THEWESLEYAN, FRIDAY, JULY 21, 1882

OUR HOME CIRCLE.

ADRIFT. Ever the water lily rocked Upon the rocking stream, Where the little clouds, reflected, flocked And steered across her dream. And ever she sighed : "Why must I stay In the river's bend from day to day? Oh! were I free to sail away, Where the seas with wonders teem

"I know that I am fair," she said ; "I watch it in the wave, At anchor here in the river bed, That holds me like a grave. What good is the sun's gold light to me, Or what good a living thing to be, When none draws ever nigh to see The beauty that I have ?"

The bird in the alder further flew At the ending of his song ; The rat plunged in where the rushes grew And paddled his way along ; The wind in the osiers stirred and sighed That the current was swift and the world was wide.

And "Away! and away!" the ripples cried, And the river-tide ran strong

Was she happier when the stars were born, And the bird sat mute in the tree ? When she rocked and swayed, with her cables torn, And felt that she was free? When the banks slid backward on either hand,

For the rat had guawed through her anchorstrand, And the wind had kissed her away from land

And was kissing her out to sea.

The river-mouth was broad and black, With currents counter-crossed, Where the foam churned white in the eddy's

track And the scattered stars were lost. No glimpse she saw of either bank, But a waste of weed that heaved and sank. Where from gulf to gulf she reeled and shrank And from wave to wave she tossed

The sun uprose through a glory spread, And climbed by a cloudy stair. And "What is the thing, O Sea?" he said. "Your breakers are tumbling there ?" "That," said the Sea, "with the muddled face,

And the cup all tattered and roft of grace? A flower, they say, from some inland place, That once on a time was fair !"

-Macmillan's Magazine

BECAUSE SHE ACKNOW. LEDGED HIM.

"Rain, rain, rain! What a long, lonely day this has been !' sighed a weary-looking girl, as she glanced from her narrow window into the dreariness without. In smoky London, up five

flights of stairs in a small attic room, sat Madeline Stuart. Yearningly, almost tearfully, she gazed into the distance-

"Above the fog, above the smoke, Above the cross on St. Paul's Church."

All alone in the world was shea poor sewing girl, alone in Lon-

BLESSEDNESS.

passed up the aisle to the chair

behind the desk. As the music

ceased, he rose, opened the Bible

on the table and read : "In all thy

ways acknowledge him, and he

shall direct thy paths." Three

times he read it in clear, earnest

tones, and then closed the book.

Laying his hand upon its cover,

and looking searchingly into the

"My friends, God has never yet

broken one of his promises; what

is more, he never will break one

of his promises. Is there a soul

in this room to-night who is wor-

ried and perplexed because they

cannot see the way before them-

any one who is in trouble because

faces before him, he said :

Blessed ones, a little while. Ye are gone before, Where eternal sunbeams smile On the better shore. Ye have joined the Church at rest, Never more to roam, Gathered to the Saviour's breast, Deep in endless home.

Yet e'en there-we feel it well-We to you are dear : Yet. in Him, with whom ye dwell, Ye to us are near. Still, through Him, in spirit-love, Friend emtraces friend ; Still, through Him, to you above We our greeting send. -H. C. G. Moule.

THE TRICYCLE.

the future looks so dark to them, It is to the tricycle, in some of and they cannot see even one the many forms it is now assumbright spot ahead? If so, let me ing, that we look as the travelling say, this promise is meant for you. carrage of the future. Within a Think over your past life, and if | very short time it has come extenat any time God has been good to sively into use : and as it is availyou, has led you, has kept you, able for ladies as well as gentlerise, and before this company ac- men, and is safe and steady for knowledge him. Do this, and the old as well as young, while the promise shall be verified unto clergyman and doctor can use it you: he shall direct thy paths. without that sacrifice of dignity Who will acknowledge him now?" | which is supposed to be involved Thought after thought rushed in the use of a bicycle, it will be You resolve to be more on the story of "Margaret, the Mother swiftly through Madeline Stuart's seen that the tricycle appeals to mind. She had been left an or- a very wide constituency indeed. phan at twelve years of age; God | It is impossible to say how many had placed her in a good family; of these useful machines are althrough kind friends she had ob- ready in use, and it is equally imtained an education and a business possible for the candid critic to by which she might gain an honest affirm which of the countless livelihood. To be sure, she must patterns in vogue is the best. It work hard, very hard, for her is enough to say that a person daily bread, and true it was that of average strength can with her only friends were far away practice propel himself (or heron the other side of the Atlantic; selt) over ordinary roads at the vet God had been good to her, so rate of six, eight, or even ten good, for her life might have been miles per hour, without any exmuch more bitter. As these traordinary exertion or fatigue: truths were pressed home to Mawhile if two club together and sit upon the subject; and perhaps deline's heart, she arose, and in side by side on a "sociable," the short, simple words "acknowledglabor is considerably diminished. ed him." Would the promise be What pleasanter mode of spendverified? Would he direct her ing a holiday can there be than for a man to take his wife through the country in this fashion? "If you please, Miss Stuart,

The luggage is strapped behind ; you start at what hour you "For me, and so early?" and Madeline hastened down stairs. To her surprise, the clergyman of the previous evening stood before trouble with your horses when the day's journey is done. The

"I will/explain my business at travelling costs you nothing, un once," he added, after his self- less it be a few pence for turnintroduction was over. "I am pikes. You save your railway ing in consideration and feeling, the crimes which brought them Mrs. Arden's brother. I stood in fare; and you see more of the for you. It is rather their tender the back hall last night, putting country than you could possibly affection which makes them unon my overcoat, and, the door be- do in any other way; while the willing there should be in you drunkards, lunatics, paupers or don city; and yet she did not feel ing ajar, heard my sister defer moderate exercise—which you anything to blame. They take prostitutes. The cost to the So at recess they all asked Miss paying you. I imagined your need never permit to become irk the sand paper of timely reproof county of this race of criminals Hartley at once, "Miss Hartley, in yonder sky were but a veil be- disappointment, but feared my of- some-will do you a thousand to rub down the sharp angles of and paupers is estimated at at fer of assistance might be deemed times more good than lounging obtrusive. I walked behind you, on the sands or rushing over the and saw you enter the church, and continent.-Chambers' Journal. it was for your especial benefit

THE DISCIPLINE OF WEAKNESS.

One of the most trying accompaniments of weakness is the irritability which too often follows in its train. Temper, good and bad, depends more upon our physical sensations than we are apt to imagine. It is easy, comparatively, to be amiable, when every vein thrills with the exhilaration of full health; but when you are weak and suffering you are very apt to be cross too. You seem to have lost all your power to be patient. Hasty words and angry looks are almost beyond your control. You do not mean to indulge in them, but in spite of all your efforts they take you, as it were, by storm. Some one speaks to you perhaps, and without any imaginable reason you are betrayed into impatience. Why, you cannot tell, for there might be nothing in either the speaker's words or intention to call it forth. But so it is; and while another has been surprised and wounded, you yourself shed bitter tears of shame and griet. watch for the future, but alas! upon the slightest provocation, or lished in the newspapers, but can even without any, the same result ensues. You grow discouraged. It was not always thus, you think. You were not wont to have so little command over yourself. Your friends, too, do not conceal their opinion that you are "not nearly so amiable as you used to be." It may be in real sorrow for the change; it may be in simple astonishment at it; but, at any rate, they communicate to you very freely their sentiments you are tempted to think them harsh, and to resent their remarks with anger. But remember they can only judge by what they see. They cannot take into account that which they do not see. The impatience is visible enough, and extremely unlovely; but they dog to maturity. Nine served terms please, taking whatever route not take into account your earnest you prefer; you halt when and struggles against it, your wrestlwhere it suits you, and have no ing prayers to be kept from it, all theothers were frequent inmates but it pours." your sorrow and humiliation when of jails and almshouses. It is said Do not, therefore, judge them three descendants of this out-cast hastily, as though they were want- | girl, two hundred were committed

This was all her apologies, where-upon the gentleman all said that such a wife was beyond price. The judge then explained he situation, and the next day there was a noble banquet.

with your apologies .- Lippincott's Magazine.

A MOTHER OF CRIM. INALS.

E. V. Smalley describes "A Great Charity Reform" in the July 'Century," which has been due in the conception and mainly in the execution of the charitable work of Miss Louisa Lee Schuyler, hung! And the gentleman spoke member of "The State Charities Aid Association." The influence of heredity in crime is forcibly illustrated as follows: At one of the meetings of the association, when the subject of preventing pauperism by giving a proper training to the children of paupers was under consideration, Dr. Elisha Harris related the terrible of Criminals." It has been pubprofitably be read again to illustrate the great importance of one branch of the association's work. Margaret was a pauper child left adrift in one of the villages on the upper Hudson, about ninety years ago. There was no alms-house in the place, and she was made a subject of out-door relief, receiving occasionally food and clothing from the town officials, but was never educated nor sheltered in a proper home. She became the mother of a long race of criminals and paupers, which has cursed the county ever since. The county. records show two hundred of her descendants who have been criminals. In one generation of her unhappy line there were twenty children, of whom seventeen lived aggregating fifty years in the State Prison for high crimes, and you have been betrayed into it. that of the six hundred and twenty upon the court records, and

I will tell you what happened There was a young man, only twenty years of age, and he was lying in jail. He had killed a man, and was going to be hung. He had been a Sunday-school boy, and Moral: Never worry a guest his teacher went to see him in prison. He had to go through a long, dark passage, and presently he came into the miserable murderer's cell.

It was a beatiful day; every. thing was lovely outside; the birds were singing, the sun was shining, and everything was green and beautiful! And this young man -only twenty years of age-was lying in this dreadful cell, his limbs chained together, going to be to him kindly. He said: "O, I am so sorry to see you

here." The young man burst into tears. and said:

"Ah! sir, if I had minded what my father and mother said to me -if I had attended to what you told me at school-I should not be here! I got into bad company. I followed one young lad and auother. I got something to drink. One bad thing led to another bad thing, and one day being half drunk, I killed a man; and now, sir, I am going to die.' Ah! "he got a-going, and he could not stop !" Take care about the bottom of the hill. Do not get a-going." You may not be able to stop till you get to the very bottom .- Young Reaper.

MISS POSITIVE.

The girls called her that because she was always sure she was right. Her real name was Ida. In Miss Hartley's school the scholars each said a verse from the Bible every morning at prayers. One morning Ida had such a funny verse, it made the scholars all laugh and even Miss Hartley had to pick her lips a little to keep sober. This was the verse, repeated in Ida's gravest tone, "It never rains

Now all the girls knew enough about the Bible to be sure there was no such verse in it, except Ida-she was "just as sure it was in the Bible as she was that she had two feet !" so she said; and most of the others were idiots, if they didn't believe it, they there such a verse?" Miss least one hundred thousand dol-Hartly there isn't, is there ?" and lars, taking no account of the Miss Hartley had to say that, so meant and wholesome. But there damage they inflicted upon pro- far as she had read the Bible or perty and the "suffering and degheard it read, she certainly had radation they caused in others. never heard of any such verse in Who can say that all this loss and wretchedness might not have been But Miss Positive was not conspared the community if the poor vinced. She shook her pretty pauper girl Margaret had been brown head, and said she couldn't provided with a good moral homehelp it, it was in the Bible, in the life while she was growing up to Book of Proverbs, and she could bring the book to school and show them. One great cause of our insensi-Miss Hartley said this would be bility to the goodness of our Creathe best thing to do. So the next tor is the very extensiveness of day came Ida, looking pleased and happy, with a little bit of a book in her hand, and pointing her OUR YOUNG POLKS. finger in triumph to the verse in large letters: "It never rains but it pours." " THAT LITTLE HAT." "But, dear child," said Miss I find it in the garden path, Its little crown half full Of wilted flowers; where's the rogue Hartley, " don't you know that is not a Bible ?" Who dared my roses pull? I find it on the roadside there, The flowers tossed away, And in the crown, packed carefully, A load of stone and clay. "Oh, yes, indeed," said Ida "it is out of the Bible, every word of it; don't you see it says 'Proverbs," on the cover ? Everybody knows that Proverbs is in the Bi-I find it in the daisied field. Or hidden in the clover, Inspected by the wandering bees, ble." Then the girls all langhed again : and Miss Hartley explain-And crawled by insects over. I find it on the old barn floor, Or in the manger resting, Or swinging from the beams above, ed that the book was a collection of the wise sayings of different Where cooing doves are nestling. men, and that they were called I find it 'neath my busy feet proverbs because they had so Upon the kitchen floor, much meaning in them, and were Or lying midway on the stairs, Or by my chamber door. I find it in, I find it out, used so much. After a good deal of talk, Ida 'Neath table, lounge, or chair, The little shabby, brimless thing, had to own that she was mistaken and that there wasn't a word I find it everywhere, of the Bible in her book from be-But on the curly, golden pate, ginning to end. Then how her For which alone 't was meant. That little restless, curly head, naughty little playmates teased On mischief alway, bent. her! O baby boy, this problem solve,

road from There were mountain, bu much more with so large certain to tak road which w ain. At a cer of His disciple village withi tance from B a deep ravia from the top and winds aw the left. Fro the buildings the rest of th posite, on the are the remain It was probab sent the two These active 1 ravine direct while the g take some tu road.

THE SUL

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Ver. 1-3-T

tioned were the Mount of

both from th Evangelists, was about to Jesus would such an err who respecte sure to giv well-known often travel Jerusalem a a great whi raised Lazar caused the w with His fan Ver. 4-11 the colt as t brought it t spread their back in lieu mounted th followed by As they near asm increas spreading road, as wel had cut dow He entered clamation (" who is thi the answer them-" Th Nazareth, of tants of Jer before, had His discour known Hin such a fashi The word

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The prophe fulfilment,

St. Mark

was an ass, bi

tween her and mother, and heaven was very near to Madeline Stuart. Slowly she folded her work, drew down the little white curtain, and put on her bonnet and that I chose the lesson of the eveshawl. ning. I was much gratified to

"I'm glad I've finished this hear your prompt testimony, and work to-night," she said softly to am moved to come here this mornherself, as she tied the bundle ing. For many weeks I have been " for Mrs. Arden will surely pay in search of some competent perme.'

son to act as governess to my Swiftly she walked through the children and companion to my muddy streets until she reached wife. I feel that it was a provithe handsome mansion on B---dence I chanced to be at my sis-Street. A trim-looking woman ter's last evening, and have no opened the door in response to her hesitation in offering you the sitring, and ushered her into the uation; it is for you to accept or comfortable drawing-room. A reject. few moments followed, and then

And Madeline bowed her head the rustle of silk on the stairs, the and answered : I accept the posidoor was pushed ajar, and in swept tion, and will strive to fulfil its the stately Mrs. Arden. trusts."

POINTED.

Dr. Joseph Brown, of Glasgow.

speaking in Edinburgh, at a recent

meeting of the Scottish Temper-

ance League, of Miss Weston and

her work among the sailors, said:

"Miss Weston told a very good

ample. At an evangelistic meet-

ing, before she was an abstainer.

poor sweep who was a victim of

intemperance, came up at the end

of the meeting to take the pledge,

and took the pen in his hand and

was about to sign his name, and

abstainer, Miss Weston?' She

was not a little caught, and obliged

paths?

her.

. .

there's a caller for you below."

"You are very prompt to-night, Madeline has a happy home of my dear," she observed, with one her own now, but she will never forof her most patronizing smiles; get that rainy evening in London, "I hope you have not slighted when the singing of a hymn led your work in your haste to finish her into Woodside Chapel. And there hangs upon her wall, in

"Not at all, Mrs. Arden," ansbright letters, the motto to which wered Madeline Stuart, advancshe attributes all the sunshine of ing toward that lady and laying her life: "In all thy ways ac-- the work in her hands. knowledge him, and he shall di-"Very well; I will not stop to rect thy paths.'

examine it now, as I have a press ing engagement to meet at seven. and it lacks but five minutes to that hour. Call to-morrow night for your pay please, and perhaps I may have more work for you.' Mrs. Arden touched the bell, and a servant appeared to show Madeline to the door.

"What a disappointment!" murmured the girl, as she retra-ced her steps. "She does not know how much I need that money.'

Mrs. Arden did not' mean to be unkind; she was simply thoughtless. She had everything herself; how could she realize Madeline's wants? Such people seldom do. The little chapel on Vine street was lighted as Madeline repassed it, and sweet music came floating out from the open door. Beautiful words they were, and they sounded just as beautiful in that London street to that poor sewing girl as they do to you and me in Boston and New York :

" Precious promise God hath given To the weary passer by : On the way from earth to heaven, I will guide thee with mine eye."

Madeline walked in and took a seat. Presently a tall, handsome and I bitterly regretted that I had "Great Balolo."-At Home in promise me that you will all dine man, past middle age, entered and I not done so earlier.'"

Forth from the dust we spring, and run About the green carth's patient breast-Our little day, At set of sun Into her bossom creep and rest. -Scribner's Monthly.

FISHING FOR THE BALOLO.

Only on two days in the whole year do these creatures come to the surface of the water. The first is in October, which is hence called "Little Balolo,' when only a few appear. The natives know exactly when they are due, and are all on the lookout for them. They make their calculations by the position of certain stars. After this no more are seen till the high tide of the full moon, which occurs between the 20th and 25th of November, which hence takes the name of or by great weakness. "Great Balolo," when they rise to the surface in countless myri-

ads, always before daybreak. At certain well known points near the reefs the whole sea to the depth of several inches is simply alive with these red, green, and brown creatures, which form one

writhing mass, and are pursued by shoals of fish of all sizes, which come to share the feast with the human beings. . . . For several hours there is the merriest sport and laughter, every one say it, form the problem. Mrs. anecdote 'about setting an ex- bailing up the worms, and trying Tucker, the wife ot Judge Tucker, who can most quickly fill up his of Williamsburg, solved this canoe. All is noise, scrambling, and excitement, the lads and lasses each carrying wicker baskets, with which they capture beauty, wit, ease and grace of the worms without carrying too much salt-water on board. As she was greatly rejoicing to see the day dawns these mysterious him doing so; but before signing creatures sink once more to their he looked up and said, 'Be you an native depths, and by the moment yers, for whom not the slightest of sunrise not one remains on the surface, nor will another be seen to confess that she was not pledg. for a twelve-month, when, true to ed, but said she had only a glass its festival, the balolo will cerof wine very rarely and in mod- tainly return. Never has it been eration. 'Ah, then,' said the known to fail in the memory of

sweep, 'I will do as the lady the oldest inhabitants, white or does,' and the poor fellow changed brown. Nor is there any record herself very charming. Upon his mind and went back to his old of any one having seen one rise to rising to leave the guests, she habits; and Miss Weston said, 'I the surface on any save the two said: learned my duty that night, and appointed days, which are known

next morning I took the pledge, as the "Little Balolo" Fiji.

your character, and though the friction is not pleasant, it is wellis One who sees all, and feels for all. He hears the sigh for help, and marks the tear of penitence, and knows how true it is that you "do that you would not." He andertands how much the body has to do in the matter, and how. though "the spirit is willing, the life while she flesh is weak." And so, however womanhood? often you may be vanquished in the battle, he is ready to receive and bless you, to wash away the stain of sin in his own precious blood, and to heal the wound which his bounty.-Paley. it has made by his own loving

Spirit. It is by his grace that you are kept so often ; and if you do but "hold fast by God" you will less and less frequently slide. He will "keep the door of your lips" that they may not transgress against him. He knows the intensity of suffering which irritability causes, especially when it is produced by the state of the nerves

NO APOLOGIES.

Apologies for poor dinners are generally out of place. But when a lady has a forgetful husband, who, without warning, brings home a dozen guests to sit down to a plain family dinner prepared for three or four, it is not in human nature to keep absolute silence. What to say, and how to problem years ago. She was the daughter or niece of Sir. Peyton Skipworth, and celebrated for her manner. Her temper and tact were put to the proof one court day, when the Judge brought the accustomed half-score of law-

COULD NOT STOP." I heard of a boy who was stanpreparation had been made, the Judge having quite forgotten to ding on the top of a hill, and his remind his wife that it was court- father was standing half way morrow that is surely in the Biday, and she herself, strange to down, and the father called to his ble; 'Uncle Ed found it for metell, having overlooked the fact. boy, "Come." The dinner was served with

And tell me, darling, whether

Your reguish pate and this old hat

I GOT A-GOING AND

Exchange.

Were ever seen together.

elegance, and Mrs. Tucker made the bottom of the hill. He said :

could not stop." "Gentlemen, you have dined and to-day with Judge Tucker;

> to-morrow with me." and I could not stop."

At play-hour they buzzed around her like so many mosquitoes, and asked her it she "got caught in the rain," and if it "poured hard to-day," and ever so many other silly things that they seemed to think were funny.

Ida stood it very well. At last she said, "I've got a verse for to-'Set a watch O Lord before my He ran down, but did not stop mouth; keep the door of my lips. where his father was, but went to And girls in spite of all your teasing, I'm going to try to keep the door shut.'

"O, father I got a-going, and I Then all the owners of those naughty tongues slipped away one Take care, young friends, lest | by one, looking ashamed. It you have to say: "I got a-going, wasn't the thing to say so much about a mistake. - Child's Paper.

King, com and battle worldly kin Peace, revi the Judges w. 10; x. 4 cising a wi or Solomo triumphal ual natur strongly a Sunday-sci THE T There w tals in Ali uneasy fee gers seen resistible a neighbor that would ends of the four corne room. from the s homes, an introduced material.' would nev was a y brought t skill she ed, praye fretted, f ment. And no at all ! ! the week bath," bu She turne as she th "O dea do someti now 1 mu one day' much ! " Or d cousin He of her th

" Of ba

" Why

with a sig

plans for

"don't y

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not there