

OUR HOME CIRCLE.

MY PRAYER.

If, when I kneel to pray... With eager lips, I say... 'Lord, give me all the things I desire...

THOMAS WEBB.

His title is Captain Webb. By it he will be known and honored as long as Methodism has a name...

He was of good family, and inherited a considerable estate. The first distinct glimpse we get of him was a young captain in the British army...

Under a sermon preached by Mr. Wesley at Bristol in 1795 he was awakened. He had a long and painful struggle before his proud and fiery spirit yielded to be saved by grace...

It was not long before the rejoicing soldier made an important discovery—he found that God had called him to preach the gospel. Entering a Methodist congregation at Bath, and finding that the expected preacher had failed to appear...

Wesley was not slow in discerning this new light that had suddenly appeared in an unexpected quarter. The great leader loved to enlist military men in the work of the Church—he knew that the discipline, the obedience, and the courage characteristic of the true soldier, when turned to the nobler service of the Captain of our salvation, made them successful leaders in his army...

Jesus Christ. His labours were crowned with success from the start. The people heard the bluff soldier with delight, and caught fire from contact with a spirit so ablaze with holy zeal. They trembled under his fiery fulminations, and wept with him as he portrayed the unutterable sorrows of the Son of God, who loved the world and gave himself for it...

The divine hand was plainly visible in the next important turn in his life. In 1776 he was sent to Albany, New York, in charge of the barracks where the British soldiers were stationed. He was specially needed in America just then, and his coming was one of the many coincidences that mark the providential character of the events connected with the planting of Methodism in America.

A study, thick-set, full-chested man, of erect military carriage, clad in flaming British army uniform, with just a little of the self-asserting manner that indicates that he will insist on being heard when he has something to say; his face about equally expressive of benevolence and determination; and the other veiled with a green shade; the bald head, nearly as round as a bullet, swelling a little where the organ of veneration is supposed to be located; and with plenty of pugnacity and drifing-force behind his ears—this is Captain Webb, the bluff, brave, fiery, yet tender soldier-saint who will have a place among the noble historic figures that crowd the canvas in the Centenary picture until the last battle of the militant Church shall have been fought, and the last victory won—Nashville Christian Advocate.

FOR LIFE TO ME. For life to me is as a station... One absent long from home and nation... And I, as he who stands and listens... To hear approaching in the distance... The train for home! —Longfellow.

POMPEII. In two recently excavated houses the paintings on the walls are as fresh as if just put on, and the halls are rich with decorations. Some of the marble tables are still standing; the fountains in the atrium and peristyle, with their pretty little statues and mosaics, look as if they might begin to play at any moment; the kitchen hearths, built like ranges, seem ready for their pots and kettles; a few flower pots are still set in the gardens; in the store-rooms are some oil jars and wine jars; it is as if one might begin house-keeping to-morrow, and invite one's friends to dinner the day after.

Water for cleansing was found in every part of the house, and ran off through perfect drains. All the tables and benches were marble or granite; even the walls, and the borders of the windows, Hygieia must have come naturally to the old Pompeians; he evidently had no chance to get a typhoidal attack; the only class of disease he could not provide against was the eruptive, and one of these carried him off at last.

The excavations are going on steadily, and are admirably managed. It is a delight to see one room after another revealed to the light of day. The authorities are now beginning to replace the charred timbers of the roof with new ones. In this way some second-story balconies are kept in place, instead of being allowed to fall down as formerly. Over some of the most richly decorated houses the roofs are being restored exactly as they were, with tiles made after the ancient patterns.

You would be astonished at the size of some of the Pompeian houses, and of the rooms and spaces they inclose. They look small because they are so empty, but when you measure them you find them very spacious. Houses of thirty and forty rooms in the first story are not uncommon. The great space was the atrium, often 35 to 40 feet long, having an opening for light in the centre of the roof; just under this a marble lined basin, raised above the floor, into which the rain fell and on the margin of which were placed bronzes and vases. Out of this opened bedrooms, and at the end a reception room and dining room. Beyond this was a peristyle or court, surrounded by from eight to twenty columns, thus making a broad corridor running all around. Some of the peristyles were 80 to 100 feet square, with a great variety of rooms opening into them. Beyond the peristyle was the garden sometimes 150 feet square, or more, with all sorts of arrangements for plants and fountains. A good many of the elaborate niche-shaped fountains are still perfect. The street entrances to some of the houses are 10 to 15 feet in width and had quadruple or four leaved doors. In fact, so spacious are these dwellings on the ground floor that it is generally believed that the upper story rooms were rented out. The floors of the first and second story were of cement in which patterns of mosaic or tessellated work were laid. Many of these floors are uninjured.

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THE LOST KITTENS. "Some years ago in a sermon one Sunday morning," said Mr. Spurgeon, "I told my congregation about the awful stir that was in my house one night, and all because the kitten had been lost. I added: 'If we feel happy over a found kitten, what sadness the Lord must feel over a lost soul, and what must be his joy over the finding of it.' Last month an old lady came to join the church and brought me a sermon, which she had carried in her pocket for some time, and there was this little bit about the kitten marked. 'Sir,' she said, 'you introduced that story with an apology, but you need not have apologized.' Then she told me a story about two kittens that were lost when she was a little girl, and described what a fright she was in when they were lost, and what joy she experienced when they were found. 'And so, sir,' she added, 'I found peace with God from reading this, for I recollected my own joy as a girl over the finding of my kittens; and I thought God must think more of me; so I came to him, and here am I.'

OUR YOUNG FOLKS. THE ROYAL CHILDREN. When Osborn house was ready to go into, the Queen and her family had a house-warming. It was a gay and merry and happy time. There is a beautiful hymn of Martin Luther's which the Germans often sing at house-warming; and Prince Albert being a German, and keeping a tender liking for the pleasant home customs, repeated it at his house-warming. Here it is:—

"God bless our going out, nor less Our coming in, and make them sure; Our blessing our daily bread, and bless What'er we do—what'er endure; In death unto his peace awake us; And heirs of his salvation make us."

SHE HATH DONE WHAT SHE COULD. While walking in one of our large cities not long since, I met a little girl whose singular walk and movements attracted at once my attention. Her shoes looked strangely empty, and were much twisted on her ankles, and I now noticed that the sleeves of her dress were long, and gathered at the lower end, entirely concealing her arms. "Do you see that poor child?" said a friend walking with me, "she has neither hands nor feet; she has never had them, having come into the world without them." And yet," she continued, as we both noticed the little girl's bright countenance, "as you would be surprised to see how much she can do, and how happy she is. She goes to school, learns fast, and how do you suppose she writes? Why, she holds her pencil between her two shapeless wrists, and has learned to guide it quite well!" Ah, little children what a lesson is here for us to whom God has given hands and feet, and all our faculties to serve him! How little do we do, and how little gratitude do we feel, compared with this little one whose cheerful face was quite as noticeable as her sad affliction. Does it not call to mind those beautiful words, which may indeed be said of her, yet which we too, should strive to have said of us: "She hath done what she could!" —The Young Churchman.

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and said harshly: "You must not pay it." "But we want you at home," replied the man, smiling at her pleasantly. "No, you must not pay it," insisted his wife. "Don't waste the money on me. Use it at home. Buy a new pair of shoes for baby with it." "Please come home, mamma," said the little girl; and her father silently drew the money from his pocket and handed it to the clerk of the court. But the woman still protested, declaring that she would not go home, and she would go to prison; and it was not until the little girl began to cry and the judge begged her to think of her children that she consented to return. Her husband at length took her by one hand and the child by the other, and between them she was led slowly from the court. "O, the curse of intemperance!"

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HE FAILETH NOT. I have tried love, and I have known love fail; Have trusted friends, and found that friends forgot; Sought help from my own heart without avail— "He faileth not!" Neither by day or night, in age or youth; In poverty, and in the fairest lot; In sorrow and in joy, His word is truth— "He faileth not!" If I should let all other comfort go, And every other promise were forgot, My soul would sit and sing, because I know "He faileth not."

A SAD SCENE. What pathetic incidents occur in our police courts! One morning, a short time ago, a woman was arraigned before a justice on the charge of having been found drunk on the street the previous night. When asked if she had anything to say for herself she flushed and trembled, but looked the judge steadily in the face as she replied: "I can say nothing. I forgot myself and must bear the consequences." She was fined five dollars, and, as she could not pay, was about to be conducted to prison, when a man, having the appearance of a hard-working mechanic and accompanied by a pretty little girl, rose in the audience and offered to pay it for her. It was her husband. Hearing his voice she hid her face in her hands

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"DIDN'T I, DAN?" "Jimmy, have you watered my horse this morning?" "Yes, uncle, I watered him; didn't I, Dan?" he asked, turning to his younger brother. "Of course you did," responded Dan.

The gentlemen looked at the boys a moment, wondering a little at Jimmy's words; then he rode away. This was Mr. Harley's first visit with his nephews, and thus far he had been pleased with their bright, intelligent faces and kind behavior. Still there was something in Jimmy's appeal to his brother that impressed him unfavorably, he could hardly tell why; but the cloud of disfavor had vanished from his mind when, two hours later, he turned his horse's head homeward. Just in the bend of the road he met his nephews, Jimmy bearing a gun over his shoulder.

"Did your father give you permission to carry that gun?" he inquired. "Yes, sir," replied Jimmy; "didn't he, Dan?" "Of course he did," said Dan. "And of course I believe you Jimmy, without your brother's word for it," said Mr. Harley.

Jimmy's face flushed and his bright eye fell below his uncle's gaze. Mr. Harley noticed his nephew's confusion and rode on without further comment. "This map of North America is finely executed; did you draw it, Jimmy?" asked Mr. Harley that afternoon, while looking over a book of drawings.

"Yes, sir," replied Jimmy with a look of conscious pride; then turning to his brother he added, "Didn't I, Dan?"

Mr. Harley closed the book and laid it on the table. "Jimmy," he began, "what does this mean? To every question that I have asked you to-day you have appealed to Dan to confirm your reply. Cannot your own words be trusted?"

Jimmy's face turned scarlet, and he looked as if he would like to vanish from his uncle's sight.

"Not always," he murmured, looking straight down at his boots. "My dear boy, I was afraid of this," said Mr. Harley kindly. "The boy who always speaks the truth has no need to seek confirmation from another. Do you mean to go through life always having to say: 'Didn't I, Dan?'"

"No, uncle; I'm going to speak the truth so that people will believe me as well as Dan," said Jimmy, impulsively. Mr. Harley spent the season with his nephews, and before he left he had the pleasure of hearing people say, "What's come over Jimmy Page? He never says 'Didn't I, Dan?'"

Mr. Harley thought it was because Jimmy was gaining confidence in himself. Do you, children?—Little Sower.

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THE S... DAVI... In order it is necessary to have the account of the psalm and 2 Sam. the occasion It was written after the se with the A... Psalm—p... Psalms are... the Book of... Bible they... I, 1 to 42;... IV, 90 to 10... of 150. Th... one of the... so called be... row for sin... 6, 32, 38, 1... psalm is o... Sinner's o... of Sinner's... in this psal... just what it... tainly know... ies of man... near the wa... used by the... sprinkle the... Ex. 12:22;... II, as is por... added to the... the temple... David, how... for a blessi... hold of the... which he ha... tem, the wal... have been t... verse 19 wa... ity, then t... Zion and Je... symbolicall... Have men... free, unde... claimed by... etc., not ac... merit, but G... out, erase, o... account, or... 21: 13, gite... the sinner i... cleansed... again, till... moved, M... etc. Ever... row and ren... The only... against Sat... against Soc... is against G... ern ideas a... no one but... it scarcely v... the fifth ve... ture to be ra... ports, the... thoughts an... God will ter... ly, but also... wisely, pur... purge me, c... clean. W... monially de... himself and... broken. B... utter crushi... ing under th... (Crads, not... make new... away, do n... refers to th... the taberna... first time m... tament. A... joy, but by... "a willing... nature. Th... newed and... Teach, from... Blood guilt... the murder... clare to all... will in no... 34: 7, but "... John 1:9;... sealed by sa... no legal sac... sins as mine... Burnt offer... a guilty he... God.