

It has been estimated that Wesley travelled two hundred and ninety thousand miles in all, and preached more than forty thousand sermons, most of them in the open air. Yet he found time to read more than two thousand volumes, to edit a monthly magazine, and to write more than two hundred volumes, including works on history, philosophy, literature, electricity, and theology. Someone has said with truth: 'Few men could have travelled as much as he, had they omitted all else. Few could have preached as much, without either travel or study. And few could have written and published as much, had they avoided both travel and preaching.'

He labored on, until, at eighty-seven years of age, he preached his last sermon in the open air. A few months longer he continued his work, visiting some of the towns where mobs had sought to harm him. Here, as everywhere, he was given a hearty welcome, men of all classes thronging to hear him preach in the chapels.

On February third, 1791, he preached for the last time. Four weeks later, the Father of Methodism passed away. His last words appear on his monument in Westminster Abbey:—

'The best of all is, God is with us.'

Sunday is Such a Loving Day

(Susan Teall Perry, in 'Christian Work.')

Mr. Halstead was riding uptown on the Sixth-avenue elevated. The cars were crowded, as it was the time when business was over and the tired workers were going home. There happened to be no one near Mr. Halstead that he knew, so he had no one to talk to and his evening paper had been finished before he left the office.

Naturally he was left to his own thoughts and they were in this wise:

'Strange I could not tell Frank Wilbur the ages of my children to-day! I believe Roy was six last spring, but whether he was born in April or May, I cannot remember. I must look up the matter of birthdays and make a note of them, for it is quite embarrassing for a man not to be able to tell his friends how old his own children are. But then it is not to be wondered at. We business men are so occupied with the question of bread-and-butter-getting that other subjects are absorbed by it. I don't believe half of us know our children—their characteristics and abilities cannot well be learned in the short time before we leave for business in the morning and after the dinner hour at night. And Sundays? The mornings are taken up at church and in the afternoon the children go to Sunday-school.'

'But what of the time after Sunday-school?' asked the father's conscience. It had been such an easy matter to fall asleep on the lounge after the children went to Sunday-school, and if asleep when they came home, they were admonished to keep quiet and not awaken papa. If he were wakeful and preferred to entertain himself with an interesting book, he was irritated if the children interrupted him with questions or made a noise in the room. So Sunday was a day of restraint because father was home.

'Are you doing your duty by your children?' asked the stern voice of conscience. 'You provide for them in a temporal way, but do you help them any in the forming of noble characters, which will not only be

a source of happiness to them in after-life, but to all those with whom they will come in contact? Is their mother the only one responsible for their spiritual necessities?'

'Ninety-first street,' called out the guard and Mr. Halstead buttoned up his coat and hastily joined the crowd that got off at that station.

'Hallo, papa,' called out a boyish voice, 'mamma said we might come to the station and meet you because we had been so good all day.' The father was soon going down the elevated stairs hand-in-hand with a little boy on each side of him.

'Glad you've been good boys to-day, Guy and Roy, but aren't you always good?'

'No, papa, not always,' answered the smaller one of the two; 'sometimes we are very bad.'

'I'm sorry to hear that, my son. What makes you bad?'

'I don't know, papa; something ugly gets inside of us I guess.'

'You are getting to be big boys now and ought to know how to behave yourselves. Roy, how old are you?'

'Why, papa, have you forgotten my birthday? Don't you know I was seven years old last April, the fifteenth day? I had a party and don't you know you came in to dinner just as the girls and boys were going home?'

'Oh, yes, I remember it now, Roy. And you, Guy; let me see, your birthday comes —'

'Next month, papa; and don't you remember you said you would take me yourself off somewhere on a steamboat? Don't you know I'll be five years old then?'

'Oh, yes—yes; and Bessie's birthday comes in July.'

'She's a great big girl now, Bessie, is she's going on ten; she said so to-day,' answered Roy.

The boys had never come to the station before to meet their father, and when they went into the house Mr. Halstead's wife met him at the door.

'Do you know, Will,' she said, as she gave her husband the coming-home kiss, 'your Cousin Frank was here to-day, and he said he asked you in the office this morning how old your children were, and you could not tell him? Frank thought it was a great joke, but I thought it a very serious fact, and began to think how busy your life is outside and how little time you have at home with your children. It is really alarming how little business men in the city know about their own children.'

'I was thinking that over coming up in the train, and I tell you, Madge, I've resolved to turn over a new leaf. If I am tired at night, I'm going to give an hour to the children after dinner, and the balance of Sunday afternoon after they get home from Sunday-school. I realized today that I have hardly become acquainted with my own children.'

'That is the reason, Will, I let the children go to the station to meet you to-night. It would give them a little more time with their father.'

The new leaf was turned that night. Father had a game with the children and told them stories until bedtime. And when Sunday came he made it so pleasant for the children that little Roy said to his mother a few weeks since: 'O mamma, Sunday is such a loving day now. Papa takes us on his lap and loves us and tells us

such nice stories, and we are all so happy together.'

Now, fathers, ponder this subject of time with your children in your hearts. Companionship with one's children makes them confidential with their father. They learn to know how to regard his counsel as good, because given by one who loves them and has their best interests at heart. Remember, in all your business dealing and home-life, that 'A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches.' Do not let any wrong-doings tarnish the name that your children must bear through life. When you teach them to honor you because you are their father, make yourself worthy of that honor.

The Sheep That Was Lost.

On the Aletusch Glacier I saw a strange, beautiful sight—the parable of the 'Ninety and nine,' repeated to the letter. One day we were making our way with ice-axe and alpenstock down the glacier, when we observed a flock of sheep following their shepherd over the intricate windings between crevasses, and so passing from the pastures on the one side of the glacier to the pastures on the other. The flock had numbered two hundred all told. But on the way one sheep got lost. One of the shepherds, in his German patois, appealed to us if we had seen it. Fortunately one of the party had a field-glass. With its aid we discovered it up amid a tangle of brush-wood, on the rocky mountain side.

It was beautiful to see how the shepherd, without a word, left his hundred and ninety-nine sheep out in the glacier waste, knowing they would stand there perfectly still and safe, and went clambering back after the lost sheep until he found it. And he actually put it on his shoulders and 'returned rejoicing.' Here was our Lord's parable enacted before our eyes, though the shepherd was all unconscious of it. And it brought our Lord's teaching home to us with a vividness which none can realize but those who saw the incident.—'Waif.'

Postal Crusade.

MANITOBA'S FIRST W.C.T.U. MESSAGE TO THE POST-OFFICE CRUSADE.

'May the lives of many be brightened and enriched by your Missionary effort.'

These words of cheer come from the sister of the World's W.C.T.U. Treasurer. With the message came a thirty-cent subscription.

Samples of the little paper have gone to every Dominion officer of the W.C.T.U. and all officers of the provinces. The edition for July-August will soon be ready. Will all interested send thirty cents to

The 'Post-Office Crusade,'

112 Irvine avenue,

Westmount, Que.

Prize Winners.

The following are the successful competitors in the competition announced in the 'Messenger,' April 24th, having obtained the three largest numbers of subscriptions for the 'Northern Messenger':—Miss L. Sterling, Maxwell, Ont. 64 subscriptions; Bessie F. Graham, Bridgeport, N.S., 38 subscriptions; Elsie B. Smith, Bear Point, N.S., 11 subscriptions. The successful competitors will therefore receive the Number One fountain pen.