

**A Spring Song.**

LAUD the first Spring daisies ;  
Chant aloud their praises ;  
Send the children up  
To the high hill's top ;  
Tax not the strength of their young hands  
To increase your lands.  
Gather the primroses ;  
Make handfuls into posies ;  
Take them to the little girls who are at  
work in mills :  
Pluck the violets blue,—  
Ah, pluck not a few !  
Knowest thou what good thoughts from  
Heaven the violet instills ?

Give the children holidays,  
(And let these be jolly days,) [Spring :  
Grant freedom to the children in this joyous  
Better men, hereafter  
Shall we have, for laughter  
Freely shouted to the woods, till all the  
echoes ring.  
Send the children up  
To the high hill's top,  
Or deep into the wood's recesses,  
To woo Spring's careases.

See, the birds together,  
In this splendid weather,  
Worship God,—(for He is God of birds as  
well as men ;)  
And each feathered neighbour  
Enters on his labour,—  
Sparrow, robin, redpole, finch, the linnet  
and the wren.  
As the year advances,  
Trees their naked branches  
Clothe, and seek your pleasure in their  
green apparel.  
Insect and mild beast  
Keep no Lent, but feast ;  
Spring breathes upon the earth, and their  
joy is increased,  
And the rejoicing birds break forth in one  
loud carol.

Ah, come, and woo the Spring ;  
List to the birds that sing ;  
Pluck the primroses ; pluck the violets ;  
Pluck the daisies,  
Sing their praises ;  
Friendship with the flowers some noble  
thought begets.  
Come forth and gather these sweet elves,  
(More witching are they than the fays of old,)  
Come forth and gather them yourselves,  
Learn of these gentle flowers, whose worth  
is more than gold.

Come, come into the wood ;  
Pierce into the bowers  
Of these gentle flowers,  
Which not in solitude  
Dwell, but with each other keep society ;  
And with a simple piety, [good.  
Are ready to be woven into garlands for the  
Children, come forth, to play :—  
Worship the God of Nature in your child-  
hood :  
Worship Him at your tasks with best en-  
deavour ; [ever ;  
Worship Him in your sports ; worship Him  
Worship Him in the wildwood ;  
Worship Him amidst the flowers ;—  
In the green-wood bowers ;  
Pluck the buttercups, and raise  
Your voices in His praise.

—Edward Youl.

**Centenary Cameos.**

SUSANNAH WESLEY.

UNCOVER your heads in her presence,  
for she is the gracious mother of us all.  
The millions who bear the Methodist  
name bear her impress. She molded  
the name who is molding the nations.  
Her brain, and heart, and will-power  
were the original guiding, conserving,  
and propelling force of Methodism.

In countless homes in many lands  
her influence is felt at this hour, en-  
nobling manhood, making womanhood  
sweeter, and blessing childhood with  
the instruction and inspiration of the  
wisdom, the faith, the firmness and  
self-abnegation that were exhibited in  
that parsonage at Epworth, where the  
valiant, unworldly, and unthriftly  
Samuel Wesley made his sermons and  
wrote his verses, and where she gave  
the world an immortal example of  
what a woman can do in her home to  
glorify God and bless mankind. With

such a wife and mother in every Chris-  
tian home, the militant Church would  
have nothing to do but to marshal its  
forces, and lead them at once to the  
conquest of the world. Her family  
discipline typed the methods of the  
millions whose tread is shaking the  
earth.

Her intellect was swift, keen, and  
strong. She saw quicker and farther  
than ordinary persons. In the great  
crises in the career of her illustrious  
son her intuition was ahead of his judg-  
ment. She pointed him to the paths  
providentially opened. It was her  
firm yet loving hand that held him  
steady when, bewildered or dis-  
heartened, he might have wavered. To  
her the student in college, the perplexed  
young theologian, the anxious penitent,  
the leader in a movement not foreseen  
by himself, nor devised by any human  
wisdom, turned for sympathy, for  
counsel, and for prayer. Her acquaint-  
ance with the Scriptures enabled her  
always to give him the word in season,  
while her mighty faith kindled and fed  
the flame that burned in his soul.  
Her responsive spirit recognized the  
Divine hand in the strange and stir-  
ring events of that momentous time.  
She was thoroughly educated, having  
a knowledge of Greek, Latin, and  
French, and being widely read in theo-  
logy, polemics, and general literature.  
Her mind moved on the same plane  
with those of her sons, and the sym-  
pathy that flowed to them from her  
motherly heart was intelligent, and  
therefore helpful as well as comforting.

She was beautiful in person. Physi-  
cal beauty does not compensate for the  
lack of the higher qualities that ennoble  
and adorn womanhood, but it invests  
its fortunate possessor with an added  
charm and potency for good. The  
little touch of imperiousness that was  
in her temper was condoned the more  
readily by all concerned because it was  
the self-assertion of a woman whose  
strong intellect was re-enforced by the  
magical power of a sweet voice and  
personal beauty. Such women—the  
most divinely-tuned of them, at least—  
bloom in ever-increasing sweetness  
and loveliness in the atmosphere they  
make around themselves.

There was a deeper spring of power  
in her life than either her intellect or  
her beauty. It was her piety. She  
took an hour every morning and even-  
ing for private meditation and prayer.  
She did not find time for this—she  
was the mother of thirteen living  
children—she took time for it. And  
herein is the secret of the power that  
raised her above the level of her con-  
temporaries, and gave unity, vigor, and  
success to her life. The two hours  
thus spent were taken from the home-  
school which she taught, from the  
domestic duties that waited for her  
ready hands, and for the parochial  
service expected from her. But it was  
there in the place of secret prayer that  
her soul was replenished with the  
spiritual life that was so helpful to  
other lives ; it was there that she  
acquired the patience, the self-com-  
mand, and the moral power that made  
her a priestess at the home altar, and  
qualified her to rule with wisdom,  
firmness, and love that sacred kingdom.  
The light kindled within her own soul  
during these two hours spent daily  
with God lighted all that were in the  
house. In that quiet chamber at  
Epworth, kneeling at the feet of God,  
the prayers of John Wesley's mother  
opened the channel for the Pentecostal

floods that were to flow over the earth  
in these latter days.

That is the picture—a gentle yet  
queenly presence, a face delicate and  
classically regular in its features, an  
eye that had the flash of fire and the  
tenderness of the great motherly heart,  
the noble head gracefully posed, all  
suffused with the indefinable influence  
that makes a holy woman radiant with  
unearthly beauty—SUSANNA WESLEY,  
the Mother of Methodism, who will  
live in its heart forever.

**Sabbath-School Statistics, Methodist Church of Canada.**

	TEACHERS.	SCHOLARS.
Toronto Conference, including Manitoba	5780	41767
London "	6007	46741
Montreal "	2346	18368
Total Western Conferences	14133	106876
Nova Scotia Conference	1321	10037
New Brunswick "	1161	8684
Newfoundland "	401	3358
Total Maritime Provinces	2883	22479
Total	14133	106876
Grand total	17016	128955

\* Nova Scotia not included.  
The Sabbath-school statistics of the Methodist Episcopal, Primitive  
Methodist, and Bible Christian Churches are not included in the above.

**Fulfilling the Law.**

THERE is an erroneous idea in some  
minds, that because we are "not under  
the law, but under grace," that there-  
fore the claims of God's law are not  
binding. The words of our Lord in  
His Sermon on the Mount are a direct  
refutation of this idea.

Think not that I am come to destroy the  
law, or the prophets ; I am not come to  
destroy, but to fulfil.

For verily I say unto you, Till heaven  
and earth pass, one jot or one tittle shall in  
no wise pass from the law, till all be fulfil-  
led.

Whosoever therefore shall break one of  
these least commandments, and shall teach  
men so, he shall be called the least in the  
kingdom of heaven : but whosoever shall do  
and teach them, the same shall be called  
great in the kingdom of heaven.

For I say unto you, That except your  
righteousness shall exceed the righteousness  
of the scribes and Pharisees, ye shall in no  
wise enter into the kingdom of heaven.—  
Matt v. 17, 18, 19, 20.

And our Lord goes on to show that  
not merely the outward act but the  
inward thought is a violation of the  
law—that an angry word, in the sight  
of God, is murder, that an impure  
desire is sin—and in His own life He  
kept that law with a completeness with  
which it was never kept before. And  
He left us an example that we should  
follow in His steps.

LITTLE MARY (just three years old)  
loves her baby brother dearly, but  
sometimes when he is very much  
noticed and caressed, jealousy over-  
comes her, and she shows her displeasure  
by giving her brother a pinch or bite.  
Recently as she finished her evening  
prayer and was rising from her knees,  
she suddenly knelt again, bowed low  
her head, and said, "O God, peas-  
s'cuse me if I appen to bite little budder  
to-morrow," and added as if in reply,  
"Yes."

**Brevities.**

You must not fight too often with  
one enemy, or you will teach him all  
your arts of war.

TEN cotton factories and nine gold  
mines are in operation within a radius  
of thirty miles of Charlotte, N.C. The  
cotton factories yield the most gold.

ONE-fourth of the books printed in  
the United States involve a positive  
loss, one-half barely pay the expenses  
of publication, and the profits have to  
be made on the other fourth.

WE laugh to see a whole flock of  
sheep jump because one did so ; might  
not one imagine that superior beings  
do the same by us, and for exactly the  
same reason ?

IN conversing with Richard H.  
Dana, jr., the latter spoke of the cold  
eyes of one of our public men. "Yes,"  
said Emerson, meditatively, "holes in  
his head ! holes in his head !"

FAME confers a rank above that of  
gentlemen and of kings. As soon as  
she issues her patent of nobility, it  
matters not if the recipient be the son  
of a Bourbon or of a tallowchandler.—  
Bulwer Lytton.

AFTER the choir in one of the  
churches in Ithaca, New York, had  
performed a rather heavy selection, the  
minister opened the Bible and began  
reading in Acts xx, "And after the up-  
roar ceased."

HE that says God is the Unknown,  
by his very sentence bears testimony  
that there is a God. His subject is a  
confession of faith—God. His predi-  
cate is a confession of ignorance—  
unknown.

WHEN the law for the manumission  
of the Cuban slaves was passed several  
years ago they numbered 385,355. It  
is estimated that all but 100,000 have  
already been set free, and it is thought  
that all will be free within a year.

THE most enormous waste of phy-  
sical force in this country results from  
our bad roads. The whole nation, so  
to speak, goes on one leg. Our  
abominable roads add 50 per cent. to  
the cost of movement.

FRIENDS are discovered rather than  
made ; they are people who are in  
their own nature friends, only they  
don't know each other ; but certain  
things, like poetry, music, and paint-  
ings, are like the Freemasons' sign—  
they reveal the initiated to each other.

COLONEL ANNIS: "Pa, am I a  
Colonel?" asked little Annie Wallace  
yesterday evening. "Why, no, my  
daughter. What makes you ask that?"  
"Why, 'cause Ella Hughes, from Cin-  
cinnati, what's visiting next door, told  
me yesterday I was a Colonel, 'cause I  
was born in Kentucky." "That,  
daughter, is Ohio ignorance. I am the  
only Colonel in this family."

A YOUNGSTER, whilst perusing a  
chapter of Genesis, turning to his father,  
inquired if the people in those days  
used to "their sums on the ground."  
It was discovered that he had been  
reading the passage, "And the sons of  
men multiplied on the face of the  
earth."

FRANCIS I. being desirous to raise  
one of the most learned men of the  
times, to the highest dignities of the  
Church, asked him if he was of noble  
descent. "Your Majesty," answered  
the abbot, "there were three brothers  
in Noah's ark, but I cannot tell posi-  
tively from which of them I am de-  
scended." He obtained the post.