THE WESLEYAN, FRIDAY, MARCH 30, 1893.

." GOOD-BYE."

At first was not a wish but prayer ; A thought of help forever nigh, And "God be with you " everywhere !

"Not as the world doth give," said He, Who of all men on earth was true, To his disciples tenderly,

"Give I my parting word to you."

Then said He . " Peace with you I leave,

My peace, O friends, to you I give ;

Breathe evermore that selfsame word

And oh, that our "good bye" might be Prayer for the presence of our Lord !

Than that with which He went to heave

Could clearer, surer pledge be given?

Lo I am with you to the end

What need we but with trustful heart

Cling to His word or hope and cheer, And say, "With me thon always art,

With weary feet, we go and come,

But every footfall nearer home,-

Long winter nights, long summer days,

Not as the world," our lips shall say

Peace and good-bye whene'er we part.

The mansion of the pure in heart. Llex. R. Thompson, D.D.

THE SABBATH SAVES

A.MERICA.

Plato says, somewhere, that

leisure is necessary to the acqui-

sition of virtue, and that, there-

fore, no working man can acquire

most beautiful and happy inven-

tions of Lycurgus, that he obtain-

Plutarch calls it one of the

Could even He a better send

Therefore no evil will I fear

Then as along these earthly ways

Until we reach some coming day.

Let not your hearts be sad-believe ! They that believe in me shall live.

Oh that upon our hearts might He

OUR HOME CIRCLE.

him.

O GOD, MY HEART IS FIXED.

My whole desire Doth de ply turn away Out of all time unto Eternal day. I give myself, and all I call my own, To Christ for ever, to be His alone.

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I leave the world, Its wealth allures not me : With God alone will I contented be. The creature shall no longer fill my mind ; In the Creator, what I want I find.

Now, O my God ! My comfort, portion, rest Thou, none but Thou shalt reign within my breast. Call me to Thee! call me Thyself-Oh speak. And bind my heart to Thee, whom most

seek ! Then let me dwell But as a pilgrim here : One to whom earth seems distant-Heaven

more near, Let this my joy, my life, my life work be. To die to self-to live, my Lord, to Thee.

I know this road Through narrow straits doth wend. Wherein my stubborn will must stoop and

Jesus, 1 offer unto "hee my will-Thy lovecan make it humble, sweet, and still.

Thou art my King-My King henceforth alone ; And I thy servant, Lord, am all Thy own ; Give me Thy strength, O let Thy dwelling

In this poor heart that pants, my Lord, for

Counsel and Comfort.

WHITEFIELD AND THE WESLEYS.

to sleep together at the close of a Rev. J. Jackson Wray recently long day of exhausting labor. delivered in Exeter hall, London, Wesley knelt at the bed to pray, a lecture of which the following is but Whitefield got between the a part : "Young Whitefield went sheets at once. 'George,' said to Oxford, still a lad of eighteen, but Wesley, 'is that your Calvinism?' he took with him a firm resolve During the night Whitefield woke to lead a good religious life. Johr. and found Wesley asleep on his and Charles Wesley and others knees; so rousing him up he said, had established at Oxford a pri-'John, is that your Arminianvate service for Bible study, conism?' In his sixty-ninth year nected with which was establish-Whitefield again went to America ed a system of pious labor among his body was wasted, his health the needy and the poor. Whitefeeble, and his strength gone. His field had heard of its existence last service was an outdoor one, while at Bristol, and he longed to at which he had preached two be admitted to what was known hours. While the broken-down as 'The Holy Club;' that was the preacher was taking refreshment. origin of Methodism. In his visa clergyman asked him to speak its to the workhouse, on pious to the people who crowded outdeeds intent, Whitefield met with. side the house. 'I cannot,' he a, pauper who had made an atreplied.' It was the first time in tempt to cut his throat; feeling his life that he had used the word; that his resources of religious exthe sword slipped from his nerveperience were not sufficient for so desperate a case he sent an old less grasp, the bugle was lowered applewoman, to whom he occas- from his lips, the fainting stand-

John and George said let for the scaffold. The camisole is a sack-like canvas vest, with who knows to-day that our " good-bye" strong things when discussing the the ends of the sleeves tied togesubject of predestination; they ther to prevent the protusion of loved each other all the time, but the devil made simpletons of them the hands. Cords passing around the thighs, and fastening to the shoulders, attach closely to his both, and it was a happy day when at last they agreed to differ, body the arms of the prisoner. At showed a united front, and deter-mined to work on parallel and not meal time one sleeve of the camisole is loosened to allow the primingled lines. Whitefield returnsoner to eat with a wooden spoon ed to England and found a warm the food which has been cut for friend in the Countess of Huntinghim. Again his hand is set free don, who gave more than £100,when he wishes to write. The mur-000, and sold her jewels and costderer never knows when his day ly equipages, in order to build of doom is to come. Behind his chapels for the poor, and largely meat, wine, tobacco and other through her aid Tottenham-courtcomforts rises the great red specroad chapel was reared and maintre of the guillotine. The cords tained; that chapel was sneeringwhich bind his arms to his sides ly called 'Whitefield's soul-trap. are as the hand of death premon-The trap had fallen into far less caitorily clutching him, and at any pable hands, but souls were still moment the governor of the pribeing won for the Master; and son, almoner and the "greffier' while he (Mr. Wray) was the may enter his cell and tell him. preacher there he would do his that his execution is to take place best to bait it with the simplest immediately .- London Telegraph. dainty in the world, the gospel of the glorious Emmanuel.

The lecturer gave a number of

SIXTY YEARS AGO.

illustrations of Whitefield's ready wit and commanding eloquence. Chatting a few evenings since 'On one occasion a triend said to with a charming old lady of eighhim, ' Do you think we shall see ty years, and seated close beside John Wesley in heaven?' 'No. her in a chimney corner whose sir,' was the reply, 'he will be so capacious fire-place was aglow near the eternal throne, and we at with a hickory blaze, such as few so great a distance from it, that I of this generation have been for-

fear we shall hardly get a sight tunate enough to witness and enof him.' After the reconciliation joy, the current of social gossip Whitefield and John Wesley had and reminiscence flowed into the domain of fashion. With a minuteness of detail which exhibited remarkable powers of memory, we were favored with a clearly defined description of the manners, customs, and prevalent modes of dress of the days "when she was young and to the manner born," threescore years ago, Excusing herself a moment, she returned bearing upon her arm a silk dress, once white, but now limp and yellowed by the touch of time. The dress deserves description: It was narrowly gored on the front and side breadths, and quite short. In the back there was a large cluster of deep gathers. The waist line was relegated al-

ed for the citizens the greatest. leisure by forbidding them to occupy themselves with any mercenary work. Christianity early obtained for the working classes of the Roman most to the arm pits; and the Empire this great blessing, and very short, bodice was cut out not through the Greek method of square in the neck and edged with creating a class of helpless helots, wide old-fashioned lace. The but by the institution of the waist was faced up the back with | Lord's Day.

a day.

a flat silk cord. The sleeves were Under the prodigious impulse long and close, and finished with of the leading race of modern gloom, and the nerve-trying mice of the lumb ard-bearer could wave the flag in frills of laco at the wrists. "This times toward production and the room. Now into the bed they valiantly creep, was my wedding dress," she said. acquiring of material wealth, My father rode a distance of more | there would have come without The very strong-hold of the enemy Sieep, than thirty miles on horseback some such day an absolute break-Who there a snare has cumpingly laid, to buy the silk of which it was ing down of the physical power, a Of the soldiers brave of the Night gown and there with the farewell word made. Its cost represented my wearing out of the brain, and a Brigade. upon his lips he spoke to Jesus savings for more than four years corresponding degeneracy. In and of Jesus until the candle burnt in butter and cheese making. I fact, the Christian Sabbath may " IT STINGS." down in the socket, and its flicker cut and made it with my own be said to have saved the modern and last message went out togehands. My pattern was the bri- European and Anglo-American "How pretty !" cried little Sam, ther. He retired to his room, dal drees of our pastor's wife, who races. Had the greed for money as his little fat hand grasped a and before the crowd had quite the year before had come to us, a never known an enforced rest; bunch of white lilacs which grew disappeared an attack of asthma young bride, from the shores of had the wheels of the factory, the near the gate of his father's manseized him. 'I am dying,' he ex-Massachusetts Bay." Holding hum of the market, and din of sion. The next moment the child's claimed, took one gasp, stretch-ed out his feet and breathed no up one of the sleeves, she said : business sounded through the face grew red with terror, and he streets seven days as now through Here is a stain upon the silk. dashed the lilacs to the ground, more. It might be said that all One of my bridesmaids, in adjustsix, and no customary day called shrieking, "It stings!" Israel mourned for him. All the ing my modest home-made bridal away thoughts to things not stings !' bells in Georgia were tolled, thouveil, pricked her finger with an bought or sold and to principles What made it sting? It was a sands of pulpits in England and intrusive pin, and from the tiny unseen and eternal, the modern bright, beautiful and sweet-smell-America were draped in black, and wound fell a single drop of blood, people might have run down to ing flower. How could it hurt a funeral sermon was preached in. of which this blemish is the sign the lowest point of materialthe child's hand? I will tell Tottenham-road-court chapel by and token. To me it was but a ism. John Wesley. Whitefield only said, trifle; to her it was a grievous vou. The Lord's Day is the greatest 'I am dying,' but his dying testimo-A busy little bee, in search of a mishap, which clouded her evenexternal gift of Christian religion ny was in his last sermon. 'I go ing's happiness. Milliners, dressdinner, had just pushed his nose to the working classes. The lato a rest prepared ; my sun has in among the lilac blossoms, and makers, books and plates of fashborer is ensured his rest. His given light to many, but now it is was sucking the nectar from it ion were luxuries of which we production is apparently cut short about to set-no! to rise to the most heartily when Sammy's fat heard sometimes, but never countone-seventh; but as in limiting zenith of immortal glory; there, hand disturbed it; so being vexed ed among our needs or possessions. the hours of the day's labor, he is with the child, he stung him. O thought divine, I shall be in a Such changes as ruled the hour in found to effect more in the year, That's how Sammy's hand came world where time and age and cities and in fashionable circles. owing to the refreshment and sickness are unknown, Then his found their way by tardy stages to be stung. rest given, and his moral value is sun did set, again to rise in splento our villages and hamlets, and increased. Where the Sunday is dor in the firmament of God-a if the style of dress or bonnet was made a social and religious day blazing crest upon the azure shield a marked departure from our own, (as in New England), without exit cost some courage and the crosscessive strictness, the working fire of gossiping tongues to adopt man or woman returns to the task and wear ic. The wives of minisvery sharp stings.' revived, and morally, as well as AWAITING THE GUILLOters and deacons were usually the physically, strengthened. Let every child take note of first to sit in judgment on all fanthis : " Many pretty things have In all countries nominally un-As soon as the sentence of ciful and new-fledged modes of der the teachings of Jesus, this them from being stung if they day has relaxed the muscles of keep this truth in mind. toil, wiped away the sweat of the Sin often makes itself appear innocent labor, and restored the worker to his family, reminding very pretty. him that he is something besides A boy once thought wine a an instrument of gain, and that pretty thing; he drank it, and he has other wants than those of learned to be a drunkard. Thus earth.-Charles Loring Bruce. wine stung him. A girl once took a luscious pear from a basket and ate it. WOMEN AND WINE. " Have you eaten one ?" asked her mother pleasantly. A writer in Scribner's Monthly field said in his diary, 'I never abstain from entering into cheer- a drop of my laughing friend's, which will be responded to by the other if she said "Yes," she re- -Selected. women who have suffered all over plied " No," got another pear, and then felt so stung that she the land : "Of the worst foes that women could not sleep. have ever had to encounter, wine Thus you see that sin, however stands at the head. The appetite pretty it looks, stings. It stings counter, and so gain the beatitude, devit must have held high carat- infimary. Forer are, it is true, a abodes of quiet but satisfying hap-, for strong drink in men has spoilval when he succeeded in sowing few drawbacks to his physical en- piness and peace. - Writer in New ed the lives of more women - and The Bible says. "The soul that temptation." But we may be ed more hopes for them, scattered sinneth, it shall die." more tertupes for them, brought | If you let sin sting you nothing speils of the compared-wounds to them more shame, sorrow and can head the wound but the blood and bruises and dishonor. South

of thousands of women who are forget that many pretty things widows to day, and sit in hopeless have very sharp stings, and be weeds, because their husbands had been slain by strong drink."

"Yes," says the Agricultural World, "there are hundreds of thousands of homes scattered all over the land in which women live lives of torture, going through all the changes of suffering that lie between the extremes of fear and despair, because those whom they love, love wine better than they do the woman whom they have sworn to love. There are women thrilled them with pleasure; that step has learned to reel under the influence of the seductive poison.

pain, while we write these words, between the two is the quantity tion in any statement made in re-/which are the bluest. gard to this matter, because no human imagination can create any- one part than another is the result thing worse than the truth, and of evaporation, less rainfall and a no pen is capable of portraying the smaller importation of fresh water truth.

It is not enough considered by students of progress, how great a gift to the labouring classes, and to the whole world, is the Chrisand not unfrequently beggary- rainfalls. the fear and the fact of violence." tian Sunday. It has become so

great a necessity to the civilized the lingering, life-long struggle world, that the wonder is how the and despair of countless women non-Christian races, or classic people were able to do without such to make all women curse wine, and

their sex.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

THE NIGHT GOWN BRIGADE.

Papa has had a headache all day, And he looks at his watch in a weary way, Then to the clock, and says, "It's too slow, "Twas the children's bedtime five minutes

ago," He's tired of chatter, tired of noise. And almost, not quite, of his dear little boys. So mamma's sewing aside is haid, And soon in uniform white are arrayed The brave soldier boys of the Night-gown Brigade. Of the rank and file there are but three, So every one shall an officer be. Like Christian warriors they say their prayers, Bre they storm the heights of the dizzy

back stars: And they kiss their friends ere they face the

careful not to touch, taste, or handle such things .- Our Boys and Girls.

MT SALT IN THE SEA

In its deepest parts the sea is intensely blue, but where it is shallow it is a bright green color, which prevails until soundings cease to be struck. Some people ascribe the blue to the reflection by the thousand who dread to hear of the sky, and say, that if the at the door the step that once green water which is found nearer land were piled up in a basin as deep as that which holds the blue, it would be the same color. But There are women groaning with the true cause of the difference

from bruises and brutalities in- of salt which the water contains. flicted by husbands made mad by Some parts of the sea are much drink. There can be no exaggera- salter than others, and it is these

That the sea water is denser in by means of rivers, etc. It is esti-

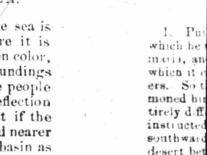
The sorrows of a wife with a mated that eight feet of water are drunken husband, or a mother annually withdrawn from the Red with a drunken son, are as near Sea by evaporation only, and it is the realization of hell as can be not surprising that it is salter than reached, in this world at least, the Baltic, where the evaporation The shame, the indignance, the sor- is very small, and where, unlike row, the sense of disgrace for her- | it, there is an influx of water from self and children, the poverty- various streams and heavy annual

But why is the ocean salt at all? The streams which feed it bring with them the salts of the soil with drunken husbands, are enough through which they pass. As evaporation is ever going on, one engage unitedly to oppose it every- would think that sea-water must where as the very worst enemy of ever grow more lime like; but such is not the case. The heavy heated waters of the tropics carry saline matter to be absorbed by the fresher waters, which in their turn rush forth to seek a home in hospitable regions; and hence it is that the seas from which there is no evaporation, and which receive abundant supplies from rivers, etc., keep up their characterand do not become saltless lakes. So the sea is salt by reason of the earth-washings which are poured into it; it has different densities because of evaporation, raitifalls and rivers, and it is prevented from stagnating by a uni-

> eron tu -UNTIDY GIRLS.

rersal system of ocean currents.

would tak the inhab This mess as a some but he wa implicitly tate long We can,] this matte be little d that the s centre of crowds in sert work soul. Th tent for t most succ are some from pron ness, and sight, it s ents were there was desert-f sent there been so w the Evan musing, n ties of wh cessful a p ed; the u one of the the queen was a Jew he had bee i. e., to att To this ch the Spirit found the had been 2. The as, which had proba Jerusalem ply to Ph a true



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10nally gave a lew coppers, to fetch one of the Wesleys. 'Who more, but once; taking the candle sent you ?' they inquired; 'Mr. to light his chamber, he lingered Whitefield,' replied the woman. at the balcony, and seeing the The Wesleys visited the would-be crowd with dager faces outside, suicide, invited George to breakfast, then to 'The Holy Club,' and he was at once admitted into the little band of Methodists; then was kindled a fire whose flame blazed, over two continents, and flashed over both a light that was vivid yet. A strange illustration that of God's providence! A despairing pauper and a poor applewoman were among the foremost agencies to help to inspire the heart, and loosen the tongue, and spread the wings of 'the Apocalyptic angel (as Toplady had called Whitefield) and send him flying over the earth with the careering splendor of a meteor and the steadfast brightness of a morning star. The Wesley brothers, having gone to Georgia, wrote home to Whitefield, urging him to go and thrust in his sickle there; he went to Georgia, but things did not work smoothly, and he returned to England, and after a time went to preach at Bristol, where, at his first service, he had some hundreds of hearers, at the second 2,000, at the third 5,000, and the number continued of heaven.' to increase until 20,000 rapt and awe-struck bearers commonly assembled to hear the music of the

messenger and to feel the tremendous power of the message, Whitefield returned to Londor, saying that he would 'attack the death is passed in France, the cri- apparel. It was well with the devil at head-quarters,' and minal is placed on double allow- new wrakle if this tribunal gave preached at Moortields during ance. The ordinary prisoners to it a tacit or positive approval; Whitsun fair, at six o'clock in the have rations of meat and wine on- otherwise it was doomed-at least morning, and at intervals during ly on Sundays and Thursdays; for a season. Perhaps life passthe day, to many thousands of but the convict set apart for the ed quite as happily then as now. people. Notwithstanding many guillotine has roast beef every day Our wants were few, our cares, attempts to drown his voice, 40,- and a "cinquieme" of wine both pleasures, and bereavements were 000 people heard the gospel, 1,- at breakfast and at dinner. He as an open book, known and read 000 notes were handed to him, may read, write and smoke as of kindred, triends, and neighbors; and 250 people afterward joined much as he likes. He has two and if home-life and life in societhe Moorfields Tabernacle con- warders constantly in attendance ty and in the world of fashion has gregation; never had the gospel a upon him, and their orders are had in later life its charms and more splendid triumph, and White- never to contradict him and not to attractions, so in the day when had so grand a day.' Well sup- ful conversation with him. The blood left a stain upon this wedplied with funds for the orphanage as-assin Topman used to play ding dress, we lived in a world which he had tounded on his pre- cards with his jailors. Finally, whose horizon was broad enough vious visit, he returned to Ameri- the condemned man has an hour s for our wants, encircling homes, ca in 1739, and for twelve months exercise every day in the "pro- ala-! whose hearth-tones are now held service twice a day. The menoir" attached to the prison desolate, but which were then temporary distantion between his joyments. Directly sentence is York Econory Post. three arch-enemies, John and passed the prisoner is made to Charles Wesley and George White- don the "camisole de force"-the

field, and turned against each oth- straight-jack thand that dismal Truly high words do not make previously been turned against never don's until he makes his toi- ous life maketh nimedear to God. tens of thousands-nay, hundreds. He will care it. Atter that never from it is a victory."

TINE.

hardship-than any other evil of Jesus. If you feel the smart of says, truly: "To grapple with er the tempered blades that had garment-i he beautres, e .- he a man noty and ju-t, but a virtu- that lives. The country numbers the sting, go to desus with it and temptation is a verture; to fly

Many girls who are in the evening genuine ornaments to the parlor, tastefully dressed and "neat as a new pin," are little better than slatterns when performing domestic duties.

I have no patience with this untidiness. It has always seemed to me as if Cinderella herself might have kept out of the ashes even if she was obliged to stay in the kitchen and work.

To look well while about housework is worth while. A neat calico dress, short enough to clear the floor, smoothly brushed hair. a clean collar, and a plentiful suppy of aprons, are all within the reach of any woman, and I maintain that she will do her work better, and feel more like doing it if so prepared for it. The moral influence of dress is undoubted.

WHAT CAN RUB IT OUT.

" My son," said his mother to a flaxen-haired boy, five years old, who was trying to rub out Sammy's mother washed the some pencil marks he had made wound with harts-horn, and when on paper, " My son, do you know the pain was gone she said : that God writes down all you do Sammy, my dear, let this teach in a book? He writes every you that many pretty things have naughty word, every disobedient act, every time you indulge in temper, and shake your shoulders,

or pout your lips; and, my boy, very sharp stings." It may save you can never rub it out."

The little boy's face grew very red, and in a moment tears ran down his cheeks. His mother looked earnestly at him, but she said nothing more. At length he came softly to her side, threw his arms around her neck, and whispered, " Can the blood of Jesus rub it out ?"

Dear children, Christ's blood can rub out the record of your sins, for it is writen in God's holy Word, "The blood of Jesus Christ, Fearing she would not get an-" His Son, cleanseth from all sin !"

Temptation is far better shunned than grapp ed with. We may get strength by a victorious ensharply, too. It stings fatally. "Blessed is the man that endereth worsted in the trial, and so Let

sudden of readiness the result aration. the way lem to w prophécie sert, mua seeker aft the Lord expected t ed places.

> Try a w aeck whe

S. Magazi