

from the other children. He says, "I tried to make good my mother's expectations, and to follow the example of Him who was born in a manger belonging to an inn."

She encouraged him in his education. She prepared the way for his collegiate course. She inquired, "Will you go to Oxford, George?" He replied, "With all my heart."

She made sacrifices for him, but was amply compensated for all in living to see him universally esteemed and honored far beyond her highest hopes. In the midst of his popularity, when his name was crowned with a garland of imperishable verdure, and crowds were thronging to hear him, he did not forget his aged and worthy mother.

A woman had neglected to procure for him some things he had ordered for her. A week's delay was thus occasioned. The moment he discovered this he wrote, "I should never forgive myself were I, by negligence or any wrong conduct, to give you a moment's needless pain. Alas, how little I have done for you! Christ's care for his mother excites me to wish I could do anything for you. I rejoice to hear that you have been so long under my roof. Blessed be God, that I have a house for my honored mother to come to! You are heartily welcome to any thing my house affords as long as you please. If need were, indeed, these hands should administer to your necessities. I had rather want myself than that you should. I shall be highly pleased when I come to Bristol, and find you sitting in your youngest son's house. O, may I sit with you in the house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens!"

THE DREAM.

When George Whitefield was a school-boy sixteen years of age, he dreamed that he was to see God on Mount Sinai. This made a deep impression upon his mind. He related it to a lady of his acquaintance, who interpreted it thus: "George, this is a call from God." In this light he viewed it, for he says, "I grew more serious after the dream," and in this instance, as is frequently the case, a dream had great influence in shaping the future destiny of the dreamer.

About this time, one night, he, while going on an errand for his mother, had a very strong impression made upon him that he should soon preach the Gospel. When he returned home he innocently informed his mother how singularly his mind had been thus wrought upon, and in connection with it, related his dream. But she had no more confidence in his dream than Jacob had in Joseph's, and no more confidence in his impression than she had in his dream. She gave him a look of reproof, and said to him with a tone of authority, "What does the boy mean? Prudence, hold thy tongue." He afterward said that he was "like Joseph, who had more honesty than policy, or he would never have related his dream."

A NEW LIFE.

During the absence of the Wesleys in America, George Whitefield was the presiding spirit of the "Holy Club" at Oxford. He preceded the Wesleys in obtaining the peace of mind and "assurance of faith" which they had sought together before parting. He says of his conversion, "With what joy, joy unspeakable, even joy that was full of glory, was my soul filled,

when the weight of sin went off, and an abiding sense of the pardoning love of God, and a full assurance of faith, broke in upon my desolate soul! Surely it was the day of my espousals, a day to be had in everlasting remembrance. At first my joys were like a spring tide, and as it were overflowed the banks; go where I would I could not avoid the singing of psalms almost aloud; afterward, they became more settled, and, blessed be God, saving a few casual intervals, have abode and increased in my soul ever since."

At his ordination he consecrated himself to an apostolic life.

"I can call upon heaven and earth to witness," he says, writing of it, "that when the bishop laid his hand upon me, I gave myself up to be a martyr for Him who hung upon the cross for me. I have thrown myself blindfold, and, I trust, without reserve, into his almighty hands." His remaining life was an exemplification of these vows. He had a soul of fire, and henceforth it glowed brighter and brighter even unto the perfect day.

It would be impossible to define the eloquence of Whitefield. It was the utterance of the whole man—heart, head, and person. It was more: it was the utterance of a living, exultant piety. An incident shows in what a spirit he lived and labored.

One night it lightened exceedingly: he had been expounding to many people, and some being afraid to go home he thought it his duty to accompany them and improve the occasion to stir them up for the coming of the Son of man.

He preached to them on the highway, while the thunders broke above his head, and the lightning sped along his path. On his return to the parsonage, while the neighbours were rising from their beds, and terrified to see the lightning run upon the ground, he and a poor but pious countryman continued in the field praying, and longing for the time when Christ shall be revealed from heaven in a flame of fire!

"O that my soul," he wrote, "may be in a like flame when He shall actually come to call me!" How could such a man be other than eloquent?—*History of Methodism.*

WHITEFIELD AND THE CHILDREN.

One of Mr. Whitefield's most effective sermons, which was preached in Boston, was occasioned by the remark of a dying boy, who had heard him the day before. The boy had been taken sick immediately after the sermon, and had said, "I want to go to Mr. Whitefield's God," and then expired. This produced a profound impression upon Whitefield, and touched the secret place of his thunder and his tears. He says, "It encouraged me to speak to little ones: but O how were the old people affected when I said, 'Little children, if your parents will not come to Christ, do you come and go to heaven without them!'"

Whitefield was often persecuted, and it is said that children used frequently to sit round him on the pulpit to hand him the notes which were sent up by inquirers of the way of salvation. The poor children were exposed to all the missiles with which he was assailed; but however much they were terrified or hurt, they never shrank, "but on the contrary," says Whitefield, "every time I was struck, they turned up their little weeping eyes, and seemed to wish they could receive the blows for me."—*From "The Prince of Pulpit Orators."*

WHITEFIELD AND THE DRUMMER.

In preaching, Whitefield was subject to frequent interruptions, but was always ready, by some witty remark or some striking thought, to silence disturbers.

His life abounds with such striking incidents. The following anecdote is related on the authority of Dr. Franklin. It occurred in or near Philadelphia.

Whitefield was preaching in an open field to an immense multitude in his usual eloquent manner, when a drummer who was present was determined to interrupt the preacher, and he beat his drum in a violent manner in order to drown his voice. Whitefield elevated his voice very high, but the drummer made more noise than he did. The annoyance was terrible, and likely to destroy the effect of the sermon, when Whitefield concluded to put an end to it, and, addressing the drummer, said,

"Friend, you and I serve the two greatest Masters existing, but in different callings. You beat up for volunteers for King George, I for the Lord Jesus Christ. In God's name, then, let us not interrupt each other. The world is wide enough for both, and we may get recruits in abundance."

This ingenious appeal, showing how well he understood human nature, had the desired effect. The drum ceased its sound, and the drummer was so well pleased with Whitefield's address to him that he went away in the best of humour, and left the field-preacher alone in his glory.

THE DEATH OF WHITEFIELD.

Whitefield died while on a visit to America, after a flaming ministry of thirty-four years. His love and zeal never died out. He was an orator, an enthusiast, a Christian man whose soul was all aglow with love to God and man. Dr. Stevens, in the History of Methodism, tells this story of his last night on earth, which shows us the spirit of the man. "While at supper the pavement in front of the house, and even its hall, were crowded with people, impatient to hear a few words from his eloquent lips; but he was exhausted, and, rising from the table, said to one of the clergymen who were with him, 'Brother, you must speak to these dear people: I cannot say a word.'"

Taking a candle he hastened toward his bedroom, but before reaching it he was arrested by the suggestion of his own generous heart that he ought not thus to desert the anxious crowd, hungering for the bread of life from his hands. He paused on the stairs to address them. He had preached his last sermon; this was to be his last exhortation. It would seem that some pensive misgiving, some vague presentiment, touched his soul with the saddening apprehension that the moments were too precious to be lost in rest; he lingered on the stairway, while the crowd gazed up at him with tearful eyes, as Elisha at the ascending prophet. His voice—never, perhaps, surpassed in its music and pathos—flowed on until the candle which he held in his hand burned away and went out in its socket! The next morning he was not, for God had taken him!

—Little Robbie went to a show for the first time in his life. When he came home his mother asked him what he had seen. "An elephant, mamma, that gobbled hay with his front tail!"

THE LAZY ANT.

BY C. E. H.

A brown ant it is said,
Took it into its head
That he wanted an easier life;
So he vowed that all work
Henceforth he would shirk,
To the grief of his poor little wife.

His "sisters and consirs,
And ants" by the dozens,
Remonstrated with him, until
In a wild fit of spite
He left them outright,
And clambered up out of the hill.

And day after day
He did no thing but play!
And when he grew tired, he would climb
And rock. Lazy fellow,
In a dandelion yellow,
And thus passed the bright summer time.

He found plenty to eat—
Dainty crumbs, seeds, and meat,
And never a thought did he give,
Nor a fig did he care,
How, by and by, he should fare,
Where, or how, in the cold winter live.

His brothers and sisters:
Worked their small feet to blisters,
Their bodies to mere skin and bone;
Many a crumb and dead fly
For the bleak by-and-by
Had they stored ere the summer was gone.

But when autumn winds blew,
Starved and chilled through and through,
C pitiously then did he cry!
But they said, "Lazy ant!
You must certainly can't
Have a bit of our winter's supply."

Then they closed up their door
Till the winter was over
And left him still pleading, outside;
So this poor little miser
Grew colder and thinner,
Each day, till he shivered and died.

—*The Youth's Companion.*

HOW TO CURE EXAGGERATION.

SOME habits are so unconsciously practiced that a movement to mend them is the only way to detect them. The beam in one's own eye is less than the mote in another person's eye.

A family, while at the breakfast table one morning, pledged to observe the strictest veracity for that day. A member of the family tells the "consequences."

As a first fruit of the resolve, we asked the one who suggested it: "What made you so late at breakfast this morning?"

She hesitated, began with, "Because I couldn't"—and then, true to her compact, said, "The truth is, I was lazy and didn't hurry, or I might have been down long ago."

Presently one of them remarked that she had been very cold, adding, "I never was so cold in my life."

An inquiring look caused the last speaker to modify this statement instantly with, "O I don't think I was so cold after all!"

A third remark to the effect that "Miss So-and-so was the homeliest girl in the city," was recalled as soon as made, the speaker being compelled to own that Miss So-and-so was only rather plain, instead of being excessively homely.

So it went on throughout the day causing much merriment, which was good-naturedly accepted by the subjects, and giving rise to constant corrections in the interest of truth.

One thing became more and more surprising, however, to each of us, and that was the amount of cutting down which our careless statements demanded under this new law.