# THE WESLEYAN, FRIDAY, JANUARY 4, 1884.

## OUR HOME CIRCLE.

THE MARCH OF THE NEW YEAR.

Que by one, one by one, The years march past, till the march is done :

The old year dies to the solemn knell, And a merry peel from the clanging bell Ushers the other, one by one, I the march of the years shall at last be

done.

Bright and glad, dark and sad, Are the years that come in mystery clad ; Their faces are hidden and none can see If merry or sorrowfal each will be.

Bright and sad, dark and glad, Haye been the years that we all have had.

Fair and subtle under the sun Something from us each year has won.

Bas it given as treasures ? Day by day

It has stolen something we prized away ; We meet with fears and count with

tests The buried hopes of the long-past years.

Is i so? And yet let us not forget Hoy airly the suz has risen and set ; Each year has brought us some sunny hours.

With a wealth of song and a crown of flowers, Power to love and time to pray

Its gitts have been ere it passed away.

We hail the New that has come in view; count is interesting : Work comes with at and pleasure too ; nd even though it may bring some pain,

Each passing year is a thing of gain ; We greet with song the days that Chrong;

Do they bring us trouble ? 'Twill make us strong.

With smiles of hope, and not with tears, We meet our friends in the glad new years God is with them and as they some They bear us nearer our restful home.

And one by one, with some treasure won, They come to our hearts till they all are

gone. -Marianne Famingham.

THE TEMPLE OF THE HOLY GHOST.

funeral was passing through the and his death had cast a gloom of the boy's fortune. The stran- their spectacles, budded and graftover many hearts. Many gather- ger's name was Boyse, a clergy ed their fruit trees, gave plans for ed to the funeral, from far and man, the rector of Newmarket, their buildings and boats attendmear, and especially young men. and the sequel of the adventure ed to their sick, and occasionally Atter the services at the house had was, in after years, thus related performed not unimportant surgibeen performed, and the pell-bear-by Curran to his friend Phillips: cal operations when professional ers had taken up the bier, a great "I learned from poor Boyse my help was not to be obtained. Truers had taken up the bier, a great concourse obstructed the entrance, alphabet and my grammar, and ly a missionary among a unciviand great contusion and noise en. the rudiments of the classics; he lized people had need to be a versued. The bereaved Doctor, ob-serving the difficulty, and follow-ing closely the pall-bearers, ex-ton—in short, he mode a man of me. Atherton saying of Carnabas. elaimed in solemn sepulchral I recollect it was about five-and. Shaw, the apostle of Sou Africa, tones:—"Tread lightly, young thirty years afterwards, when I that he built a pulpit the a carment tread lightly! You bear the had risen to some eminence at the penter and preached in it like a temple of the Holy Ghost." These Bar, and when I had a seat in sentiments, as though indited by Parliament, and a good house in Hobbs.-Watchman. the Holy Spirit, acted like an elec- Ely Place, on my return one tric shock; the crowd fell back day from court, I found an old and made the passage way clear. gentleman seated alone in the Through the influence of these drawing-room, his feet familiarly words a most powerful revival of placed on each side of the Italian religion sprung up, and swept marble chimney piece, and his through the college, and extended whole air bespeaking the conover the town. No town in Penn- sciousness of one quite at home. sylvania has epjoyed such a sea- He turned round-it was my friend of the ball alley! I rushed instincson of spiritual work and refreshtively into his arms. I could not ing since that, or in any way equal help bursting into tears. Words 10 it. What! know ve not," says Paul. cannot describe the scene which "that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost?" It is said that are right; the chimney-piece is the father of Origen would often yours-the pictures are yoursgo to the couch of his sleeping the house is yours; you gave me child and kiss his body, saying all I have-my friend-my father!' I teral sneering, answer to those that it was the temple of the Holy He dined with me; and in the with which the dog snarls. Sneer-Ghost. I fear that we too often evening I caught the tear glisten- ing and snarling are closely conforget this great truth, and when | ing in his fine blue eye when he we allow ourselves to subject our saw his poor Little Jackey, the bodies to sin and defilement, we creature of his bounty, rising in is cynical. In plain English, it is make an awful mistake. It is the Heuse of Commons to reply dog-like, doggish. Yet it is very meedful that we should fortify our | to a Right Honorable. aminds against these dangerous temptations, by which so many A VETERAN MISSIONARY. eminent men have been cast down, and shamefully overcome. We should not only withdraw our feet from all evil enticements, but actually flee from them. Nothing will dissolve their charm and break their power more than in. time having been "invalided abbreviation, Rev. The subject mas are as fond of light reading and her heart as joyous and for a little while to play with. stant flight. The more we linger home," or going home for a holi- is one that the wisest man now as their romantic daughters. I and moralize, the stronger will the day. His first four years were living might well approach sober- guess if you'd come in here some but now her body was racked hunted the room over, but could meshes become, and the closer will spent at Waingaroa, the first Wes- ly, and even reverently. It is not day and see the books they buy with pain, the icy hand of death not find it. With tearful eyes I the net be drawn upon us. leyan station in New Zealand, unjust to say the whole article you'd believe me. It would as had touched her, and she was told my mother, who quietly re-We should remember that gift of "beautiful for situation," but was one long diluted sneer. God, the Holy Spirit, and reflect conspicuous for "the most reck- The times do not need sneers names of some of our regular euupon his remarkable condescen- less and depraved set of savages or sneerers. If these could cure tomers." Then, becoming confision to come and dwell in us, mak- that ever Macridom could pro- evils, long since all our evils in dential, he leaned over and whising us his property, and elevating duce." Their savage hostility ul- Church and State would have been our humanity. As the ancients timately broke up the mission, cured. If your have a word of adkept their temples pure and un- and compelled "the little mission- vice for the perplexed and erring ter. "Is that so? Do-?" Then defiled, so we should preserve our ary band to say for their lives." men around you, speak it serious- checking himself as he caught his "bodies" free from all unboly Before the close of the year, how- ly and tenderly. If you have a informant's eye, "Oh, I shan't words and actions. In some of ever, the heroic missionary was word of indignant 'rebuke for the mention it." the heathen temples, the Vestals back in New Zealand, having mar- bold evil-doers all around you, cherished a flame on their altar ried at Sydney a lady who proved speak it soberly and solemnly. perpetually. So should we main- to be a true "help-meet." Their Bebuke folly, vice, or sin, with au- have told you. If their names fain the flame of truth on the al- station this time was Hokianga, thority. Rebuke them with tars of our hearts. Within their where they secured "at the out- tongue, pen, and life, if you can. forgive me," temple walls were their helpless set the friendship of the most But keep down, and keep back the deities, and there thronged the powerful native chiefs." Here sneers. A sneer will not help ways trust a reporter with a semyriads of votaries to pay hom- Mr. Hobbs speedily displayed re- your fellow-man. It will surely cret he went on : "The idea that age and worship. We should markable endowments. He was a rebound and weaken you. worship the Father, and cultivate first-rate linguist, and soon became the companionship of the Holy renowned as an accomplished Ma- the short quotation with which we Ghost in our bodies. How anxious we should be to cellent mechanic," a most import- read author. But a certain re- refinement who buy these books; glorify God, to live nearer to ant qualification in such a country spect must be felt for the man in Christ. How careful we ought to at such a time. After six years' our day who has written a book, be not to profane these temples of labour here he was appointed, to- perhaps several books, and yet it upon their richly upholstered so be found leaning on Jesus, so that ter you went to bed I found it unthe Holy Ghost. But first of all gether with the saintly Charles can be said of him, "He Never fas and read. No, they are not we shall not mind pain or fear der the lounge; here it is,"-We should be careful and ascertain Tucker, to Tonga. We have sweet Sneers,"-Southern Adv.

that we are the temples of the and blessed memories of the lat-Holy Spirit. The fruit of the ter, having been brought fifty Spirit is joy, love, peace, long-suf- years ago into intimate acquainttering, gentleness, goodness, faith, ance with him, and having derivmeekness, temperance, and where ed no little benefit from his friendwe find these we will find the ly counsels. He had much to do Spirit. These are the truits of in Tonga with superintending the the Spirit, No wicked soul is printing-pres, and shared in the solicitous about making its call- joy and glory of one of the most wonderful religious revivals of the ing and election sure.

last half-century. Do the Metho-The believer, then, -should be animated by noble views, to live dists of the present generation wholly devoted to Christ, and know anything of that marvellous "glorify him in body and spirit, outpouring of the Spirit in the which are his." We should ban- Friendly Islands, under which in ish all complaint, all anxiety, all a single day a thousand heathen fruitless care. We should appro- were converted to God? Never Thy smile alone makes moments bright, priate that faith, which is the shall we forget the thrill of gratiprecious gift of God, and which tude and rapture which the tidings owns Jesus alone as king and of that event sent bounding through our own veins. Mr. priest .- Presbyterian.

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Hobbs was not long allowed to enjoy the glorious triumph of that CURRANS EDUCATION. happy time. His wife's health failed, and he was compelled to Everybody has heard of Curran, return to New Zealand, where he the Irish wit and orator; but everybody does not know how he got remained until his work on earth

his education. The following ac- was done. He presently took an important share in the translation From the humble station in of the Scripture into Maori; visitwhich his parents moved, and his ed the southern portion of the father's limited means, there seem. North Island, in company with ed at first but a slight prospect the lamented John H. Bumby, that Curran; or Little Jack y. as whose death by drowning producthe was then familiarly called, ed so deep and painful an impreswould receive the advantage of a sion among English Wesleyans; liberal education. But by a hap and walked on one occasion, intent py accident be attracted the at- on evangelistic work, from Hokitention of a benevolent clergy- anga to Port Nicholson, "a disman, who recognised him as an tauce of not less than five hunduncommon boy, and determined red miles." He succeeded in that the seeds of genius should gaining the full confidence of the natives, who, in the dark and difnot perish for lack of culture. As he was one day playing at ficult times of conflict with About forty-five years ago a marbles in the village ball-alley, the colonists, constantly consulted "with a light heart, and lighter him; and he was enabled to avert streets of Carlisie, Pennsylvania. pockets," a stranger of venerable a junction of forces which might It was the funeral procession of and cheery aspect came up, and have affected most disastrously John Hall Mason, son of the emin- singled him out from his play- for European interests the result out Dr. Mason, President of Dlck- mates. The bright eye and intelli- of the Maori war. In his misson College, one of the most pow- gent aspect of the little urchin sionary journeys he rendered erful and eloquent preachers in had won the good man's heart. many and varied services to the America. The son was distin- He bribed him home with sweet- settlers. He tuned their pianos, guished for his piety and talents, meats, and became the architect repaired their clocks, adjusted

HYMN FOR THE NEW YEAR. I take my pilgrim staff anew, Life's path untrodden to pursue. The guiding eye, my Lord, I view My times are in thy haud.

> Throughout the year, my Heavenly Friend, On thy blest guidance I depend ; From its commencement to its end My times are in thy hand.

Should comfort, health, and peace be mine, Should hours of gladness on me shine, Then let me trace thy love divine : My times are in thy hand.

But should'st thou visit me again With languor, serrow, sickness, pain, Still let this thought my hope sustain : My times are in thy hand.

This thought will soothe grief's saddest nisht :

My times are in thy hand. Should those this year be called away,

Who lent to life it- brightest ray, Teach me in that dark hour to say My times are in thy hand. A few more days, a few more years-

O then a bright reverse appears, Then I shall no more say with tears, My times are in thy hand.

That hand my steps will gently guide To tue uark brink of Jordan's tide, Then bear me to the neavenward -ide, My times are in thy hand.

- Charlotte Elliott.

A WORD ABOUT CHRIST-MAS.

When what was designed to be a pleasure becomes a burden, it is time to stop and examine it carefully, and see if it is the thing itself which has grown to be such a weight, or whether it is simply an awkward manner of carrying it. Certainly there must be some thing wrong in any celebration of Christmas which results in serious fatigue of mind and body. During the first three months of the year, nothing is more commonly given as a reason for ill-health than an over-strain during the holidays. "She got worn out at Christmas," or "she worked too hard in finishing her Christmas presents," or "the week before Christmas she was tired out with shopping," are excuses which appear as surely as January and February come. The question must occur sometimes to every one, whether all this worry and wear of heart and hand and brain are really worth while. Is there not some better way of celebrating this day of days than for women to wear themselves out in making or buying pretty triffes for people who already have more than they can find room for? Setting aside all effort of eyes and fingers, the mental strain is intense. It is a remarkable fact that, although Christmas has been kept on the 25th of December for more than 1000 years, its arrival seems as unexpected as if it had been appointed by the President. No one is ready for it, although last year every one resolved to be so, and about the middle of December there begins a rush and hurry which is really more wearing than I'd climb beside him on his perch. a May moving. Above all things if you give presents, be more anxious to give something which 'supplies a want' than to send some pretty trifle which can only prove in the end additional care. There are numberless things which can be procured, without | We'll keep the secret-you and I, a wear and tear of mind and body which make the recipient feel as David did of the water of Bethlehem, that what costs so much was too valuable to be accepted.-Censtury for December.

fashionable women who ride up in their carriage and take away loads of common trashy novels with them. A young lady con.es here regularly every week and buys a lot of these books, generally getting three or four written in German, besides several in English-the Seaside publishes in both languages. She is an American, but reads German, and appears to be thoroughly educated and refined, yet she reads an almost unlimited amount of this and taking a roll of paper from trash.'

you sell-say in a week?" asked the reporter.

sell from 600 to 800 volumes.

"Don't women ever buy a bet- as he made his request, and as surprised scribe.

philosophical and religious works, write this music, a little child but these are very few indeed, like you ?" "Yes, madame." and they generally ask for some The lady took from her purse a text books that we don't keep in coin and a card and pressed them stock."

### IRRE VERENCE.

al doubt. The sneer of a Voltaire has killed more than all his mother, for no vulgar hands to knew. He staved until it was all

WHAT CAME OF A KIND DEED.

The following incident of Madame Malibran, a famous singer who lived some fifty years ago, 18 told in Harper's Young People. She was sitting in her room in a London hotel, very weary, when word was brought that a little lad wished to see her, and she allowed him to be admitted. A little flaxen haired fellow of some ten years timidly entered the room. his pocket, said : "Madame, "How many of these books do everybody tells me that you are

so good, so very good, to the poor. I do not come to beg, madame, "We have about two hundred though we are so poor that my regular lady customers. You dear mamma, who is very ill, has couldn't get one of them to read a to do without both food and medibook written by George Eliot, or cine. I thought if you would any of the standard authors. Oh, sing my little song at one of your no! But they read these novels concerts perhaps somebody would and we self-in a week, you buy it, and I could get the wine sav ?-well, in a week I guess we and medicine the doctor has ordered." Tears stood in his eyes

ter class of literature ?" asked the Madame Malibran took the manuscript and rapidly hummed the-"Yes, there are a few spectacled lines over, they rolled slowly spinsters who come in to buy down his cheeks. "Did you

> into the boy's hand. "Run home. as quickly as you can," she said.

"and get for your mother all she Unbelief comes oftener from ir- needs, and this evening come to reverent association than intellect- my concert, to which the ticket will admit you,"

Pierre did as he was told, and arguments. A jesting tone of when evening came he went to talk on religious truths, a habit of the theatre, presented his ticket, reckless criticism on religious and was taken to a seat away things, is to take the name of God down near the stage. The lights, in vain, as truly as the vulgar the warmth, and the bright coloath; and when I hear him who ors, to say nothing of the crowd calls himself a Christian, or a of handsomely dressed gentlemen gentleman, indulging in burlesque and ladies, bewildered and dagof this sort, I at once recognize zled him, and he could only think. some moral defect in him. Intel- "Oh, if mamma were but here, I ect. without reverence, is the head should be so happy !" Presently of a man joined to a beast. There he glanced at the platform, and are many who think it a proof of there stood his lovely lady. She wit: but it is the cheapest sort began to sing, and little Pierre's of wit, and shows as much lack of heart throbbed as if it would brains as of moral feeling. I burst as the familiar notes of his would say it with emphasis to own little song tell upon his ear. every Christian who hears me, Its simple melody touched the aunever indulge that habit, never dience too, and it was sung again. allow sacred things to be jested at and at its close the house rang without rebuke; but keep them with applause. How the rest of as you would the miniature of your the concert passed Pierre never

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bishop. Just such a man was Mr.

# "HE NEVER SNEERS"

A critic, describing a living writer, uses these three words in a very short sentence. I have never read a page of the author about whom he is writing. But the temptation is strong to tarn aside at once and make his acquaintance. Very many do sneer. Anybody can sneer at any thing. followed. 'You are right, sir; you A dog can sneer readily and emphatically. Darwin, or some one else, has noticed that the muscles of the apper lip which we use in nected. The leading sound in both words is the same. To sneer common. It is not often that a newspaper controversy reaches

the third number before one or both of the writers will take to The Rev. John Hobbs began his sneering. Not long since, a halfmissionary career in the Bay of column article appeared in an ex-Islands in August, 1823, and he cellent secular paper, written by continued his labours for nearly a man who is authorized to put be- ian. sixty years, never during all that fore his name the very significant

The writer who is described in oriorator. He was also "an ex- started out, may still be an unWOMEN AND LIGHT LIT. ERATURE.

"Is the sale of these books confined to young ladies ?" asked a reporter of a Washington librar-

"Not a bit of it! The mamtonish you if I should tell the about to go into eternity. pered in the reporter's ears.

"Whist!" ejaculated the repor-

"No; pray don't," pleaded the book-worm. "I should never time. were to come out, they'd never

chea'p literature is read mostly by shop girls, apprentice boys, and the poorer classes is all wrong. There are women of culture and women who have abundant wealth and nothing to do but to recline

shop girls and chamber-maids, but death.

There is an anecdote of over, and then hurried home and ouch. Boyle that he never pronounced | told his wonderful news. Several the name of God without an andi- days after, Madame Malibran calb'e pause; and whatever you led upon Pierre's mother and told think, I recognize in it the dictate her that a London publisher had of a wise heart. We need this offered £300 for the song, which reverence in the air of our social ife. and its neglect will palsy our ing into the astonished woman's piety .-- Rev. Dr. Washburn.

### OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

THE TELL TALE. If I could find the little bird

That tells of everything, Ere he began to sing. "O little bird, O little bir i," (I'd cry) "Oh please attend! Don't tell the manghty thing she did-I'm sure she means to mend That darling boy-you heard him say Such dreadful, dreadful words !

But please don't tell it-no one heard-Nobody but the birds! We'll hush the whispering leaves, For when a little boy does wrong I know his mother grieves.'

Alas, alas ! the little bird Is very hard to find ! I've hunted all the forest through And begged him to be kind. But, for my pains, I heard a voice Clear as a silver bell-Whene er I cried, "Don't tell, dear bird!" It mocked, "I'll tell-tell-tell!"

LEANING ON JESUS.

A little girl lay near death. sad and painful disease. Not long

"Does my little one feel sad at "Well, Walter, which penny is lost, the thought of death ?" asked her yours or the missionary penny?" papa, as he watched the look of pain on her face.

ing; "my hand is all the while in I had mine left. the hand of Jesus, and he will not let me go."

supports me," she replied, quick-

bearing pain ?" She said, "I am leaning on Jesus, and don't mind the pain." leaning on the Good Shepherd, told my mother my decision. She who "gathers the lambs in His smiled, and said-

offer she had accepted, and pourlap a pile of notes and gold, said, "Madame, your son will one day be a great composer. Thank God for the gift he has given him." Pierre and his sick mother mingled their tears and thanks to one who seemed to them like an angel sent from heaven. With the money thus obtained Pierre was enabled to pursue his musical studies, and in after years verified the great singer's prediction, and became one of the most talented composers of the day.

#### THE MISSIONARY PENNY.

The Rev. Walter W. Bagster, a missionary of the American Board of Foreign Missions, died in Southwest Africa in 1882. His mother in early life taught him his obligations to the Lord Jesus Christ. He said that the following incident was among the earliest recollections of his childhood :

My mother one evening gave me two pennies, suggesting that She had been brought low by a it would be well to give one of them to the Lord. To this L readbefore, her step had been as light ily assented, but kept them both gay as any of her companions; Unfortunately, I lost one, and marked-

I thought the matter over a moment, and told her I thought it "No, dear papa," she said smil- must be the missionary penny, for

In a few moments mother said. that it was time for me to go to "Are you afraid, dear child?" bed; but she wanted me to think asked her minister at another over this matter about the pennies, and let her know in the "No, I cannot fear while Jesus morning which penny was lost.

I thought it over, and before I went to sleep decided that it was "But are you not weary with my penny that was lost, and the missionary penny left, which I would put into the contribution box, several of which were fasten-And so this one of Christ's ed op in our house. Early in the lambs went to the fold above, morning I bounded out of bed and

" That's right, Walter. It was We tco, shall all die. Shall we your penny that was lost, but af-Episcopal Methodist.

Being assured that he could al-

arms.'