



SAINT SUSANNA.

The above title we borrow from the Epworth Herald; but we should like to know what Christian woman ever deserved the title "Saint" more than did the mother of the Wesleys. Yes, she was a mother, and a heroine at that. The story of how she trained her large family—the first chapter of the Epworth League really—is a marvellous narrative of romantic realities and sterling piety.

She always called John Wesley Jack, or Jacky, even when her son had become famous and powerful. John Benjamin Wesley was his full name, but he never used the middle name. Mrs. Wesley was a brave woman, as is seen in her conduct when six brutal rousers burned the parsonage at Epworth; the children were saved—Jacky, who was only six then, as by a miracle. She "waded through the fire." "In fifteen minutes, buildings, books, clothing, valuables were in ashes. Mrs. Wesley herself heroically rebuilt the rectory." Adam Clark says that when Solomon drew the portrait of a perfect woman he must have distinctly foreseen Saint Susanna. A recent writer has said: "We do not wonder that writers dwell with rapture on her character. She lived for her children; they lived for mankind. Like the train of a meteor, therefore, her bright light still shines, though she is gone. She was our first lay preacher. Charles was four, John eight, when she began those 'irregular' Sunday afternoon meetings in the kitchen, that soon spread through the parish, and later through Methodism."

Women of Methodism, mothers of our future Methodists, emulate Saint Susan-

na. Start the work of emulation on your knees.

HELPING A HORSE.

"Mamma, I've been helping a horse pull a load of coals up a hill," merrily shouted a little happy-looking boy, one cold, frosty morning.

"The hill was very alippery, mamma, with frost and snow, and I felt so sad to see the horse struggling to get up. I remembered that last winter papa had some ashes put on the road, so I got some in my wheelbarrow and with my spade spread them up the hill.

"The man then said, 'Gee up, my good horse!' and he was soon at the top of the hill. Then, mamma, the man said, 'Thank you, my little man; you have helped

my horse to pull this load of coals up the hill.' I feel so happy, mamma."

"You have done a good action, my dear child," replied the kind parent; "one that is not only pleasing to me, but also to your Heavenly Father. Never forget to show kindness to animals."

"MY TURN FIRST!"

"Oh, isn't it high!" cried Fred.

"I'll be afraid to get up there," said Alice, with a little shiver of curiosity.

"Even if you fell, it wouldn't hurt you, because the grass is nice and soft," said little David, which made the other children laugh.

They were all standing under a big maple tree on the lawn, looking up with eager eyes at the swing which Uncle

Harry was making for them. The rope was fresh and strong, and the board for the seat was a nice new one, and Uncle Harry was tying the knots so tight up there among the branches that there was no danger of their slipping. When everything was ready and Uncle Harry had come down safely to the ground, the children were ready to begin the fun right away; but the difficulty was that each one wanted to be first—Fred be-

cause he was the oldest, and David because he was the smallest, and Alice because she was the only girl.

It was Uncle Harry who found a way of arranging the matter. "Here is the one who has the first turn!" he cried, going to the gate and opening it to admit a ragged little boy of Fred's size, who had been silently and wistfully watching the group for some time.

The newcomer was at first shy and bashful, but his cheeks flushed with pleasure when Uncle Harry placed him in the swing, and gave a strong starting push. Back and forth went the swing, and the poor boy's teeth flashed and his eyes sparkled as the breezes swept past him, while all the other children forgot their little disagreements and laughed, too.

Uncle Harry's kind deed had chased all the selfishness away, and there was no more trouble after that. When the boy was helped down, little David's turn came, and then Fred gave way to his sister; and finally he clambered into the seat, and Uncle Harry swung him higher and longer than any of the others, because he had waited until the last.

WHAT THE BABY BEAR SAW.

BY EMMA CHURCHMAN HEWITT.

"I've seen such a terrible beast, papa,

When out in the woods at play,

With never a nose and never a claw!"

Said the Baby Bear one day.

"It walked on its hind legs all the time,

And its face was white as white!

It carried a stick that banged and smoked,

And I hid in the bush in fright.

"But when it had gone and I could come out,

You'd better believe I ran!"

The old bear laughed till the chimney shook,

"That beast, my son, was a man!"



BABY'S FIRST RIDE.