# THE WESLEYAN, FRIDAY, AUGUST 29, 1884.

## OUR HOME CIRCLE.

#### SYMPATHY.

O Pain, thy realm is wide ! Must I to help the hearts beneath thy sway Traverse each province, trace each weary

Ere they in me confide ?

Many thy portals, Joy. Must I a' each leave pleasure, offerings rare To hift a happy heart, and gladness share With all thou dost employ ? obedience.

Nay, but Self holds us fast, Shut in ourselves; how little may we know Or others' grief or joy ?-Still as we go Our hearts faint greetings cast.

Ah, very bris f is life ! And must we let it hold us prisoners so-Chained to our own small joy and petty woe-Still with our lot at strife ?

My soul-thy kinship prove! The little path thine own experience shows Leads to the read each earnest seeker knows-G.d's vast highway of love.

Enter the heavenly road ! And every human heart that meets thee there Will give thee of its joy or pain, or care, Nor add to thine own load.

Choose the Christ life and be All that thine individual life denies -All mysteries are clear to love taught eyes, Know all thro' sympathy.

#### TIM AND HIS BOIBLE.

"Gude mornin' to ye, Father O Leary. The top o' the mornin to ye. I hope the wurreld wags better with you than with meself. It's a sight of trouble I see with me b'y, Tim ; it's never a thing his mither tells him that he is afther doin', and it's afraid I am that he's going' to the bad fast.' Here she pulled through the halfopen gateway of the Catholic Orphan's Home in the city of Ne-byt, a struggling, red-headed, freekled faced boy, with an open, honest countenance that made him look, before he dropped his crim--soned face upon his bosom, as though he might be a lad that his

mother would be proud of. "It's not a bit loike me he is naither in fatures nor ways. The McMullens niver had stubby red hair, nor them splotches on their faces, nor any o' the stibborn ways that Tim has. I'll say it that shouldn't, my people were middlin', gude lookin', an' had foin ways with them. The O'Flagertys were a people set in their own ways, an' it's from his fayther that Tim takes his hardness." Here she gave her head a toss.

you

and planting both hands upon her hip, took a look at Tim and then Father O'Leary, as much as

"At this juncture, Father O' such anguish any longer, went and they will do more to-day for Leary took Tim by the arm, and up to him, and reaching up his your happiness than any other telling Mrs. O'Flagerty she could little copy of the New Testament, people. go home, and her son would soon said :

follow her, he took a seat under a "Ob, sir, please take my book and read of the wonderful Jesus. tree and talked to him a long time upon the duties of children then you won't be afraid, for it to their parents, and then bade says, "Even the winds and the him go home, saying that he seabey him." I ain't a bitafraid, hoped to hear no more complaints for I love him, and he wont let me from his mother because of dis- be hurt.'

The old gentleman looked at the boy a few moments and grew cal-Tim passed out of the gate, but instead of taking the road home, mer. He was a man of wealth, went down to the river. It was a leading member of one the finest yet early morning, and the city churches in the city of Austin, had been warm and dusty, but benevolent, and looked upon as a here the green grass was wet with model man. Here before him dew and cool to his dirty little stood a mite of an Irish boy, feet. He took off his broken straw poorly clad, and evidently from hat, sat down under a shady tree the very lowest walks of life, offerand watched the boats as they ing him his Bible, sure that he went gliding by seaward, and could never have heard of it before, wondered if there might not be a so little did he trust him "that place somewhere that he might walked upon the troubled waters." go to and grow up to be an horest Could he turn from the child in man. Somehow he didn't like the scorn? Ab, no. He drew advice that Father O'Leary had him close to him, and given him. He was sure it read "The Book of Life' wouldn't help him understand as he had never done before,

the reading of the Bible that the and when the storm had ceased. teacher had read all winter in the Tim sat long beside his new-found common school, and that he had friend, and the old gentleman learned to love, and determined wore a smile of peaceful rest and after a talk with the captain. to know more of and follow its teachings. It was plain that his he determined to take Tim with mother would not allow that now. him to Austin, and find employso he resolved to go away and ment for him in his large banking live somewhere else. With this house.

intention he got up and made his Since that eventful time in way to the dock, where several Tim's life, many years have rolled by, and to-day, if you were in steamers were loading for an early Austin, and would step into one start. He didn't think he would like to go on a long sea voyage. of the largest banking houses in He only wanted to get away from home where he would not be there a grey-haired man who has known, and where he could get traveled a long while down the something to do. Going to the grade of time, while near him, captain of the first vessel that he with an ever watchful eye to his other on earth. In the "Farm came to, he asked if he would the best business men in the city, take him and let him work his way to some large city. The capand it will take you some motain looked at him from head to ments to recognize in him the foot and said. "No. I guess you Irish lad that left home, and all want to run off. I've had some he had ever known, that he might experience with that kind of boys; be free to read his Bible. In his they generally get home-sick elegant home, that he can show after a day or two, and we lose you, among his choicest treasures them at the first city where we is a soiled, worn copy of the New stop. No, I guess I don't want Testament that led him to the religion of Christ. This book that

Not a bit discouraged. Tim his mother could see was ruining tried the next: this time with the children of her Church who better success. The captain told perused its pages in the common him in a few words that he would schools, had brought him up out of take him, and told him to get his the greatest degradation and plachest on board, as in two hours | ced him side by side with the best more he would sail. Tim pressed men in the city of his adoption.

God. I used to smile at John Brown of Haddington because, when he was about to offer his hand and heart in marriage to one who became his lifelong com panion, he opened the conversation by saying: "Let us pray.'

But I have seen so many shipwrecks on the sea of matrimony, I have made up my mind that John Brown of Haddington was right. A union formed in prayer will be a happy union, though sickness pale the cheek, and poverty empty the bread-tray, and death open the small graves, and all the path of life bestrewn with thorns, from the marriage-altar, with its wed. ding-march and orange blossoms. clear on down to the last farewell at the gate where Isaac and Rebecca, Abraham and Sarah, Adam and Eve, parted.

And let me say to you who are in this relation, if you make one man or woman happy you have not lived in vain. Christ savs that what He is to the church you ought to be to each other; and if sometimes through difference of opinion or difference of disposition you make up your mind that your marriage was a mistake, patiently bear and forebear, remembering that life at the longest is short, and that for those who have been

badly mated in this world death will give a quick and immediate bill of divorcement, written in letters of green grass on quiet the city, you would see sitting graves. And perhaps my brother, my sister, perhaps you may appreciate each other better in heaven than you have appreciated each wants, is Mr. O'Flagerty, one of Ballads" an American poet puts into the lips of a repentant husband after a life of married pertur-

> bation these suggestive words :--And when she dies I wish that she would be laid by me. And lying together in silence, perhaps we will agree; And if we ever meet in heaven I would not

think it queer. we loved each other better because

quarreled here. Dr. Talmage.

SPEECH AND PRAYER.

We heard Rev. Asa Bronson advise Christians not to care so much as it is natural to do, whether crib, but Israel doth not know. they have great personal enjoy- My people doth not consider."

Thus the convert's break-down moved more souls heavenward than did his happy flight that day. and said-Ask them, and above all ask If we truly yield ourselves to the

Spirit of the Lord, he will honor himself, and bless other souls. through greatly differing utterance and operations.

DOG.

Then Dr. Barnes gave the bot. tle of medicine to their mother

"This is for Johnny; give a tablespoonful every two hours. As for, Joe be will be all right shortly, without medicine."

So, from taking the medicine. A GAMEKEEPER AND HIS sick, and lay in bed, while the sick boy got well the natural way. and went about his play. Joe's

mother kept up the treatment. "When waiting a few minutes getting up at nights to give the boy on a platform in Norfolk," says a minister, "a friend directed my his medicine, he getting worse and wife's attention to an unconverted | worse and worse, until one mornman standing on the opposite plating he said-

"Mother," I guess I'm going to reach with the truth.' He was a die, and I'd rather than take any gamekeeper, and was accompani- more of that medicine. Call ed by a black retriever dog. She Johnny and we'll trade names quickly crossed the line, went up back again, and if he don't want to him, and stroking his dog, said, to come and do it, you can tell What a beautiful dog you have him he may keep the mink-skin gave him too, for the Wesley to his name."

"Trade names?" said his mother and she questioned and found how it was, and that they had given Dr. Barnes their trade names. She had thought it singular that the boy who had been considered but slightly ill should have been put under treatment. and the other only let alone, but had supposed that the dector knew best.

Greatly frightened she ran out to the field where the hired man was cultivating corn, and directed him to jump on the horse and ride for his life-or rather for face and as though it understood Joe's life-and bring Dr. Barnes. When the doctor came and " 'Would you be grieved if he

heard the story, he looked at the followed a stranger? 'Yes,' he sick youngster and says he. "If replied, rather impatient at so he'd kept his mink-skin and " 'Ah,' said she, in a sad, terder. not hankered after a Wesley to his name, he'd had a better time reproachful tone, 'you ungrateful of it. Stop the treatment and he'll sinner, what lesson does that dog be all right." So his mother stopteach you! God has fed you, housed you, cared for you, loved ped it, and Joe came round right.

do not love or obey him, you do not follow him! He so loved \* PAYING OFF MOTHER." you that he gave his only-begott-

school book. The child was just

en Son to die on the cross for "Mother," said a little blackyour sins, and yet you never loved eved boy of six years, when you him in return! You follow a stranget old, and want some one to ger. Satan is your chosen master. read to you, I will pay you off.' The dog knows its owner-you Little Alexander's mother had know not yours! Truly may it been in the habit of reading to him be said of you, "the ox knoweth a good deal, and on this Sabbath his owner, and the ass his master's day she had read to him a great deal out of the Bible and a SabbathTAE SUNDA

SEPTEM

CONFIDEN PSALM

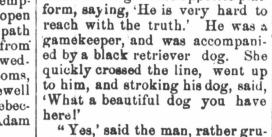
The author of th bably King David it belongs to the others that it was occasion when from the hands 2 Sam. 21: 15that its occasion Saul by Doeg th 22: 9, etc. It se to belong to the t

bellion, like Ps. David was flecin son and an exile the service of House of the Lo temple," " his to pavilion," canno temple, which w to the Mosaic t the congregation bly still at Gibe moved it to Jeru 3, etc., but to

#### Zion, 2 Sam. 6: EXPL

erected for the

My light, this the Old Testame the light, John foes, probably re ous toes from y delivered him i 1 Sam 17: 38-4 10; 24: 1, ete., up, etc., figura fierceness of his beasts; Job 16 : bled, tailed of were themselves past experience him courage ag ture danger, better, " in spit One thing, to sanctuary, when ible presence, continually, we thing in life. I abide. Beauty nances of wors beauty of holine munion with G er, contemplate of his tabernack holy of holies: safety it nowhe would dare en Rock, figurativ reach of my en 4. The nearer ther one is from



many questions.

you, these many years, but you

the precious blood of Christ."-

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

THE WAYS OF THE BABY.

Toddle, toddle, waddle, waddle,

Stumble, stumble, trip and tumble-

That's the way the baby goes.

Little shouts, and little shrieks :

Tears, with laughter coming after-

That's the way the baby speaks.

Every sweet that nature gives :

That's the way the baby lives.

Walking, sleeping, smiling, weeping-

On her little pinky toes

Prattle prattle, rattle, rattle,

Playing, toying, stillen joying

Christian Herald.

ffly, 'but take care he dosen't bite you, he is not fond of strangers.' 'Oh'' he won't bite me; dogs know who are fond of them. No doubt you are very fond of him? 'That I am.' 'Do you feed your dog?' 'Yes ma'am.' 'House him? 'Yes, of course.' 'Does your dog obey your word of command?' 'Yes ma'am.' 'And you would be disappointed if he did not love to obey you? 'That I should ;' then looking proudly at his dog, 'but Rover does like his master, doesn't he? and he patted the dog's head as it looked up trustfully in his

him.

to say : "You can see for yourself that boy ain't a bit like n.e," while Tim stood with drooping head, and one dirty toe ploughing up the dust in the walk of the yard that led up to the Home for toys that were incorrigible.

" What is the wrong you have been doing, Tim?" asked the priest. "Why don't you mind your mothfriends, and hastened down the er so that you can stay with her, gang-way. The mail was brought and not get the bad name of havaboard. The steamer slowly ing to go to the Reform School !"

moved away with the decks "Sie wants me to steal," said crowded with passengers, anxious the boy, as he pulled his toe from for the last look at the shore, and under a heap of dust he had piled those who stood waving hats and up with it, and held his head up handkerchiefs. During all this boldly. "I'm not goin' to steal, hurry and bustle, where is Tim, an' she needn't want me to, our little ragged Irish boy h 'enuseic's wrong, an' I ain't goin' There he stands alone in a quiet to do it." corner of the deck with his pre-

" Artah, an' there's not a bit o' cious, soiled Bible held close to truth in what Tim's sayin'," said his heart. No triend waved adieu Mrs. O'Flagerty, as she caught to him; his naked, soiled feet him by the arm and gave him a have trod the streets of Nesbyt shake. for the last time. No more shall

"You know, Father O'Leary, the "widdy" berate him for not I'm a peor widdy, an' I towld picking her up "a bit of a soup Tim to go down wan mornin' to bone from the mate market," or the mate market, an' when he got charge him with being unkind bea good chance, to pick me up a cluse "he would not get her a drop bit of soup bone, an' he said he tor her ague nor steal for her in didn't dare it; an' anither time I her sickness." Alone in the towid him to go up to the store world with his Bible, the Book an' git me a drop o' the best o' he has learned to love so well, the whuskey for the ague, an' he wud kindest memory of home, of the not do it. Then anither time when Bridget was so dithly sick I towld him to get me some o' the cratur quick, fur fear she'd die, an' didn't he stan up an' tell me he'd go fur a doctor, but he wasn't goin' to carry a bottle o' what would be the ruin o' me if I could get enough o' it? I tell ye what it is, Father O'Leary, Tim, he's a spoilt boy, an' its the Boible in the school that's done it. Before Tim wint to the school an' heard it read, he was arither kind of boy, but now he's clean spoilt; he niver wants to do what his mither tells him. I tell ye, Father O'Leary, unless our childer is taken from these Bible-readin' schools they'll all of 'em go wrong. I'm a poor widdy as has a hard time to get along, an' I'm not goin to have my childer stan' up and tell me they ain't goin' to do as I tell'em So I jest fetched Tim to you that you could give him a bit of a talkin' to, an' it it don't de him some good, then he's to be put in this school, an' not lowed any liferty, not even

his hand to his side to feel if his Had he not come in contact with it testament was safely there, and in common schools he might now with a faint smile he said to the be filling a term of years in some captain : "I'm ready, sir. I'm State prison for theft, following like the mud turtle that sets up on the example of the teaching he had the snags in the river. I've got received, "that it was no harrum all I own on my back, and its to pick up a bit of soup bone for the poor widdy that had a hard middlin' light to carry.'

teacher that taught him so well.

peals.

and not in any mischief.

Soon the two hours were gone. time to get along."-Presbyterian Friends had said "good-bye" to Banner.

SECURITY.

Rock of Ages, cleft for me, I have found a rest in thee, In affliction's dreary hour Thou hast shown thy gracious power Help me, Lord, that power to praise Evermore thro' all my days.

Safe within that cleft I stand, Shielded by thy loving hand ; O, let nothing draw me thence Still be thou my sure defense. Gracious Master, 'aviour, Friend, Keep, O keep me, to the end

Cleft for me! O blessed Lord, Never will I doubt Thy word. Though the cloud be dark o'erhead And temptations round me spread. Still I'll cast my care on Thes, Thou dost surely care for me.

Thus let all my life be spent, Trusting in th' Omnipotent, Casting off my every fear, Knowing that my Lord is near; Rock of Ages, cleft for me, I will still abide in Thee. -Christian Advocate.

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#### MATRIMONY.

he looked back to the fast rece-Before you give your heart and ding shore, and his breast swells hand in holy alliance, use all with pity as he thinks of the poor, caution; inquire outside as to ignorant mother that knows noth- habits, explore the dispositions. ing of the beauty of the sweet scrutinize the taste, question the promises that are given to those ancestry, and find out the ambiwho follow in the footsteps of the tions. Do not take the heroes and meek and lowly One that has said, heroines of cheap novels for a My mother and brethren are model. Do not put your lifetime those which hear the word of happiness in the keeping of a man God and do it." To that mother who has a reputation of being a as well as theother. How they'll little loose in morals, or in the laugh at my failure, and so I have he would like fondly to turn with his book of promises, and lead keeping of a woman who dresses her to the feet of the lowly Jesus, fast. Remember that while good but her heart was deaf to all ap- looks are a kindly gift of God. wrinkles or accident may despoil Tim, with his honest face and them. Remember that Byron kind ways, soon found his way was no more celebrated for his His young friends said, "His talk straight to the hearts of the cap- beauty than for his depravity.

tain and crew. They learned in a Remember that Absalom's hair had heard him talk before. We very few days that if Tim was was not more splendid than his out of sight he was sure to be habits were despicable. Hear it. found reading his tattered Bible, hear it: The only foundation for happy marriage that ever has been One evening a storm came up, or ever will be is good character. and an old gentleman that was a Ask father and mother's counsel

passenger became very much in this most important step of alarmed and walked the cabin your life. They are good advisers. floor in great dread. Tim stood They are the best friends you eve. poke his head out beyond the looking at him a short time, then had. They make more sacrifices

as if unable to stand the sight of for you than any one else ever did, 1 too."

ment in their service of the Lord. and leave all to him who alone can words. give effectual blessings. "When I was converted," said he, "my minister, Elder Wildman, suggested that I should, as soon as I had a good opportunity, make a public relation of my religious experience, in hope that my young

acquaintances would be moved thereby. The next Sunday evening many were present, and I felt glad to tell them what the Lord had done for my soul. I had much freedom and flow of thought and utterance. I could see that they were quite interested, and when I had concluded. I said to myself, "The Lord helped me: blessed be his name; I will be

glad again to tell of his love and my joy in him." I was verv happy. When the meeting was about to close, Elder Wildman said in a low tone, "You have told your young friends how you feel about the Lord. Hadn't you better tell the Lord how you feel about them? Do you feel free to pray?" I fell on my knees and tried to pray, but had no power of utterance. Thoughts came, but feeling came too, in such a way that I could hardly articulate. I tried to ask the Lord to convince the young that they needed salvation, needed it then, and could be saved then

through my dear Redeemer, but sobs and broken words were all that could have reached their ears. Somehow the meeting closed with a benediction, but I lay flat and confused, and went home feeling much mortified. "Why," said I, "couldn't I pray as well as speak ! They'll think I have no real religion, else I could have done one

done more harm than good." and Johnny agreed to be Joe. The result of this first testimony and prayer in public was different from what the young Christian supposed it would be. was well enough. But then we had heard him declaim and speak in dialogues, and we knew he could get off anything he had in dicine. his head; but when he undertook to pray for us and with us, and ed the older boy. had more feeling than he could hold, it had to run over in tears -that was what made us feel that

"Johnny," says Joe, for he wasn't going back on the trade on account of being sick. he had got something he never had "And my name's Jue," says the before, and something we needed other.

the looked sadly yet kindly at able to read a little himself, and buttodo whatduty seems to require, him as she earnestly uttered these the progress he was making doubt. less suggested to him how he "His eyes filled with tears, he might at some future time return

fixed them on his dog, and in a in kind all his mother's care. "I choking voice said, after a few will pay you off, mother," says moments, 'Ah, Rover, Rover, thou be, looking up into her face with hast taught thy master a lesson childish satisfaction, as if a new this day! I have been an ungrat- light from heaven had been sent ful sinner, but by God's help I'll be down to light up the little world so no longer.' That evening the of his soul. His mother pressed gamekeeper was found, for the him to her heart with a delight first time, in the prayer-meeting, that seemed to say-" My dear crying, God be merciful to me son, I am more than paid off ala sinner,' and soon he was rejoic- ready." ing in a sense of pardon through

But, children, you can never pay off your mother. Her thoughts of love and acts of affection are more in number than the days of life. How often has she nourished you, dressed you, kissed you, rocked you on her knee and in the cradle, carried you in her tender arms, watched over you in sleep, guided your infant steps, corrected at times your misdemeanors, thought of you in absence, and guarded your life in the unvarying remembrance of a mother's solicitude, and the free-will offering of a mother's devotion! Ah, dear child, you can never "pay off mother." Mother has taught you to read

and to pray. -She has patiently -Laura E. Richards. sat by you and taught you the letters of the alphabet; and then she helped you to put them to-POOR TRADE FOR JOE. gether and spell words of thought. She taught you to spell "God." Joe and Johnny were always Before you could read she taught trading with each other. Their you to say, "Our Father which art in Heaven." Mother has trained father was a horse dealer, and perhaps the boys got their trading you with lessons and hymns and ways from him. At last when they prayers to come to Christ. She had often swapped everything has prayed for you when none else they owned, they one day but God knew it, and has prayed traded names. As John had Weswith you when your wandering ley to his name, Joe gave a mink eyes understood not the meaning skin to boot. It was a fair, square of her grave and imploring looks. bargain; Joe agreed to be Johnny She has pointed you to Heaven and "led the way." Dear child, Just after this they were taken you can never "pay off mother." ill; Joe quite ill; Johnny not Yes, there is one way-there is much. Their mother saw Dr. one way in which you can more Barnes riding by, and called him than pay off mother. It is by in. As he lived miles away, she loving Jesus Christ and his work, thought this was good luck truly. and by preparing for heaven. The doctor examined his small There Jesus dwells in glory, patients, and while their mother which he communicates to the was down stairs, mixed some mesaints of all generations; that same Jesus who said, " Suffer lit-"What's your name?" he ask tle children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." Come, little children, come to Jesus Christ! Come, my child, and pay off moth-

er by praising God with her in heaven !- Children's Friend.

Head be lifted downcast; trus Sacrifices of joy loud expression giving.

When thou s brew. Seek to the words thee ;" then the sented as re holding them ring that it wou upon which th his prayer. Hide not, etc., should seek th would, theref now that I am not trom me, 1 Peter 5: 12. therefore do mercy to dista 14:6 Plain ness;" cf. Mat Acts 9:1, det had fainted, th well expresse would faint" trust in God's living, not of the earthly manifest. absolute faith can give us t fident courag say, for great QUESTION 1. Is the L and strength 2 Of who of whom not 3 Do you and his serv woods, to eve 4. If you d 5. When y

> GROW This is on

flowers, and

in praise of

6. In how

Lord?-Cond

book.

to be found i atively few p per cultivati ing the fines the grounds amazement beauty of th will forthwit their own pl ed with then grow the sa es, the ugh so signally 1 they had often reply, neighbor, them, but t When told seed of the from the flo was matured

ust, and the