

OUR HOME CIRCLE.

GATHER THEM IN.

BY THE REV. H. BURTON, M. A.

Gather them in at the Master's call To the banquet of his love; Gather them in, there's room for all In the Father's house above; Go, then, and tell them, Go and compel them, And out of the woe and the mire of sin Gather them in, gather them in!

JOHN FLETCHER.

He came upon the scene in 1757. He came when he was wanted, sent of God. He was a burning and shining light, and blazes like a ball of fire in the religious heavens unto this hour. Born and bred in Switzerland, under Calvinistic influence and teaching, he left the University of Geneva, where he ranked high as a scholar, an Arminian is believed. Providentially turned away from the military career which he had chosen he went to London, where he fell in with the Methodists, and was converted to God—converted with a clearness and power characteristic of those days when the fresh baptism of the Holy Spirit gave extraordinary power to the Word, and a peculiar vividness to religious experience. His mental constitution made him a Methodist, the grace of God made him a saint. His keen and cultured intellect, that had recoiled from the sterner theology of his fathers, revealed with unspeakable delight in the new world of thought now fully opened to him. His ardent soul exulted with holy joy in a realization of pardon, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost. Taking holy orders, he lost no time in beginning the work of the ministry. He declined a parish with light labor and good income, saying it afforded "too much money and too little work." He went to Madeley, where he found work enough, and where he exercised a ministry so full of toil, self-denial, and saintliness, that it has made the place fragrant with sacred associations to millions of Christian men and women. His providential function in the development of the new movement was two-fold. It was as if an Augustine and an A Kempis were combined in one and the same person. He was the exponent and defender of the doctrine of Methodism. Confronting the enemies that rose up against it on all sides, he received on his broad shield the arrows that flew thick and fast, and advancing upon the enemies of the truth as held by him and his co-laborers put them to rout. The logic he learned at Geneva was turned irresistibly against its dogmas. His "Checks" remain to this hour an effective warning against insidious error, a fortification behind which the champions of evangelical truth have felt themselves secure against all assailants. He helped to save Methodism from the folly of fanatical adherents, and from the misrepresentations of open foes. He knew no man after the flesh when called upon to defend the truth; whether in his own camp or outside of it, the propagator of error was detected by his keen and watchful eye, and beaten down by his swift and well directed blows. To him belongs the immortal honor of being the instrument, under God, of keeping the theology of Methodism in the middle current, between the extreme of rigid Augustinianism on the one side, and of a loose and ruinous Antinomianism on the other. He was also the exemplar of what the doctrines of grace, as held and taught by Methodists, can do for one who translates them into experience. He was a living epistle to whom all could read the proofs

of the power of the gospel to refine and exalt human nature. In the pulpit he was mighty; his sermons glowed with spiritual fervor, were models of the purest English, and were delivered with wonderful energy. He went from house to house ministering to the sick, comforting the sorrowing and admonishing the wicked, exercising the utmost self denial in his apparel and mode of living, that he might help the needy. His growth in grace was rapid and continuous. His presence was a benediction. In his devotions he seemed to enter the Holiest of Holies; his face shone like that of Moses when he came down from the mount where he had talked with God; in contact with him "every heart caught fire from the flame that burned in his soul." In his daily living he did not fall below the high standard presented in his writings. Christian Perfection was more persuasively presented in such a life than it could be by any book. A great company of believing souls in the generation just passed have turned their faces and their steps to the sunlit heights where he stands and beckons to them, and many who will read these lines have loftier spiritual ideals, deeper joys, and brighter hopes because this man's experience proved to them that holiness is a possible attainment. His life was hid with Christ in God, and presented to succeeding generations a picture of the transforming power of the gospel that will be a delight and an inspiration to receptive and aspiring souls throughout the brightening ages. The waters of earthly oblivion will close over many homes once familiar in human speech, but that of John Fletcher will remain. The image of the vicar of Madeley—small of stature, with the face of a saint, an eye that could melt into tears or flash like lightning, a head of classic mold, a voice of rare melody and power, a presence gracious yet commanding—will not fade from the minds of men. —Nashville Adv.

FLOORED BY A CATECHISM.

An amusing episode occurred yesterday in Judge Barnum's court room during the hearing of an ejection case, says Friday's Chicago Times. A boy of eight years was presented by one side as a witness, and the opposing counsel objected to him on the probability that the child was unaware of the nature of an oath. "Do you know what an oath is, Charlie?" asked the court. "Yes, sir," answered Charlie. "It is to ask God to help you tell the truth." "Where did you learn all this?" frowned the opposing counsel. "In the catechism," said Charlie, not to be frowned down or sat upon by the biggest lawyer in the business. "In the catechism? What catechism?" "In the cent catechism, sir." "Who told you to look into the catechism for the definition of an oath?" "My sister. She told me last night, and I got it and studied it." "Have you your catechism with you?" "Yes, sir. Here it is," and the well-thumbed little pamphlet was forthwith produced from the depths of that mysterious receptacle for all odds and ends, the trousers-pocket. "You see the boy has his documents," interposed the court, with a smile, and a quiet titter went around the court room as it became evident that the legal luminary was being "downed" by the child. "H'm! Let me see the book. I wonder if you know anything more than that's in it? Who made you?" "Why, God, o'course," was the reply, as if the lad pooh-poohed the idea of being asked such a simple question, and wanted "somethin' hard." Several questions were asked, and elicited ready replies. The lawyer saw that he was in for it, and accepted the defeat as graceful as possible. Turning to the court he said: "Your honor, I guess we will accept this witness, and for this little book, I would submit it to my learned friend, the counsel on the other side, and recommend its careful perusal by him. It will do him good."

Devotion to the person of Christ, that steers us clear of the doctrines and precepts of Christ, is sentimental rhapsody.—Rev. Herriek Johnson, D. D.

AT THE SABBATH'S CLOSE.

Into the garner of the past My day has gone; Its work has all been done, Its seed be sown cast. Whether to good, or yet to ill, Its toil shall lead Thou knowest, Heavenly Friend: My trust is in Thee. Out of such empty air create Some thoughts divine, Kindled by words of mine: These consecrate. Saviour, supremest, best, Receive my day, And hear me when I pray In Thee to rest. So, in the quiet of the night, I lay me down, Thy work my noblest crown, My chief delight.

THE STRAIGHT WAY.

The Christian at Work tells the following story: "Once a union meeting for prayer was held in an interior city of the State of New York—we may as well say it was Schenectady—and the chapel was crowded. Finally, in response to a call for five minute addresses, a good brother rose—such brethren somehow always are excessively good—and went for orthodox doctrine on everlasting punishment. There was a future punishment—he admitted that—and would even call it by the old name, hell. But there was a door to it that could be opened; there was time and opportunity for repentance; there was restoration to happiness for all the citizens of Inferno. Then he cited chapter and verse, and wound up by a challenge to any other brother to disprove what he had said, or to prove the correctness of the orthodox position. Then followed a period of silence. Finally, old Dr. Nott, then past four-score, bent with age, and his hair as white as snow, rose, and slowly and deliberately said: "The brother who last spoke told us of a way that leads to heaven through hell. Those that want to try the road to heaven via hell may take it if they choose, but as for me: I am going to heaven by the direct road, and I advise others to take that road, too. Let us pray."

KEEP UP WITH THE CHILDREN.

"Isn't the physics lesson awful hard?" inquired Charlie Blake of Fred Bellamy, a new boy who had lately entered the high school. "I thought it was going to be," was the reply, "but mother read it over with me and then we talked about it, and the first I knew I had it all." "Your mother!" exclaimed Charlie, "why, is she a teacher?" "She isn't anything but just my mother," returned Fred, a trifle indignantly. "What makes you ask that?" "Oh, I don't know. Only, I say, it's funny she should study physics. Now, isn't it?" "Why?" demanded Fred. "Oh, I don't know, only my mother never would have time. I shouldn't wonder if she didn't know what physics means. Anyway, she doesn't know I'm studying it." "Nor your father, either?" asked Fred. "Oh, sometimes I ask him about things, but he always says he used to get his lessons, alone, so I don't bother him much." As the two boys joined the crowd which was entering the high school gate, I wondered how many of their mothers did not know what their boys and girls were studying. If mothers only realized what an influence and hold on their children is lost through ignorance of their pursuits, I am sure they would reform. Do not say you haven't the time. Spend less time in society, in having a needless variety on your table, in thinking about and making your clothes, or in sweeping and scrubbing; but do keep up with your children. If, when they commence to attend school, you begin to look over their lessons with them every day and continue the habit, you will be surprised to find how little time it takes, and how easily you go from one subject to another, even those which you never studied before. The benefit is twofold. Always seeking to make the lesson attractive to your child, your mind is kept active, while he thoroughly understands and enjoys what otherwise would be a dreary task. If you find your child has a special taste for botany, geology, or any other study, encourage him in it by showing that you enjoy it too. Be patient when he rushes in with his arms full of

common flowers or stones. Show him to arrange them, and insist upon his taking care of them himself. If he is unwilling to do this, his interest is not very deep. Go with him, as often as you can, into the fields and woods and help him in collecting specimens. If he has a genius for mechanics, not only make an effort to provide him with suitable tools and a work-room, but take an interest in every piece of work he attempts. It is safe to say that every child has a talent for something, and he should be encouraged to make the most of this talent.

The secret of success in bringing up boys is to make them love their home, so that they will be happier there than anywhere else. If they feel that father and mother like to hear about everything they do, even down to trading a jackknife, that they are ready to listen to every new plan and experience, then they are not very likely to want to spend their evenings out, nor to have any friends or adventures which must be kept secret. If they know that father and mother keep track of their lessons and are anxious to have them understand every one, they will enjoy their studies and learn three times as much as they otherwise would.

I don't believe in helping them much. Teach them to help themselves, to rely upon their own powers, and you will have taught them one of the great lessons of life. But don't let them feel that they know more than their parents. Then will follow a lack of respect, of reverence, perhaps of love, while nothing can exceed the pride of a child in parents to whom he can look up in everything.—Congregationalist.

CHURCH MUSIC.

The following is the substance of an article on this topic from an American paper: The end of church music is to relieve the weariness of long attention, to make the mind more cheerful and composed and to endear the offices of religion. It should therefore, imitate the perfume of the Jewish Tabernacle, and have as little of the common uses as possible. There should be nothing that may make the fancy trifling or raise an improper thought, which would be to profane the service and to bring the play-house into the church. Religious harmony must be moving, but noble without grave, solemn and serene; fit for a martyr to play and an angel to hear. It should be contrived so as to warm the best blood within us, and to take hold of the finest part of the affections, to transport us with the beauty of holiness, and to make us ambitious of the glories of heaven.

You are conscious when you are at church that while hymns and psalms are being sung your heart as it were, is loosened, and there comes out of those songs to you a realization of the truths such as you never had before. There is a pleading element; there is a sense of humiliation of the heart; there is a poignant realization of sin and its guiltiness; there is a yearning for a brighter life in a hymn or psalm which you do not find in your closet, and in singing you come into sympathy with the truth as perhaps you never do under the preaching of a discourse.

In fashionable churches in this country the voices of the people are represented by a few careless professional ladies and gentlemen, who show themselves off to considerable advantage, in a private box situated in the gallery, in the front of the organ. There the ladies are wont to fan themselves and flirt during the prayers, and the gentlemen sit yawning, or draw caricatures, or, perhaps, take the morning paper and go behind the organ to read it, or use tobacco or step out to the nearest bar-room to get a drink during the sermon.

Above all, those insufferable concertos and pieces of music, as they are called, plague and embitter one's apprehension. Words are something; but to be exposed to an endless battery of mere sounds from two or three men and women is something fearful. To be long a-dying; to lie stretched upon a rack of roses; to keep up the languor by uninterrupted effort; to pile honey upon sugar, and sugar upon honey, to an interminable, tedious sweetness; to fill up sound with feeling, and to strain ideas to keep pace with it; to gaze on empty frames and to be forced to make the picture for yourselves; to read a book all

stops, and to be obliged to supply the verbal matter; to invent extempore tragedies; to answer to the vague questions of an inexplicable rambling name—these are faint shadows of what one has to undergo in our churches from a series of the ablest executed pieces sung by a quartette choir.

How long will this species of bad attempts of operatic performances last in our churches? How long will men and women remain to be merely sympathetic worshippers and submit patiently to a system of dumb devotion? How long will the plain injunctions of the prayer-book continue to be defied by pastors and people alike for the want of some combined action and vigorous reformation on the part of those most concerned?

INGRATITUDE.

The common incidents in our every day life become less trivial when we catch sometimes by a flash of intuition, the lesson underlying. A gentleman walking down to his city office the other morning, was met at the street corner by a ragged little fellow, who, in a tone of oddly-mingled impudence and entreaty, demanded: "Gimme a cent!" The penny, foolishly dropped into the small, out-stretched hand, disappeared like magic in one of the many pockets that undermined the little fellow's ragged garments; and almost instantly the empty fist was again thrust out with the added demand: "Gimme nother." The hands we raise to the great Giver, we lift more reverently, and our method of address is more respectful; but is not the nature of our appeal sometimes the same as "his street urchin's"? Do we never in our haste for more blessings, forget to acknowledge those already received? Is the Giver never slighted, in our over-eagerness for other gifts?—Sunday School Times.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

FOR BOYS.

The other day I saw a boy come into the house, and, giving his sister a shove, he exclaimed in a loud, rude tone, "Here, get out of this, can't you?" and then, crowding against her, he said, "Move when you're told, can't you?" The little girl moved out of the room, but I saw her lip quiver and heard her say, "He does not care who hears him speak so." I knew how deeply her feelings were wounded, and I thought, "I wonder if that boy does not care for his sister's love."

Boys, if you wish your sisters to love and try to please you, you must be polite, must treat them with the same kindness, consideration, and respect you do other girls.

I always judge of a boy or young man by his actions toward his mother or sisters; for depend upon it, a boy unkind to his sisters or disrespectful to his mother will never know what true politeness is, and will miss much of the sweetness of his life; for, go where he will, he will find no friends so loving, so staunch, or whose friendship will be so lasting as those of his own home. Boys, if you have a good home, you cannot value it too highly; if a loving mother and kind sister, you cannot prize them too dearly. The boy who is not too proud or sullen to make known his wishes in a cheerful, considerate way, not forgetting his "please" and "thank you," and who makes it a part of his every-day life to be kind, obliging, and pains-taking, as opportunity requires, will gain a lasting place in the affections of his loved ones, will increase his self-respect, and will gain the respect and esteem of those with whom he associates. Boys, get the love of God into your hearts; it will guard you against not only these, but all other evils, and eventually bring you to a sweet rest in heaven. "The far away home of the soul."—Florence.

BORN AMONG THE ICE-BERGS.

Away up North among the cold ice-bergs seems a very uncomfortable place to live; and so it would be for you and me, but for Baby Walrus, who is born there and is suited to such a cold place, it is perfectly delightful. There is nothing the chubby little fellow likes half as well as taking a nap on a great cake of clear ice, or diving into the cold water.

Though born on land, the walrus is most at home in the water, and well it may be, for as it has only flippers instead of feet and legs, it cannot do anything but flop on the land, while in the water it can swim like a fish.

It can even dive down and not come up again for an hour.

The full grown walrus is a terrible fellow, almost as big as an elephant, with two great tusks in his upper jaw and a mouth covered with a beard as coarse as so many knitting-needles. The baby, however, has no such tusks, and for two years has to be taken care of like any little human baby.

And how its mother does love it! and its father, too, for that matter, but it is the mother that takes the greatest care of it. She is usually as gentle as anybody could wish, but touch her baby and you would see a fearful creature. She has tusks and whiskers as well as Papa Walrus, and when she opens her mouth to roar she looks as savage as any animal can.

The walrus has several enemies, and the worst I am sorry to say, are men who hunt for its tusks and oil; but the polar bear is almost as bad as men, and delights in a little baby walrus for dinner above all other things.

When Mamma Walrus sees any powerful enemy trying to catch her baby, she rushes to it, takes it under her flipper, and scuds away through the water as fast as she can. If she is overtaken, she calls her friends about her, and then we betide the pursuer, for the angry animals can use their tusks with terrible effect. They have often attacked a boat full of men, and not ceased to fight until the boat was destroyed and the men drowned.

The reason why the walrus does not mind the cold water and the ice is, that it has a thick coating of oily fat under its thick hide, and that keeps it warmer than the warmest furs could make you or me.—Youth's Companion.

DCRA'S HOUSEKEEPING.

One morning Dora's mother was going away to the next town. She was going to bring grandma for a visit. The carriage was waiting before she was quite ready. "Now I shall not have time to finish my work," she said. "I will let you sweep the sitting-room, Dora. You did it very nicely last week, and I know you want to help me."

Dora was pouting because she could not go in the carriage with her mother. She thought it was very cruel that she must stay at home when she wanted to go so much. So she did not answer, but sat by the window pouting till the carriage was gone. Then she said to herself, "I don't feel like sweeping, and I don't care how I do it. I think it's too bad that I can't go to ride!"

So she swept the sitting-room in a very heedless manner. She did not get the dust pan and take up the litter; she only brushed it together and left it under the hearth-rug.

When her mother came home she praised her for making the room so neat. Grandma praised her too. She said, "I like to see children do their work well. Then I feel sure they will do their work well when they are grown up. I am glad if our little girl is going to be a good housekeeper."

O how Dora felt! She was so ashamed of what she had done. She kept thinking of the litter under the hearth-rug. She was afraid some one would move the rug and see it. She was unhappy all the rest of the day. When she went to sleep at night she dreamed that she could not find the dust pan.

She woke very early the next morning and went down stairs alone. She found the dust-pan and brushed up the litter as carefully as she could. It seemed easy enough to do it now. She wished that she had done it at first; then she would have deserved praise from her mother and grandmother.

Dora remembered this for a long time. I am not sure that she ever forgot it, and it taught her a good lesson. She found that wrong-doing made her very unhappy. When she grew older she learned to be a neat housekeeper.—Our Little Ones.

Let your actions follow the guidance of your judgment, if between them both you go down the Falls of Niagara, go! It is the only course worthy of a man.

Pages 1 & 2 makes of the great imp the Gospel always, as the church ed the pro how much ters. Those of the work had a side to work, at much. All 3-5—W St Paul pa in men to Whether n His promi the can conf safety and vort in His confidence only in the ding, and he commu prayer for might be d God and the sion of Ch 6—The from ever disorderly, (verse 2) has a men d-nded here J-w-s for ha God throug 7: 5-13), a the apostle had himse Thessalon them hold coplation of Church has ish church which we tions forms once betw and the Pro gard tradit with the S formed Ch Holy Scri necessary r soever is n be proved quired of a believed t be thought salvation. 7 9—St salouians t-structed th and act, b example. charge-able worked for while ama of St. Paul, denial, for maintain t-ber is w he has a ri the contri be ment ags ever find Paul said was he w who preat of the Go those ca from this ial reason salouians t-vious in t- chapter. 10-12.— principle obligation man to n-ance, an dependent ling to w hand of t- think of t- al begga mind son who inste their ow pasterly fairs, and their br bread" which the exertion charity o never fail power to come fro 13-15— ing" is r all Chr Then th mand be 6): If a bulies is r the apos Church with hir but of b day Scho A dur by plan r-d of on the they ha bardy p- pose, a grower d-sirab easily b la many no obje trees fo ed for in ad le tle trou