THE WESLEYAN, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1883.

OUR HOME CIRCLE.

THE OUTER AND THE INNER LIFE.

> " That within which passeth show." -Hamlet

There is a song within the lyre That never yet was sung ; Unborn it lies upon each wire That loosely haves unstrung, Until the minstrel's hand shall strain The slackenet cords in tune again, The bard's creative spirit give Tha: song a vocal soul to live.

There is a form the marble holds Beneath its surface rude, Deep in its unhewn heart it holds Beauty no eye has viewed. Until the sculptor's hand shill scale Each layer off that stony veil. Until at last shall stand displayed The perfect form of loveliest maid

There is a poem never told Within the poet's soul, Like tabled streams o'er bads of gold Beneath the earth that roll, Until some spell resistless wake The soul in rythmic song to break As bursts the stream into the light, Bubbling with golden glory bright.

There is a love -nor tongue nor lips E'er told its deep desire : Burning the heart it sileare knows Like subterranean fire Until some mighty passion-gust Break . through the outward rey-crust, And burning lava words reveal That love the heart would fain concest.

The song's unsung, unhewn the stone, The poet's rhyme untold, The hidden fice of love unshown Beneath the surface cold. 'Tis better thas: the secret kept The wound ton-een, the woe unwept, The outer life's deceitful show. The inner life that none may know - Cassell's Mayazine

THE BOYHOOD OF JOHN B, GOUGH.

bitter one. Barn in a very hum.

bie home at Sandgate, on the

ers, that they might have bread

to eat, or cleaning knives and

shoes in the gentleman's house

where his father was a servant,

there was little to make a boy's

life bright. When he was twelve

a family offered to bring him to

America if his parents would pay

fifty dollars for his passage. It

was difficult to earn this, but his

mother thought, after the manner

of mothers, "Perhaps in the New

World our John will be some-

body." So, with tears, she pack.

ed his scanty clothing, putting in

a little Bible, and pinning these

lines on a shirt:

dead till morning.

was now sixteen, devoted to his

mother, and still a noble, unsel-

fish, persevering boy.

His life had been a peculiarly

stranger. "I'm hungry, and so is my mother." "Well, I can't do much, but I'll help you a little, and he gave John a three-cent loaf of bread.

the good woman put the Bible on the rickety pine table, read from it, and then all knelt down and thanked God for the precious loaf. In the spring, he obtained em-

er-I see him now as then-Deaployment at four dollars and a half a week, but poverty and privation had fallen too heavily, rested too long, upon the mother. One day while preparing John's simple supper of rice and milk, she tell dead. All night long the desolate boy held her cold hand in his; then, in that Caristian city, she was put in a pine box, and, without shroud or prayers, carried in a cart, her two children walking behind it, and was buried in the Potter's Field. which the choir takes up with a For three days afterward John

Probably the world said "Poor things !" but it is certain that no- stands, his large spectacles restbody offered to help them. - Wide ing upon the extreme point of his

English coast, gleaning with his mother and sister after the reap-BY WAYS WE KNOW NOT.

Awake.

Through much tribulation we enter into the kingdom of heaven; the saints are made perfect through sufferings. It is true of individuals; it is true of peoples. No nation ever occupied a position of worth and influence in the world but after a long and weary trial. It seems a law of God's providence that their birth should be aimid the throes of revolution and their baptism in blood. It is from the midst of fire that we gain the burnished gold; it is only after forty years' wandering in the wilderness that Israel enters into the Herald. promised land and places the Jor-

as well as temporal progress. The

heart ripens, like the intellect; by

discipline, by labor, and trial we

must work our way to distinction

Had the Patriarch Job. for in-

No

stance, remained in prosperity.

and success.

Forget me not when death shall close These evoluds in their last repose ; And when the murmuring breezes wave

plaint, Montague, Buckfield, Ele-In vain they looked for work. Then they left their two decent ment, Ocean, New Durham, Canrooms, and moved into a garret. terbury, Fluvanna, Majesty, and Winter came on, and they had many more; and one thinks of neither fuel nor food. John walk- Burns' " Cotter's Saturday Night,' ed miles out into the country, and when

· dragged home old sticks which

"Perhaps Dundee's wide warbling m asures lay by the road-side. He pawned his coat that the mother, who Or plaintive Martyrs beat the heaven ward

had now become ill, might have flaine some mutton broth. These old tunes are not a mere One day he left her in tears, juxtaposition of chords, where the and went sobbing down the street. air is nothing and the other parts "What is the matter ?" said a less, but living, stirring, rousing

melody and harmony united. My eves grow moist, as I recall the old-time choir leading the voices of " All ye People" in divine worship. There they sit in

the lofty gallery, a company not When the boy reached home, of trifling boys and girls, but grave and religious men and matrons. To them it is the house of God, and they are not on pay, but to aid in devotion. The lead-

con Adams, a tall, spare man, who never smiled since his childhood, sits listening to the reading of the hymn. Opening the singing book, he audibly annocunces the page and tune. Then-for organs were not, nor cornetsdrawing from his vest pocket a steel tuning fork which he clasps between his teeth, then to his ear. with the command, "Sound! he murmurs, " Tum-tum-fa-sol, drawing out the last to a full note

roar of harmonious tones. and his sister never tasted fool.

> not contracted nose, his long bony arm rising and falling with the regularity of a clock pendulnm,

as he leats the time. Up it rises above his head-one; down it comes, the points of the fingers

resting upon the elevated front of the gallery-that's two; down drops the wrist-three; then up goes the whole arm into spacefour; whilst the singers, casting their eyes, these right, those left, manage to keep up with the excited leader. Ah, how often have I sat, the gallery of the old church and watched the operations of the choir.

"All those voices silent now forever." -Mark Trafton, D.D. in Zion's

dan between itself and its foes. . . . Earth precedes heaven

greeted. Its situation is certainly

very picturesque, and it is full of

historical interest. Thuringia is

everywhere rich in legends, and

some of the most beautiful are

Elizabeth, the heroine of Kings-

relates, the noble Henry of Osten-

dingen sang so surpassingly well

but for the arrival of the old mas-

large china stove he used, besides

THE BABY'S MESSAGE. O, it is beautiful ! litted so high ! Up where the stars are into the sky, Out of the dark, fierce grasp of pain, Into the glorious light again.

Whence do you bear me, ye shining ones, Up mid the dazzling realins of suns. Wherefore, was I thus caught away Out of my mother's arms to day ?

Never before, have I left her breast, Never been elsewhere rocked to rest ; Yet, I am wrapped in a maze of bliss, Tell me what the mystery is.

Baby spirit, whose wandering eyes Kindle ecstatic with surprise, This the ending of earthly breath This what mortals mean by death.

Far in the silence of the blue See, where the splendor pulses thro', Thither, released from a world of sin, Thither we come to guide thee in.

In through each seven fold circling band, In where the white child-angels stand, Up to the throne that thou mays't see, , Him who was once a child like the".

O, ye angels of love and light, Stay for a moment your starry flight, S ay, and adorn the star-sown track, Haste to my weeper, haste ye back !

Tell her how filled and thrilled I am, Tell her how wrapt in boundless calm, Tell her I sing, I soar, I shine, Tell her the heaven of heavens is mine.

Tenderest comforter, Faith's own word, Sweeter than any her heart hath heard, Softly her solaced tears now fall, Cherub, one whisper hath told her all. -Margaret J. Preston.

READING THE BIBLEWELL.

A little boy came home one day young people whose music we from church service, from which his parents had been detained, hood were kinsfolk, and these and asked his father if he ever gifts came from uncles and couread the twenty-first chapter of sins in every far-off degree. They Revelation. "Oh, yes; often," said his father. are poor-knitted gloves, a shawl, "But did you ever read it aloud baskets of flowers, jars of fruit, loaves of bread; but upon all to us here at home?" some little message of love was "I think so."

"Well, father, I don't think I pinned. "'Is there a bride in the ever heard it. The minister read it to day, and it was just as if he house?' I asked of my landlord. had taken a pencil and paper and do not make such a pother about pictured it right out before us." So much is there in good read- our young people. It is the ing, I have often wondered how grandmother's birthday." Jesus read the old prophets, the day he went into the meeting and tacles, white apron and high veltook up the Scriptures and read vet cap, was a heroine all day, sit-

them before the congregation. ting in state to receive visits, and The eyes of every one were "fast- dealing out slices from a sweet ened upon him," and all "wonder- loaf to each who came, I could ed at the gracious words that pro- not but remember certain grandceeded out of his mouth." If we mothers at home, just as much could read the Bible as he did, loved as she, probably, but whose what a power it would be in our dull, sad lives were never brighthouses! It is worth a mother's ened by any such gust of pleasure

while to study elocution, to some as this; and I thought we could learn much from these poor moun

nose and ears, he, thinking me to see the dear children whom of mother last, said in a husky I love so much, bending over their tone: "Oh, mother, for God's school desks, and walking with sake have them hurry, won't you, head and shoulders drooping ! please?" He ascended the scaf- My dear Schildren, it you would fold; the rope was adjusted, and have a strong spine and vigorous the trap was sprung, and his spir- lungs, heart, liver and stomach, it was sent to God who gave it. you must, now while you are Men of Des Moines, men of Iowa, young, learn^{*}to walk creet. If a for God's sake I ask you to "hur- boy were about to leave this counry !" " hurry !" D) not open try for Japan, never to return, and more of the places of iniquity, but were to come to me and ask for "hurry" to blot them out and rules to preserve health, I should drive them from your land. Be say : "I am glad to see you, and brave! Strike for a higher and will give you four rules, which better civilization. From all the carefully observed, will be pretty saloons in this city there flowed sore to preserve your health." no blessing, not one. Curses, and He might say to me, "four are only curses, have come from a good many ; I fear 1 may forthem. How long will you thus get some of them ; give me one. continue to give them the sancthe most important one, and I tion of the law.-From Gor. St. promise not to forget it." I John's Des Moines speech. should reply : " Well, my dear boy, if I can give you but one it

THE GRAY HEAD.

Keep yourself straight, that is, A private letter from a lady sit up straight : wark straight who is spending the year among and, when in bed at night, don't the peasants of Tyrol says : "The put two or three pillows under morning after our arrival, we your head, as though intent on were wakened by the sound of a watching your tees all night: violin and flutes under the window, and I believe that in this I should and, hurrying down, found the little give you the most important rule house adorned as for a feast-garwhich can be given for the prelands over the door and wreathservation of health and long ing a high chair which was set in life. state

My dear children, don't forget " The table was already coverit.-Dio Lewis. ed with gifts, brought by the

is this :

had heard. The whole neighbor-THE STORY OF A QUARREL.

"I shan't!" shrieked Lou, "I shail!" shrieked Jule. were very simple, for the donors "Then I won't play," said Lou,

with an angry pout, "and you're the meanest girl that ever lived; so there!

A window slid softly up some. where behind the honeysuckles.

"Children," called grandmamma, "come here a moment." "' Ach, nein!' he said. ' We

They obeyed shamefaced enough. Grandmamma, dear, gentle grandmamma, had only

"The grandmother in her specsince Uncle Charlie's death come to live at the farm, and the girls, though they had learned to love her very dearly, stood a little in awe of her.

> But they went straight in, and stepped one to either side of her high-backed chair.

"Well," said grandmamma, kindly.

"I wanted to play keep store," olunteered Jule

DAVID'S FL

THE SU

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went to Sam arranged for thinking Sau molest him the king he was, he sent Then a very pened (chap sent a speci: pany who der which so brought mission. sengers were influence, an ated, determ no sooner d scene, than found among not, however ment in Sau fidence in convinced salety for land. But, king's abser the court view with . David did Jonathan of tried his be there would would natu able constru conduct, at fact before casion his l

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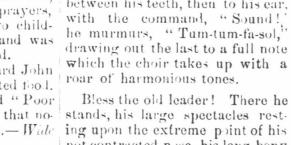
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The grass upon your mother's grave O then, whate'er thy age or lot May be, my child, forget me not. -Jaue Gough

Then, again and again she pressed her only boy to her heart, and stole behind the garden wall, that, unobserved, she might catch a last look of the stage which carried him to London.

surrounded by all the means and The voyage was a long one of appliances of wealth, in the bosom nearly two months. The little of his family, he had long ago lad often cried in his cabin, and been forgotten like the men of his he wrote back, "I wish mother age; they do not serve even to could wash me to-night," showing point a moral. It was the trials what a tender "mother's boy" of which he was disposed to comhe was. When New York harplain that purified his nature and bor was entered, and he was eager chastened his spirit. They engento see his adopted country, he was dered in him those virtues and sent below to black boots and shoes for the family.

graces that have made him an exemplar to all generations. His school days were now over. one remembers or thinks of his After two years of hard work in wealth, his flocks and herds; but the country, he sold his knife to his patience and resignation have bay a postage stamp, and wrote passed into a proverb, and are in to his father, asking his permissall men's mouths. He esteemed, ion to go to New York and learn as we should esteem, as a calamity a trade. Consent was given, and, the sudden destruction that came in the middle of the winter, our upon his prosperity. It was the English lad of fourteen reached very lesson he needed to crown the great city, with no home, no him with wisdom. As well might friends, and only fifty cents in his the block of marble complain of pocket. Hundreds passed by as the rude strokes of the sculptor's he stood on the dock, his little chisel, unwitting that without them trunk in his hands, but nobody the thought of beauty hidden bespoke to him. But at last, by neath its rough surface could not dint of earnestness, he found a be developed. It was a mere place to enter as errand-boy and cumbrous, shapeless mass. It is learn book-binding, receiving two a statue which the labor of genius dollars and twenty-five cents a has made immortal. week, and paying two dollars out So it was with Job. He was a of this for his board. How his mere mun of flocks and herds, he employers supposed he could live became by trial and sorrow a on one dollar a month for clothes

patriarch and saint. Older than and washing has never appeared. Moses, his example and his words The first night he was placed have been dear to all succeeding by his boarding-mistress in an atgenerations. Being dead he still tic, with an Irishman who was speaks, and soothes, and comforts deadly ill. The second night the the Christian, as erewhile he did man died, and the horror-stricken his own people, until there was no young boy staid alone with the need to ask where is the Maker, God, who giveth songs in the Now nearly two painful years night. The songs keep equal pace went by. Finally, though he earned but three dollars a week,

with the night, they were wrought out by the night, and he migh he sent to England for his mothwell say, "Though He slay m er and sister. When they arrivyet will I trust Him." God led ed two rooms were rented; the h'm by a wiy h knew not, an girl found work in a straw-bonnet out o' the darkness came light. factory, and, poer though they were, they were very happy. John -Churchman.

THE OLD-TIME CHOIR.

At the end of three months, through dullness of business, both children lost their places, and now ened eyes those old me dies original style by the present Duke broks and he fell almost lifeless to the body that they can't do their humanity-drunkenness. They began the struggle which the poor which formerly stirred the heart of Saxe-Weimar.-Home Jour the ground. As they raised him duty well except when the body is come to stay, and they will make know so well in our large cities. · lile a drum'-Rassia, Com- na'.

LUIHER'S PRISON ROUSE. extent, as well as to study deeply and the cross must go before the into the spirit of the Word, if she | taineers." crown. It is the law of spiritual

The pride and glory of Eisenach would make her Bible reading efis the castle of the Wartburg. The fective on the hearts of her chilancient castle, once the residence dren. A monotonous way of the Landgraves of Thuringia, reading takes much of the life out stands on the summit of a pine-

of the sweetest portions. clad hill, about two miles from the A conversational tone and mantown, and forms a landmark for ner is much more instructive th m all the country around. The Eisethe "Bible twang," which the nachers are so proud of their casgood old Scotch grandmother tle that they seem to find as much held so sacred that she sharply redifficulty in keeping it out of their proved her laddie for using it when conversation as did ever Mr. Dick reading the newspaper.

gia, and came a bride to the Wart. The women are never guilty of

burg. Half-way up the steep but such outrages. One was opened.

well made road which leads from and the boy who had been an ex-

the town to the castle, a few steps | emplary boy from childhood up, a

in among the pine-trees, is an old | regular attendant at the Sabbath-

stone fountain, where, it is said, school, soon was led astray-went

the miracle of the roses happened. there to play cards. Let me tell

The first room shown to visitors in you I never knew a boy in my

the castle contains a series of life who was ruined by letting

modern frescoes, illustrating the cards alone, but many a boy has

pious deeds and death of this saint- been destroyed through the influ-

y Landgrave. In another room ence of cards. You older ones

the Minnesingers contended for the here to night, to you let me say

palm of poetry, when, so tradition that it will do you no harm if you

the delights of earthly love that ple that may some time lead as-

in steering clear of King Charles head. "Have you been to the Wartburg yet?" is always the first A THRILLING INCIDENT. question with which a visitor is

never play another card. If you

do not, you will not set an exam-

This is a fitting desire for all to In one of the western towns two or three years ago resided a cherish, but to make it more than vapid sentiment, one needs to rewidow who had a son sixteen and a daughter eighteen years of age. fuse to put any doeds into his life which will not bear retrospection There had never been a dram-shop connected with this old castle. St. in the place until, some three when the light of eternity shines years before, the men petitioned on the moment of his mortal ley's "Saints' Tragedy," married the county organization to grant agony.-Zion's Her. one of the Landgraves of Thurin- a license to open a dram-shop.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

IF. If you your lips Would keep from slips, Five things observe with care Of whom you speak, To whom you speak, And how, and when, and where. If you your ears Would save from jeers. These things keep meekly hid Myself and I, And mine and my,

And how I do or did.

A WORD TO CHILDREN.

Dear children, listen while he would have gained the prize tray younger ones that look to you as patterns. This boy went tell you something which deeply ter-singer, Wolfram, of Eshenbach, into card-playing and beer-drinkconcerns your welfare. The subwho, in spite of his age and failing ing and from that to drunkenness, ject is the shape of your bodies. powers, sang so divinely of heaven. and in less than fifteen months, in God knew the shape best. He ly love that all present pronoun. a drunken spree, killed a comrade. created us upright, in his own ced him victor. As every one He was arrested, tried, convicted image. None of the inferior aniknows, Luther was imprisoned and sentenced to be hanged. The mals walk upright,

eleven months in the Wartburg, day of execution came on, and it God fitted the great vital organs working during the time at his found his sister at the State capi- in your body to an erect spine. translation of the Bible. The tol before the Governor asking Do your shoulders ever stoop forsmall room he occupied still con- executive interference in her | ward? If they do, so do the lungs, tains the wooden bedstead and brother's behalf. The mother heart, liver, and stomach fall was in the prison cell watching, down out of their natural places. three portraits by Kranach, of praying and comforting her boy Of course they can't do their work Luther and his father and mother. as only a mother can. The hour well. To show you how this is, A visitor with a vivid imagination of execution came on, and he was I will tell you that when you bend

may see the stain on the wall made literally torn from his mother's forward you can only take about by the ink when Luther hurled his arms, and she fell fainting to the half as much air into the lungs as inkpot at his spiritual eremy. The floor. He was taken to the gal- you can when you stand up are coming over to the side of Some of my readers will recall banqueting hall and the small lows; the black cap was adjusted, straight. As I have said, God has those who are fighting the deadwith qu ckened pulse and moist chapel have been restored in their the trap was sprung, the rope so arranged the great organs in liest, most treacherous foe of and the blool gushel from his straight. Oh, how it distresses a majority in God's good time.

"And I wanted to play house," said Lou.

Grandmamma smiled and closed Sala, a Florentine artist, when wrinkled hand over the small sick unto death, was twice carried brown one on each chair-arm.

to the church of St. Nazaro to "And so you quarrelled," she look at some beautiful frescoes said. "Would you like a little with which his genius had adornstory?" ed its walls. "That will do!" he

"O, yes'm!" cried Lou and Jule exclaimed as they bore him tenexactly together; and then they derly away to his couch of death. hooked their little fingers abeve "That will do !" When Dr. Bushgrandmamma's head and wished. nell recorded this incident, he What make girls always do that, said: "Oh, that I, that every I wonder? Boys never do. man, when life is waning, may be

"A long time ago," began able to look back on the works of grandmamma, " there lived in farlife and say, "That will do !" away England two maiden sisters. They were all alone in the world, and very wealthy, and as time went on, and they grew gray and wrinkled with years, they began to think of death, and of what they would do with their money. "At length they decided to build

a church of solid stone, which might endure for centuries and tell the name and fame of the Orme sisters to future generations. The stone was quarried and the builders came. Then whether tower or spire should adorn their church, the sisters could not agree.

"They wrangled and argued for days and months-neither would yield; and in the end each had her way. The tower and spire were erected side by side.'

"There they stand through storm and shine as they have stood for ages: the square, strong tower and the slender, tapering spire-a quarrel fixed in stone. And the story of those two stubborn sisters is told to strangers who visit the place over and over again."

Grandmamma paused. Lou and Jule looked across into each. other's eyes and laughed.

"Woren't they funny?,' said Lou. "We'll play store if you'd rather, Jule."

"And then we'll play house,' said Jule.

So then the sun shone again. But they lost the wish; for, you know, if one speaks before one is asked a question, the charm 18 broken.- Youth's Companion.

The manliest men in the nation

An en ence to Record suggesti It is th and rail ted to pal vice upor dials of th ges. It boats an a univers it impos in the seen if obstruct picture left aro

fection,

W. M. S.