

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 Giltspur Street Prison, where they found a man who had been kept there for months for the 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 at 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, Grimaldi—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 throw them at Grimaldi, 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 brewhouse, or maltkiln, or private house, was employed. The picture on the next 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.

THE consumption of intoxicating liquors in Maine is not to-day one-fourth so great as it was twenty years ago; in the country portions of the state, the sale and use have almost entirely ceased; the law [prohibitory] has created a temperance sentiment which is marvelous, and to which opposition is powerless. Our remarkable temperance reform of to-day is the legitimate child of the law.

#### The Child-Crusade.

HAVE you heard of the children's army—  
How once in the long ago  
They started forth to the Holy Land,  
To fight with the heathen foe?  
Have you heard of those little children,  
And the pitiful vows they made,  
For the sake of the Saviour's sepulchre  
To serve in the child-crusade?

But the children were weak and feeble,  
And the way was hard and long,  
And history tells that too many failed  
Of that poor little helpless throng;  
And they laid them down in peace to die,  
But methinks the dear Lord knew  
(Though the children's hearts had made  
mistakes)  
That their love was brave and true.

Have you heard of our children's army,  
Have you heard of the ringing call,  
That summons forth at the present time  
The children one and all?  
Come out in the morning of gladness,  
Come out ere life's blossoms fade,  
Come, take your place in the ranks of war,  
And fight in the child-crusade!

You need not travel by land and sea,  
Nor far from your dear ones roam;  
Look up to God, and you shall not fail,  
Though the foe be close at home.  
We have named our ranks the Band of Hope,  
And we march unto victory fair!  
For though our foe be the giant Drink,  
Our strength is in earnest prayer.

And do you belong to our army,  
So steadfastly passing on  
Where the standard waves o'er temperance-  
fields,  
And merciful deeds are done?  
God bless you, dear little warrior,  
New soldiers we pray you seek;  
For the Master smiles on the child-crusade  
That cares for the lost and weak.  
—Margaret Haycraft.

#### The Dangerous Path.

CROSSING the Mer de Glace, which forms the largest glacier in Switzerland, we are told that the traveller comes to a path which is called the "Mauvais Pas" (the dangerous path). It runs along the side of the mountain. It is scarcely a foot wide; above it is a wall of rock; below, at the depth of some hundred feet, is a glacier, with its sharp points of ice and rocks. We may call it a path, but in many places it is in reality nothing but a sharp jut, and inequalities of the face of the precipitous rock. Only let your foot slip, and it is a sheer leap into another world. The poor body, as it lies a bleeding mass away down on the glacier below, becomes a loud and piteous pleading to those who, with careless step, endeavours to cross the narrow path on this side of that mountain of rock.

But we are told that there is no particular danger. Why? Because around the face of the rugged rock, and within your grasp, the Alpine guides have fixed a rope, fastened with iron staples, to the great granite wall. So long as the traveller grasps the friendly rope, he knows that he is safe; his feet may slip, but the trusty rope saves him from a fate which makes one shudder.

In every life there is a dangerous path on which the whole of the present and the whole of the future often

depends. How many a once promising life has been dashed out while crossing the dangerous path! Without a guide—without the rope—many have come up to the critical point, and the one false step has blasted their whole career. Many are coming up to that fatal point every day.

Brethren in Christ, reach out the hand of a warm and loving sympathy, and by all possible means help those who are in need—in danger of falling and becoming poor, helpless wrecks by the way.

Blessed Master, thou art the Rock of Ages, and united to thee by a living faith, we may become the means of help and salvation to many who are crossing the dangerous pass to-day.—  
W. H., in "Glad Tidings."

#### A Large City.

If any one were to walk one way through all the streets of London, he would be obliged to go a distance of two thousand six hundred miles, or as far as it is across the American continent from New York to San Francisco. This will give an idea of what would have to be done in order to see even the greater part of London.

In our approach to this city, as well as in our rambles through its streets, we shall not be struck so much by its splendid and imposing appearance as by its immensity. Go where we may, there seems to be no end to the town. It is fourteen miles one way, and eight miles the other, and contains a population of nearly four million people, which is greater, indeed, than that of Switzerland or the kingdoms of Denmark and Greece combined. We are told on good authority that there are more Scotchmen in London than in Edinburgh, more Irishmen than in Dublin, and more Jews than in Palestine, with foreigners from all parts of the world, including a great number of Americans. Yet there are so many Englishmen in London, that one is not likely to notice the presence of these people of other nations.

This vast body of citizens, some so rich that they never can count their money, and some so poor that they never have any to count, eat every year four hundred thousand oxen, one and a half million sheep, eight million chickens and game birds, not to speak of calves, hogs, and different kinds of fish. They consume five hundred million oysters, which, although it seems like a large number, would only give, if equally divided among all the people, one oyster every third day to each person. There are three hundred thousand servants in London, enough people to make a large city; but as this gives only one servant to each dozen citizens, it is quite evident that a great many of the people must wait on themselves. Things are very unequally divided in London; and I have no doubt that instead of there being one servant to twelve persons, some of the rich lords and ladies have twelve servants apiece.