# THE WESLETAN, FRIDAL, AUGUST 18, 1882.

#### OUR HOME CIRCLE.

"HE EVER LIVETH TO MAKE INTERCESSION.

BY HARBIET MCÈWEN KIMBALL.

I will arise and go unto my Father And say what shall I say? O to abase myself in silence, rather, And weep myself away!

What can I plead, who have no plea to offer In presence of His grace? There was no help for me He did not proffer How shall I seek His face ?

So often He has heard my poor confession, And sent me on my way Rejoicing in the sweet assured possession Of pardon one brief day.

My sins ! my sins ! they seem to mount to heaven!

I can look up no more." Not new sins, but the old, so oft forgiven; The old sins o'er and o'er.

Yet must I rise and go unto my Father. The heavier grows my load The more I need deliverance. O to gather Some strength upon the road !

I said I had no plea. Alas! excuses Would but increase my sin. They are of pride, and He to pride refuses What penitence may win.

Already on my heart this sore oppression Seems less as I draw near : And out of H- aven a Voice of Intercession, Compassionate, I hear.

I cannot understand the wondrous pleading, Redemption's Mystery; But know it is for me, this interceding, So humble, yet so high.

O Jesus ! +ver loving, ever-living, Who makest Thine my plea, Would that the world were mine and worth the giving, To sacrifice to Thee!

But I remember that the troubled spirit, The broken, contrite heart, Are all Love asks or sinners need inherit, That Thou should'st take their part.

Receive me, then, O Jesus, and enfold me In mercy's sweet embrace : Through Thee I know the Father now beholds

me, In thine I see His face. -N. Y. Independent.

## A BIT OF EXPERIENCE.

I shall never forget that dayno, not if I live to be a hundred years old-when I lay on the bed and eried for something to eat. You might imagine that I was in a starving condition, but if you er: had seen the tray which the nurse that ?" had just placed beside me you would have been undeceived, and would probably have thought, as Charlie did, that I had taken leave of my senses. He looked first at me. and then at the tempting piece of broiled chicken, the delicate rolled bread and strawberries, and said in a toneof sheer amazement: "My dear child, what in the world do you want better than that?"

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"I just hate it !" "I would raer.

moner kinds. Hot-house bouquets | not yet three-score years and ten, had grown to be an old story and but I have gained enough wisdom those seemed to bring the very es- to see how mercifully the "comsence of the fresh out-door air to pleteness" which would have been her weary senses. my choice at eighteen was with-

I have never forgotten that sick- held, and how, through the failure ness in a strange city; and now if of my dearest plans, God has all I have a sick friend or neighbor I the time been leading me through try to send some remembrance, better paths, and will, I trust, even if it is nothing but bread and lead me to the end, when the combutter, provided it be of the best pletion of all work done for Him quality. It can be made to look will be all that we could have tempting by spreading the butter wished. How often here are on the loaf, cutting the slices very talents wasted ! He has given thin, and after taking off the them to us for His service and we crusts, rolling them up. With make them unfit for the Master practice and a sharp knife one can by putting them to ignoble uses. soon learn to do it deftly, and How often, for example, does a though it is nothing but bread and writer publish words which cater butter, after all, yet to an invalid to the depraved taste of the vulgar. the appearance is very attractive. when he or she might have sent Wine jelly is a safe thing to forth words which should have send, as it is allowed in almost all led some of the sinful ones back to sicknesses, and it can be varied in their Father.

several ways; tiny squares of But, after all, that which seems sponge cake through it, or white to us incomplete is often the most grapes hardened in it, make an complete in God's sight, who agreeable change. Bavarian cream judges not with man's judgment; is very nourishing and acceptable for often in our wills having been to most people's palates; if that is crossed, God's will has been made too rich, there are plainer creams perfect in us. and blanc manges. Even simple

# corn starch may be made a much

nicer dish than usual by flavoring TERRORS OF THE SNOWwith chocolate or coffee. An ap-SLIDE. ple charlotte made by Miss Par-

loa's receipt is delicious, and To those who never witnessed a sponge cake is generally accepta- snow-slide, the term has no terror; ble if the invalid has a sweet tooth, while those who have seen an and I never saw a man that was avalanche in the Wasatch mountnot fond of it. The feeling that airs shudder at the very thought though shut in one is not forgot- of it. The mountains in the vicinten is so cheering that jellies gain ity of the Cottonwoods are steep from it a sweetness of flavor and and bare. It is said an Indian flowers a more lasting fragrance. will not venture up little Cotton--S. M. W. in Christian Union. wood Canyon. When questioned as to the cause of this strange fear

of that particular canyon, they A SHORT TEMPERANCE shake their heads and say, "No STORY. good." Perhaps, in former years,

while hunting in the mountains, In a large city a laboring man, a slide might have sent a number leaving a large saloon, saw a costof them to the happy huntingly carriage and pair of horses grounds. Since the discovery of standing in front, occupied by mineral in that section, the timber two ladies, elegantly attired, conalong the mountain-sides has been versing with the proprietor. As nearly all cut down. The snow it rolled away, he said to the dealfalls deeper on this range than on any other part of the Rocky Mount-

"Whose establishment is ains, and the least jar of the bottom will start the snow to moving "It is mine," said the dealer gradually. At first, it starts gentcomplacently; "it cost \$5,000. ly, the whole mass gaining My wife and daughter cannot do strongth and speed, till it finally without it." comes down like a thunderbolt The mechanic bowed his head

with the roar of a thousand pieces a moment in deep thought, and of artillery. Trees and houses startling flash, said, mense boulders are taken up in its | coffin." "I see it, I see it!"

"See what ?" queried the deal-There are many causes for snow-See where for years my slides. If a heavy fall of snow is wages have gone. I helped to followed by a thaw and a sudden pay for that carriage, for those cold snap, the next snow will be horses, that gold-mounted har- very restless on this smooth surness, for the silk and laces and face. Again, if a party should jewelry for your family. The undertake to wade along through money I earned, that should have the snow on a steep mountain side, given my wife and family a home they leave a furrow behind them, of their own and good clothing, I which the immense pressure of spent at your bar. My wages the snow above is bound to close and the wages of others like me up. The magnitude of the slide have supported you and your depends upon the momentum the family in luxury. Hereafter my mass may acquire before closing wife and family shall have the up the gap. Hence it is that men benefit of my wages, and by the who know the capricious nature my nine children, I would say"-help of God I will never spend a- of snow in our mountain ranges and here he pulled off his velvet nother dime for drink. I see the are very cautious in moving mistake and the cure for it." around. The explosion of a heavy The Weekly Monitor. charge of gunpowder hundreds of feet beneath the surface has been

EVENING. On velvet slopes the shadows lie. The crimson pales along the west The steadfast stars arise on high, And labor's weary hands may rest.

So gradual is the twilight's fall. That day is past and night begun. Ere we have heard dear nature call Her tired children, every one;

Yet homeward fly the little birds, And homeward fare the laden bees, And sweet as songs unset to words The zephyrs murmur through the trees. Then, through the balmy silence-hark !

There sounds the children's v-sper chime Between the dawning and the dark There comes no holier, fairer time.

Soft thrill the voices low and sweet, While little figures kneeling pray, And trustfully at Jesus' feet Lay down the burden of the day.

Then mothers tie the robes of white, And kiss the lips, and smooth the brow ; The happy children say good night-

And each is watched by angels now -Margaret E. Sangster.

### A HAPPY HOME.

A pretty story told about a German discloses the secret of a son of a Sandwich Island woman happy home, wherein joy abound- and one of the mutineers, named eth, though there are many to feed Christian, who had been an officer and clothe:

A teacher once lived in Stras- named Thursday October Chrisburg, who had hard work to sup- tian, from the day he was born. port his family. His chief joy of His grandson. Ernest Christian, life, however, was in his nine joined the Wandering Jew as a children, though it was no light sailor, and went round the world. task to feed them all.

His brain would have been reeled and his heart sunk had he not trusted in his Heavenly Father when he thought of the number of jackets, shoes, stockings and taken to all the stores without dresses they would need in the finding a pair of shoes large enough course of a year, and of the quan- for him, and he had to wait for tity of bread and potatoes they some to be made.-Rev. A. H. would eat.

His house, too, was very close quarters for the many beds and cribs, to say nothing of the room required for the noise and fun which the merry nine made.

But father and mother managed very well, and the house was a pattern of neatness and order. One day there came a guest to the house. As they sat at dinner the stranger looking at the hungry children about the table, said compassionately:

"Poor man. what a cross you have to bear !" "I? A cross to bear?" asked the father wonderingly.

do you mean?" "Nine children, and seven boys at that ?" replied that stranger; looked sad, then, with the energy are licked up and snapped away adding bitterly, "I have but two, of a man suddenly aroused by a as though so much paper. Im- and each of them is a nail in my

course, and nothing but desola- "Mine are not, tion and ruin remains behind. er with decision. "Mine are not," said the teach "How does that happen?" ask-

a new piece through once on her Wonderful words from one so piano, and all would sing it, carry- young at such a time of peril! ing their several parts correctly. Another moment and he lay shot They have an organ, purchased in through the heart, but his spirit San Francisco, as a gift from was with the Lord who gave it. Queen Victoria, and Miss Young Dear readers, now-a-days few had learned to play it. She was are called upon to die for their evidently glad of some suggestions faith ; but do you esteem God's from her visitor in regard to the Word your dearest treasure? style of fingering, and it seemed Would you have all fear of death rather strange to see her work removed? Then look in simple the pedals with her bare feet, for trust to Him "who, by the grace the women and children and some of God, tasted death for every of the men never wear shoes, and man."-Early Dew. their feet are naturally quite large; but the fervor and sincerity of all in their worship and praise made everything seem comely. Mrs. Talpey taught a pair of twins, who were less than two years old, to sing the "Land of Beulah," they lisping the words and hum-

ming the tune perfectly; and she has since received a letter saying those little ones are running all over their beautiful island singing "Beulah Land." The first child born on the island was the on the Bounty. The child was their vocation.

He is a fine athletic young man, bright, good-natured and pious, always reading his Bible as his first duty in the morning. On arriving at Hull, England, he was PLUMB, in the Congregationalist.

DOES THE WORLD MISS ANY ONE?

Not long. The best and most useful of us will soon be forgotten. Those who to-day are filling a large place in the world's regard will pass away from the remembrance of man in a tew months, or at the farthest a few years, after the grave has closed upon their remains. We are shedding tears above a new made grave, and wildly crying out in "What our grief that our loss is irreparable, yet in a short time the tendrils of love have entwined around other supports, and we no longer miss the one who has gone. So passes the world. But there are men from whose memories no woman's smile can chase recollec-

"Then pull your cap over your

ent volumes there are engravings of the like practice. "Such a staff, tions of a sweet face that has givsays Brand, who mentions these en up all its beauty to death's icy touch. There are women aphic illustrations. "is to this day put into the hand of patients whose plighted faith extends far uudergoing phlebotomy by every beyond the grave, and drives avillage practitioner."-Harper's way as profane those who entice Young People. them from a worehip of their buried lovers. Such loyalty, however, is hid from the public gaze. MILLY'S LESSON. The world sweeps beside and Is it not strange that a little round them, and cares not to look girl with a good home should in upon this unobserved grief. It want to run away from it? But carves a line and rears a stone this is what Milly did one mornover the dead, and hastens away ing. She did not like her breakto offer homage to the living .-fast, and she did not like mamma's Exchange. shutting Carlo out of the parlor. "I will just take my Dolly and go on the railroad, 'way off to OUR YOUNG POLKS. grandma's house. She knows how to treat little girls," she said TASTING DEATH. to Dolly. In a time of great darkness, No one saw her slip out of the when priestcraft and intolerance house, and she found the way to were doing their worst to supthe station by following a carripress divine truth, a party of solage with a trunk on it. But when diers, under a very cruel leader, she reached the station she was were one day riding along a road afraid of all the strangers. There in Scotland when they met a lad were many trains, and she did carrying a book. Upon being not know the way to grandma's. questioned as to the nature She ran out on the street again, of the work he replied, with a but she did not know the way fearless, upward glance : home, and at last she sat down on "The Bible." some steps and cried until a good-"Throw it into the ditch !" natured boy saw her and took her shouted the fierce commander. to her father's house. " Na." returned the boy, in his "Mamma," she said that night, broad northern accent, "it is God's 'a good home looks nicer when Word." you think maybe you can't see it A second order to the same ef. again. Maybe the reason I got fect only caused him to grasp his lost was 'cause God meant me to treasure more firmly. A very learn about that."-The Sunbeam. cruel command followed.

BARBERS POLES In the records of the English Parliament for the last century we read that Lord Thurlow, when he opposed the Surgeons' Incorporation ation Bill in the House of Peers, on the 17th July, 1797, stated that by a statute still in force, the

barbers and surgeons were each to use a pole. The barbers were to have theirs blue and white striped, with no other appendage; but the surgeons', while the same in other respects, were likewise to have a gallipot and a red rag to denote the particular nature of

The origin of the barbers' pole is to be traced to the period when the barbers were also surgeons, and practiced bleeding. To assist this operation, it being necessary for the patient to grasp a staff, a stick or a pole was always kept by the barber-surgeon, together with the fillet or bandage he used for tying the patient's arm. When the pole was not in use, the tape was tied to it, that they might be both together when wanted.

On a person coming in to be bled, the tape was disengaged from the pole, and bound round the arm, and the pole was put into the person's hand. After the operation was concluded, the tape was again tied on the pole, and pole and tape were often hung at the door for a sign or notice to passers-by that they might there be bled. Doubtless the competition for custom was great, for our ancestors believed thoroughly in bleeding, and they demanded the operation frequently. At length, instead of hanging out the identical pole used in the operation, a pole was painted with stripes round it, in imitation of the real pole and bandage and thus came the sign. That the use of the pole in bleeding was very ancient appears from an illustration in a missal of the time of Edward I. In other anci-

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ther have a plain potato, if it was only boiled in somebody else's kettle and over somebody else's fire." And spite of the nurse's scolding and Charlie's pleading the tray went down again untouched. Yet I really was hungry, with a convalescent's appe-tite, but I had come to the point when it seemed as if I could not est another mouthful that was cooked in my own kitchen.

We were strangers in a great city; and on the first day that we had gone into our house I was taken sick, and for six weeks was too ill to care for anything, but now with returning health came

the usual irritability, and though conscious how utterly silly I was, I didn't seem able to be anything else. If Charlie had given me a good scolding it might have been better for me; but to all his coaxing I turned a deaf ear, and the poor fellow was at his wit's, end. when there suddenly appeared in the door of the room a ministering angel in the form of a little woman dressed in black.

"The nurse told me to come up," she said apologetically. "I am a neighbor, and brought this," she went on, uncovering a plate she held, "because knew you were strangers, and perhaps had no one to remember you; and I have been sick myself."

The place was a lovely bit of old china, and on it was a tiny mold of jelly, half a dozen white grapes, sponge cake. I sat up with a ed down to fucure ages as well as firmly demanded that I should Thus their good ship has been a strength that a moment before would have seemed incredible, and never did I think it possible to eat anything with such real enjoyment as those things gave me. When people are sick, trifles assume importance; a bowl of broth poorly cooked is enough to make one miserable, while a little bunch of flowers sent by a friend will brighten a whole day; they are always acceptable, except those that have strong fragrance, which are often disagreeable in the sickroom

A friend who had been confined to the house for five years told looked for joy? me that of all the flowers that were sent her the ones she remem-

INCOMPLETENESS OF LIFE.

It was Phillips Brooks who, in CASTING ALL YOUR CARES sermon on "The Withheld Comoletion of Life." set me to think-

In the summer of 1878, I desng to how many in this world ife does seem incomplete. The cended the Rhigi with one of the thing they are always strivmost faithful of the old Swiss ing to reach is always just beyond. guides. Beyond the services of and no matter how earnest the the day, he gave me unconsciousstriving, it is never to be attained. ly a lesson for my life. His first In our young days we saw visions care was to put my wraps and an absence of five years as master and dreamed dreams of what our other burdens upon his shoulder. of the ship Wandering Jew. He life was to be, and we always In doing this he asked for all, but and his wife, who has been with made it full of earthly happiness. I chose to keep back a few for him much of the time, are mem-According to our temperaments special care. I soon found them bers of the Walnut Avenue Conor surroundings we choose many no little hindrance to the freedom gregational Church, Boston Highthings to make our life complete of my movements; but still I lands; and it is their habit on in the coming years. To one it would not give them up until my board ship, throughout their long was to have a name on the lists of guide, returning to me where I voyages, to maintain divine wortwo wafers, and a slice of white heroes or literary men, to be hand- sat resting a moment, kindly but ship regularly on the Sabbath.

> to be lauded by contemporaries. give up everything but my al- sort of a floating Bethel all these To another to be the petted darl. penstock. Putting them with years, sending up its tribute of ing of some strong heart-the the utmost care upon his should- praise to God from the most dishappy mother of loving sons and ers, with a look of intense satis- tant seas. The ship called at Pitdaughters, and to reign well and faction he again led the way. cairn Island, and the descendants death or taste its bitterness, bewisely as queen of the household. And now, in my freedom, I of the "mutineers of the Bounty" But as the years have come and found I could make double speed, were visited. Captain and Mrs. gone, how has it been? have our with double safety. Then a voice Talpey speak very highly of the lives been rounded out and made spoke inwardly, "Ah, foolish, present moral and religious char-perfect as we so fondly hoped? wilful heart, hast thou indeed acter of the islanders. They Thank God, they have not.

say, "is not that a strange cause even the right." I saw it all in a and Sunday-school. Before sitting for thankfulness, that we should flash, and then as I leaped lightly down to the table when dining on

arranging of our own lives, where den-bearer. I will cast all my Everybody sings. All seem en- in the face, as you must look me to his heart and wrought there bered with the most affection were would our desires have led us? care upon Him, for He careth some garden blossoms of the com- In many cases to utterruin. I am for me."—Sarah F. Smiley.

known to start the snow overhead.

UPON HIM.

"Because I have taught them the noble art of obedience. Isn't

that so, children ?" " Yes," cried the children. "And you obey me willingly ?"

The two little girls laughed roguishly, but the seven young. sters shouted: "Yes, dear father, truly."

Then the father turned to the guest and said : "Sir, if death were to come in

at that door, waiting to take one of cap and hurled it at the door-'Rascal, who cheated you into thinking that I had one too many ?

The stranger sighed : he saw that it was disobedient children that made a father unhappy. One of the nine children of the poor school master became widely known ; he was the saintly pastor Oberlin.

PITCAIRN ISLANDERS.

Captain Henry Talpey, of Boston, has lately arrived home after eyes," was the mocking retort. 'Soldiers, prepare to fire!' hesitated, but their leader's face was stern. The lad never flinched; he was not afraid to taste cause he knew he should pass through it into the immediate him, and who redeemed him at the cost of His own precious blood. Thank God, they have not. "But," some one perhaps will hast no need to carry them, nor meetings, regular church services He heard a voice, unheard by others. whispering to his inmost soul:

have had failure where we looked on from rock to rock, down the board ship, and again at rising, and i for success—sorrow where we steep mountain side, I said with-they all clasped hands and said life." and I will give thee a crown of in myself, "and ever thus will I grace. They use the Moody and

A TRUE INCIDENT .--- " The ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib : but Israel doth For a moment the soldiers net know, my people doth not consider-"-Isa. i., 3. A farmer who had recently listened to an exposition from this text was giving food to his stock, when one of his oxen, evidently grateful for his care, fell to licking his presence of the Lord who loved bare arm. Instantly, with this simple incident, the Holy Spirit flashed conviction on the farmer's mind. He burst into tears, and exclaimed : "Yes, it is all true. How wonderful is God's Word! "Be thou faithful unto death, This poor, dumb brute is really more grateful to me than I am to God, and yet I am in debt to him I think not, for if we had the follow Jesus my Gaide, my. Bur- Sankey hymns a great deal. he said, firmly. "I will look you am!" The lesson had found way

-Am. Messenger.