

by freely giving it to the more needy, enabled them to carry on business once more. An instance of this kind of Christian help may be mentioned here, though it happened many years later.

An artist had often asked leave to take a cast of Mr. Wesley's face, that he might make busts for sale. At last he overcame the good man's reluctance by promising him ten guineas for a sitting, to be given away as Mr. Wesley liked. On leaving the studio Mr. Wesley remarked to a friend who was with him,

"Well, I never till now earned money so speedily; what shall we do with it?"

They had not gone far before they found a poor woman begging on Westminster Bridge. Her husband had been taken up for a debt of eighteen shillings, and she, with her three children, were reduced to poverty. One of the ten guineas quickly changed hands and the debtor was released. They next went to the Gillsur Street Prison, where they found a man who had been kept there for months for lack of ten shillings. His sufferings had not made him thoughtless for others, and his first act after receiving Mr. Wesley's bounty was to beg him to go to another prisoner he named, if it were not too late to help him. On going upstairs they found the wretched victim, reduced to skin and bone, his wife was slowly dying of starvation on a little heap of straw, with a dead child lying by its mother's side. Of course a doctor was brought at once, but the poor woman was too far gone to recover, and the man required careful attention for weeks. This case swallowed up the rest of the ten guineas, and even more, for Mr. Wesley collected enough to set the young man up again when he was restored to health. He had owed money to several creditors, all of whom were willing to give him time except one. This man insisted upon his arrest, and gratified his spite to his own cost and at the expense of all the other creditors, who were kept out of their money while the debtor was languishing in jail. The released debtor was afterward very successful in business, and not only paid all his debt, but endowed a fund for the relief of those who were liable to imprisonment for small sums. The cruel creditor was the first to apply for relief!

But to return to the Holy Club. Besides visiting the sick and prisoners, they established schools, gave away tracts, Bibles, etc., and were forward in every good word and work. Lest it should be thought they were intruding where they had no right to go, they asked the Bishop for his approval. He granted it, and Samuel Wesley also highly approved of his son's deeds; but from other quarters ridicule, envy, anger, and opposition poured in.—From "The Father of Methodism."

A WORD IN SEASON.

At the age of thirty-two, John Wesley, with his brother Charles and two friends, Ingham and Delamotte, went out to work in a colony in Georgia. General Oglethorpe was at the head of this colony, and showed great kindness to the four earnest young missionaries.

Oglethorpe was irritable, but noble-hearted and generous. One day John Wesley, hearing an unusual noise in his cabin, entered to inquire the cause, on which the angry soldier cried:

"Excuse me, Mr. Wesley: I have met with a provocation too great to bear. This villain, Ghimaldi (an Italian servant,) has drunk nearly the whole of my Cyprus wine, the only wine that

agrees with me, and several dozens of which I had provided for myself. But I am determined to be revenged. The rascal shall be tied hand and foot, and be carried to the man-of-war; for I never forgive."

"Then," said Wesley, with great calmness and gentleness, "I hope, sir, you never sin."

Oglethorpe was confounded. His vengeance was gone. He put his hand into his pocket, pulled out a bunch of keys and threw them at Ghimaldi, saying, "There, villain! take my keys, and behave better for the future."

Another incident of this portion of his life is related:

"Some of the boys in Mr. Delamotte's school were too poor to wear shoes and stockings, on which account those who could boast of being shod used to tease them for going barefoot. The teacher tried to correct this small cruelty, but failed, and reported his want of success to Mr. Wesley.

"I think I can cure it," said Wesley, and if you will exchange schools with me I will try."

Accordingly, the next Monday morning the teachers exchanged schools, and what was the surprise of Wesley's new scholars to see their teacher and minister coming to school barefoot. Before the week was ended it began to be fashionable in that school to dispense with shoes and stockings, and nothing further was heard of persecution on that account."

A STRANGE PREACHING PLACE.

WHEN John and Charles Wesley began ranging through the kingdom, preaching everywhere, they were often excluded from the church. They took, therefore, to the fields and highways and the market places of the towns. Often a large barn, or brew-house, or malt-kiln, or a private house, was employed. The picture on the first page shows an odd contrivance adopted at Nottingham to enable Charles Wesley and his brother John to address a double congregation. A trap door was made in the ceiling, and the preacher, mounted on a chair upon a table, could address an audience of men above and of women below. The old-fashioned "coal-scuttle" bonnets of the women, and the knee-breeches of the men, would create a sensation in a modern meeting.

OUR LITTLE GIRL.

"H. Mamma, Mamma, it's half-past eight! Where are my rubbers! I shall be late; And where is my pencil? I know just where I laid it down, but it is not there. Oh, here is my bag, with my books all right—I'm glad that my lessons were learned last night.

And now I'm off—here's a kiss—good-by," And out of the door I see her fly.

I stand at the window and watch her go, Swinging her school-bag to and fro, And I think of a little girl I knew A long way back when my years were few; And the old red house beneath the hill Where she went to school—I see it still, And I make for the child a little moan, For her face, through the mist, is like my own.

The hours go by—it is half-past two, And here comes Nell with her schoolmate Sue; They had their lessons, they both were "five." There are no happier girls alive. They laugh and shout, and to and fro Through every room in the house they go. The music teacher will come at four, But they can play for an hour or more.

It is evening now, and with look sedate, Our little maid, with her book and slate, Comes into the room. We chatter and read, But she to be perfect must work indeed. No need to be talking in days like these Of the early birds and busy bees, There's work enough, and (don't you tell!) There's quite too much for girls like Nell.

THE CHILDREN'S WARDS.



LARGE hospital is a strange place, and has allsorts of people in it, and from many lands. Its rooms are called "wards," and along the sides of these wards are the beds for the sick. Sometimes they have clean white curtains around them, as I have seen in Paris hospitals, and that makes them

look more home-like.

Two of my wards were for children—one for boys and the other for girls, and I was always glad when I visited the rest of my patients in my daily rounds, and came to the children's wards. There was "Bono," a little Italian fellow, who came on a ship all the way from Genoa. He hurt his hand on the voyage, and having no home or friends, they sent him to the hospital. He couldn't talk a word of English, and so we had strange times understanding each other. "Bono" was not his name; but when he was happy, and his hand did not pain him, he always said "Bono," which means "Good," or "All right;" and when he was in pain he would say with a sad face, "No bono"—"Not good," and so we called him "Bono."

Bono, like a good many older people, used to make a great fuss at a little pain at first; but after a while he became real brave, and when I was dressing his hand he would shut his mouth tightly and bear the pain like a man. Then when he saw any one else making a great ado over a small matter, he would look at them so disdainfully, and sternly say, "No bono." He was a little sunbeam all over the hospital, and everybody was glad to see him. His bright, cheery face was enough to make almost any one forget his sufferings; and when I took him with me on my rounds through the hospital, I did not hear half so many complaints. I would not have believed that one little Italian boy could have had so much influence. He was always ready to help, too, and would get up early in the morning, put his injured hand in a sling, and help the nurse to give out breakfast and wait on his comrades who had to stay in bed.

I went away from the hospital before Bono did; and when he saw me packing up he clung closely to me; and then when it came to saying, "Good-bye," he stood up in a chair, put his arms around my neck, hugged me, and cried as if his little heart would break. Poor Genoese Bono, I wonder where you are now in this great world!

Then there was "Pat." I found him one day in the "Accident Room," on a stretcher looking very thin and pale, with an ugly wound in his knee. When I asked him where he came from, he said from the "Island." The "Island" is where boys and girls are sent who are vagrants or do something bad, and there is a "Reform School" there. When I asked what his crime was, he answered: "Breaking and entering, sir." Still, if you could have seen his pale, wan face, I don't think that you would have said that he was bad.

Poor Pat had a great deal of pain,

and was very badly off altogether, and we all thought that he would die.

One day he asked me if he could have his "instrument," he said it was very hard to lie there all day long and suffer, and if he could play a little on his instrument it would help him to forget his pain. Pat had been a member of the band in the Reform School, and played on some kind of an instrument like a cornet. So Pat's teacher brought him his instrument, and he would prop himself up in the bed and play a little, and forget his sufferings. It always made me a little sad to hear him; for I thought it was his swar song. When he was too weak to play, he would put his instrument on the little wooden frame which protected his knee and look at it, it seemed to be a pleasure to him to do this even

Well, the only chance of saving Pat's life seemed to be to take off his leg, and his obstinate, wretched parents would not permit it. But Pat brave little fellow that he was, wanted it done. I am glad to say it was successful, and Pat got well, and continued to play his instrument, I hope, which gave him so much comfort when he was sick.

Then there was the "Old Man," as we used to call him. His first set of teeth were gone, and the second had not come, so he had none, and that's why he got the name of "Old Man." And Mike, who broke both of his arms swinging on a gate on Sunday, and had to have them put into splints. Still, with his arms bandaged up, he managed to be one of the most useful boys in the ward. Once in a while one of the doctors who could play the violin would go up of an evening and play to them. And how delighted they were when they saw him coming with his "widdle," as the "Old Man" called it. So you see, we did not have such a sorry time, after all, in the children's ward, if it was in a hospital.

SWORD INSCRIPTIONS.

THE various inscriptions on the blades of swords almost constitute a literature in poetry and prose. For the most part they are brag and bluster; and here and there some of them are pious, wise, or silly. The mighty glaive of Conrad of Winterstetten (4 feet 8 inches long, and inches wide) which is in the Dresden Museum, bears in antiquated German the tenderly swaggering advice—"Conrad, dear Schenk, remember me—"Do not let Winterstetten the Brave leave one helm unclean." The sword of Hugues de Chateaubriand flashed in the sunlight, the noble motto won by his ancestor in the fight at Bouvines—"Mon sang teint les barrières de France." In the Erbach collection is an old Ferrara blade with the sage advice—"My value varies with the hand that holds me." A blade in the Paris Cabinet de Medailles is reverently inscribed—"There is no conqueror but God." The rapiers of Toledo were engraved in hundreds with the wise counsel—"Do not draw me without reason nor sheathe me without honour. The invocations of saints are very frequent, and so are prayers, like—"Do not abandon me, O faithful God"—which is on a German sword at Lim in the Az collection.

How much better is it to get wisdom than gold! and to get understanding rather to be chosen than silver!