

OUR HOME CIRCLE.

THE FOE UNTHOUGHT.

I sat beneath the shadow of a rock And watched the tide come creeping up the shore, Not silently nor yet with sudden shock, But slowly surging onward evermore.

A lad with spade in hand came passing by, A transient cast of thought upon his brow; But, like a boy, his mood did quickly fly, And active dreams possess his being now.

He dived with energy the sandy beach, And swiftly rears his fragile castle wall With buttments, battlements, and turrets, each, Designed for strength and foe-man to appal.

His work complete, the final spadeful thrown, The lad in proud possession stands within And shouts aloud—"My castle is my own! Who dares contest my sovereign right therein?"

The youth, with true humanity, had failed To see his one as yet unmastered foe, And the ocean's phalanx grim prevailed, And laid his feeble battlements full low.

This I beheld from my obscure retreat, And thought to moralize upon the sight, Full well-assured a parable so neat Must bear a mighty moral—read aright.

Methought—"Tis thus ambition blindly rears His castles, e'en from boyhood to old age, Obtrusive, as he builds mid hopes and fears, Of one unconquerable foe-man's rage.

For though his schemes are well and shrewdly laid, He sees not him who conquers with a breath, He sees not him who holds a mightier spade To undermine his hopes—his name is Death." —Selected.

THE COUNTESS OF HUNTINGDON.

She had her place and her work from God, and her serene and stately figure will always stand in the foreground of the picture of early Methodism. The wife of an Earl, with a strain of royal blood in her veins, it was her glory that she was a humble follower of the Lord Jesus Christ. Possessing a large fortune, she laid it at his feet, joyfully giving all to him who gave himself for her. Having high social position and influence, she laid this also a willing offering upon the altar of Christian consecration. Through her the overture was made to the titled class of the British kingdom to join in the movement that was to rescue the nation from atheism, and check the tide of its moral degeneracy. If too few of them responded directly to the movement and became personal beneficiaries of saving grace, she made a channel through which their whole body was reached by an influence that averted, chastened, and in a measure disarmed their hostility.

When in the heat of polemics Wesley and Whitefield were being driven apart, it was her gentle womanly hand that drew them together again and prevented a rupture of their personal relations that might have not only left a blur on the record of their lives, but hindered the great work that was equally dear to them both. Her Calvinistic opinions enabled her to carry the torch of evangelical reformation and kindle its heavenly light where it could not have gone without her. The separate movement which she promoted effected its providential purpose. The mountains and valleys of Wales sing for joy, and the stream of spiritual life flows in a stronger and swifter current in many lands because she put her faith, her love, her prayer, her work and her money into the Master's cause when she heard his call and saw her gracious opportunity. Noble Christian lady! faithful stewardess of her Lord! she shines apart in the firmament of Methodist history like an evening star whose mild radiance is the precursor of countless lesser lights that spangle the heavens.

A severe sickness first caused her to turn her thoughts to religion, and prepared her heart for the reception of the seed of the kingdom that was dropped into it by her kinswoman, Lady Bettie Hastings, who had come in contact with the Methodists at Oxford. She found in Methodism that which met her spiritual needs, and soon she identified herself with the great movement. She invited Mr. Wesley to her residence, where he preached to a class of noble hearers to whom the gospel as he presented it was a new and strange thing. She accepted his doctrine of Christian Perfection—"If a doctrine I hope to live and die by," she wrote to him. She appointed Whitefield one of her chaplains, and the great orator preached with characteristic power to the aristocratic circle that gathered at her invitation. Among them was the keen and courtly Chesterfield, the witty and sardonic Walpole, the saucy and subtle B. Lingbroke, and many other sinners of high rank, who listened with wonder and ad-

miration to an eloquence that surpassed all their conceptions. Many of them were converted—namely Lord St. John, the brother of Bolingbroke, and a goodly number of noble women. A select number of these established a meeting for Bible-reading and prayer, held at each other's houses—a sort of class-meeting—the spontaneous product then, as at other times, of true New Testament Christianity. This meeting was for many years a centre of spiritual power, these devoted women leading lives of singular fidelity and holy beauty in the midst of the vain pomp and glory of the aristocratic world.

She gave away more than half a million of dollars for religious uses. She sold her jewels, gave up her costly equipage, expensive residence, and liveried servants, and with the money thus obtained she bought theaters, halls, and other buildings, and fitted up places of worship for the poor. She made itinerant excursions into different parts of England and Wales, accompanied by zealous noblemen and by evangelists, who preached as they went in the churches or in the open air. To systematize the work, she mapped all England into six circuits, and supplied them with preachers at her own expense. But her munificence provided houses of worship more rapidly than preachers could be found to preach in them, so at Trevecca in Wales a college for the preparation of candidates for the ministry was opened under her patronage. John Fletcher was its first President, and Joseph Benson its head-master. Its history reads strikingly like that of most schools of its class that have since risen, flourished for a season, and perished; but it was a fruitful investment for the glory of God made by a woman who, though herself never the occupant of a pulpit, was the instrument by whom the glad tidings of the gospel was preached to a great multitude of souls, and many turned to righteousness. To her the promise will not fail—she will shine as the stars forever. Among those who co-operated with her in carrying out her plans were Romaine, Venn, Madan, Townsend, Berridge, Toplady, Shirley, Fletcher, Benson, and others, whose names will not perish from the pages that record the great evangelical revival.

In 1761 she passed to her reward on high in her eighty-fourth year. Her departure was not merely peaceful, it was rapturous. When the breaking of a blood-vessel apprised her that the end was at hand, she said: "I am well; all is well—well forever. I see, wherever I turn my eyes, whether I live or die, nothing but victory. The coming of the Lord draweth nigh! The thought fills my soul with joy unspeakable. My soul is filled with glory. I am in the arms of love and mercy; I long to be at home; O, I long to be at home!" And thus she went home.

Strong-framed and erect in her carriage, with a face in which masculine vigor was blended with feminine softness and saintly sweetness of expression, a chin square and massive enough to indicate the tenacity which distinguished her, lips that seemed ready to speak in benediction, a nose rather large for the Grecian model of beauty, great "speaking" eyes from whose depths her great soul looked forth upon the world in pitying love, a forehead broad and smooth, above which the abundant hair was gathered under a snowy cap of chaste ornamentation—this is the portraiture that has come down to us of Selina, Countess of Huntingdon, whose illustrious example of the entire consecration of rank and riches, love and life, to Christ, will be an inspiration to her sex until, in the fulfillment of the joyous promise, a redeemed humanity shall join in the jubilee-songs of the millennial morning.—Nashville Advocate.

THE DEAF AND DUMB.

Prof. Gallaudet, president of the Columbia Institute for the Deaf and Dumb, recently read a paper before the National academy at Washington, on "Some recent results of the oral and aural teaching of the deaf under the combined system." Dr. Gallaudet said that in America, when the first school was established in 1817, the manual method was adopted and held its place to half a century. In 1867 oral schools were established in Massachusetts and New York. Early in that year the directors of the

institution for deaf mutes in Washington sent Dr. Gallaudet to Europe. After a careful study of some forty schools, Dr. Gallaudet became convinced that a combined system conferred greater benefits on deaf mutes than either the oral or the manual methods used alone. On his return he strongly recommended the introduction of oral teaching into the deaf mute schools. This suggestion has been acted on favorably in all parts of the country with gratifying results. Those who advocated the pure oral method are urging earnestly the abandonment of signs, and are claiming that under the combined method the oral instruction of deaf mutes could be carried forward successfully.

He said that he would introduce to the academy one of the pupils of his institution, in which the combined system was followed, that the members might judge for themselves whether the claims of the pure oralist were founded or not. Before making this exhibition, the doctor informed the academy that a new feature in the instruction of the deaf had lately been developed in the Nebraska institution at Omaha. It had been found that some fifteen percent of the children in this institution possessed more or less hearing. By means of the audiophone and other appliances, Prof. Gillespie had succeeded in developing the hearing power of these pupils in a most gratifying manner, and he urged teachers of the deaf in all parts of the world to labor in this direction, with the assurance that under this aural method a large percentage of the so-called deaf and dumb might be taken entirely out of that class, and become in no respect different from persons whose hearing had been impaired. Dr. Gallaudet then called to the platform one of his pupils, John O'Rourke, a boy seventeen years old, now in the sixth year of oral instruction. This boy, the speaker said, was entirely dumb when his oral teaching began. Dr. Gallaudet did not use a sign in communicating with his pupil, and resorted only once to the manual alphabet to correct a mispronunciation on the part of the boy. Many questions were asked and answered, the pupil reading from Dr. Gallaudet's lips with ease, and making his replies with a distinctness that caused them to be understood by all present. Young O'Rourke read three stanzas from Longfellow's "Psalm of Life" in a manner that elicited hearty applause.

WORK ON EARTH.

Why dost thou talk of death, laddie? Why dost thou long to go? The Master that hath placed thee here Hath work for thee to do.

Why dost thou talk of heaven, laddie? What wouldst thou say in heaven? When the Master asks, "What hast thou done?" With the talents I have given?

"I gave thee wealth and influence, And the poor around the spread; Where are the sheep and lambs of mine, That thou hast reared and fed?"

"I gave thee wit and eloquence, Thy brethren to persuade; Where are the thousands by thy word More wise and holy made?"

"I placed thee in a land of light, Where the Gospel round thee shone; Where is the heavenly-mindedness I find in all my own?"

"And last I sent thee chastisement, That thou mightest be my son; Where is the trusting faith that says, 'Father, thy will be done.'" —John Wilson.

A COLLEGE PROFESSOR.

Professor —, one of the most popular and valued instructors in a New England University, sat reading the morning paper, and his eyes fell upon the report of Mr. Moody's meeting of the previous day in that city. He glanced down the column until he read: "Question: 'Can a user of tobacco be a Christian?' Mr. Moody replied: 'Yes, I suppose so—a filthy one.'" To use his own language, as he related the circumstances to me: "I threw my cigar from my mouth, and said to my mouth, 'I'll not be a filthy Christian.'" I had smoked cigars without a thought that it was wrong. When students came into my room to ask questions, I would lay by my cigar, answer their questions, and as they left resume the use of the cigar. Sometimes I only smoked one a day, at other times several. It never occurred to me that I was setting a bad example. But now nothing could induce me to smoke."

The frankness with which this voluntary testimony was given me by this eminent scholar and instructor was paralleled by another statement which shows his piety and childlike humility. In

speaking of the struggle with the tobacco appetite, that inevitably followed this sudden change of habit, he related this incident:

"Some time after, I felt so uneasy and so uncomfortable that I said to my wife, 'Oh dear, how uneasy, how uncomfortable I feel!' She replied, 'Well, what makes you try to leave off all at once? Why don't you get a cigar and smoke it, and thus leave off by degrees?' I started out for a cigar and got as far as the corner of — Street, when the thought came, 'You are a professor in — University, and are going to a drug store to get a cigar on Sunday!' And I didn't go after it. I returned to my closet, got down on my knees in humiliation and penitence before God, and implored his aid, and I got it. I never told Mr. Moody, but I am going to the next time I see him."

This simple recital of facts reveals the insidious power of a sinful appetite and habit over the mind and life of a strong and good man. It magnifies the power of truth under the influence of the Holy Spirit to open blind eyes, and cause them to face so great an inconsistency in a professing Christian. "A filthy Christian," indeed! And it magnifies the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ as it comes to deliver a panting, writhing, struggling, captive sinner from the power of a depraved appetite.

Our Sabbath-school lessons tell of the marvellous power of God in rescuing the Apostle from the captivity of an earthly prison. Is this less wonderful? Are any to whom this epistle comes just such "filthy Christians" as was my personal friend whose story has just been rehearsed? May we not hope that the Apostle's junction to "cleanse yourself from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit" will lead to like humility, confession, penitence, and deliverance?—H. W. Conant, in Zion's Herald.

THEY DIED WELL.

What a grand testimony to the blessedness of faith in Christ is this paragraph from the editorial columns of the Interior: "A sister of the writer of this died last week. She breathed her life out with the words, 'Inexpressible peace.'" She was laid by the side of her father, who had preceded her some thirteen years, and who, as he sank into his final rest, said, "I have not a doubt and not a fear," and noticing the tears of those who stood about him, he added, "and I have not a pain." His father, the grandfather of the writer of this, died at a great age in the year 1844. He had slept well and appeared to be well during the night preceding his death, and a grandson was sent to him with the message, "Tell the old Revolutionary to come to breakfast." He replied, "I think I will go to sleep," and he did. Another sister who died thirty years ago, as she approached the end, was very quiet and had an expectant look on her face. On being asked what she was thinking about, she replied, "I am watching for the first glimpse of my Saviour." The writer's mother-in-law, who died twenty-seven years ago, was asked how she felt. "Very happy," was the reply. And then she added, "My sweet, last sleep has come at last," and her face put on the calm of eternal repose. In the presence of scenes and memories like these, how lighter than vanity do all assaults upon the verity of the gospel appear! The Divine Spirit tells us that the death of his saints is dear in God's sight—something that he takes special pleasure in—and the infinite pleasure is mutual. The sentiment that "He giveth his beloved sleep," is the soul of beautiful poetry. But it is simply a truth of plain and common observation. It transcends the beauty of imaginative poetry because it is a transcendently beautiful fact.

THE ART OF THINKING.

The object of the teacher is to teach to think. The pupil thinks enough, but he thinks loosely, incoherently, indefinitely, and vaguely. He expends power enough on his mental work, but it is poorly applied. The teacher points out to him these indefinite or incoherent results, and demands logical statements of him. Here is the positive advantage the teacher is to the pupil. Let us suppose two pupils are studying the same lesson in geography or grammar or history. One reads to get the facts; he fastens his eye on the page and

his mind to the subject before him; he makes the book a study and acquires information from it; his object is to acquire knowledge. He attains this end. The other also studies the book, but while reading he is obtaining lessons in thinking. He does not merely commit to memory; he stops to see if the argument is sound, he analyzes it to see if the conclusion is warranted by the premises.

The one who thinks as he reads is quite different, it will be seen, from him who simply learns as he reads. To read and think, or to think as one reads, is the end to seek. To teach to think is then the art of the teacher. The reader for facts gets facts; he comes to the recitation seat and reels off those facts. His mind, like Edison's phonograph, gives back just what it received. While this power is valuable, it is not the power the world wants. The teacher will find his pupils come to the recitation to transmit the facts they have gained. He must put them in quite another frame of mind. Instead of recitations they must be made into thinkers. The value of the teacher is measured by his power to teach the art of thinking.—Teacher's Institute.

IT IS YOUR TONGUE.

It is your tongue; it belongs to you, and is the only one for which you are responsible. Your neighbors' tongues may need care also, but that is their business; this is yours. See that it is properly attended to. Watch your tongue. It needs watching. It "is a fire"—watch it. It is a helm, which guides the vessel; let the helmsman keep wide awake. It can bless or it can curse; it can poison or heal; it can pierce hearts and blight hopes; it can sow discord and separate chief friends. Watch your tongue! No one but you can take care of that tongue. You are its only ruler. Your neighbors may hate it, or fear it, or wish that they could bridle it, but they cannot do it. You have the power—watch that tongue. That tongue has already got you into trouble; it may do it again. It is "set on fire of hell." It burns up peace, blessing, reputation, and hope. It causes sad days, weary nights, tearful eyes, and heavy hearts. "If a man will love life and see good days, let him refrain from evil, and his lips that they speak no guile." Watch that tongue. It is the glory of man. It distinguishes him from brutes. It was bought with blood by the Son of God. He claims it as his. It should speak his praise; misemployed, it may degrade yourself and those around you. You are charged to attend to it. Watch that tongue. The Lord watches that tongue. "There is not a word in my tongue, but lo, O Lord, thou knowest it altogether." For every idle word we must give account in the day of judgment. What will be the record of that tongue then? Watch that tongue.—Watch Tower.

The celebrated Duval, librarian of Francis I., King of France, often answered questions by "I don't know." An insolent man replied to him one day, "Why, sir, you ought to know. The Emperor pays you for your knowledge." Duval answered, "The Emperor pays me for what I know. If he pays me for what I don't know, all the treasures of his empire would not be sufficient."

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

"SUBJECT UNTO THEM."

Dear little children, reading The Scripture's sacred page, Think, once the blessed Jesus Was just a child, your age; And in the home with Mary, His mother sweet and fair, He did her bidding gladly, And lighted all her care.

I'm sure he never loitered, But at her softest word He heeded, and he hastened—No errand was deferred. And in the little household The sunbeams used to shine So merrily and brightly, Around the child divine.

I fear you sometimes trouble Your patient mother's heart, Forgetful that, in home-life, The children's happy part Is but like little soldiers Their duty quick to do: To mind commands when given, What easy work for you.

Within good Luke's evangel, This gleams, a precious gem, That Christ when with his parents Was "subject unto them." Consider, little children: Be like him day by day, So gentle, meek and loving, And ready to obey. —M. E. Sangster.

A DOG'S MEMORY.

When a pastor in Southbridge, Mass., a gentleman connected with the church frequently called at the parsonage, accompanied by a dog of rather small size, which became a pet at the house. He always went with his master on Sunday to church, and would lie down at the doorway of the pew, which was near the pulpit. As soon as I commenced the service the dog would invariably start and walk into the altar and to the top of the pulpit steps, and there lie down facing the congregation and remain a quiet and attentive listener through the service. As the congregation rose at the singing of the last hymn, the dog would retrace his steps to his master's pew, respectfully wait there till the benediction was pronounced, and then retire with his master.

The gentleman removed to an adjoining town. Six weeks after his removal I exchanged pulpits with his pastor and entered the church and pulpit, not having seen him or his dog since he left Southbridge. When I commenced service, that dog recognized my voice, and scraped at the pew door to be let out; and coming to the top of the pulpit stairs, he lay down as formerly till the closing hymn, when he arose and went back to the pew as he did in Southbridge. This surprised the congregation, as the dog, though always at church, had remained in the pew quietly till at this time, and never went to the pulpit afterward.

CHILD INFLUENCE.

While sitting in the parlor of Rev. Dr. Levy, in West Philadelphia, yesterday, a gentleman with a sad expression came in and said to his pastor:

"Mother died this morning at six o'clock." He then told us of the triumphant death of his wife's mother.

After he had gone, Dr. Levy gave us the following interesting facts:

He said: "When I was at this church holding meetings a number of years ago a little girl was converted. She became an earnest Christian and persuaded her mother to attend the meetings. She gave her no rest until she, too, learned to love the precious Saviour. This was the lady who died this morning." "When the little girl, who had been the means of the conversion of her mother, had grown to be a young lady, the gentleman whom we have just seen wished to make her his wife, but he was then an infidel."

"On one occasion he wished her to attend a ball with him, but she said, I am going to a prayer-meeting and will pray for you." "This troubled him very much." "He took no pleasure in the dance. The prayers offered in that prayer-meeting were answered."

DO IT NOW.

This is for you, boys and girls. It is a bad habit—the habit of putting off. If you have something that you are to do, do it now; then it will be done. That is one advantage. If you put it off, very likely you will forget it, and not do it at all. Or else—you will not forget, but keep thinking of it and dreading it, and so, as it were, be doing it all the time. "The valiant never taste death but once"; never but once do the alert and active have their work to do. I once read of a boy that drooped so in health that his mother thought she must have the doctor to see him. The doctor could find nothing the matter with the boy. But there the fact was, he was pining away, losing his appetite, creeping about languid, and his mother was distressed. The doctor was nonplussed.

"What does your son do? Has he work?" "No; he has only to bring a pail of water every day from the spring. But that he dreads all day long and does not bring it until just before dark."

"Have him bring it the first thing in the morning," was the doctor's prescription. The mother tried it, and the boy got well. Putting it off made his job prey on the boy's mind. "Doing it now," relieved him. "Boys and girls, do it now!—W. C. Wilkinson, D. D."

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