

OUR HOME CIRCLE.

LOST NAMES.

Those women which labored with me in the Gospel, and other my fellow-laborers whose names are in the book of life. They lived, and they were useful; this we know. And naught beside: No record of their names is left to show how soon they died; They did their work, and then they passed away. An unknown band, And took their places with the greater host In the higher land. And were they young, or were they growing old, Or ill, or well, Or lived in poverty, or had much gold, No one can tell; One only thing is known of them, they were Faithful and true Disciples of the Lord, and strong through prayer To save and do. But what avail the gift of empty fame? They lived to God, They loved the sweetness of another Name, And gladly trod The rugged ways of earth, that they might be Helper, or friend, And in the joy of their ministry Be spent and spend. No glory clusters round their names on earth, But in God's heaven Is kept a book of names of greatest worth, And there is given A place for all who did the Master please, Although unknown, And their lost names shine forth in brightest rays Before the throne. O! take who will the boon of fading fame! But give to me A place among the workers, though my name Be forgotten here; And if within the book of life is found My loyal place Honor and glory unto God redound For all his grace! —Marianne Farthingham.

WHAT IS THE NEXT STATION?

REV. A. J. GORDON, D.D.

This was the question I asked of the station master, as I sat waiting for the train. I had gone some miles into the country to visit an aged lady who was very sick, and whose house was close by the railway station; and having finished my call, I was sitting in the waiting room until the returning train should arrive. I found myself alone with the depot master—an aged man, with white hair and a face which told of care and the stern usage of time and hard work. "What is the next station?" I inquired, being unacquainted with the road, which was a branch road running into the country. "The next station is the last," he answered. "It is the terminus of the line. You passed a good many stopping places coming out, sir; but there is only one more as you go on. There was a pause for a moment in the conversation; then, evidently understanding my errand, he asked, "How is the old lady, sir?" "She is fast nearing the last station," I replied. "She is very sick; and besides she is seventy years old, and has reached the terminus of life as laid down in the Book; for you know the Bible says that 'the days of our years are three-score and ten;—seventy years—that is, seven stations.'" There was quite a pause in the conversation again, during which the old man seemed to be thinking. Then he said: "According to that, I suppose I may be pretty near the end of my route, since I am just turning seventy. Well, I am not sorry. I have worked hard and seen a good deal of trouble, and I shall not feel badly to get through. "What is the next station?" I asked abruptly. "You say you are nearing the end of your past journey of life, and that you have passed seven stations already. What is the next station?" "Ah, nobody knows about that!" he answered. "We know about the past, but what is going to be hereafter no one can tell. I only hope that I shall be better off in the next world than I have been in this; but I can not say certainly, for no one has ever come back from that world to tell us anything about it." "Ah, but you are mistaken there!" I interrupted. "There is one who has come back, and told us about the future life. Do you know that Jesus Christ rose again from the dead, and hath brought life and immortality to light through the gospel?" "Who are you?" the old man asked abruptly. "I thought you were a doctor, who had come out to visit the old lady. I guess I am mistaken, sir?" "Yes," I answered, "you are not quite correct. I am a minister of the gospel, rather, and my calling is very much like yours. I am trying to help men on their journey through life, to answer their questions about the route,

and especially persuade them to believe on the Son of God, that they may have eternal life, and land at last in glory." "Well, there may be a better world beyond the grave and there may not be. We don't know," he continued. "Don't know!" I said, pressing the point with all earnestness on his heart. "We do know. How could I preach the gospel and urge men to seek for glory, and honor, and immortality, unless I knew certainly that there is a world of life and blessedness hereafter for such as will inherit it? Why, sir, what would people think of you if, in reply to their question, 'What is the next station?' you should say, 'I don't know. Nobody knows.' And so I could not preach the gospel, and urge men to seek for heaven and eternal blessedness, unless I was perfectly sure of this reality. Paul, the great preacher of the gospel, knew what the next station was: 'We know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.' This is an answer to the great question, 'What shall be hereafter?' And if you will believe in Jesus Christ, and take his gospel as your guide book, you can know just as well as Paul what the next station beyond the tomb shall be for you." Just then the whistle of the approaching train sounded, and the old man hastened about his work. As I stepped upon the platform of the car he stood at the crossing, waving his signal flag, his white hair floating in the wind, and I said as the train moved out, "Be sure you find out what the next station is before you reach the end." And I heard the reply falling rather hesitatingly on my ear, "I will try, sir." Reader, what answer have you to make to this question? In the hurrying train of life you are moving swiftly on. Ever and anon there is a pause, and some passenger steps off and disappears. The next stopping place may be yours; where will it land you?—The Watchword.

A MATCH MAKER OF YE OLDEN TIME.

Daniel Webster was the son of Ebenezer Webster by his second wife, Abigail Eastman. The second wooing came about on this wise. For a long time Capt. Ebenezer Webster, the bereaved husband, took upon himself the double responsibility which the death of his first wife had imposed. But between the labors of a frontier farm and the oversight of his family, matters went from bad to worse. One day everything about the house seemed to rush to a climax of confusion. The children frolicked and rollicked; the quick-witted Joe tapped the cask of methglin in the cellar, and his young brain was fired—"twas destruction before and sorrow behind." Capt. Webster had calmly and boldly confronted the enemy at Ticonderoga and Crown Point, at White Plains and at Bennington. But now he was baffled, conquered. With his minute-men he had guarded General Washington's person and camp on Dorchester Heights and West Point. But his own camp he could neither guard nor regulate. The distracted father silently removed his hat from the peg, walked out of the door and took the cross-road southward to the house of his brother, William Webster, whose farm joined his own. It was situated one third of the way up the eastern slope of Searle's Hill, the highest eminence save Kearsage in the town of Salisbury, N. H. Captain Webster had often been cheered by the sympathy and advice of "Aunt Ruth," as the children called her, his brother William's wife. She was to him a true sister. He entered the door the picture of despondency. The worthy matron sat bolt upright spinning flax. At the sight of that dejected face, she shoved aside the little wheel and placed a high-backed kitchen chair for her brother. Her first salutation was, "Eben, what is the trouble?" He prefaced a graphic recital of the horrors of his domestic condition with these words, "Every thing, Ruth, is going heads and hauls at home. I can't stand it any longer." Pity marked the lines of her face as she listened. When he had finished she did not at once reply, but gazed solemnly with a far-away look out of the south window. Who shall say that her thoughts at that moment were not directed by divine wisdom? Suddenly a light kindled in her eye

which shot a ray of hope into his. She drew nearer to him, laid her hand upon his arm, and with a face glowing with earnestness and inspiration said, "Eben, have you never heard of Nabby Eastman? Her mother was Jerusha Fitz, and she is a cousin of Deacon Moses Sawyer's wife, who was Anna Fitz. She is a tailoress by trade, and knows what life is. In every respect she is a most excellent person. She is up from down below, visiting her relatives here." Then with emphasis she added, "Eben, it's my opinion that Nabby Eastman will make you a good wife, and your children a good mother. Go home, put on your Sunday suit, and ride over and see Nabby." The broad-shouldered, dark-eyed man, as he left the house saw not the valley of the Merrimack, stretching away in its loveliness for miles to the north and south. With quickened step he walked around the high ledge and followed the road shaded by the tall, primeval pines that seemed to whisper to him of a new love and the joys of a restored home. He obeyed to the letter the directions given him by the sibyl. Like Boaz of old, he did not long rest but reasoned that "if it were well done when 'tis done, then 'twere well it were done quickly." There was no undue precipitation, but before many moons had waxed and waned, the manly, military figure of Capt. Webster could have been seen in his horse, with Miss Eastman on a pillion behind him on their way to the minister's to be married. The residence of the parson was hard by the meeting house, near the summit of Searle's Hill—for in those days "the mountain of the Lord's house" was established in the top of the mountains, and exalted above the hills, and all the people flowed unto it." The ceremony over, "down from the mountain crown," where a ladder would have been an improvement, they safely wended their way to the home where they were to begin anew their journey and their life. As they arrived at the lowly house, the little ones were playing around "the banking." The tender father introduced the children in these simple words, so much like the style of his gifted son, "These, Nabby, are my children." Aunt Ruth made no mistake in her counsel to her widowed brother in his perplexity. "The children" of Ebenezer Webster's first wife "arose up and called her blessed; her husband also, and he praised." Her features wore the expression of strength rather than beauty. The heavy, shaggy eyebrows of her youngest son, Daniel, were the transcription of the mother. Her mind was strong, her faith strong. At the close of life, her peace in believing was so deep and untroubled that it forbade ecstasy. She survived her husband ten years, and died at the residence of her son, Ezekiel Webster, in Boscawon, N. H., in 1816, aged seventy-six years.—N. Y. Evangelist.

AFTER.

"I'm sorry, and I hurried back To tell you so," a sweet voice said; But I was wounded then, and pride Forbade me even to turn my head. To-night I grieve and pray beside Her grave, yet cannot shed a tear; Do not part as yet, I could say The words which now she cannot hear. I know, I know she pardoned me— She was so gentle with me ever— Yet, all the same, wet, wet my eyes Do follow me, and I will forever!

"OUR CHURCH IS SMALL."

"Our Church is small," is a phrase often used in an apologetic, explanatory or discouraged manner, though as a simple statement of fact it could be spoken truly by the majority of Methodists in our country, for there is little doubt that the most of our million and a half of members belong to small societies. So it is a question of no little interest whether being one of a few involves any special duties, privileges, or opportunities. If your church is small so that every face is an inspiration to the prayer-meeting, and every vacant seat adds to the gloom of a stormy Sabbath, the blessing you may give as well as gain urges you to effort to be your place at every service. If you are poor, or feel that you have little strength to help in any way, a small church is just the place for you; your mite will not be overlooked. If you are rich or gifted, or have any special power that may be used for good, a weak society will appreciate your assistance, and give you an opportunity for the largest exercise of your ability. It is not brave, to

say the least, for a strong man to drive by a struggling church of his own denomination and take his seat among the lookers-on of an overflowing congregation. As to those who patronize "Church trains," breaking God's holy law, merely to gratify literary or social tastes, without even the plea of necessity, the inconsistency is too glaring to need discussion. If your church is small, of course, you can not afford not to be at peace. A little company posted at a dangerous pass would be very unwise to waste their powder on each other. Those who spend their strength in fighting their friends can not stand long before their enemies. There is a family feeling in a little church, where all love as brethren, that is not possible with a large membership. An inner circle of the active ones may have it, but it can not include the whole. Because you are few in numbers, there is no need of feeling that you can not do anything, and, therefore, it is no use to try; the kingdom of God cometh not with observation. During the last General Conference I had the privilege to be among the thousands who heard Bishop Simpson preach at Music Hall. It is needless to speak of the impressions naturally made by the eloquence, the multitude, and the unusual and interesting surroundings. The next Sabbath, at the same hour, I heard a sermon from a Methodist minister in a school-house nestled among the green hills that border the Little Miami, near Foster's Crossing, being one of a congregation of about thirty, half of whom were children. I could but contrast the scene, at the same time remembering that it was the school-house preaching of the early itinerant that made possible the assemblage at Music Hall. The Methodism of large churches and great occasions, in which we glory and rejoice, had its origin in and is constantly reinforced by the country appointment, the village society, and the city mission. It would be well for all parties to remember this acknowledged fact. A military chieftain chooses those in whose unflinching courage and unswerving obedience he has the greatest confidence, to lead a forlorn hope. May not the Great Commander have had a purpose when his providence placed you in a small church, though year after year you toil seemingly in vain? It is something to keep the flag flying, and help hold possession of God's heritage in his name, if not able to make advances. In the "by and by" it will not be asked where, but how well you have worked for the cause of Christ; so be up and doing while the day shineth.—Baltimore Methodist.

MATCHES.

In the time of Fox and Burke, and up to the beginning of the present century, the flint and steel and tinder stage had not been passed, though it is probable that Dr. Johnson and others were more skillful than we moderns are at this intricate operation. About the beginning of the century, however, matches began to improve, and long brimstone matches came into use to supply the place of the tinder. These were pieces of wood about six inches long, tipped with sulphur, and caught fire easily from the sparks of the flint. It would be difficult to obtain a specimen of them nowadays. No museum seems to interest itself in preserving these little social curiosities; and it is only some fifty years hence that they will be looked upon as such, and sought after in some technical exhibition of the match trade. It was not, however, till 1825 that matters began to improve, when an elaborate apparatus called the "Eupyrion" came into use. This consisted of an open bottle containing sulphuric acid, soaked in fibrous asbestos, and the matches, which were about two inches long and sold at one shilling a box, were tipped with a chemical combination of which chlorate of potash was the principal ingredient. On putting the match into the bottle and rapidly withdrawing it a flame was produced, but as the acid was inconvenient and the matches liable to be spoiled by damp, the Eupyrion being shown not to be the fittest did not survive. Many inventions more ingenious than useful were successively tried: the "pyrophorus," the pneumatic tinder-box, and the hydrogen lamp of Dohereimer; but it was not till 1832 that the first sign of a friction match was evolved—and was called "the lucifer" by the joking generation. Lucifers were substantially the present

match pulled through a piece of sand paper. The remembrance of such a contrivance is calculated to make us think less than we do of that dull time. But the country was waking up, and the congrève, which is the match of to-day, soon followed. Whether the congrève was called after the rocket of that name is a doubtful point. There is a story of its invention which shows, if true, the value of attention on the part of schoolboys, and might be put up in all board schools. The real inventor, it is said—a village schoolmaster—explained it to his boys at school, and one more intelligent talked of it to his still more intelligent parent, who was a chemist and who turned it to material advantage. Be that as it may, this was the same as the match of to-day; and it has since undergone few improvements, except one changing from a silent to a noisy match. The silent match, which is so affected by burglars, and is a necessary accompaniment to list slippers, consists in the omission of chlorate of potash in the composition which tips it, and which is the cause of the crackling noise which is able to awake the intended victim. The last great invention was the safety match, which was patented by Bryant and May in 1856. It would require, perhaps, the intellect of a Babbage to wrestle with the statistics of matches. That \$0,000,000 are burned every day in Europe seems below the mark. Some firms, such as Messrs. Dixon, at Manchester, turn out 9,000,000 a day, and many in London 2,000,000 or 3,000,000. The consumption of phosphorus for the purpose in England and France shows that about 250,000 millions a year are turned out in these two countries alone. In America, where, as in France, there is a tax on matches, by which grist is thus brought to the mill, the stamps show an out-turn of about 40,000 millions, so at present match-making is not the specialty of America, though the tax yields about £100,000 a year to the revenue.—Pall Mall Gazette.

WHEN THE SLEEPERS SHALL RISE.

The stars are spinning their threads, And the clouds are the dust that flies; And the suns are waving them up For the time when the sleepers shall rise. The ocean in music rolls, And gems are turning to eyes; And the trees are gathering souls For the time when the sleepers shall rise. The weepers are learning to smile, And laughter to glean the sighs; Burn and bury the care and the guile, For the day when the sleepers shall rise. Oh, the dew and the moth and the daisy red, The larks and the glimmers and flows! The lilies and sparrows, and daisy heads, And the something that nobody knows! —Geo. McDonald.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

THE FIREMAN'S DAUGHTER.

In a large school, in which the pupils were assembled, and busily engaged in their work, there was a sudden alarm of fire. As usual, a terrible panic immediately ensued. In wild confusion, and with shrieks and cries, the children darted to the doors of the school room, forming there a mass so dense as to render escape absolutely impossible to many. In the struggle to get out, several of them were seriously injured; and one young lady, a teacher, rushed to an open window and jumped out of it. Throughout this scene of confusion, one girl—one of the best-conducted in the school—maintained herself composed, and remained seated on the bench where she had been seated when the alarm commenced, without once moving. The color had, indeed, forsaken her face; her lips quivered, and some tears rolled slowly down her cheeks, but not one cry, not one word, escaped; and there she sat, silent and motionless as a statue, till all danger was declared to be over. After order had been restored, the question was asked her how it happened that she had been so composed as to sit still, when everybody else was in such a fearful state of fright? Her reply was, "My father is a fireman; and he has told me that, if ever there was an alarm of fire in the school, I must just sit still. I thought of his words, and did as he desired me; and that was what made me stay quiet."—Tract Magazine.

BLIND HENRY.

One sunny morning in spring I took a walk in the country. I had not gone far before I met a boy and girl. The girl made a courtesy to me, and touching the boy, told him to make a bow to me,

which he did, and looking up, said, "Good morning." I saw that he was blind, and feeling deeply interested in him, I asked him where he lived. He told me in the first cottage at the end of the lane. The next day I went to see him. His name was Henry. I found him listening to his sister, who was reading to him out of a Bible; when she finished he appeared in deep thought. I asked what he was thinking about. He said, "Before it pleased God to deprive me of my sight I was, I fear, a very wicked boy in many ways. I never thought of God and heaven, until I was very ill and feared that I was dying; I was very miserable then. I remembered the days when I went to Sunday-school, and there was taught that Jesus died on the cross that sinners might be saved. Then it pleased God to turn my heart to him; and though since blind, I am far happier than I used to be." "How long have you been ill?" I asked. "About half a year," he replied. I prayed with him, and told him if he only loved Jesus, and was good and patient, Jesus would love him, and when he died would take him to heaven. I saw poor Henry very often. He appeared to be quickly sinking; he was always very glad for me to talk to him of Jesus. He told me that he was so happy, for he felt sure that his sins were pardoned, and washed away by the blood of Jesus. He feared not to die, for he was sure that Jesus would be with him when he passed through the dark valley of death. That valley was soon entered by the poor blind boy. His last words were, "Happy! happy! saved! saved!"

FRED WILTON'S FAITH.

"Mamma," said little Fred Wilton, "I want a canary bird dreffully." "Why, darling, you have that rocking-horse that Uncle Grant gave you last month; you have a lot of tin soldiers, a Noah's Ark, a top, a box of bright marbles, a train of cars, a set of building-blocks, and I don't know how many Chinese puzzles and picture books. What could you do with a bird?" "But mamma, all those things ain't alive, and can't sing. I want a birdie to love it." "I'm afraid I must say no, Fred. Mamma hasn't time to take care of a bird every day, and you are not old enough." Fred's face looked very grave as he went on with the depot he was building. At length he said, "Mamma, didn't you tell me always to pray to God for what I wanted?" "Yes, dear." "And he will give me what I ask him for?" "If he sees it is best for you to have it." "Then, mamma, I'm going to ask God for a birdie, and I do believe he'll give it to me." Fred said no more to mamma about a bird, but night and morning at the end of his little prayer he would say, "Oh God, please give me my birdie." For several weeks, Fred did not fail to add this request, but mamma remained firm. Grandpa Wilton came to make a visit, and listened one evening, as Fred knelt at his mother's knee, to the oft-repeated petition still offered in unwavering faith. Next morning he said, "Fred, my boy, God often sends gifts to his children through people, and he has sent me to give you a canary." "I knew 'twould come," said Fred gleefully, and sure enough by noon a beautiful yellow canary was trilling in a silver cage in the bay-window. "My dear," said mamma, suppose you should pray a long time, and God did not send what you wanted, what then?" "Then," replied Fred, "then I s'pose 'twould be like the cocoa-nut candy Miss Ellis gave me, and you wouldn't let me eat it, 'cause you said it would hurt me, and I cried for it, but that didn't make any difference—you didn't give it to me." "Did I give you anything instead, darling?" "Oh, yes, a great big, juicy orange. It was good." "Well, dear, God may not always give you what you want, but when he denies you it will be to give you something a great deal better. Always trust him. Now run and watch 'our canary.'"—S. S. Adc.