grown cracked and

"Oh, I will, dear Lord, I will queer, I glance at my friends around : No longer will I serve Thee with They, too, have gone, and I. all alone, 'Mid the little children stand, with merriment and good cheer. room, my Lord and crouch there A stranger sad in my once loved home. Ah! friends from the far off land,

For the hour is growing late, And I long for the time when full well

know The crooked shall all be made straight

And lo! 'tis Christmas tide The first since, in Goi's acre, They rested side by side Since Paradise is waiting-Though not unconscious rest-Perchance is kept the season In the mansions of the blest. If, then, my thought's adventure Be not, it deed, too bold To-day they keep their Christmas Together, as of old. Yes, not as erst ; their rapture Exceedeth all of earth, As in the holy places, They keep the Saviour's birth. And higher far its meaning. And deeper far the love. While they tell the olden story,

THE TWO IN HEAVEN.

God gave and he hath taken :

In the Paradise above. The Churchman.

TWO SCENES.

In the little town in the north of England where I was born, we often heard of a great city merchant who had once been an apprentice in the place, and had risen to be one of the merchant princes of England. He sometimes came to see the spot where he had passed those humble years, and showed his good will to young and old by many wise and kind deeds. Two scenes in his life may interest and help the young men into whose hands this tract falls.

The little town was busy with preparations for Christmas sixty years ago. In one of the publichouses sat a lad who had fallen into bad habits, and sometimes gambled all the night through. It was little wonder that he had gone astray. His home was in the country, and he was left alone when only thirteen to fight his way in the world. His master was a drinker, and set a bad example to the boy. His friends arranged that he should get all his meals at the public-house; and business habits were so bad in those days that he was required. when managing his master's business, to treat the customers to a glass of spirits and water, even when they only bought a fiveshilling parcel. Things were going very badly with him. He a feeling of pride and thankful-

kept his pack of cards ready at all hours, and sometimes lost all he At five o'clock in the morning he left the public-house and turn-

fifteen thousand waited all through can you do ?" A pause, and then an awful night of sleet and wind one little voice cried; "Dive em a that they might be ready for dis- cent!" That was the first offer, tribution of food in the morning. but it was followed by many an-That great warehouse belonged to other; "Give 'em candy!" "Give the apprentice of that little coun- em a turkey !" "Give 'em a cat !" try town, who slid down the roof each beginning with that grand of his attic bedroom fifty years word, "Give." The result of before. He and his colleague that meeting was this: To form were straining themselves to the a club which should last "foratmost to help the poor people ever;" to call it "The Children's who were often scarce able to Coristmas club;" to have for its walk away with their parcels of motto: "Freely ye have received. food, and broke down into sobs of freely give, " to place the mem. gladness at their deliverance. It bership fee at ten cents, so that was an awful time. For half a no child should be prevented from mile stretched the long line of joining because he was not "rich." applicants, four or five deep, wait- to make no distinction in regard ing for provisions. One lady had to sect or nationality; to permit been thirty-nine hours in the to join the club any boy or girl under eighteen years of age who street. Day by day our old friend was accepted its principles, which

working with all his might, and were; To be ready at all times winning the love of those poor, with kind words to assist child. starving Parisians, and the honor ren less fortunate than themof his own countrymen. 'I have selves; to make every year, in little time," he said, 'to read the Christmas week, a festival of Bible ! but I read the ninety-first some kind for them; to save Psalm every morning, which is a through the year toys, books, great support to me.' and games, instead of carelessly The lad whose life had been so destroying them; to save, and nearly wrecked by temptation had wherever practicable put in good become one of the greatest mer- repair, all out grown clothing; to chants and philanthropists of his | beg nothing from any source, but time. From the hour when the to keep as the keystone of the club Christmas carols had roused feel- the word "Give;" to pay every ings of penitence and new resolve, year a tax of ten cents; and to he had never looked behind him. make their first festival in the Life had been a hard struggle; City hall on Thursday, Dec. 28. but he had faced all its troubles 1882. At that festival a Christmas with courage, and had wonhimself "tree and dinner was given to six acommanding position. No honor hundred poor children. that London could grant would

## FIDO'S AND KITTY'S CHRISTMAS.

est Christian, and devoted his " Mamma," said Benjie, won't time and wealth to the work of you please give me some money charity. He was the constant friend of young men, the helper of to get a Kismas p'esent for Fido? I want to buy a silver collar.' all who were in trouble, and when

he died all England felt that one Mamma thought a minute, and of our truest and finest men was then said.

"Silver collars cost a great This is a true story. Every deal, dear; and besides, are apt to word of it has its lesson. We be stolen; but Fido may have a used to watch George Moore walk- new one, of bright scarlet morocco ing the streets of our little town, with your name on it, and a little and used to hear of his deeds with | bell. Will that do?'

"Yes'm; that will be nice." ness that remains to this day. And Benjie held up his rosy lips His example had great influence for a kiss, as sure of having the had, sometimes won heavy stakes. on young men, and roused many new collar for his pet as if it were of them to do their duty faithful- already bought, for he know/ ly .- Methodist Tract.

#### CHEAPER

Every town danger signals ble evils that children to gra and duty and munity can fur histories of vie dividuals who through lack c some places o ratepaters as port in prison in a ho-pita every year b might have ago a smal. had been st evangent-he et Attention directed to a t "Mag, the me become in character. Sh she never had she was solon without a sher cared for by ] Samaraton: mother of a lo paupers In decendants in of 1,200 . et a 130 habi ual the where fun the users de the e-minanal erime, and ins the neglected cost the state one nit lion ' theus and d. establish bb. H It would have if that proc wr taught in one of Christ's Ch better for ner o society, and he But myriads she are gent i and the respo school teachers mediate. The done, must be e the children wi wait sin corr hardens, and th launched on te ners, themselv equipped for a both Church and It will not a consider them duty by maions tion. No Edu one jot the need Christion work days. If we had diffusion of n knowledge, En ter and copiou ing must be pa be ruined. M principle mak

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brother and sisters, to say nothing forget Thy claims." of the loaded Christmas-tree of A soft radiance all at once filled the room; the scanty garments the evening.

On Christmas day, his brother were gone, also the crouching As it sweetly sang in childhood's days, and partner, Mr. John Curtland, figure by the wall. A majestic with his wife and their three presence clothed in shining folds lively children, would come to was suddenly illumined by a won- A ransomed soul shall enter in dine, and the great attic chamber drous star glowing from the used as a store-room would hardly eastern corner of the room. from contain the poultry, pies, pud- which He was now slowly advancdings, tarts and jellies placed in ing; and as Christopher Curtland the cool room for safe keeping opened wide his arms to receive against the day of feasting close the luminous figure, it softly faded, receded, vanished, but left at hand.

At supper that night, Mrs. a joyous, overflowing peace in his Curtland, contrary to her usual heart, too great for utterance. good judgment, had placed a small "Father, father!" cried Mrs. mince pie on the table near her | Curtland. "Come, wake up, do ! Why, you're sobbing like a great husband's plate.

"Now I don't know, wife," child." laughed Mr. Curtland, "about that

The next morning, the Widow pie; it looks tempting enough, to be sure, but isn't it a risk, eating Gaines was surprised at receiving from an unknown quarter a box such things at night?" But "wife" explained that, containing the largest turkey that having a little minee left, she had had ever been inside her cottage made a bit of crust not nearly as door. For her five fatherless

rich as what she ordinarily made, children were warm garments, and as it was quite early, several also a thick blanket shawl for hours before bedtime, she didn't herself, to say nothing of toys and believe it would hurt him just this , candy for the Christmas stockings. "Who could have guessed my once.

So Mr. Curtland ate, though wants so perfectly?" said the poor woman in beaming perplexrather sparingly, of the pie.

It was late the same evening ity. "I believe the Lord must that, pacing contentedly to and have spoken to some one and told fro through the spacious, softly- them all !" lighted parlors, Mr. Curtland re- Then old Mr. Potter and his viewed the proceeds of the waning wife couldn't imagine who sent year, and anticipated the events the needed, welcome ton of coal

of the next few days with such which was dumped before their decided satisfaction. He went to door the same morning. bed in the same happy frame of Mrs. Wilton, bed-ridden from mind; and he was naturally a rheumatism, saw the druggist

genial man, kind hearted, upright bringing a generous supply of in his dealings, and a good, fair strengthening wines and cordials, Christian-as Christians go. So, but to her surprised questions as to soon after retiring, he fell asleep. "Who in the world could have But gradually the whole scene sent them ?" the man seemed sudchanged. He was still in his own denly to have lost his memory, parlors, but the surroundings, in- only replying :-

stead of being bright and joyous, "Well, they're yours any way, seemed to point to something and all paid for, too." melancholy and pitcous. All at Jessie Beers, a neglected little once, looking toward one corner orphan who lived down Hunt's of the room, he saw standing and Lane, was made the grinning re-

learing against the wall, as though cipient of a warm flannel dress feeling himseif scarce welcome pattern and a large dressed doll.

the wintry night. His face was ing supremely happy. want, His teet unshod, and marks had, too," she added-" all owing must be a carp, which brings for starving people. of pain and weariness were stamp- to that mine-pie, I suppose."

ed on His features. A feeling of such bitter regret night !" he replied. " Those sobs | will never be empty during the and a conviction of he scarcely you heard were ones of joy, and coming year.

And the dim eyes bright again.

The frost of age shall melt away, The voice long hushed shall sing. The praises of Christ, its King. The wearied soul, grown old in sin, With garments long defiled; The kingdom as a child -Christian at Work.

PARADING TROUBLES.

Ordinarily we receive as good treatment as we deserve. At all clinging to the waterspout, and events there are no good results succeeded in opening his bedroom from a constant repetition of window with his foot. troubles often largely imaginary. When he was safely in bed his Many men greatly weaken their

influence by the parade on all ocstood by the apprentice, who was casions of treatment they have apparently fast asleep, murmurreceived at other times in other iug and threatening 'that the moplaces. It puts ammunition into ment he got up he would turn him the hands of the enemy. People out of the place. The lad's heart will be disposed to think where only grew harder as he listened. there is so much smoke there Soon after the waits, came round must be some fire. Instead of singing their Christmas carols. creating sympathy, which at best His heart grew tender as he heard under such circumstances can do those singers. Thoughts of his father's grief, and the trouble to us no good, it creates often a feeling of suspicion. We have known his home, made him resolve that ministers to greatly injure their if he could get his master's forusefulness, upon going into a new giveness he would live a new life. field of labor, by at once begin-Twenty-four hours, without food ning the recital of the serious or drink, he lay in bed, then as troubles through which they had the Christmas morning dawned just passed in their last charge. he rose and having secured a new One result of this often is the speedy repetition of the same live a better life. experience in the new field of He never looked back. His labor. We are under no obliga-

master trusted him, and left all tion to tell men our weak points, his concerns in his hand. The as these will become apparent soon enough to those with whom master went from bad to worse, we come in daily contact. It is and everything would have been good advice in all spheres of life, when we exhort them to keep their troubles to themselves. There is but one to whom we can come in perfect safety, sure that he will never misunderstand us, and will always grant relief. "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, to live a true life. and he shall sustain thee.' -Journal and Messenger.

In Berlin no clothes lines are tune, and if the scales of the fish

ed home to his master's house. Some reports of the lad's wild doings had reached his master, and the lower window which he used to leave unfastened was

firmly nailed down. No way was left but one. He went up the offend the devil." It was he who street, climbed to the top of the said, " Let him who expects one lowest house, then along the class in society to prosper to the ridges of the houses between that highest degree while others are in and his master's. When he reached it, he slid down the slates, hung suspended over the street s pinched.'

OUR YOUNG FOLKS

have been withheld from him.

But his heart was set on better

things. He was a humble, earn-

gone from us.

A CHILD'S REASON. master came into the room and 'Twas Christmas week, the wintry light Faded to darkness, dull and drear These are, ' I said, half to myself. "The shortest days in all the year. Across our darling's childish face Passed the quick shadow of a thought, Then suddenly she brightly smiled, As though she found the things she sought.

> And said. " I know the reason why ; It's 'cause the little girls like me it was Christmas, so the Lord Makee the day shorter purposely ! ------

### A CHRISTMAS CLUB.

A number of notes were written, asking two or more girls and you forget to feed them, and boys from every Sunday school in sometimes you tease them. the city of Portland, Me., to meet "They don't like to draw your

the following Thursday afternoon. but you try to make them do Did they come? Come? They did these things. And sometimes not know what the call was for, you pull them about or wake save for a whisper about Christ- them up. If you will, for all the apprentice was reformed ; but the mas work ; but they came : came New Year, treat them as kindly in pairs, in trios, in quartets and as you would want to be treated quintets-a whole squad from the if you were a kitten or a little Butler school: big boys with big dog, it will be worth more to them All the little town knew and lov- hearts, wee tots only four years than any present or nice Christold from the kindergarten one may breakfast." hundred children ready for any- Benjie thought it over.

thing. Oh, I wish you could have "I'll try, mamma," he said, ly. But God's mercy had been been there at the forming of that and he kept his word.

speak to them, and their voices came round, Kittie Clover and were hushed in expectation. I Fido loved him very dearly, and Half a century later all Europe can't tell you just what she said, never ran away to hide under the

Paris. London raised vast sums She spoke of their Christmas Compution.

there, one who seemed, in form, "Father, what have you been like the "Son of God." He knew doing all the long morning?" said it could be note other than the Mrs. Curtland, when at two o'clock for if they are not all carefully little bit of black bread, made of When she asked : "Des anyone not be cured, it must be cut off. Saviour, but His garnients were her husband presented himself for taken down it is believed by all hay and straw and twenty-five When she asked: "Does anyone not be cured, it must be cut off. this and scatty, rotwithstanding dinner, flushed, hurried, but look- good Berliners that a dreadful ac- per cent of the coarsest flour, with here want to do anything for these The little fellow did not have to big cident will happen. On the sup a piece of horse-flesh, the size of others?" the thought that they lose his hand, so he went to his pinched as if with hunger and . "And such a poor night as you per table on Christmas eve there a walnut, was doled out to the could do anything was new to best Friend about it. The next almost all-to many even the wish day the hand was better, and soon Help came at last. Starving was new: but like one great heart- it was quite well; the child's pe-"Why, wife, I had a glorious are carried about in the purse it people thronged to a great ware-throb came their answer. thiob came their answer. house belonging to a famous Eng- "Yes! I! I! I want to do ward gave himself to God as a lish firm of merchants. Ten or something!" "Children what minister.

mamma's promises were always kept.

Sure enough, on Christmas Thomas Fuller, one of the most morning, the first thing Benjie quaint and graphic of the old drew out of his plump stocking English writers, strikingly dewas a scarlet collar, with a tiny tined "policy to consist in serving bell. God in such a manner as not to

There was a blue ribbon, too for Kitty Clover, and very happy was Benjie, when he sat on the rug, watching his pets, with their new ornaments, eating their distress, try whether one side of Christmas breakfast, as mamma his face can smile when the other called it,

Kitty Clover and Fido were good friends, and would eat from the same plate, and sleep on the same mat.

"I am glad my little boy thought of his pets, and tried to make them happy at Christmas,' said mamma; "but darling, you might do for them what they would like still better.' Besides their usual saucer of

bread and milk, they had chicken bones and bits of tongue this morning, and greatly enjoyed their meal.

"What, mamma?" asked Benjie quite surprised.

"You love them, I know, and usually you are kind to them. said mamma;"" but sometimes

trial from his master, he began to at a certain house at 5 o'clock, on cart, or dance on their hind feet,

and you must i 11 Book tu fam v four these dirty diof a that har Bay to every L dish el tits ch your diesses sun bonnets VOU INUS! ACCE You may hol you go troin wash your dis atable cloth. let them dry; for your wind

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ruined but for the youth's efforts. ed the bright, active daring lad. He had been exposed to great temptation, and had yielded soreshown to him, and he had begun club! A lady came forward to By the time the next Christmas

was in suspense about the fate of but her words were beautiful. sota, or behind the door .- Youth's for the relief of the suffering thou- festivities every year, of their