

father's tombstone (see round picture under the portrait). The lower centre picture gives a view of an old foundry which was purchased by Wesley, and became his first chapel. In this building very many persons heard the Gospel and were converted. On Wednesday, Feb. 23rd, 1791, he preached at Leatherhead the last of his 42,400 sermons, and there his voice, which had sounded the good news so far and wide for over 50 years, was heard no more. He died just one week after. "He rests from his labours, but his works do follow him."

Good News.



OUR Young Readers will be pleased to learn that the publisher of this paper has decided to issue it in future every two weeks instead of monthly. We also intend making it more helpful to young Sunday School Scholars by printing, on the last page, stories illustrating the International lessons. We hope our young readers will value the paper and advise their companions to subscribe for it.

A Pledge.

THE superintendent of a Sunday-school in Charleston, Ill., sends the following pledge which has been successfully used in his school:—

COLD WATER ARMY.

Motto: "A Pure Heart in a Sound Body."

ALCOHOL.

I will not buy,
I will not make,
I will not use,
I will not take,
Wine, brandy, beer,
Rum, whisky, gin,
Because they lead
Mankind to sin.

PROFANITY.

I will not curse,
Though many dare
Open their lips
To curse and swear.
My words shall be
Both pure and plain;
I will not take
God's name in vain.

TOBACCO.

I will not smoke	I will not chew,
The smoker's Pets,	I will not snuff,
Those little things	Or waste my time
Called cigarettes.	In playing puff.

We would like to know that every reader of "Our Young People" had taken these pledges, relying on God's grace to help them in keeping them.

"MAMMA," said a little girl when she was looking for a childish treasure she had mislaid, "I think God will help us find it if we ask Him; so I'll pray while you hunt." That showed the little one to have a fitting appreciation of faith and works.

A Child's Hymn.

"JUST as I am," Thine own to be,
Friend of the young, Who lovest me;
To consecrate myself to Thee,
O Jesus Christ, I come.

In the glad morning of my day,
My life to give, my vows to pay,
With no reserve, and no delay,
With all my heart I come.

I would live ever in the light,
I would work ever for the right,
I would serve Thee with all my might,
Therefore to Thee I come.

"Just as I am," young strong, and free,
To be the best that I can be
For truth, and righteousness, and Thee,
Lord of my life, I come.

With many dreams of fame and gold
Success and joy to make me bold;
But dearer still my faith to hold,
For my whole life, I come.

And for Thy sake to win renown,
And then to take my victor's crown,
And at Thy feet to cast it down,
O Master, Lord, I come.

—Marianne Farningham.

What Ailed a Pillow.



WHILE Annie was saying her prayers, Nell trifled with a shadow picture on the wall. Not satisfied with playing alone she would talk to Annie, that mite of a figure in golden curls and snowy gown, by the bed-side.

Annie finished her prayer, and crept into bed, whither her thoughtless sister followed, as the light must be out in just so many minutes. Presently Nell took to floundering, punching, and Oh dear-ing.

"What's the matter?" asked Annie at length.

"My pillow!" tossing, thumping, kneading. "It's as flat as a board, and hard as a stone; I can't think what ails it."

"I know," answered Annie, in her sweet, serious way.

"What?"

"There's no prayer in it."

For a second or two Nell was as still as a mouse, then she scrambled out on the floor, and knelt down.

"That must have been what ailed it," she whispered, soon after getting into bed again; "it's all right now."

I think that is what ails a great many pillows on which restless heads, both little and big, nightly toss and turn; there are no prayers in them.

—Selected.