

The Writer of "Home, Sweet Home."

STRANGER in London, all friendless, alone,
He walked through the city, unheeded, un-
known;

The lights of the houses shone forth on his
face,

There were thousands of homes, but for him
was no place.

Wearied and hungry, disheartened and sad,
The time had been long since his spirit was
glad.

And he sat on the steps at a nobleman's door,
And for solace he sang the refrain o'er and
o'er,

"Home, Home, sweet, sweet Home,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like
Home."

He had not a shilling to pay for a bed,
When he wrote what in luxury many have
said,

"Mid pleasures and palaces though we may
room,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like
Home."

The words full of cheer from his sorrows were
wringing,
He sighed, what in thankfulness others have
sung,

"A charm from the skies seems to hallow us
there,
Which seek through the world is ne'er met with
elsewhere;

"Home, Home, sweet, sweet Home,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like
Home."

Old London looked fair to his eyes growing
dim,
But the lights of the city no welcome gave
him.

"An exile from home, splendour dazzles in
vain,
Oh, give me my lowly thatched cottage
again!"

So sang the poor stranger, and went on his
way,
But millions of voices have sung since that
day,

"The birds singing gaily that came at my
call,
Give these and the peace of mind dearer than
all;

"Home, Home, sweet, sweet Home,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like
Home."

Did it need that one heart through deep an-
guish should learn,
That others the truth might more swiftly dis-
cern?

A triumph of love by the singer was won,
Our homes are the dearer for him who had
none!

We weep for the exile that longed for a home,
And yet was compelled as a wanderer to roam,
But he had some rapture to banish his pain,
As he heard in all lands the familiar refrain,
"Home, Home, sweet, sweet Home,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like
Home."

But the toil and the sorrow are over at last,
And the journeys and loneliness things of the
past;

America finds him with honour a grave,
And England above him the laurels would
wave;

In all climes and countries the man has his
fame,
And old men and children are speaking his
name.

But the best of all is he no longer shall roam,
The homeless, tired stranger, at length is at
Home.

"Home, Home, sweet, sweet Home,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like
Home."

—Marianne Farningham.

What Did the Apostle Paul Say?

THE other evening Rev. Mr. Philacter
sat down at the tea-table with a very
thoughtful air, and attended to the
wants of his brood in a very abstracted
manner. Presently he looked up at his
wife and said:

"The Apostle Paul—"
"Got an awful lump on the head
'saternoon," broke in the pastor's eldest
son, "playing base ball."

* The body of the writer of this exquisite
song has just been brought to America from
Tunis, where, for the last forty years, it has
reposed.

The pastor gravely paused for the in-
terruption, and resumed:

"The Apostle Paul—"
"Saw Mrs. Dash down at Green-
baum's this afternoon," said his eldest
daughter, addressing her mother. "She
had on the same old black silk. She's
going to Chicago."

The good minister waited patiently,
and then in tones which were just a
shade louder than before, he resumed:

"The Apostle Paul—"
"Went in swimmin' last night with
Henry and Ben, and stepped on a
clam-shell," exclaimed his younger son;
"and please, can I stay at home to-
morrow?"

The pastor informed his son that he
could stay away from the river, and
again essayed his subject of conversa-
tion. He said:

"The Apostle Paul says—"
"My teacher is an awful story-
teller," shouted the second son; "he
says the world is as round as an orange,
and turns around all the time. I guess
he hasn't much sense."

The mother lifted a warning finger
toward the boy, and said, "Sh!" and
the father resumed:

"The Apostle Paul says—"
"Don't bite off twice as much as you
can chew," broke out the eldest son, re-
proving the assault of his little sister
on a piece of cake.

The pastor's face showed just a trifle
of annoyance as he said in a very firm
and decided tone:

"The Apostle Paul says—"
"There's a fly in the butter," cried
the youngest hopeful of the family, and
a general laugh followed.

When silence had been restored the
eldest daughter, with an air of curiosity
said:

"Well, pa, I would really like to
know what the Apostle Paul said."

"Pass the mustard," said the pastor
sternly.

And now the question is: What did
the Apostle really say that the Rev. Mr.
Philacter could have so curiously con-
structed? Or is it the New Version?
Christian at Work.

The Blackboard.

NEVER use it if you can do without
it.

You can never do without it if by
using it you can make the lesson clearer
to your pupils.

Grow your blackboard exercises.
During the week at some time try to
make the lesson clear to a little child.

In doing it hold a slate or bit of paper
in hand, and make such marks as may be
necessary to arrest the attention of the
child, or convey the instruction of the
lesson to him. You will find that in
this way you have involuntarily pro-
duced a helpful blackboard exercise,
and one which may be profitably em-
ployed with your regular class on the
following Sabbath.

Ornamental blackboard work is of
little account in teaching. Blackboard
exercises of this kind may make a
good impression upon the school, but
for the teaching process study the
natural methods which prevail among
secular teachers in their recitation
rooms, or among lawyers in the court-
rooms, or among scientists on the
rostrum.

Be full of your subject. Determine
to teach it. Follow your instincts and
impulses, and in this way blackboard
exercises of the right and helpful kind
will abound.

Epworth and the Wesleys.

THE name of Epworth is known to
thousands of Methodists all the world
over; but probably not one in a thou-
sand knows more about the town than
that it was the birth-place of John
and Charles Wesley, the founders of
Methodism. The old rectory house, in
which so many of the children were
born, was burnt down in February,
1709. Charles, the eighteenth of their
children, was born in the old straw-
thatched house in December, 1707; so
he was the infant of the household,
not fourteen months old, when the
rectory was consumed. Keziah, the
nineteenth of their children, was born
a month after the fire, in the friendly
shelter of a neighbour's house, when
the family were all scattered. Not
any of the Wesleys were born in the
present rectory house, the building of
which cost more than two whole years'
income of the rector. Such a tax on
the resources of good old Samuel
Wesley, who had lost every thing he
had but his children in the fire, was
long and keenly felt, but who, as he
knelt in the garden when little "Jacky"
was rescued from the burning dwell-
ing, said, gratefully and uncomplai-
ningly, "God has given me all my
children. I am rich enough; let the
house go." And go it did, for it was
utterly consumed, and the rebuilding
of their home kept them poor, very
poor, all the remaining days of the
good rector's life; so poor that the
house was never more than half fur-
nished, and the children seldom more
than half clad and fed, while of what
is called pocket-money they had none.

The fact that John Wesley's father
preached for nearly forty years in Ep-
worth Church, and that he died and
was buried at Epworth, and that John
Wesley himself preached there for two
years as his father's curate, eleven
years before the first Methodist society
was formed, has given an interest to
the place which will never die.

It may be asked why so little is
known about Epworth itself. The
reason is plain. It is in such an out-
of-the-way locality that only the most
courageous persons would make the
effort to visit the place. I was myself
for nearly twenty years seeking a
favourable opportunity to make a
pilgrimage there with a companion
who would brave the difficulties. I
did succeed. There are three ways
of reaching the place: namely, by
walking, or driving, specially from
either Doncaster or Gainsborough, or
going by railway to the small town of
Crowle, and walking or hiring a special
conveyance for the six miles to Ep-
worth. Once in my previous investi-
gations I met with a Methodist
preacher who had been there, and in
reply to the inquiry about the diffi-
culty, said, "Epworth is six miles
from nowhere," meaning that it stood
alone in the midst of a vast wilder-
ness of fenny country—lowlands—far
away from any town of importance
Just so I found it. I was there on a
market day, but did not see 200
people in the streets. Fifty people
would fill the market hall, and a good-
sized Methodist congregation would fill
the market-place itself, in the centre of
which John Wesley occasionally gath-
ered nearly all the inhabitants of the
place to hear him preach. Epworth is
a non-progressive place. There are
not many towns or villages which are
so stationary. In 1696, when Mr.
Wesley became rector, he records the

fact that there were about 2,000
people in the parish. Just before his
death he informed his son, John, that
the parish then numbered nearly 2,000
people; and after the changes of 150
years the population is set down in
1881, as 1964; the population has not
varied more than twenty or thirty in
200 years.

The old church retains much of its
simple and primitive character, but it
has been renewed and has a new pulpit.

The town is a mile long, or there-
abouts, chiefly one long street, with a
few short ones near the market-place.
Timber is largely used in the construc-
tion of the dwellings, because stone
and bricks have to be carried from so
many miles away. The chief interest
of the place centres in the rectory
house, the church, and the churchyard,
in which Rector Wesley is buried.
The rectory is a strongly built edifice,
so strong that there is little in it to
burn even if set on fire. The floors
are a kind of cement, thick and hard.
The rooms and staircases are the same
as when the Wesleys lived there. Those
readers of Mr. Wesley's life who re-
member the account he gives of the
strange noises heard there during
about three months or more, in 1716,
may realize the scene of every event
recited. There, too, is the gathered
kitchen in which Mrs. Wesley identified
her weekly congregations (larger than
those attending the church) on Sunday
while the rector was attending con-
vocation, in 1711, in London. As I
stood in that kitchen, and in the pas-
sage leading thereto, it was hard to
realize how 200 persons could be
crowded therein, but Mrs. Wesley has
recorded the fact.

During the time Samuel Wesley was
rector the income only realized \$1,000
a year. The property has so much in-
creased in value that the same estate
yields the present rector \$5,000. Had
Mr. Wesley ever had so much money
at his command he would have deemed
himself a rich man. One cannot help
feeling keenly the privations of that
family all through their earthly career.
It is open to question whether either
John or Charles Wesley had \$1,000
for their own during any one year of
their lives; yet with all their com-
parative poverty, see what an amount
of work they did, and good they ac-
complished, and the work lives and
spreads.

"GET out of the way! what are you
good for?" said a cross old man to a
bright-eyed urchin, who happened to
stand in his way. The little fellow re-
plied very gently, "They make men
out of such things as we are."

SOME grim people have said that
there is no record to the fact that Jesus
ever smiled. A little girl who heard
some one say that, replied: "Didn't
He say, 'Suffer little children to come
unto Me?' and they would not have
come unless He smiled."

THE teacher should not be always
counting his failures. The turning of
one soul to God is enough to cheer a
whole life-time of work. "There,"
said one plain workman to another,
pointing to a gentleman passing by,
"there goes Norman McLeod. If he
had done nothing more than he has
done for my soul, he would shine as
the stars, forever and ever." Let the
discouraged teacher think of the value
of one such testimony as that.