

JOHN WESLEY'S COMPANIONS.

"When it pleased God," said Mr. Wesley, "to give me a settled resolution to be, not a nominal but a REAL Christian (being then about twenty-two years of age) my acquaintances were as ignorant of God as myself. But there was this difference: I knew my own ignorance; they did not know theirs. I faintly endeavoured to help them, but in vain. Meantime I found, by sad experience, that even their harmless conversation—so called—damped all my good resolutions. But how to get rid of them was the question which I resolved in my mind again and again. I saw no possible way unless it should please God to remove me to another college. He did so in a manner utterly contrary to all human probability. I was elected fellow of a college where I knew not one person. I foresaw that abundance of people would come to see me, either out of friendship, civility, or curiosity, and that I should have offers of acquaintance, new and old. But I had now fixed my plans.

"Entering now, as it were, into a new world, I have resolved to have no acquaintance by chance, but by choice, and to choose such only as I had reason to believe would help me on my way to heaven. In consequence of this, I narrowly observed the temper and behaviour of all that visited me. I saw no reason to think that the greater part of these truly loved or feared God. Such acquaintance, therefore, I did not choose. I could not expect they could do me any good; therefore, when any of these came I behaved as courteously as I could, but to the question, 'When will you come to see me?' I returned no answer. When they had come a few times and found I still declined to return the visit, I saw them no more. And I bless God," he adds, "this has been my invariable rule for about threescore years. I knew many reflections would follow; but that did not move me, as I knew full well it was my calling to go through evil report and good report."

JOHN WESLEY PREACHING ON HIS FATHER'S TOMB.

Wesley became, like his father, a clergyman of the Church of England; and one very touching story is told of him, which is illustrated in the engraving on the preceding page. Returning on a visit to his native place, after his father's death, he was very desirous to preach to his old neighbours; but the man who had succeeded his father was one of a very different character—he was a miserable man, of dissolute habits, who bitterly assailed Mr. Wesley, and refused to let him preach in the parish church. Wesley resolved, therefore, to preach in the church-yard, and, taking his stand on the broad, low slab which covered his father's grave, he preached with wonderful power to the crowds that gathered about him. A deep religious in-

terest was awakened, and for a week from this strange pulpit he preached every day. His voice at times was drowned by the cries of the penitents, and the quiet old churchyard became the scene where many sinners found peace with God.

We shall have further stories to tell of this remarkable man, who was the author, under God, of one of the greatest religious movements the world has ever seen.

"God Knows."

OH! wild and dark was the winter night,
When the emigrant ship went down,
But just outside of the harbour bar,
In the sight of the startled town!
The winds howled, and the sea roared,
And never a soul could sleep,
Save the little ones on their mothers' breasts,
Too young to watch and weep.

No boat could live in the angry surf,
No rope could reach the land;
There were bold, brave hearts upon the shore,
There was many a ready hand:
Women who prayed, and men who strove
When prayers and work were vain,—
For the sun rose over the awful void
And the silence of the main!

All day the watchers paced the sands—
All day they scanned the deep;
All night the booming minute-guns
Echoed from steep to steep
"Give up thy dead, O cruel sea!"
They cried athwart the space;
But only a baby's fragile form
Escaped from its stern embrace!

Only one little child of all
Who with the ship went down,
That night, when the happy babies slept
So warm in the sheltered town!
Wrapped in the glow of the morning light,
It lay on the shifting sand,
As fair as a sculptor's marble dream,
With a shell in its dimpled hand.

There were none to tell of its race or kin,
"God knoweth," the Pastor said,
When the sobbing children crowded to ask
The name of the baby dead.
And so when they laid it away at last
In the church-yard's hushed repose,
They raised a stone at the baby's head
With the carved words,—*"God knows!"*
—*St. Nicholas.*

Never Draw Back.

ON the first Sunday in Advent, a peasant, on leaving a church, went over in his mind the sermon he had just heard. The minister had preached on the entrance of our Lord into Jerusalem, and pictured the happiness that the possessor of the ass and the colt must have felt in having them used by our Saviour.

Our friend, who also had a horse in his stable, said to himself, "It is certain that if our Lord Jesus was still on earth, I would offer him my horse with all my heart." When, on leaving church, he was throwing his copper into the plate, he saw on the coin the figure of a horse at full gallop. (This is the stamp of all the Brunswick money.) A thought crossed his mind: "All the horses that I find from this time in my pocket shall be consecrated to my Saviour, and devoted to the missions."

No sooner said than done. From

that day our friend gladly gave all the copper coins on which he saw a horse, though it seemed to him that never in his life before had he seen so many of this kind; and when he discovered some time after that silver coins also bore this image, he did not swerve from his resolution.

Things went on in this way for about seven months. One day he took a pig to the neighbouring town. He sold it, and obtained a good price for it. The butcher gave him the money, and he saw with pleasure a gold coin shining in his hand. But, oh, what a misfortune! He perceived the fatal effigy of a horse at full gallop. Sacrifice that horse to the Lord! No; that was too much to ask. He had not the least idea when he made the promise that money of this sort existed. He slipped the gold piece into his pocket, but conscience gave him no rest. He took it out again—he examined it—balanced it in his hand; but the little horse would not quit his place. All at once he perceived two words engraved below the animal—"Nunquam retrorsum;" but, as he had never learned Latin, he was no wiser than before. He thought, however, perhaps these words would relieve him from his embarrassment, so at once he went to his clergyman. Without telling his scruples, he begged him to translate the two words engraven under the horse. "That is very easy, my friend," said the minister. "Those words, '*Nunquam retrorsum*,' mean, Never draw back." The peasant stopped and reflected. "That is for me; I am decided now. Since I began with the copper horse, and went on to the silver horse, I will not draw back from my promise from love to a gold one. *Never draw back!*" So saying, he gave his gold horse to the missions.—*Missionary Outlook.*

The Past is Past.

THE past is past beyond control;
Leave it and go thy way.
To-morrow gives no pledge to thee;
Thy hope lies in to-day.

Even to-day is not all thine;
Its ending none can tell.
God gives the moments one by one;
Take them, and use them well.

The Queen at the London Hospital.

IT was a fine though cold March day, some years ago, when the Queen and her daughter, the Princess Beatrice, went to open some new wards in the London Hospital; and many thousands of people crowded the streets and houses to welcome her—to show how pleased they were to see her.

After the Queen had visited these new rooms, she went into a large ward, where a number of men who had met with accidents were, and some poor boys. She spoke to several, saying kind words to each, and, though in pain, they seemed pleased and cheered to see her. At a distance

from the Queen, the Princess Beatrice, the Duke of Cambridge, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and several ladies, followed.

When Her Majesty was leaving these wards, her chaplain asked the Queen if she would visit the Buxton Ward, at the end of the hospital, for there a number of children were in their little beds. The Queen kindly consented, and she, with the Princess Beatrice, spoke first to one and then to another of these dear little sufferers.

But before she left, Mr. Rowsell said, "One little child said to me this morning, 'How I wish I could see the Queen; I am sure I should get well if I could.'" Katie was her name, and she was between four and five years old.

The Queen said, "Oh! take me to her;" so Mr. Rowsell led Her Majesty to Katie's little cot, and she looked so pleased, and the Queen patted her cheek and took her little hand, and said, "You will try to get well now, darling, will you not?"

Katie did not answer to that, but, showing her playthings, said, "You have not seen my soldiers!" This amused them all, and the visit gave great delight.

About twenty-six children were in this large, clean room; some had burnt themselves very sadly by playing with fire when their mothers had left them; one had taken hold of a tea-kettle, and put its little mouth to the spout; and some had met with accidents in the streets.

But it is a great comfort in a Christian country, that when they are in sickness and pain, so much kindness and nursing care are given to them in the hospital. Their room is so pretty, and all around are pictures; some of the blessed Saviour, the good Shepherd, taking care of the lambs; and others of pretty fields and birds; and the poor little things have toys often given them. Their mothers come and see them in the afternoons while they are in the hospital, and it is quite wonderful how happy they are.

There is not time to tell all that happened at the visit of the Queen, but her visit was felt not so much a grand thing—a royal procession—as a visit of love and kindness and mercy to the poor sufferers in the hospital; and the words in the streets and over the arches showed how the people felt this. These are some out of many: "I was sick, and ye visited me;" "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least, ye have done it unto me," "Blessed are the merciful." These words of our blessed Saviour met the eyes, and we believe the hearts, of thousands, just as texts in our rooms will often speak to us. Then, opposite the hospital was, "A humane sovereign makes a loving people."

THE tongue is a little member, and boasteth great things.