

OUR HOME CIRCLE.

HOOR BY HOOR. One single day Not so much to look upon. There is some Of passing hours of such a limit. We can face...

EARLY METHODISTS.

The name of John Wesley is associated with my earliest recollections. The door next to that of the house in which I was born was a massive one, with a heavy iron knocker. It was in a corner, behind a wing of the building, the gable end of which fronted the street. That old door bore marks of violence. It was curiously dented, and often have I amused myself when a child by putting my fingers into the pits and hollows, wondering how they came there. In answer to my queries I had my first lesson in Methodist history, the story of John Wesley's first visit to Falmouth: "About three in the afternoon," says he, "on July 4, 1745, I went to see a gentleman who had long been indisposed. Almost as soon as I was set down the house was beset by an innumerable multitude of people. A louder or more confused noise could hardly be at the taking of a city by storm. They quickly forced open the outer door and filled the passage; only a wainscot partition was between us. Our lives were not worth an hour's purchase. Some privateer's men set their shoulders to the inner door and cried out, 'Avast, lads! avast!' Away went all the hinges at once, and the door fell back into the room." How often when a boy have I been in that passage when the self same wainscot partition was still standing, and that self-same inner-door, and that little parlor where, as the leaders of the mob rushed in, they were confronted by that calm, benevolent face, and felt the charm of Wesley's voice as he said: "Here I am; which of you has anything to say to me? To which of you have I done any wrong? To you? or you? or you?"

close of the service. There were many of us girls there, we could not help it, he was so lovely. We got close to him as he walked, and sometimes we touched his gown and then going a little before him we curtsied to him, and he put his hand on our heads. Yes; I seem to feel his touch now; and he blessed us—he blessed me." The ancient town of Yarm was a favorite stopping place during my early wanderings about the north of England. It had then a small brick Methodist preaching house, built in John Wesley's favorite style; it was an octagon. But they had marred the original design by putting up a lumbering gallery. Wesley would hardly have pronounced it to be what he said it was when he first preached in it: "By far the most elegant in England." Perhaps he might have repeated what he once said "about the new house at Thirsk"—"Is it not an amazing weakness that when they have the most beautiful pattern before them all builders will affect to amend something?" In the Yarm congregation, as I knew it, there was an old lady somewhat peculiar both in appearance and manner. "I remember Mr. Wesley," said she to me, "and his last visit to Yarm. Come, and I will show you where he once held the quarterly meeting for this part of Yorkshire. It was a large circuit then, and every preacher was a real 'traveling preacher.'" She led me to a court behind an old-fashioned house. On one side of the court was a window with its panes leaded in the early style; it had been a respectable window at one time. "There!" said the old lady, touching the glass with her finger as she peered into the room. "There I saw Wesley presiding at the quarterly meeting. He had come in his carriage, a huge lumbering thing, you would say. The horses had been taken out, and the carriage was standing just here," and she took her stand in the other side of the court. "The pole of the carriage was left in. We were girls altogether, 'rather frolicsome, as girls will be. We thought it a fine thing to examine Mr. Wesley's carriage; we walked around it, touched it, ventured to open the door and look into it! At last somebody said 'how big it is! I wonder whether it would move?' 'Let us try,' was the answer. Some went behind to push, some pulled at the wheels. Now you will observe that the court sinks a littletoward that window, and the pole of the carriage pointed that way. We tugged at the wheels, and pushed from behind, and at last the great thing moved, and alas I moved beyond our control. It was on the incline, and, to our horror, it ran down and the pole went crashing through the window, most rudely demanding a place in the quarterly meeting. It was rude, wasn't it? There was an uproar among the stewards and leaders, but as the dear little man in the chair he never left his seat, but quietly said, 'O dear! O dear!' All our fears were hushed, however, by his blessing on the heads and hearts of the innocent disturbers of Methodist peace. The pole of Mr. Wesley's carriage, you see, had become a disturbing element in quarterly meetings. Well, the dear little man had said of the Yarm people that they were 'dull and attentive,' and now we had helped to relieve their dullness by distracting their attention."

My first interview with her, "a widow indeed," is never to be forgotten. She was one of the few gifted elders who can really help a later generation to realize the life of older times. She was not without humor; and sometimes she seemed to enjoy a quiet satirical fling at modern inconsistency where it laid itself open. While sitting in full chat with her one felt that he was in the presence of one of those decided Christian women who were raised up to "adorn the doctrine of God our Savior" under the ministry of Wesley and his apostolic companions. "You knew Mr. Wesley, of course, Mrs. W.?" I remarked. "Knew Mr. Wesley? yes, indeed I knew him! It seems but yesterday since, young and sprightly as I was, his voice and smile made me feel so quietly at home in his company. How often I wish that everybody would think of him as I do! Many of those who know him from books or from hearsay think of him only as a great reformer, great preacher, spiritual ruler, or maker of church laws; a stern man, hard and unbending; but no book that I know pictures him entirely as he was. They put the dear old man on stilts, dress him like an old military monk in chain armor, or make him look like some of the portraits in the Arminian Magazine. It is true that at times he looked like a man who had learned to be 'steadfast and unmovable,' one who enjoyed a quiet assurance that his 'labor was not in vain in the Lord'; but ah! you should see him as I have seen him at my aunt's, or when he was free to chat in the carriage. Oh! how often kindness used to play on his face like spring sunlight! How often you could look through the windows of his eyes and see the gentleness that lived in his soul! Then you should see the twinkle of his eye when a bit of fun was tickling his heart! I remember the quiet waggery of his look one morning at my aunt's. It was at Bradford, in Wiltshire, the last time I saw him, I think; he had slept at our house, and when he came down in the morning he said as he sat down: 'Sister Dale, your bed is like a true Englishman.' 'What do you mean, Mr. Wesley?' said my aunt. 'Why,' said he, 'it never finches.' Dear man! his bed had been hard. I laughed, though I was sorry. Ah! I love to think of him as he was that morning; his wit so sweetly toned, his humor in such innocent play with his goodness. One secret of the power which attended the simple ministrations of the Methodist preachers of the primitive type was that spiritual and unselfish things were to them what they are truly, more real than the objects of mere sense. The training of some of these men was favorable to this.—S. W. C. in Sunday Magazine.

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It is ten years younger than its starchy and handsome brother, Harper's Weekly. The Bazar was founded in 1857, with Mary L. Booth, an accomplished scholar and a finished lady, for its editor. Although a journal of fashion, its range is not narrow. All subjects relating to household life are discussed. Science and art receive attention, while the editorials embrace the most varied topics. The stories, chiefly by English writers, are carefully selected, and the lovely pictures distinguish Harper's Bazar from all the cheap periodicals for ladies. A home is like a country: it has government, rank, divisions of labor. It has seasons, sunny or chill; a climate and a general atmosphere, the mistress being usually its sun and moon, its cloud and storm. Thomas Jefferson said: "I would rather live in a country with newspapers and without a government, than in a country with a government but without newspapers." The home-power should have their paper, and its character will largely define the character of the home; and Harper's Bazar is to the ladies a newspaper—news which we like and of our type, as much as a paper filled with politics, trade and "impertinencies," is the type for man. Between Elizabeth Mallet and Mary L. Booth is an interval of one hundred and eighty-two years. What a change from 1702, in which Queen Anne ascended the throne! It was a year however, in which woman came to the front. One woman reached the throne, and another founded the first daily newspaper issued in the English language; and even an "Almanick" was printed exclusively devoted to the "fair sex." Long live the memory of 1702, with its Queen who became the mother of seventeen children, its woman's "Almanick," and its daily newspaper.—E. Woodworth in Zion's Herald.

WHO LOVES THE LORD. Who loves the Lord? Not he alone Who o'er and o'er His prayer repeats in solemn tone, And nothing more. Nor he whose crop of finest grain Is most precise, And by it hopes at last to gain A paradise. Nor he who kneeth facts and feasts With rigid care, And to the church and suppled priests His burdens bears. But rather he whose heart is warm And seeks in every human form His Lord to find. And seeks him thus that he may bless By word and deed, And lift from sadness and distress A soul in need.

AN ANTIDOTE FOR DANCING. Some years ago, while a precocious revival of religion was in progress in the church I was then serving, a very interesting young lady, for whom much interest was felt and many prayers had been offered, called on me one afternoon, to have, as she said, some conversation on the subject of religion. She remarked that she was aware of the interest manifested for her by her parents, as also by the members of the church. She said she knew she ought to be a Christian, and intended to become one at some future time, and had no idea of living and dying in the state she then was in; but, to tell the truth about the matter, she did not feel that she could quite deny herself all the pleasures of youth just yet, and become a sober, pious, praying Christian. "To be perfectly frank about it," she said, "I am passionately fond of dancing, and I don't see anything so very wicked in it; and I am free and anxious to say that if I can be a Christian, and still be allowed to dance a little when I feel like it, I am willing to come right out with the other young people that have been converted, and join the church with them. And now, Mr. S., to tell me just what you think of it. Do you really think it is such a dreadful wicked thing, after all, to dance a little occasionally? Please tell me just what you think."

In reply to her very frank statement and earnest request, I said: "Now, Carrie, the first thing for you to do is to be sure that you are a Christian, really and fully give your heart to Christ; consecrate all you have, and are, and all you can control, to Christ and his cause; determine that there shall be no more lovingly devoted to the interests of his kingdom than yourself; that you will find yourself in constant readiness for any sacrifice or service which he may demand, whether at home or abroad—in a word, that all shall absolutely be laid upon the altar of consecration, and then dance all you want to! I will not object to it, and I do not think that there is a member of the church that will." "Ah, but," she said, "if I were to become such a Christian as you talk about, I shouldn't want to dance!" "That is just what I thought," was my reply. "A Christian, i.e., a person whose heart is really given to the Saviour and to his service, will find so much more delight, real joy, in serving God than it is possible for him to find in serving the world and self, that he will look with unutterable disgust on those frivolities which once delighted him. With such an one, 'old things have passed away, and all things have become new.'" "Is there any better cure for dancing than such a conversion and consecration as the above indicates? Can a person in whose heart the love of Christ is supreme, have any love for the dance? Think of Deborah Wade, or Ann Hasseltine Judson, or Sarah Hall Boardman, finding pleasure in dancing!"—H. A. Smith, in the Journal and Messenger.

A MOTHER'S PRAYERS. The Rev. S. Harding relates the following incident: "Down in the west of England there was a family the father and mother of which were devoted Christians. I do not know that I ever met with a woman who was so bright, loving and tender as that mother. There were eight children, and it was a beautiful sight to see them all round the table with cheerful faces. I asked the mother, 'How is it that you never have any trouble with your children?' 'I have had trouble, but I took them to the Lord when they were born, and gave them into his care. Do you see that boy?' 'Yes.' 'He was a wild, wayward youth; he went with loose companions to the theatres, music halls, and such places. One night as he was going out, I said, 'Timothy, where are you going?' 'Never your mind, mother.' 'Timothy, I will follow you.' 'She did not mean to follow him in body, but in prayer. He knew what she meant, and pleaded, 'Don't mother, please don't!' 'When you leave this house I will go to my room and remain there till you return.' The boy went to the theatre, but in the middle of the performance the Holy Spirit influenced him, and made him go home, where he found his mother on her knees praying for him. The old lady is now over eighty years of age; five of her sons are ministers, one son is an evangelist, and the two girls are ministers' wives. What a forcible illustration this case furnishes of the text, 'Cast all your care upon Him, for He careth for you.'—(1 Peter v. 7.)—Chris. Herald.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS. A MITE SONG. Only a drop in the bucket, But every drop will tell; The bucket would soon be empty, Without the drops in the well. Only a poor little penny— It was all I had to give; But, as pennies make the dollars, It may help some cause to live. A few little bits of ribbon And some toys; they were not new, But they made the sick child happy, Which has made me happy, too. Only some outgrown garments— They were all I had to spare; But they'll help to clothe the needy, And the poor are everywhere. God loveth the cheerful giver, Though the gift be poor and small; What doth he think of his children When they never give at all? —Selected.

ABOUT DIVERS. Very exaggerated stories have been told as to the endurance of experienced divers under water; that is, of those who go into the depths, like the pearl seekers in the Indian seas, without any mechanical assistance. It is folly to say, as many do say, that the pearl divers of the East are able by constant practice to remain under water from ten to fifteen minutes. Very skillful and experienced divers may remain under water for two, but they very rarely remain for three. The best of the Ceylon divers in fact do not often continue submerged for more than a minute and-a-half, and their condition of health must be very good to permit them to do this. Those who use the diving dress, which makes the wearer look so frightful that even sharks are said to be frightened by it, must be physically qualified for the work. Many a strong fellow has gone down and after a short pause has reappeared bleeding alarmingly at nose, ears and mouth. The strain upon a diver's physical powers depends mainly upon the depth to which he ventures. The greatest depth to which the Ceylon pearl divers go is thirteen fathoms (a fathom is six feet); but the usual depth is nine fathoms, and they do not go down except when the water is placid. The external pressure on any average-sized man, who may be assumed to present about six thousand inches of surface, would be, at a depth of twenty fathoms (one hundred and twenty feet), nearly nine tons. The greatest depth to which any man can safely descend with existing appli-

ance is about one hundred and sixty feet. A diver goes down with shoes weighing together about twenty-eight pounds and with fifty-six pounds more on his back and breast. For a depth of one hundred and sixty feet he would require to be weighted with not less than one hundred and twelve pounds, and at the outset any nervous bungling might result in his reaching the bottom wrong end uppermost. It is usual in shallow water for a man to drop from the end of a short ladder hung over the side of a boat merely carrying a coil of line with him. In deeper water, however, it is obvious that there would be great risk of being carried away from the desired spot, and the common plan is first to send down a line with a heavy weight at the end of it. This weight being properly planted, the line will of course afford a guide down by which the diver may gently lower himself, and which, held on to, will enable the man to wander over the bottom of the deep, or into the hold of the vessel, being of course connected with the aerial world by a breathing tube and carrying a life line to that by which he descended as a means of finding his way back again in the dark. We say "in the dark," for the interior of a ship under water is utter darkness. The gloom of the light at the bottom of the sea depends on the clearness, smoothness and depth of water. In some parts of the world the transparency of the sea is said to be somewhat marvellous. Travelers have given wonderful accounts of the brilliancy and beauty of the Caribbean sea bottom, as seen lying at immense depths below the surface.—Mastery.

CAN A CHILD HAVE FAITH.

Yes, a child can have faith. There is not one of our readers so young as not to be able to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and be saved. Every one knows how to believe in father or mother, in an older brother or sister. Children naturally believe. We say to all the boys and girls that they believe him in the same way as they believe their parents. When they promise anything, no matter what, their children expect them to keep their promise. So when God promises anything, the smallest child may expect him to keep his promise. And certainly he will do it. God never disappoints those who put their trust in him. The earlier children can be taught to remember their Creator, the better for them. We once knew a most excellent young man at college. One day, in talking upon religious matters, we asked him when he became a Christian. His reply was: "Ever since I can remember I have loved God, and loved the Lord Jesus Christ." So it will be seen that children from their earliest years may be Christians. They can have all the faith that is required of them. As they live in this world, and by degrees learn how to live and act, so by degrees they come to know more and more about religious matters. At first their faith may be small, but, like the mustard seed, it will grow and expand until it fills all their life.—Parish Visitor.

A GOOD ILLUSTRATION.

A clergyman once tried to teach some children that the soul would live after they were all dead. They listened, but evidently didn't understand. Taking out his watch he said: "James, what is this I hold in my hand?" "A watch, sir." "How do you know it is a watch?" "Because we see it and hear it tick?" "Very good." He then took off the case, and held it in one hand, and the watch in the other. "Now, children, which is the watch?" You see there are two which look like watches. Now I will lay the case aside—put it away down there in my hat. Now, let us see if you can hear the watch ticking?" "Yes, sir, we hear it," exclaimed several voices. "Well, the watch can tick, go and keep time, as you see, when the case is taken off and put in my hat, just as well. So it is with you children. Your body is nothing but the case; the body may be taken off and buried in the ground, and the soul will live just as well as this watch will go when the case is taken off."