# THE WESLEYAN, FRIDAY, AUGUST 19, 1881.

#### OUR HOME CIRCLE.

AN OLD SONG.

"God hath chosen the weak things of the world.

It was an old and once familiar strain, A distant echo from the years gone by ; And now we hear its melody again Beneath a foreign sky.

A company of strangers met to part, Spendiug an evening in the same hotel, And soft as dew upon each weary heart The sweet notes fell.

She was a fair and gentle maid who sung, Who summers seventeen had scarcely told, And deftly from her practiced hand and tongue The music rolled.

to give.

God.

could medify or change: believed

the arm of God was bound; his

build their castles in the air.

Next morning saw a hurried let-

The impression was correct; the

We hashed our busy talk to hear her sing, The earnest student laid his book aside, While memory bore us on her noiselesss wing O'er ocean wide.

To that far distant land beyond the sea. Which we had left on foreign shores to roam, The marie bore us on its pinious free Reck to our home:

Back to the land which we had left behind, The land of love, and hope, and faith, and

prayer, And showed the faithful hearts and faces kind That loved us there.

And one there was who heard that soothing song, Whose heart was heavy with its weight of

Embittered by the sense of cruel wrong

No friend might share.

Silently, proudly had he borne his pain, Crushed from his wounded heart each soften ing thought ;

But the sweet tones of that forgotten strain New feelings brought.

Strange longings rose suce more to see the place Which in his boyhood he had held so dear, To see once more his aged father's face, His voice to hear :

To meet again his gentle sister's smile-(Twas she who used to sing this self-same

Would not her love his thoughts from sorrow

wile, And soothe his wrong?

flew would their faithful hearts rejoice to greet of all their plans and help them to Their prodigal's return from distant shore, And bind his heart by many a welcome sweet To roam no more !

Thus he resolved that, when the morning came, He would arise and homeward wend his way, And, heedless of the harsh world's praise or

blame, No more would stray.

Little the singer gaessed the power that lay Beneath the accents of her simple song ; Its soothing words should haunt him day by

day, And make him strong.

The lengthening twilight stole into the room, And wrapped us in its mantle cold and gray But from the listener's heart the deeper gloom Had passed away.

The song was ended and the singer rose, And lights were brought, and books and work lesumed : His spirit tasted long-denied repose By hope illum'd ;

And when the morning dawned he homeward turned, Back to his father's house beyond the sea,

The dear old homestead where his spirit yearned Once more to be.

constant blessing to the poor; who ed draft.

sought them out with studious care, and to their needs was ever a minister. She had no means beyond her daily needs, but that concerned her | Again her grateful thanks went up to God, who never once in all her not; she sought as well the gen erous rich, and interested them to life had failed to keep his sacred lend from their abundant store, and pledge. Again the choicest blessings were invoked upon the unto render to the indigent and sick the help which she herself had not known friend. And if the loving Father never forgot to hear her prayer of faith and answer it, when A noble woman she was in works offered in her own behalf, was it not answered too, when offered for so closely interwoven with the of mercy, charity and love, in ten-

derest sympathy with every soul another? Yes, indeed, it was. that needed help; yet she failed to May the memory of the widow's feel and know that God was near steadfast trust, and the Father's enough to hear and answer prayer: watchful care and answering love, believed it not, believed that he who convey its lesson to the hearts of made the sun and moon and stars all who read, and lead them each to and all the bost of heaven, had on them all, and on his people too a seek the all-surpassing reward, the rigid law imposed, stern and inflex-) true, exhaustless, priceless wealth of living near to God.-The Rescue ible, which neither he nor any else

PURPOSE.

mercy, measured out by law. A cold belief it seemed but it was It has been well said that there hers. In one of her visits she found comes a time in the life of every the lonely widow who lived so near person, when it is necessary for him to decide whether he will drift to God. Her mission was to render help; perhaps the angels led their down the tide, or take the oars and sister to the aged saint, to learn of shape the direction of his course. her a better, higher estimate of And in a true sense the present moment is always the time when this Returning to her home that eveduty exists. Though a change of ning, she tound a sailor friend. Ar purpose becomes more and more riving from a far off land, and knowdifficult as the years go by, and the ing well her household and their tide of labit becomes stronger. and the arm becomes feebler and less generous kindly natures, he had competent to do its rightful work, learned to love to visit there, and in vet no rational being is too young the circle of their pleasant home, enjoy a happy hour in cheerful conto be able to try to act with a reas. verse, enquire of Maggie and her on for his actions, or too old to be baby boy in York, how Walter farbounden to an ever-present plan of ed in distant Iowa, when Herbert conduct.

might return from sea-and hear Notwithstanding all that is said and written about having a purpose That evening the conversation more saddening and yet more stimturned on creeds, opinions, proviulating, line of thought than to redence and prayer. "Oh, that reflect upon the aimless way in which calls," the lady said, "my visit of so many lives, of those in his circle to day. I found in Birkenhead a of knowledge, are spent. And very curious specimen of faith and fortunate or very self-confident prayer, an aged Methodist, a wimust be the person who does not dow, who every Sabbath goes three find in his own life ample material times to hear the gospel preachfor correction in this same line of ed in ancient Welsh. I was amusdaty. If it is far too seldom that ed to observe her sturdy faith. one looks at his life in the light of She prays in Welsh for everything a full purpose to make it what it she wants, and thinks the Lord ought to be-a life with a plan-it hears every word and answers it in is still rarer that there exists in the kind. At times she's in a struit for soul a constant determination to. clothing, food or coal, and prays for make the smallest actions of daily twenty cents, and wonders then life conform to some determined what messenger he'll send, and how, but never doubts; she feels the answer's sure. She has a shawl, tion to accomplish great things stillness. They seem to have no the only thing she owns that's

sometime, or to rely on the thought inhabitant but Almighty God, and, worth a shilling, and she used to that a good deal of life remains to to the senses, appear to share the pawn it for her pressing needs, till in which much can be done. solitude of his august being. But But God should send her help. Nor is it much harder to set before the moral idea of Time is even more that she does no more, because it us a definite object toward which wonderful than this, since it involves seems to her a lack of faith. She's we may strive, or to form a general our capacity of good or evil, deterpraving now for forty cents, and resolution of fidelity and devotion mines what we shall make of ourwonders how he'll send to meet this extra call. To my remark upon to the highest ideal. But it is quite selves and what do for others, oranother matter to keep that object dains our probation, and touches her faith, 'I never doubt,' she said, or that ideal constantly in mind, in every instant the prevocable Throne 'his promises I know are true such a way that it shall exercise a of Judgment. Where, then, shall he's always answered me, and always will. No 'if' at all disturbs present and anceasing influence up- we find a loftier conception of a me, but I love to wonder how.' on to-day's thoughts, words and human soul than in the idea of the " The widow's right," her friend deeds. "To-morrow," "some time," replied, "please give her this, and in the course of life,"-these are expressions which are far pleasant- grave is only reached after a "full say that God has heard her prayer er than such hard, blunt words as age," and the "shock of corn' and thus supplied her present wants and for months to come." . 'now," "this very day," "always." And so it comes to pass that the I stand amazed and awe struck be-The widow's heart was filled with joy to find her prayer so man who is going to do something, promptly more than answered; and somehow, practically joins hands her thanks arose to heaven, and with him who frankly confesses that he is never going to do any gather its resources into its capawith them went a fervent prayer for blessings on the stranger whom thing, anyhow; and both come to a God had moved to do his will. time when they are made to realize with all the bitterness of utter dis-That stranger went abroad, and

woman, one whose life had been a plan to honor such an unaccustom- on why we should be doing what over the ashes of Jerusalem, with 'No one but Johnny Gates; he The help came just in time; her instead of some one among ten writing the Fourth Gospel with a ling, and with a great big water. wants were all supplied, and there thousand other things? Until we perfected insight of wisdom and an melon under his arm; I was scared wants were all supplied, and there includes the second of the second of love.—Southern at first, but when I saw who it was scared was something left for future use. can answer such questions as these, immortal accent of love.—Southern at first, but when I saw who it was we are living not foolishly, but Pulpit.

### WHAT A MOTHER DID.

It is the ever-present sense of devo-Some one who had noticed the tion to a reason for our actions that influence of wives in promoting the alone makes them good for anygood or evil fortunes of their husthing-a reason strong and clear bands said, "A man must ask his enough to make itself evident in wife's leave to be rich." We doubt beneficial results, and yet, at last, not that a similar observation of the influence of mothers upon their whole spiritual fabric of our lives sons would justify the remark, "A that we hardly stop to think of its man must ask his mother's leave to 'if he got it honestly.' be great."

fare.

Years ago a family of four, a father, a mother, and two sons dwelt in a small house, situated in the rough-

garment made of braided straw.

The other son also became a min-

" Honor and fame from no condition rise.

it.- Youth's Companion.

Act well your part, there all true honor lies."

"He that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in much. I cannot do great things for him. Who did so much fer me; But I would like to show my love, Dear Jesus, auto thee ; Faithful in very little things. O, Saviour, may I be.

MY SERVICE.

existence S. S. Times.

wickedly; we are not only not

builders, we are reckless destroyers.

There are small things in daily life In which I may obey, And thus may show my love to thee And always, every day, There are some lowing little words Which I for thee may say.

There are small crosses I may take, Small burdens I may bear, Small acts of faith and deeds of love, Small sorrows I may share ; And little bits of work for thee I may do every where.

And so I ask thee, give me grace My little place to fill, That I may ever welk with the And over do thy will; And in each daty, great or small, I may be faithful still. -Advocate and Guardian.

#### THE BLESSEDNESS OF AGE.

Nothing sublimer can be said of in life, one can scarcely engage in a a man than that Time as God's servant has done all that it can do for him. If one thinks how time is measured; what a vast machinery is concerned in the swing of its church to make the world better. pendulum; on what a magnificent dial-plate its hours record their flight and with what exactness its seconds are registered; if one contemplates Time under this aspect in the motions of the physical uniby him. verse, he can not but feel the grandeur of duration as conveyed to his mind through such an infinite clockwork. Silent is the rising and setting sun; silent the coming and going of the moon; silent the proces-College. sion of the mighty stars; silent the purpose and some patient following motion of the earth in the sweep of of a clearly-perceived idea. It is its orbit; the depths of space are easy enough to form a vague inten- undisturbed in their everlasting

At recess Maggie said to Mary Ford,

'Kitty told me that she saw John nie Gates carrying a great big wa. termelon home Saturday evening. Wonder where he got it, and won der what he is going to do with it? Before school Mary whispered to Sallie Bates, ' Johnnie Gates was seen carrying a great big watermel. on on Saturday evening. I wonder

' Mr. Hart's melon patch was robbed about that time; maybe that's where it came from,' answered Sal lie.

est locality of the rocky town of At noon Sallie told Susan and Ashford, Conn. The family was Jennie.

very poor. A few acres of stony 'I know something, and I'll tell land, a dozen sheep and one cow you if you won't breathe it to a supported them. The sheep clothsoul

ed them, and the cow gave milk and · Oh. no, we won't,' cried both did the work of a horse in ploughgirls in one breath; 'what is it?' ing and harrowing. Corn bread, 'Why. Johnnie Gates robbed Mr. milk and bean porridge was their Hart's melon patch one night last week.

The father being laid aside by 'Oh. dear. isn't that awful?' exill-health, the burden of supporting claimed Susie.

the family rested on the mother. 'I always thought that Johnnie She did her work in the house, and was not so much better than the helped the boys do theirs on the rest of us, for all he made believe farm. Once, in the dead of winter, he was so honest,' said Jennie. one of her boys required a new suit 'He couldn't have done it alone."

of clothes. There was neither mon-Sallie said. ey nor wool on hand. The mother

Whereupon Jennie hastened to sheared the half-grown fleece from group of school children who the sheep, and in one week the suit were in the house and told them was on the boy. The shorn sheep Johnnie Gates and a lot of other was protected from the cold by a boys had robbed Mr. Hart's melon patch and destroyed all they could The family lived four miles from not carry away.'

the "meeting-house." Yet every Just at that moment Johnnie him-Sunday the mother and her two self came in whistling, and looking sons walked to church. One of like anything but a thief. these sons became the pastor of the

'Oh, girls ! get together quick; church in Franklin, Conn., to whom I've got something for you, and it's he preached for sixty-one years. most school-time.' Two generations went from that

The girls looked at each other. and with little movements of disgust turned away.

ister, and then one of the most suc-'Why, what's the matter with cessful of college presidents. Hunyou all?' hurry up, all, as the bell dreds of young men were moulded will ring, cried Johnnie.

'We know what you've got, John-The horoic Christian woman's nie Gates,' spoke up Sallie, 'and name was Deborah Nott. She was we don't wan't any of your old the mother of the Rev. Samuel stolen melon, and I think you should Nott. D. D., and of Eliphalet Nott, be ashamed of vourself.'

D. D., LL.D., President of Union 'Who says I stole a melon?' cried Johnny in an excited tone; ' I guess he'd better not tell me so,' I was over at Uncle Henry's Saturday but then, a man who has and accepts night, and he gave me a splendid his mother's aid is more likely to one, and I saved it on purpose to act well his part than one who has give you all some; but if that's the it not, or having, refuses to accept way you are talking about me you may do without.'

Well, said one of the girls,

The ' versal a constitu Christ ( fil,-Ma the Seri subseq tion ot meanin There u phraseu ites, a which ! tial pr applica Mount chosen " the O God,"

THE have a family. to thei only, bu 2. Th to the be resta troduct foundat ment co of the ( it is to not laid or char people. obedien and the was the out of 4 attribu upon to love an founde be has our Go The have no second, thee an on Jebe God. tinctly sisted ings of To ma gods : Gentile in the became of psal lime ut is reit there is more ti This all true foundat and hag thor of rived source all our preme guvern favor, being wrath.

SUNI

C happy maid ! Go singing thus through life, Bidding the lost return, the weak be strong; Thine is a gift with heavenly comfort rife, The gift of song.

-Lydia Hope, in Sunday Magazine.

## THE WIDOW'S PRAYER IN WELSH.

A PERSONAL EXPERIENCE, STRICTLY TRUE.

Near twenty years ago there lived in Birkenhead, near Liverpool. (England), an aged woman, who had suffered four score years and six of poverty. Her husband and her sons and daughters, some ten or twelve, were in the grave. No living relative was left, or none whose whereabouts she knew; no one to care for her in this world. except ber God and yours. I never saw her, never heard or knew her name, but God had printed it in shining golden letters in the book in the varying rounds of ocean's wherein the names and records of storms and calms, among the stirring scenes of strange cities, the his best beloved are kept.

world's great marts and merchants. Though called a pauper here, she thad a store of wealth beyond the in communion with old friends and new, the lowly widow and her story wildest dream of grasping millionaire. She knew and loved her God, had altogether passed from his memory. A year and more had gone and he loved her! All other wealth when it returned as fresh as if but is dross compared with such as hers. yesterday, and with it something Without assistance she had strugsaid, "the widow's prayer in Welsh gied many weary years alone; but goes up again for help; she's call in her later years of failing health ing now." The message, or whatand creeping age, the guardians of ever else it was, took full possession the plenteous public chest allotted of his though s, and effort made to her a stingy weekly dole of cents, cast it off as idle fancy met firm rejust thirty-six; enough to avoid the veblict, "starved to death," and sistance; the call for help prevail yet incur no risk of lengthening out | ed and would be heard. the "pauper's" days.

ter on its journey of 6000 miles: The wealthy owner of the room enclosed it held the answer to the in which she lived, with vise-like fingers grasped for rent one-third of fancied prayer, and asked the lady friend who loved the poor to find her weekly stipend. Her room was a hare and miserable box; no mat the widow, "for I'm sure she's praying; see her wants supplied : or carpet was on the wretched floor, but if she's gone from earth and no pictures on the dingy wall. Such needs no help, just make the money memories of a brighter day, if ever sent an answer to some other praypossessed, had gone to purchase bread. A beach, a bed of straw, a er." plate and cup of pattern cheap and widow was still there, her Father old, a garment coarse and worn and patched, comprised her stock of had not called her home; her prayworldly goods, and still she dwelt ers were going up with vehemence. mear the throne of God. Yet he who The rigorous winter threatened, loves the lowly righteous poor, and and her tattered garments no longever is the solace and help of all er gave protection from the cold who cast their burden at his feet, and several minor wants were menwas with her every day, Compan- acing. To her a dollar seemed a aon; Friend and Comforter, accord- moderate fortune, no cloud of doubt had ever cast a shadow over the ing to his word.

In Liverpool at the same time sunshine of her faith, yet she wonderthere lived a kindly noble-hearted ed much how God would this time ing it? Is there any special reas- of Ephesus, looking back to Galilee

appointment, that the midnight hour has struck, or that, at lest, but a few poor minutes of available time remain.

"It is of unspeakable advantage," says a wholesome and wise writer, to possess our minds with an habitual good intention, and to aim all our thoughts, words and actions at the glory of our Maker, the good of able, what can match it? Light. souls. This is a sort of thrift or good husbandry in moral life, which we absent ourselves from churchlar cause for spending this very day of that suddenly resplendent Temple in the way in which we are spend- in Jerusalem; and of the St. John

text, that Time as God's agent has fulfilled its entire ministry, that the could have no more growth here? fore the majesty of the human spirit. when I read in the text, that it may exhaust the possibilities of Time. cious bosom, and at a "full age," come to the grave "like as a shock of corn cometh in his season."

There is no more common error than to regard the life of an aged man as lacking in usefulness because wanting in activity. The best usefulness as to quality is then realized. and quality in the scales of God outweighs quantity. No service can be rendered to our generation like the calm influence of Christian charsome laudable end, whether it be acter. Subtle, permeating, irresist-

obstructed by dust and dampness, but it glides through the upper does not throw away any single so- ether unhindered. Passive virtues tion, but makes every one go as far in the old are in the ascendency, as it can. It multiplies the means and these are not only the most of salvation, increases the number heavenly, but the most godly of of our virtues and diminishes that virtues. "I am" has a meaning of our vices." It is the habitual just possible to "I do." It is not good intention on which alone we the flowing river, but the quiet lake, can rely for progress in the Chris. shut in by the hills, which most tian life as a whole or in any one of clearly reflects the heavens. A wise its departments. A thing done judgment, a truthful and tender with a right purpose is better than state of feeling, a just expression of a thousand apparently right things soul in a winning manner, are the done with no purpose at all; and means of our greatest usefulness; this fact we cannot press too close- and age has these, if it has faithfully upon our minds and souls. We ly served God in the opportunities should ask ourselves what is the of duty. Christian age is the ideal why and wherefore of our lives and of childhood completed, and this is their smallest parts. Why do we verily the kingdom of heaven. One live where we do or pursue the avo- likes to think of the old Simeon takcation in life which we profess to ing the infant Christ in his arms, follow? What is the reason that and finding in that moment the suwe call ourselves Christians, or that preme glory of life; of Anna, the prophetess, about eighty-four years. going, and from religious thoughts of age, and yet renewing the glory and beliefs? Is there any particu- of her inspiration under the dome

it would," they responded. "But," Then shalt not steal,' says also, Thou shalt not take t'e name of the Lord thy God in vain,' and to break the one commandment is as wicked as to break the other," OUR YOUNG POLKS.

Zion's Herald.

afraid I might meet a tramp.' Maggie.

"ONLY A SERVANT." is what I heard anyway." 'Who told you, I'd like to know.'

'But they are only servant girls.' Then all began to talk at once. This was said in reference to quite a number of nice young women and became so excited that they did who had learned to love the services | not notice that their teacher was in of one of our churches. A number the room until she spoke to Johnof them had united with the church | nie, asking him to explain the cause and were very faithful in Christian of the contusion. Then she carefulwork. "But they are only servant ly examined into the matter until girls," said a somewhat worldly she found that it all came from Kitprofessor, with an unconcealed ty Coleman saying she had met. sneer. Indeed ! But he who "thought Johnny with a melon. The children that had taken part it not robbery to be equal with God

made himself of no reputation, and in the story felt somewhat ashamed took upon him the form of a serv. of themselves, when they saw how ant." Many years ago a devout much the story had grown in their servant girl, whose consistent and hands.

beautiful piety won the heart of The teacher said, 'I hope every her mistress—a member of one of one of you will learn a lesson from the proudest and most honored fam- this incident and just now, before ilies of Boston-led her to the (then | the habit becomes fixed, resolve that esteemed) humble altar of Bromfield you will tell nothing but what you Street Church, with which she her- know to be true, and what you do self was connected, and secured her tell, you will tell exactly as you ultimate Christian fellowship with | heard it; and not tell anything to this people. After an exemplary injure another, even if it is true. I life, in a very worldly circle, she hope Johnnie will forgive you, and died, leaving a fund, at her death, that you will never forget the leswhich still blesses the poor of this son you have learned to-day.'

church. No church will prosper I am happy to say that Johnnie that has not room and sympathy did forgive them, and gave them a for the humblest of the people. It piece of the melon all around ; and is among these classes that the I hope that neither they nor any of most earnest and persevering Chris- my little readers will grow up to mankind, or the benefit of our own passing through the atmosphere, is tian workers are to be found .- be tattling, gossiping men or women.

#### BOYS, DON'T BLOCK UP YOUR WAY.

pose it would take a good deal to I was sitting in the office of a nduce one of us to steal." I guess mechanic not long since, when a lad about sixteen entered with a he added, "the law which says, cigar in his mouth. He said to the gentleman :

"I would like to get a situation in your shop to learn a trade, sir."

"I might give you a place, but you carry a very bad recommendation in your mouth," said the gentleman

"I didn't think it any harm to smoke, sir; nearly every body

"I am sorry to say, my young friend, I can't employ you. If you 'I was over at Uncle Fred's last have money enough to smoke cig-Saturday, and came near staying ars, you will be above working as too late. We had such fun that I | apprentice; and if you have not did not notice how near the sun was money, your love for cigars might to setting, and I was very much make you steal it. No boy who smokes cigars can get employment

A word to the wise is sufficient.

HOW THE STORY GREW. Weir were going to school one morning, Kitty said.

A Christian, passing to young

men on the sidewalk, heard one of

them swear, and remarked, "I sup-

As Kitty Coleman and Maggie smokes now."

'Did you meet any one?' inquired in my shop."