THE WESLEYAN, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1882.

OUR HOME CIRCLE. minim

CHRIST'S LOVE.

There's a song of praise in my heart to-day l a gladness no words can tell, AsI think of the love that is holding me, That never can change or fail. Other love may grow cold, as the years roll by Other triends may forgetful be, But Jesus never forgets his own Through the years of eternity.

That love everlasting what tongue can express What is art can its strength understand i A love that can reach to the depths of sin, And seat us at his right hand. He hath borne our sorrows, he hath known

our griefs. He hath suffered with us below ; And now from his throne he in pity look

To comfort all human woe.

Sorrows may gather about my path, Kind friends may be borne from my side, But the arms everlasting around me fold, And still I in peace abide. He hath promised me strength for the stormy

As well as for those that are bright-He hath bidden me rest in his loving care In the darkness as well as the light.

My footsteps may falter along the path, And I may lie down to rest; But nothing can sever me from his love-In life or in death I am blest-

For he knoweth each grave where his loved opes sleep. They are safe in his tender care ; And though I may pass through death

gloemy vale. His love will surround me there.

As the living plant to the sunlight turns, somebody to help you, it would Unconscious of all beside, So my heart would forget all its earth-born

joys In the love of the Crucified. can not be satisfied until I shall see The light of his beautiful face, And hear the sweet welcome he hath for mer

Forgiven and saved by grace ! ------

THE NEW MINISTER'S WAY.

BY MRS. ANNIE A. PRESTON-Real

" There comes the new minister, tearing down the hill like fire and brimstone, and try to scare us as Elder Johnson used to. Let us go, and hide; and the two children skurried around the corner of the low, brown house. like fortnight or more." frightened rabbits, as the young Adyear later the young pastor minister strode up through the yard, in the warm spring 'sunshine, with his hat in one hand pared notes as they met at confer-

ence.

and a handkerchief, with which he was wibing the perspiration from his forehead in the other.

cheerfully, to Mrs. Miller, who ap- year ago, held protracted meet- sole means of saving the man's weather beaten face. Kneeling peared at the door, on her way to mgs, and so on, but there was no life; it was only by the timely now all by himself in that old

at church, Sanday, Mrs. Miller. olden days men were first moved heard no one enter the church. wretched a situation !" they all and took his handkerchief out of You are one of the flock, remem-ber. The Lord is the shepherd. exhortations of an enthusiast who He has sent me here. He has a had never cared to examine the seated at the organ? As the the poor young man, said, "Abra-right to you and your lambs. I dangers before taking upon him- fragrance of sweetest flowers difam responsible for you while I am self the responsibility of inviting fuses itself through a chamber, so children here, to show them that that he would never do such a here. I shall look in upon you the chivalry of Christendom to stole that delicious music, that it is possible to be happy in a state mean thing again. That's what often. Good morning, God bless the task of recovering Jerusalem evening, out into that old church of disease and poverty and want; it means where papa read tother you i' and with a child by each from the Saracens. Enthusiasm and into that young man's heart. and now, tell them if it is not so." morning in the Gospel of St. Pohand, he walked away, through made Peter the Hermit insensible Lightly the player's fingers touch The dying youth, with a sweet ter: 'Ye do well if ye take it patthe orchard and over the brook. to difficulties." Mirabeau, that the keys, eliciting therefrom smile of benevolence and piety, iently when ye are builted for "Well," I declare," said Mrs. incarnation of enthusiasm, when doubtless a response to the peace immediately replied, "Oh, yes, nothing." Miller to herself, crossing the told by his secretary that a certain and trust that filled her own soul, yard, and putting the tender lamb thing needing to be done was im- the echo of which meanwhile beside its mother. "I didn't ask possible, replied, Ne me dites jama- found its way to the heart of her him to walk in, he sort of surpris- is ce bête de mot (do not use that unknown, unsuspected listener,

ed me so, taking it as a matter of beast of a word to me), and the the hitherto obdurate, unrelenting course that I belonged to his flock. impossible thing was done. It is so long since I have taken What this cold, skeptical, Christany interest that they have all for- hating-age needs on the part of gotten to take an interest in me. all God's people is an inspiration But here, I have promised to go of enthusiasm; an enthusiasm on a Sabbath evening, had this to church, next Sunday, with the for the faith once delivered to the now wretched youth sung these children, and I will go, too."

will take your bursting in upon vation, for the aggressive works fondly gathering around. But them so unceremoniously," said of the Church, for the rescuing of hold! the strain changes, and brother Stone, who met the min- perishing souls, for the subjugation now, sweetly almost as an angel's ister and his two little guides, of this world to the Lord Jesus. whisper, with whom he was by that time O that the breath of God might on very friendly terms, on a pas-ture hill-side. "I think, now, if from all hearts, and fill all saints you would hold a protracted meetin' for a couple o' weeks and get shall be quenchless !-- Anon.

sort of wake our people up." "I believe one of the special in- GLEAMACROSS THE WAVE strumentalities of God for the The Rev. Spencer Crompton, the saving of souls is personal effort." earnest evangelical minister in replied the young pastor. "I am, Boulogne, France, relates the folnot a revivalist, in the sense you lowing incident:

mean. If my work is to revive "During a voyage to India I souls, I am to take them one by sat one dark evening in my cabin, by one, I will try the plan for a feeling thoroughly unwell, as the time at least."" "Well, go your own way broth- sea was rising fast, and I was but

er, "adsaid Mr. Stone. When a a poor sailor. Suddenly the cry church gets to the pass ours has- of 'Man overboard!' made me when only a pitiable few come out spring to, my feet. I heard a mad," said Austin Miller, to his to meeting on Sunday, and the trampling overhead, but resolved little sister Augusta. "He's com- Sunday-school and the prayer- not to'go on'deek, lest I should in ing up our lane, he'll talk about meeting are given up, it is time terfere with the crew in their effthat something should be done. forts to save the poor man. What They are having a powerful revi- can I do?' I asked myself, and inval over to Bracton. The pastor stantly unhooking my lamp, I held has been holding meetings, with it near the top of my cabin and two or ithree to help him, for a close to my bull's eye window. that its light might shine on the sea, and as near the ship as possand his maighbors at Bracton com- ible. In half a minute's time I

heard the joyful cry, 'It's all right; he's safe, upon which I put " My society and Church are in my lamp in its place."

m his forchead in the other. "Good morning!", he said, "We had a revival a told that my little tamp was the coursing down his youthful, yet

prodigal.

" Nearer, my God, to thee, Nearer to thee.

Ah! how often in other days, saints, for the imperilled trath. same words, with his dear mother "I don't know how our people for the old-time experience of sal- at the piano, and the children all

> " Rock of Ages, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in thee

is wafted through the echoing with a zeal, an enthusiasm that spaces of the church. Could it be that this glorious hymn was intended expressly for him? Once again the music effaced. changes. Eagerly now he listens for the words. Tenderly and

"Other refuge have I none ;

And, now, for a moment there is a hush. But presently the fingers of the fair singer once more press the keys, and touching a triumphal chord, while her fine voice rings forth in joyous jubilee, she sings,

"There is a fountain filled with blood; Drawa from Immanuel's veins ; And sinners pluaged beneath that flood. Lose all their guilty stains.

Thou dying Lamb! thy precious blood Shall never lose its power Till all the ransomed church of God Are saved, to sin no more.

"To sin no more. To sin no more."

Most lovingly lingers this angelic voice on this glad refrain. "To sin no more." Meantime this same blessed note is beginning at length to sound down through the dark, despairing depth of this young man's soul, while tears of

sir! I would not exchange my "Secondly: Be patient everystate with that of the richest per- where."

ot; these views which I possess. musn't I holler ?" exclaimed Wil-Blessed be God! I have a good lie.

hope through Christ, of being ad- "If you don't stop your intermitted into those blessed regions ruption I will have to call you where Lazarus now dwells, having ' Guiteau,' and that will be worse than to call the police. Of course, long forgotten all his sorrows and miseries. Sir, there is nothing to when you burn your finger you bear, whilst the presence of God | may holler some ; but when mamcheers my soul, and whilst I can | magets the rag ready to tie it up, have access to him by constant you musn't jerk it away and prayer, through faith in Jesus. scream so as to raise the neigh-Indeed, sir, I am truly happy, and bors. And when you play with I trust to be happy and blessed Jimmie Dickson you musn't get through eternity; and I every pouty because he can run faster hour thank God, who has brought than you. And when you want me from a state of darkness into to come into the house you musn't. His marvellous light, and has kick the door and scream-" Let given me to enjoy the unsearch- me in, why don't you ?" And able riches of His grace!" The when dinner isn't most ready impression made by this discourse you musn't"upon his young hearers was never " Dear me," broke in Willie.

GOING TO PRESS.

Wm. A. Jones, foreman of the New Orleans Times, died recently. Just before his death he became conscious for a moment, and in that gleam, dwelling upon the habit of his life, he suddenly exclaused, " The ads are all right, Sherman; lock up the forms and let's

Fellow man, a moment linger, On the dying printer's speech : For it bears a weighty lesson, Our unheading hearts to teach.

What a universe shall read : Type to type art careless setting, As thou addest deed to deed.

When the hand that set them lies Fixed in an unbroken stillness, Their composer a lvertise.

Scan thy proots in time. O printer ! Thou art near eternity.

Are the " ads" all right, composer? Art thou standing justified ? Ready now for death and judgment, Their unfoldings to abide i

Greet the flustaving Pressman's call ;

THE > LITTLE HERO.

isn't this sermon almost out ?"

"Thirdly : Be patient always.

When you get up late in the

morning, and your breakfast is.

all cold because you didn't come-

when you was called. And when

I can't find the button hook be-

cause you hung it on the morn-

ing-glory vine. And-what more

"Say amen !" shouted Willie.

ly, and pussy came walking into

the room. Willie sprang for-

ward, took pussy up in his arms

and ran off to find his mamma,

telling puss as he went, "I can.

be patient to everybody, and pat-

ient everywhere, and patient

always-'cept when you scratch

me, you naughty kitty, and when

Johnny preaches a awful long

And so the meeting closed with-

out the benediction.-Christian at

Just then the door opened soft-

shall I say ?"

Can a boy be a hero? Of coursehe can, if he has courage and a

TH

the

thi

of

chu

pathetically the child voice sings, Hangs my helpless soul on thee."

go to press."

Day by day thou art composing

Ah, how surely life's full columns,

Soon the form- are locked forever, Changeless shall the impression be;

So shalt thou, as night advances, Then aw it the morn eternal,

Publishing thy life to all

the sheep-fold, with a tiny lamb in her check apron, and a tin basin of warm milk in her hand. in your new field. What has been "You are looking after your flock your method ?" "Personal effort," replied the I see, and that's just what I am doing. You are one of them, I minister." "I began by going you to do even in the dark and know, although I did not see you at from house to house, among my weary days. Licking unto Jesus, church yesterday."

them, interesting myself in what " I was not there," she replied. interested them, and drawing a setting down the basin of milk upon the banking that surrounded I always carry with me the enthe house, wiping her hand on a corner of the apron that held the thusiasm of the Gospel, and try to infuse it into my face-to-face talks lamb, and offering it to the minister. "I used to go to church re- with men, women and children. I gularly, but have got off the way am ros satisfied by making a yearly ra quarterly call upon my of it. Since my husband died I people. I am right around among have had so much to do." them, looking after them. They

literary club or lyceum. This

"That seems to be the case with expect me at any time. I try to a greater part of this flock," said the pastor, "They have got off impress upon my Church memthe way of it. I suppose now, if bers that they have each a personone of those sheep with its lambs al duty toward every unconshould stray away, you would verted person they meet; that it is make every effort to find it, and their duty to ask every one to unsubdued, it was no part of his church and prayers, and classbring it back." meetings, and that it should be " Of course, sir; they would

perish and be of no use to any their pleasure to do so, as much as to ask them to the cancus, or one, if allowed to stray away by themselves."

than a sheep?" replied the minister, so quickly, that the woman | every communion. Our prayermeeting is well sustained, and we colored; seeing he was frightening her, with her own weapons have full and interesting classthat she had put into his hands. meetings and Sunday-school. To "Nearly my whole flock is as- be sure, I haven't had time to tray," said the young minister. give them very profound sermons, take his departure. He passes "I am like a man who should be but they have had the Gospel, put in charge of a large flock of pure and undefiled, I trust, and seem to find fruit in it. Every sheep, but the owner should say. Christian should be a preacher, "-You will not find them in the standing ready by tongue or pen sheep-fold; they are scattered, sheep, lambs, and all, far and wide, over the hills and in the valleys. They are mine, every one of them, speech; but by a few bright kindalthough some may be claimed ly, sympathetic words, that are by another master. It is your business to look them up and get the very sunshine of their daily them back into the fold. You can life, shining forth from their not content yourself by standing heart. -- Western Chris. Adv. on the hill-top and shouting at them, and comfort yourself that you have thus done your duty. They will not come at the call of ENTHUSIASM. your voice, or the echo of it. You The most of the good that has have got to seek them out, and go ever been wrought in this world to them, and call them back by has been by men who have been your loving interest in them, and counted as enthusiasts. Some so long repressed, free and full a little taste of the food they will grand idea has come to them, and course; but with a great effort he spoke an extreme degree of pover- are those big boys at school—a will find in plenty inside the fold. day by day, and year by year, they O, there are your lambkins, Mrs. have toiled to reach the goal that

Miller," as the little boy and girl, has beekoned them onward. The stimulated by curiosity appeared New World would never have when lo ! suddenly from the organ around the corner of the house. been discovered had it not been loft, there comes a strain of won-"Good morning, my dears ! I | that a man filled with enthusiasm | drous melody. Whose could be wish your mother would let you guided the little fleet westward the fingers, thus unexpectedly at within it, dying of disease, at the I was ashamed for him to do such had his first taste of ice-cream. show me the shortest cut across till the tropical glories of the is- this untimely hour, so deftly un- age of only nineteen, consumed a thing, because I wouldn't pitch "Mamma," said he, "why don't

special result from it. I hear light which shone upon him that that you are doing a famous work the knotted rope could be thrown so as to reach him."

Christian worker, never des pond, or think there is nothing for people, making myself one of lift up your light; let it so shine that mon may see; and in the bright resurrection morning what a needed lesson whenever I could. joy to hear the "Well done !" and to know that you have unawares saved some soul from death !-Christian Herald.

> THE BLIND SINGER AND HER SAVING SONG.

REV. R. H. HOWARD.

A story is told of a wayward youth who, after several years of and the evening shadows are wanderings, had returned to his native village. Still unrepentant, and about the tall columns. He intention to seek his father's house, and make a humble confession of his fault, and seek forgiveness at dream? No, no. The joy, the the hand of the fond parent he had, by his disobedience and way-"How much better is a man plan has worked well with me. wardness, so grossly wronged. We have additions to the church He would simply take a hurried glance at the loved scenes of his boyhood, and then, unrecognized, unknown, turn away again, and perhaps forever. The day is drawing to a close. He is about to only sadness had prevailed! the old church within whose consecrated walls he has spent so many pleasant Sabbaths with his family in other days. The door is ajar. He will just enter and to proclaim Christ's truth and take a look on the familiar, though love to all with whom they come somber scene. He quietly passes in contact-not by a long, dry set along the aisle. He seeks the old

family pew. There still remain the well-know, well-worn family books and Bibles and Psalters. author of the "New Whole Duty He sits down for a moment. Hap- of Man," told his children that in of triumph. py memories of other days come the evening he would take them thronging back upon him. Again) to see some of the most interesting the faces of the family group are sights in the world. They were before him. For a moment the flood of tender recollections

threatens to break down the obstinate barrier of pride, and allow the current of his better nature, a miserable hovel, whose ruinous overcomes his weakness, and resolves that without further delay, he will continue his journey;

family pew, this at present deeply convicted sinner, for the first time in long years, makes mention of the name of God in prayer. Rising presently from his knees, the fact dawns on him that his soul is actually glowing with God's touch of peace. He is happy. He feels singarly solemnized, cheered, elated. The conviction begins to be borne in upon his mind that he is a changed man. Halleluia!

stool, with the sewing machine But where now is that sweetin front of him for a pulpit and voiced visitant only a few moments since so great a blessing to chair on the other side of the our reckless, abandoned one? Of room, for his congregation. her. alas! he can discover no sign. The organ is closed. The church is empty and descried. The sunshine, meantime, has faded away, began his sermon by saying : gathering thickly in the corners is all alone. Can it be that he has everybody." been the victim of some enchanting delusion, some romantic me push me 'round just's they's a mind to ?" wondrous peace with, "the awe that dares not move," pervading ing," replied Johnny, "because his bosom, assures him that some. it disturbs the services. But pahow heaven has come to him, and pa and mamma are bigger than that he now steps out into the you; and they don't push you aworld a "new creature." round either. They only put you Ah! what gladness reigns now

in that home where so recently Strangely, yet in God's own good way, the dead is once more alive, and in a two fold and most blessed sense, the lost is found-Christian Companion.

"THE MOST INTERESTING SIGHT."

One day, the Roy. Henry Venu,

anxious to know what it was, but around, though." he deferred gratifying their curi-"Preachers ought to tell the osity till he had brought them to | truf," exclaimed Willie, with a the scene itself. He led them to sharp look at the speaker. "Well !-let's leave that point walls, and broken windows, be- and pass on to the next. There ty and want. "Now," said he, good deal bigger than you or me, my dear children, can any one too. One of them pushed me that lives in such a wretched hab- down in the mud one day and itation as this be happy? Yet hurt my arm. I couldn't help this is not all, a poor young man crying; but I din't get angry lies upon a miserable straw bed and call him names. I told him the woods, to brother Stone's. I lands of the southern seas burst locking these slumbering, heaven-shall expect you and the children upon his enraptured vision. "In ly melodies? He had seen, had with nine painful ulcers." "How then he came and helped me up, slippery!"

-Rev. I. N. Carman, in Standard.

SERMON ON PATIENCE.

BY REV. J. T. BROWNELL.

Johnny was seven years old,

and his brother Willie was almost

five. Johnny took his stand on a

" Must I let all what's bigger'n

"It isn't proper to talk in meet-

nuts, and between her and"-

boy who will stand up for the right, stick to the truth, resist OUR YOUNG FOLKS. nonnan and JOHNNY'S SEVEN MINUTE

sermon.'

Work.

temptation, and suffer rather than do wrong, is a moral hero. Here is an example of true heroism. A little drammer boy.

good opportunity to show it. The

who had become a great favorite with the officers, was asked by the captain to drink a glass of rum. But he declined saying. 'I am a cadet of temperance, and do not taste strong drink.'

' But you must take some now,' with Willie, sitting in a huge said the Captain. 'You have been on duty all day, beating the drum and marching, and now you. When all was ready, and Wilmust not refuse. I insist upon it.' lie had got through fussing with But still the boy stood firm and the rag on his sore finger, Johnny | held tast to his integrity.

The Captain then turned to the "I will make a few brief re- Major and said : Our little marks onto a short text-'Be drummer boy is afraid to drink, patient.' Firstly; be patient to He will never make a soldier.'

'How is this?' said the Majorin a playful manner. 'Do you. refuse to obey the orders of your-Captain ?'

'Sir,' said the boy, 'I have never refused to obey the Captain's orders, and have tried to. do my duty as a soldier faithfully; but I must refuse to drink. rum, because I know it will do. out where you don't belong to. me an injury.' And Maggie-she's bigger than

you; and she can't have a little 'Then,' said the Major in a stern. tow-head between her and the tone of voice, in order to test his bread board when she's mixing sincerity, 'I command you to-take a drink, and you know it isbread, and between her and the kittle when she's frying doughdeath to disobey orders!'

The little hero, fixing his clear-"I ain't a tow-head," chimed blue eyes on the face of the officer, said: 'Sir, my father died adrunkard; and when I entered the army, I promised my dear mother that I would not taste a drop of rum, and I mean to keep. my promise. I am sorry to dis-

obey orders sir; but I would rather suffer anything than disgrace my mother, and break my temperance pledge.' Was not that boy a hero?

The officers approved the conduct of the noble boy, and told him, that so long as he kept that pledge, and performed his duty faithfully as a soldier, he might expect from them regard and protection.

At a lawn party a few days ago, a little boy three years old,

in Willie. My hair is just as black as-as-" "As flax," suggested Johnny. "Yes, sir-ce, just as black as flax !" repeated Willie, in a tone "And then," continued Johnnv. "there's me that's bigger than you. But I don't push you