



ONE OF WESLEY'S HELPERS PREACHING IN THE STOCKS.

SCENES FROM THE LIFE OF WESLEY.

The scene at the burning of Epworth Rectory, when John Wesley, a child of but a few years of age, was rescued just as the roof fell in, is by no means the least interesting in his history. The flames of Epworth Rectory seem to throw a sort of illumination down the pathway of his future. A child saved for a great purpose he became from that hour.

Another picture shows one of his "helpers," as the early Methodist itinerants were called, with his feet in the stocks for the gospel's sake in Christian England. There is something of a contrast between the Methodist preacher of those times and the Methodist preacher of to-day. Nevertheless, in spite of persecution, they wearied not in well-doing. John Wesley was not a preacher and leader and theologian only, he was a practical helper in material things as well. He established the first free dispensary of medicines and remedies for the poor. He seems to have had considerable skill in this line, so that, like his Divine Master, we may say of him, He healed the sick, as well as carried light to those that sat in darkness.

It is a scene well worthy the artist's brush, the closing hours of this veteran of Methodism. His end befitted his life. One may say of him, in spite of his burden of eighty-eight years, that he died in the thick of the battle. During the last few weeks of his life, he preached a number of vigorous sermons. Only six days before his death he preached from the text, "Seek ye the Lord while he may be found; call ye upon him while he is near." This was his last. On Saturday, three days later, he wrote his final letter. It was to Wilberforce, urging him to con-

tinue his efforts against the African slave-trade. Then, for three days he weakened gradually, praising God as the tide of life ebbed out to sea.



JOHN WESLEY WRITING HIS LAST LETTER.

Thus died one whose power had made itself felt, not only throughout the three kingdoms, but throughout the New World as well. Of him it is written, "No Englishman whatever, save the sovereign him-

self, swayed a wider or more profound popular power." He who once had been persecuted, beaten, and stoned, had to be buried before six o'clock in the morning to prevent accidents from the great crowds that thronged to look upon the face of the departed leader, crowds from which rose constantly the sob of sorrowing hearts.

PUSSY'S ADOPTED BABIES.

One night the watchman at a railroad station saw a little striped kitten wandering about the street mewing. He picked her up and carried her into the station. There she was given a saucer of milk, and after she had drunk it she curled up in a warm corner out of the way and went to sleep. Ever since she has lived at the station.

When she had been there for a long time, something happened that made her very unhappy. She had three little kittens, of which she was very proud, and one day when she was off after mice a dog found them and killed them. How bad every one felt! And pussy felt worst of all.

A few days later some workmen were repairing the floor of the station. Under a board they found a nest of baby mice.

"Come here, pussy," they said; "here is a fine dinner for you."

Pussy came. She smelt of the little mice and rolled them about with her paw. Then she picked up one in her mouth and carried it carefully to the basket where her kittens had lived. One after another she carried them all there in the same way.

Ever since that day she has taken good care of the mice, and is bringing them up as lovingly as if they were her own kittens.



JOHN WESLEY DISPENSING DRUGS IN THE FIRST FREE DISPENSARY.