

Wesley did not set his heart on such means, but when circumstances suggested them, he saw their vast advantages, and soon incorporated them into his system. This method Wesley pursued from the beginning of the revival to the last day of his life. It is the most marked feature of his work. One might almost say that he never looked a day before him. He sometimes laid himself open to the charge of slackness in dealing with such disturbers as George Bell, but he was never willing to move till the way was plain.

His field-preaching, his chapel-building, his calling out preachers, and his Deed of Declaration, all supply illustrations of this spirit. Methodist polity and Methodist finance were built up step by step. No man had a more candid mind than Wesley. He learned from everyone, and was learning to the last day of his life. Such a spirit in the leader gave confidence to preachers and people. Charles Wesley would have forced Methodism into his own groove, and have shattered it to pieces in the attempt. His brother was willing to leave his cause in the hands of God, and to wait for the unfolding of events which should mark his will. No cause was ever more happy in its head. No people ever loved their chief as the early Methodists loved John Wesley.

At the Conference before Wesley died there were 71,463 members in its societies in the Old World, and 48,610 in the New. America had 108 circuits—just as many as there were in England, Scotland, and Ireland.

The latest returns show that, including 30,924 on its mission-fields, there are now about 468,000 members under the care of the Wesleyan Conference in England, with 2,440 ministers and missionaries. Separate Conferences have been formed for France, Australia, Canada, South Africa, and the West Indies.

The Methodist family throughout the world now numbers about five and a quarter million members, under the care of some thirty-three thousand ministers. If the Sunday-school scholars and attendants on public worship be added, the number would reach about twenty-five millions.

If Wesley were with us to look upon the marvellous growth of his societies, and to watch the enormous activities of the Church of England and other evangelical communions at home and abroad, he would preach again from the text he chose when he laid the foundation-stone of the City Road Chapel: "What hath God wrought?"

A BOY'S KNOWLEDGE.

The moral effect of early acquaintance with specific truth is illustrated by a little story which Rev. D. Plumb tells in the Boston Transcript.

A millionaire brewer, a Senator in another State, said to Mr. Hunt, "I shall vote for your bill. I have sold out my whole brewery, and am clean from the whole business. Let me tell you what occurred at my table. A guest was taken dangerously ill at dinner—insensible—and there was a call for brandy to restore him. My little boy at once exclaimed: 'No, that is just what he don't need. It will paralyze the nerves and muscles of the blood vessels so that they will not send back the blood to the heart.'"

When the liquor was poured out to give the man, the lad insisted on pushing it back.

"You will kill him, he has too much blood in his head already."

"How did you know all that?" his father afterwards asked.

"Why, it is in my Physiology at school."

It seems the text books, prepared by such men as Prof. Newell Martin, F.R.S., of Johns Hopkins University, had succeeded in giving the lad some definite information that was proving useful.

"Senator," said Mrs. Hunt, "are you sorry your boy learned that at school?" "Madam," the man replied, raising his hand, "I would not take \$5,000 for the assurance this gives me that my boy will never be a drunkard."—Youth's Companion.

A student at a medical college was under examination. The instructor asked him: "Of what cause, specifically, did the people die who lost their lives at the destruction of Herculaneum and Pompeii?" "I think they died of an eruption, sir," answered the student.

"Our whole neighbourhood has been stirred up," said the regular reader. The editor of the country paper seized his pen. "Tell me all about it," he said. "What we want is the news. What stirred it up?" "Ploughing," said the farmer.

Hymn of Trust.

BY FREDERICK GEORGE SCOTT.

Cast thy care on Jesus!
Trust him to the end,
Tell him all thy troubles,
Make him now thy friend.
He is Man and Brother,
He is Lord and God,
And the way of sorrows
Is the path he trod.

Cast thy care on Jesus!
Nothing is too small
For his vast compassion,
He can feel for all;
In thy doubt and darkness
Clasp his loving hand,
He will cheer and guide thee
Through the desert land.

Cast thy care on Jesus!
Tell him all thy sin,
All thy fierce temptations
And the wrong within;
He himself was tempted,
And he pleads above,
For the soul that asketh
Pardon through his love.

Cast thy care on Jesus!
What is death to those
Who in deep submission
On his love repose;
But a short step farther,
Nearer to his side,
Where their eyes shall see him
And be satisfied!

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

Rev. W. H. Withrow, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, JANUARY 30, 1897.

CHARACTER TELLS.

Joe was looking for a situation last winter. Up and down the streets he walked; down Sixth Avenue and Fourteenth Street, going into every store, passing in with the throngs that moved in, finding the superintendent, and asking again and again if a boy was needed in the store, and again and again he received a No, sometimes pleasant and sometimes gruff, and there was nothing for him to do but to turn and make his way out with the other stream of people going that way.

"New York is dreadfully big," said Joe to himself despondently, "and it doesn't seem as if there was any place in it for a small chap like me."

It did seem almost so, and the very crowds about him only made him feel more lonesome and helpless. Joe didn't say so, but I hope and rather think that he spoke to God about it, as we may in all matters that puzzle and try us; and he is pretty sure to send help in some way, if not just as we expect it to come.

This went on for several days, but the good sister at home encouraged Joe to keep up a brave heart and try again, for there were no father or mother or influential friends to help these two. One day he went into a well-known store, though not a very large one, and said his little speech again. The superintendent was busy writing, and did not look up, merely saying, "We don't want any boys," and Joe turned and was walking away when he heard the same voice calling after him.

"I said we did not want any more boys," said the superintendent, giving

him a look that seemed to take in every inch of the boy, from head to foot, "and we do not, of the common sort, but we want you. You may come to-morrow."

Can you imagine quite how glad Joe was, and how he rushed home to tell Mollie? And she said, "Now you see how it is. I have always told you that if you were a gentleman, outside and in, people would respect and like you. Your neatly blacked shoes, brushed clothes, and clean collar and tie have won you the place; now keep it by your willingness and industry."

Joe did keep it for several weeks, enduring meanwhile the teasing of the other boys, who nicknamed him "Dudey," until during the holiday rush, that is so hard on clerks, cash-boys, and every one else in stores, he made the mistake of handing change to the wrong customer, and in the hurry and excitement was discharged. They couldn't stop to think then whether he was to blame or not. But after the busy days were over, and he went into the store again, he was taken back into the employ of the firm, and there he is now, doing his best every day and looking for a chance to rise.

Yes, character tells! And there is a Patron who cares for every lad that tries to please Him.

WHO WAS THE GENTLEMAN.

One cold winter day an Italian stood at a street corner grinding from his organ some doleful music. A group of children, large and small, were gathered around him. Among them were several good-sized boys, who seemed disposed to make sport of the organist. One of them said to the others: "Boys, I'm going to hit the old fellow's hat." In a moment he had a snowball in his hand, and he threw it so violently that it knocked the Italian's hat off, and it fell into the gutter. What do you suppose the organ grinder did? Strike the boy, knock him down, shake his fist at him, curse him, swear at him? Some men would have done this after being treated in this way. But he did nothing of the sort. He stooped down and picked up his hat, knocked the snow from it, and put it on his head. He then turned to the rude boy, bowed gracefully, and said: "Now I'll play you a tune to make you merry." Who was the gentleman, the boy or the Italian?—Ram's Horn.

VICTOR HUGO'S YOUTHFUL WORK.

Victor Hugo, the great French poet and writer, is famous everywhere. He began his literary career at the age of thirteen. At sixteen he drew up his first story in two weeks! The academy at Toulouse crowned two of his odes that he wrote at seventeen. At twenty, his first volume of poems was so good that he received a pension of two hundred dollars from the French Government; and you are all aware how he came to be one of the greatest, as well as one of the most popular, of the French poets. His patriotism was as great as his literary gifts. His life is one of the most interesting in the literary annals of France. I saw his funeral in Paris, in May, 1885, when he was followed to the grave by a concourse of sorrowful people. The procession was miles in length. Few emperors or successful generals have had a more imposing burial, nor was ever man laid to rest who was more deeply, truly mourned than this grand and gifted Frenchman.—"Old Heads on Young Shoulders," by Arthur Hoerber, in the June St. Nicholas.

ONE OF GOD'S LITTLE MINISTERS.

One night when a family were all gathered around the fire a little girl looked up and asked, "Papa, why does everybody like Eva, our neighbour's little girl? She has got a weak back, and can't play like the rest of us, and isn't often at school, and yet everybody likes her. How's that?"

"Why," said her father, "look at that lamp; it is a very frail thing, and doesn't make any noise, yet it makes this room very bright and pleasant, does it not? The lamp gives light, and little Eva gives love; and that is why people love her."

Yes, that was it; Eva was always "ministering before the Lord," for they who love do always that. Won't you try, each of you, to be one of God's little ministers?—Little Worker.

Teacher—"Billy, can you tell me the difference between caution and cowardice?" Billy—"Yes, ma'am. When you're afraid yourself, then that's caution. But when the other fellow's afraid, that's cowardice."

CHICAGO'S WONDERFUL GROWTH.

In the present century the present site of Chicago was a swamp, which fur-traders and missionaries found fatally miasmatic. About 1800, a Government engineer, viewing that rank morass traversed by a sluggish stream, pronounced it the only spot on Lake Michigan where a city could not be built. In 1812, the fort was demolished by Indians, but in 1816 rebuilt, and it continued standing till 1871. Around the little fort in 1840 were settled 4,500 people. The number was 30,000 in 1850; 109,000 in 1860; 300,000 in 1870. In 1880 the community embraced 503,185 souls; in 1890 it had 1,039,850. In 1855 the indomitable city illustrated his spirit by pulling herself bodily out of her natal swamp, lifting churches, blocks, and houses from eight to ten feet, without pause in general business.

JUNIOR EPWORTH LEAGUE.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

FEBRUARY 7, 1897.

Jairus' daughter who was raised from the dead.—Luke 8. 42.

JAIKUS.

This man occupied a distinguished position among the Jews, he was a ruler, that is, a presiding officer in the Synagogue. He would be a man of good moral character, fairly conversant with the manners and customs of the Jews. He would also have a good understanding of the ceremonies and sacrifices connected with the Mosaic dispensation. He would undoubtedly be a man of good report, and we may be sure that he would have the sympathy of the people in the affliction which he was called to endure.

HIS DAUGHTER.

We are not told how many members there were in his family, but he was only blessed with one daughter, hence we may be sure that she would be a favourite. Daughters are the music of a family. Her sickness would occasion much anxiety. People sometimes wonder why affliction visits the human family. This daughter was of an interesting age, twelve, and the lesson says she "lay dying." We may be sure that every means in their power would be adopted to effect her restoration. If a daughter must die, why not take one out of a family where there are several, rather than come to a house where there is only one, and that one of the interesting age of twelve. God's ways are mysterious, but they are always wise.

COMPASSION OF THE SAVIOUR.

Verse 49. Information reaches the ruler that the daughter is actually dead, but Jesus said, "Fear not," etc. He knew what he was about to do, but he spoke in this way to excite the ruler's faith. The scene was an affecting one. The people were weeping. This was a proof of the compassion and sympathy felt for the suffering family. When death enters a house, especially as in the case before us, the circumstances are always affecting. Afflictions, though painful, are blessings in disguise, and are among the all things which work together for good. We may not always be able to tell how they can promote good, but God seeth not as man seeth. He sees the end from the beginning.

HOW JESUS ACTED.

Verse 51. He only allowed Peter, James, and John to go into the house with him. A crowd would be inconvenient, and three persons were quite sufficient to bear witness as to what took place. It was important that there should be those present whose testimony would be regarded as reliable. The event that was now accomplished was so unusual, that witnesses would be asked again and again as to how it was done, so that we may regard the three disciples as competent, honourable men, who would faithfully testify. The people did not believe but that the girl was dead; how must they have felt when they saw her arise?

THE MEANS USED WERE SIMPLE.

Verse 55. He took her by the hand, and said, "Maid, arise." When a command is given by God, the ability to obey the command is also imparted. She arose immediately after he had spoken. He possesses divine power. The disciples who witnessed this miracle must have been filled with astonishment, and how must the people have felt who so sternly insisted that she was dead. Jesus possesses almighty power. He will raise the dead by-and-by. He will speak as he did to the maid, and the millions of the dead will obey him.