THE WESLEYAN, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1881.

OUR HOME CIRCLE.

ing one.

man that would enter the kingdom

of heaven. "Therefore, it any man

Cor. v. 18.)-The King's Messenger.

COARSE GIRLS.

They whisper in our ears in the con-

cert hall. They indulge freely in

peanuts, and laugh loudly at their

own poor jokes in the cars. Even

not wholly free from them. They

stare at us in the stores and jostle

us on the walks. Apparently their

chief amusement consists in ridicul-

ing the mistakes or misfortunes of

others. Alas, too, for the slang,

used even by well educated girls.

In listening to a company at the

present day, how puzzled poor Dr.

Webster would be to recognize his

own English. There are girls who

would reprove their brothers for

profanity, but who utter expressions

nearly as forcible, and suggesting

THE CONVENT GIRL.

Far up the wall, amid the eglantine, fer window stood embow'red in thickest green;

And oft she came throughout the livelong day to sigh and muse upon the changing scene.

Twas there the sweetest breath of morning stole, And brightest there the dews of evening lay There wand ring bees sipped nectar hour by hour, And murmured dreamily their lullaby.

From her high seat ale saw the shining bay, An I where the singing river kissed the shore : From it she watched the dreary Winter pass, And longed for Summer twilight aa of yore.

Once in her eyes a witching coyness played, Once o'er her cheeks the mantling blushes

But now on them there lay a Winter's snow, And from her eyes the glance of youth had fled. singular, strikingly singular-and

One partner shared the quiet of her room-A linnet caged, that fluttered all the day She tended it, and loved its merry trill-A song of joyous welcome to the May.

"At last," she said, " thou long-sought one, at

Thou fill st the world from brook to sunny

be in Christ, he is a new creature : sky; O Spring, thou thrice blest daughter of the year; old things are passed away; behold O thou who comest when the snowdrops die all things are become new." (2

And May is here-the month of love and flowers; One year ago, a weary year to me. I know so well the way we used to take,

And see the moonlight glitter on the sea

Heaven knows, I loved Lim in those happy days With all a girl's first love-and not too well; But in my inmost heart the secret lay; And still I cherish what I could not tell.

I well remember how he bade 'good bye,' Under the trees beside the glassy river, And how he took my hand and drew me near, And kissed a fond farewell, as if forever.

And thou, sweet bird, art singing of the skies, Thy rills, thy mossy bank, thy ivy tree, And of thy mate upon the breezy hills, And days that swittly flew when thou wast

And I, a captive too within these walls, And living o'er again my sunny past, And dreamin; olden dreams of youth and hope Too sweet, too fair, too ravishing to last.

O, give me one bright hour from out the past One moment of that vanished golden year ; Q, break these bonds, and make me free one

"Twere but a living death, a lifetime here." W. Brown, in Chambers's Journal

THE GREAT CHANGE.

the same spirit. Are not these indications of bad breeding becoming The following incident is not of more numerous? Does not the adyesterday; but it made too deep an vance of Derby hats and ulsters tend impression on my memory, easily to pass away. A man, whose only a little to render girls louder in tone and less modest in demeanor ! recommendation was that he had Lately I chanced to see a party of served Her Majesty the Queen, was persuaded, much against his will, to girls on their daily ride to a school near Boston. Apparently they beattend one service, during a season of merciful visitation. Shortly aftlonged to families of competence. They were bright girls. but so lack. erwards he called to tell me what ing in refinement. They forced God had done for his soul. After giving me the history of his former their conversation upon all the oclife, and describing himself as havcupants of the car. One, in the questionable hat and ulster, with ing committed every sin but murhands in pockets, walked through der, he went on to say :-"I was out that awful night, the the train not omitting the smoking fifteenth of December, when the car, seeking "Frank." We queried whether "Frank" would appreciate hand of God so visibly rested on the so pronounced an attention. It congregation, and when so many souls were given to Christ. I cannot tell you what I felt. I have some allusion to study, some discusbeen in all sorts of danger, by land and by sea, but I never found myself a coward till then. My knees smote together, and I trembled, every limb. It seemed to me as if God had written down in letters of tire all the sins I had ever committed. from my youth up, and had set them in order before my eyes. There they were, in all their terrible minuteness. Circumstances which I had forgotten for years came up with all the freshness of yesterday. The mouth of hell seemed to open under the pew in which I sat; and I had no expectation of leaving the place-alive. How I reached home " eannot tell, for of that I have no recollection. But this I can testify, that day and night the burning thought which racked my brain was-' The wrath to come !' 'The wrath to come ! And yet, amidst it all, it was not the fear of hell that frightened me; it was the thought of having so illtreated so good a God, and so gracious a Saviour. Last Sunday week, as I was at prayer, it seemed to me as if somebody standing by addressed me by name and said-' You may as well give over praying, for God will never answer your prayers.' I rose and said-'No, never ! no, never! Now that I've once Even a bad man respects such a learnt to pray, I'll never give over praying, if I die upon my knees. Still, all was dark, and I could see no hope. Things went on from bad to worse, and I began to fear that my reason would give way. But at length deliverance came. Last Thursday evening, as I was reading about cutting off a right hand and plucking out a right eye, it struck me that there must be something which held my soul back from God

he might require, even to the cut-

ting off of a right hand or the pluck-

cy of God in Christ Jesus that the

whole mountain of my guilt melted

I bless God that I have recently heard many such. Now, if you were to give me, in one short if you were to give me, in one short of the apple which is now turned to their hearty wishes of sound in incomparison of such beings as do actually exist. These and tobacco, and it was sentence, a description of the change the sun, taking care not to besen slumbers," entered into the spare of such beings as do actually exist. these beautiful pictures of the an-sentence, a description of the change the sun, taking care not to besen slumbers," entered into the spare of such beings as do actually exist. these beautiful pictures of the an-beau why are these things as they gets. And another time, when the you have undergone, what would you say ?" He hesitated for a moment or two, and then, with a ment or two, and then, with a the paper cuttings, which, having two of the window-panes set his teeth chatter- does not God interfere to prevent all players that I always laugh so at ? brightened countenance and flowing shut out the reddening rays of the window-panes set his teeth chatter- under ill, when he might just as well do wow sold. Thinking it discret under ill, when he might just as well do wow sold. brightened countenance and flowing shut out the reatering rays of the window parts set in a certain under in when he might just as well do —you said : Here, mother, pipes tears, he added, "I should say that sun, have kept the fruit green just ing. Thinking it discreet, under if when he might just as well do —you said : Here, mother, pipes ears, he added, "I should say that sun, nave kept the first green just and the circumstances, to make the bed it as not? In considering the case and tobacco: and sometimes you have not one hepe—that I have beneath them, so that the name or the circumstances, to make the bed it as not? In considering the case and tobacco: and sometimes you I have not one hope—that I have beneath them, so that the name or the first with the nat-not one fear—that I have not one initials now show plainly. After his oratory, he hurriedly disrobes of man, we deal first with the nat-not one fear—that I have not one initials now show plainly. After his oratory, he hurriedly disrobes of man, we deal first with the nat-not one fear—that I have not one initials now show plainly. After his oratory, he hurriedly disrobes of man, we deal first with the nat-tion of the faither the owner of the initials and scrambles into it. Alas! Had tural evil to which he is subject. wish I had a month ago. I am a that, bring the owner of the initials and scrambles into it. Alas! Had tural evil to which he is subject. pipes and tobacco, and you never new man, living in a new world. bear witness to such a change ?- marks on that apple tree up such a bath the shock might have gle and suffering. Nowhere else a new man, in a new world!" Say not that the singularity of the incident precludes the inquiry! Undoubtedly, the circumstances were

that is the reason why I narrated them :---but, not so the fact. De-WHAT MAKES THE CROSS. pend upon it, a change as great Dear Lord, my will from thine doth run must be realized by every soul of

-St. Nicholas.

Too oft a different way. cannot say, "Thy will be done," In every darkened day; My beart grows chill To see thy will Turn all earth's gold to gray.

My will is set to gather flowers, Thine blights them in my hand : Mine reaches for life's sunny hours, Thine leads through shadow land; And all my days Go on in ways

I cannot understand. They are everywhere. They confront us in the street, at the stations.

Yet more and more this truth doth shine From failure and from loss, The will that runs transverse to Thine Doth thereby make its cross Thine upright will

the lecture-room and the church are But if in parallel to Thine My will doth meekly run, All things in heaven and earth are mine, My will is crossed by none. Thou art in me,

> Thy will-and mine-are done. W. L. M. Jay.

HAPPY NANCY'S SECRET

There once lived in an old brown cottage a solitary woman, known night, and, as a result, he purchaseverywhere by the name of "Happy ed some things. One was a woolen Nancy." She had no money, no family, no relatives, and was half blind, quite lame and very crooked. "Well, Nancy, singing again," would the chance visitor say, as he stopped at her door,

"O, yes, I'm forever at it."

"I wish you'd tell me your secret, Nancy, You are all alone; you work hard ; you have nothing very pleasant surrounding you; what is the

reason you are happy ?" "Perhaps it's because I haven't got anybody but God," replied the know a pretty good share of them good creature, looking up." "You all over New England, from the

see rich folks like you depend upon north-eastern boundary to Cape their families and their houses; Cod; and I am not alone in my exthey've got to think of their perience. Brethren who go up and business of their wives and children; down the earth, and students who and then they're always mighty go out preaching in winter vacaafraid of trouble ahead; ain't got any tions, have compared notes with thing to trouble myself about, you me; one has rheumatism, another see, because I leave it all to the has paralysis, caused by the search-Lord. I think, 'Well, if he can keep ing damp and chills of these guestthis great world in such good order, chambers which the good housethe sun rolling day after day, and keepers fit up so beautifully, and the stars a shining night after night, keep so choice, and take such pride make my garden things come up in, and mean to make so hospitable, the same, season after season; he so attractive; the best room for the can sartainly take care of such a best guest.' poor, simple thing as I am,' and so, Were the owners of these hospityou see, I leave it all to the Lord. ably designed spare chambers fully and the Lord takes care of me." to consider and to comprehend this "Well, but, Nancy, suppose a frost matter I am sure that the discomshould come after the fruit trees are forts and the dangers which have all in blossom, and your little plants been so frequent, and which, without doubt, are the result of inexpe-"But I don't suppose; I don't rience or inconsideration, would bewant to suppose except that the come henceforth a thing of the past. Lord will do everything right. Now -Meta Lander, in Christian Union.

selves plain and thick. Then paste F. D. Society, innocently smiling a ercise, resistance, struggle, and the threw something that you bought sently, "why, what are those queer, to his head before plunging into be made perfect only through string- pa?"

there?" You will find this quite a been modified. Think of these icy have these elements so beneficent pleasant way to surprise the fittle linen sheets which have gathered an office as in the case of man. trates the very marrow of his bones. the soil of sorrow. If we should fear that he shall be transformed heroic and saintly characters which into a veritable cake of ice he jumps have been born from suffering, all out of bed. Hastity putting on his that is noble and reverend in it garments as a sort of life preserver, would depart. If we should strike he again tries his comfortless couch? from literature all to which sorrow But the case has grown no better. has given birth, its inspiration would There he lies shivering as if in an perish forever. Even the presence ed to smoke, like my uncle Robert. ague fit, till, in despair he once more of death has brought a solemn tenquits his dreadful couch. Putting derness and dignity into human on his overcoat, which, fortunately, affection, which had otherwise been he had brought to his room, he sets | impossible. Virtue, too, acquires himself resolutely to his gymnas- sturdiness only from resisted temptics. He performs all imaginable tations; and even mind itself grows

tic efforts to keep from absolutely | tance. freezing. But his teeth still chat-There is a distinct demand in hupressing he opens the door, tiptoes enjoyment in things or thoughts inherited which he has in things or softly down the stairs, seizes in the hall the overcoat of his host and thoughts produced by himself. A nature which furnished no obstacle to the big shawl of his hostess, and guiltily opens the parlor door. And there, beside the huge black stove, which is not overheated, mu filed in overcoat and shawl, he drags out the long, slow hours till the welcome cock-crowing.

This was early in his agency. But he learned some things that cap, and another a large rubber bag. This is henceforward his travelling companion; and this. wherever he may chance to be, he fills with hot water and places in his bed, explaining apologetically that he considers it equal to a small stove.

An agent of another benevolent society writes that in commencing his service he was warned against "cold sleeping-rooms, as likely to prove the greatest obstacle to his success," He says further, "I

THE JOY OF THE HELP-

selves plain and thick. Then paste F. D. Society, instruction of the space posts of pain, are for grandma into her lap, you said, of the apple which is now turned to their hearty wishes of " sound all necessary for the development ' Pipes and tobacco' and it was the truths hold upon its stem. As channel and the when the soon as the apple is ripe, take off stantly a damp chill creeps over are? Why does not another kind expressman brought the statuary of beinge exist? Above all why do you will it the statuary soon as the apple is ripe, take off stanty a damp chill creeps of the of beings erist? Above all, why do you call it, those funny checker, the paper cuttings, which, having him while the heavy frost on the dog not for interfere to any one cut in the statuary checker. that, bring the owner of the initials and strainous into it. That, that The human soul, as it exists, can smoke. What does it mean grand.

" Come here, my little boy. I am glad to answer the question that [hoped you would ask me some day. pleasant way to surprise the inter inter success which have gata some The higher manifestations of char-ones; and of course you can print a dampness in their waiting for some The higher manifestations of char-dampness in their waiting for some The higher manifestations of char-ones; and of course you can print a dampness in their waiting for some The higher manifestations of char-dampness in their waiting for some The higher manifestations of char-dampness in their waiting for some the higher manifestations of char-dampness in their waiting for some the higher manifestations of char-dampness in the some day. short pet name as easily as initials. hapless victim! The cold pene- acter spring almost entirely from ly into the face of the little Robbie that God had given to his care. till forgetting his prayers in the strike out from human history the Taking him into his lap, he said ; " How old are you, my son?

" 'Most seven," said Robbie, very seriously.

"When I was no older than you," continued Mr. Winchester, "I wantand mamma said : 'Well, papa, we will let him smoke if he wants to;' so they prepared the pipe for me. At first the smoke would not come as it did for uncle Robert : but by and by it curled out of th and unimaginable antics in his fran- only through obstacle and resis- pipe in beautiful rings, and I felt very much like a man as they cireled around my face. Soon I began ter, his flesh still creeps. As the man nature for self-development; to grow sick. All the day I could danger becomes momently more and hence no one has a tithe of the not play, and when the night came how my head ached; I wished such a thing as tobacco had never been heard of.

"The next morning I was better. and mamma said, ' You do not like man, but spontaneously supplied all his wants, would not only be paralyz- tobacco, my son ?' 'No, mamma ing, it would be intolerable. We I replied. 'But,' she said, 'it will want something to conquer and not make you sick the next time. subdue; and in such conquest we Do you remember what I told you win vastly more delight than from the other day about the conscionce. any amount of inactive gratification. | that after a few times if we neglect-No true man wants to have good ed to obey its voice it would leave showered upon him; he wants only us? It is very much the case with a fair chance to win good for him. any evil of the body. It ceases aftself. The beggar is willing to live er a little to give such warnings as on charity, but the man insists upon we can understand. It will not earning his bread. Even in the case make you sick again, and by and of the lower and constitutional by you can smoke just as Uncle goods the mind is dissatisfied unless Robert does. Will you not like to it has a share in its production. In try it again? the case of the higher goods of

"After two or three times, mamcharacter, the mind will not recogma, will it not hurt me ?" I asked nize them as goods at all unless they "What did I tell you about the are its own product. And whatconscience ?" she replied. 'After ever of hardship may be necessary it ceased to warn you, did the sin for the development of good characdo you any harm?

ter the soul cheerfully accepts as "Then I remembered how the heart the condition of its chiefest blessgrew barder and harder and was ready for and enjoyed wicked ways and people. But I asked what harm the smoking would do after it ceased to make me sick, and she told r that it did sometimes to the t i, how it often made cancers on the ips, and how it affected the breas," and made the whole person offensie, to many people, besides being an expensive habit; for with the money that you will spend for tobacco you can buy a great many useful and elegant things. "Then I asked what God made it for. "She told me that it was first found in America, and that a famous Englishman, Sir Walter Ral eigh, learned to smoke, and taught the habit to his countrymen, but that she supposed God made it for medicine.' Do you know the man that works at Squire Devol's ?' said his grandpa.

SUNDAY

THE TABERS

The Lord so

the tabernach

people, no de

it up, yet Mou

has express o God geing Psa. 37. 23. first month. the month fourteen days the Israelites struction of a niture would cupied someth The tabernad tains of fine figures of che boards, which Place and the tent was to hair cloth, to tabernacle; red ram's (translated spread over t additional pro ther. The ark-T perly a chest overlaid with ited the table ments, togeth budded, and t ed manna. the dimension es in length, t in breadth an common cubit ark had at the id gold ; for calls the " me Septuagint re which name if Heb. 9, 4, and called because atonement, th sacrifice was Upon the two the same mate id gold, wer cherubim, wh other, and wh meeting over overshadowed here that the ence, more both in the ta indicated by of which res an audible vo was consulted The tablewas on the

Place. Exod.

placed twelve

rows or piles,

cense was put.

every Sabbati

were also gul

kinds (Exud.

bread, franki

candlestick-

Cuts strait and still Through pride and dream and dross. And I in Thee,-

would have been gratifying to hear sion of facts in natural history, new theories in philosophy, or the thousand delightful bits of knowledge one could not fail to acquire in any New England school; but their remarks were wholly foreign to such grand subjects. If bad manners and shocking grammar were confined to girls whose daily strnggle is to obtain the necessities of life I should have more charity. There is nothing debasing in measuring off ribbons and laces in the store, in plying the needle in tailor shops or out; supposedress-making establishments. There need be no lessening of fine perceptions in the life of the factory operative. It is never honest work that degrade. Still, in the lives of such why can't you wait till the suppose comes, as I do, and then make the busy ones there is less time for culture, for books, for all that ought to best of it!" elevate. With these tired, tried "Ah, Nancy, it's pretty certain specimens of womanhood I would you'll get to heaven, while many of only have great sympathy. For us, with all our worldly wisdom, their more favored sisters, who will have to stay out." would quickly resent any insinua-"There you are at it again," said tion as to their not being ladies, but who are not ladylike, I have censure. looking out for some black cloud. There is something beautiful, Why if I was you I'd keep the devil fascinating, even to their own sex, in a bright but modest girl, in one him right into my heart; he'll do who does quietly the duty nearest you a desperate sight of mischie ." her, never shrinking from the in-She was right. We do take the evitable, never seeking publicity. demon of care, of distrust, of melancholy foreboding, of ingratitude, character, and in the presence of right into our hearts. We canker pure girlhood restrains his vulgarity and profanity. fear of coming ill; we seldom trust If only girls could realize the that blessings will enter, or hail secret of their power! Seldom to them when they come. Instead the platform can they look for their greatest influence, or to any public blanket of apprehension, and choke life, but always to the home, where them with our mistrust. all good manners, all kind thoughts for others, are sure to carry sunshine. THE " SPARE CHAMBER.' -Mrs. Robbins in Watchman. and so I entreated him to show me INITIALS ON FRUIT. what it was, and to dispose my mind to any service or any sacrifice

Did you ever see a name printed on a growing apple, pear or peach? No? Well, if you wish to have ing out of a right eye; when, all at that pleasure, this is the way to obhouse-who cannot picture it, with green upon the tree, make up your I arose from my knees with a heart, cut out from thin, tough paper, the

la ge enough to uphold the whole initials of the name of your little bank of a bed? world and bring it to the feet of brother or sister or chief crony, One winter's might, when the He is willing to allow that, as things to bacco?" Christ." He paused. "Your nar- with round specks for the dots after mercury was ten degrees below are, pain and privation have in

THE USES OF PAIN.

The existence of pain of any sort is objected to as inconsistent with the divine benevolence. No thoughtful person will venture to affirm that the mystery of physical pain

Nancy, shaking her head, "Always can be entirely cleared up; but it can certainly be lessened. On the other hand, no one has a right to at arm's length, instead of taking declare it the outcome of maleytaste, she cannot even smell the olence, unless he has a complete knowledge of the system of things. Pain in general has a double function. It appears either as a warning, and incentive to development, or as the consequence of transgressevery pleasure with this gloomy ing some condition of existence. As a warning, its function is plainly beneficent, and as an incentive to development, things being as of that, we smother them under the they are, it is plainly nece-sary. There is no assignable way of preserving organisms from speedy destruction without making them subject to possible pain; again, if pain

did not exist in possibility, it is im-What pen can do justice to the possible to see what security we sufferings of martyr-agents and should have for either physical or travelling ministers in the cold sea- mental development. Even the sons? The spacious guest-chamber animal world would lose itself in a -often the largest room in the mollusk flabbiness, as devoid of meaning as it would be of beauty. once, I had such a view of the mer- tain it. While the fruit yet hangs its well to-do furniture all squarely To this the pessimist will reply, that set, its curiously ornamented man-, God should have made things permind which is the biggest and most tel, its prim, unused look, and, more feet from the start. Mind and body does it mean 'my pipes and tobacaway like snow in the sunshine, and promising specimen of all. Next, prominent than all, its large, tall- should both have been complete, | co ?'

nosted, handsomely made up snow and the dangers and risks of devel-

FUL MAN.

ing __ Prof. B. P. Bowne.

I met, the other day, a physician in very large practice-one of those men who live in the joy of leaving those happy for whom he has been caring. He happened to say that he had before him that night a long ride across the country which I knew to be desolate, that he might strike a night train after a consultation. "Will it not be splendid ?" he said. Well, I was carnal enough

to say that I did not think it would be. It would be as dark as Egypt, he would be tired, and he would see and hear nothing. And his answer was an unconscious rebuke: " Oh, they are plowing now, and I shall get the whole smell of the spring." He added, in a moment, " Is it not such fun to have life crowded full?" I went away thanking God for one man more who could find, and was glad to find, the tokens of love; for a man who could ride ten miles, He bought pipes and tobacco, I and in darkness, and, if he could only smell, could feel, 'as he rode, that the power which rules the world rules it in perfect love. A few days after called me, unexpectedly, to see Laura Bridgman, who lives yonder at the Perkins institution. She cannot see, she cannot hear, she cannot speak, she cannot

freshness of the spring. Yet there is the serenity on her plain features which artists try to give their Madonnas, though they fail. There is the eager welcome of this friend and that, to whom the word of love is to be telegraphed through her

finger-ends to the palms of their hands. There is no dread of pessimism or discontent, because there, too, life is active for others, duty steady from hour to hour, and life grows from day to day, in its purpose and accomplishment.—E. E.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

MY PIPES AND TOBACCO

Grandpa," said a little boy one

opment should have been avoided. grandpa. "What about pipes and the little girls will make this story

rative," said I, "is a very interest- the letters, and the letters them- zero, a clerical agent of the G. E. general a beneficent function. Ex- bie, "the other day, when you Banner.

'Yes, sir; you mean the one they call Sam," said Bobbie.

"Well," said Mr. Winchester Sam and I were boys together. books and pencils. As we grew up he put his money more and more into such things, while I spent mine for what would benefit me or some one else. Which man would you rather be like, Sam with his stooping, shiftless gait and poor living, or your grandpa, with your good grandma, and pleasant home, with its pictures and statuary and music ?'

" Oh ! you, grandpa, and grandma, and everything " And he threw his arms around Mr. Winchester's neck, kissing him all over his face. You, you !'

" And you will not use tobacco?" " No, no, I will not learn to smoke at all."

"Not if the boys call you a whitefaced baby and tied to your grandmother's apron-strings ?'

"No, no !" said little Robbie. "I can say to myself, as grandpa taught me the other day: 'Our Father, who art in heaven, lead me not into temptation, but deliver me from all evil.

Now, my dear little children, the writer of this story knows just such a nice old gentleman, who uses today to a very nice old gentleman, bacco in no other way than to buy Mr. Winchester, who lived elegant- beautiful things with it, or rather ly in one of our large cities, " what | with the money that might be spent for it; and she hopes his example may be followed by every little boy "What, my son ?" said his that hears about him, and that all one of their every-day tales, until it "Why, grandpa," said little Rob- is known all over the land, - Youth's

waked- iu this even show cop