

HAPPY DAYS

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JOHN WESLEY.

A great deal has been said about John Wesley, who died over a hundred years ago. He was one of the greatest men of the last century, and one of the greatest preachers the world ever knew. The Methodists throughout the world have been keeping the anniversary of his death with devout thankfulness to God for the labours of his life. In our picture his mild and beautiful face is shown, also Old City Road Chapel, London, next door to which he died, and, in the upper part, Wesley preaching on a tombstone in an ancient graveyard. When he was driven from the church of his fathers he preached on his father's tombstone just beside the church, and afterwards in the open fields throughout the kingdom, sometimes to as many as 20,000 persons. The story of his holy life, useful labours, and happy death has been told you all. His best monument is the Methodist Church throughout the world, which numbers now nearly thirty millions of people.

HIT THE EYE, BOYS.

One day there was a great thumping in my cellar, and if you had gone down there you would have seen that one of the windows had been opened, and that sticks of

seemed to say, "Stand clear or you'll get hurt." So I stood clear, and let the workers have it all their own way.

I suppose the one who sent it thought that splitting it would be good exercise for the minister, and I thought so too. So I went at it. But pretty soon a big stick turned up, full of hard knots on every side. I fancied that one of these knots looked like an eye, and that it kept watching me as I picked up one stick after another and left it untouched. In fact, it almost seemed to say, "Split little sticks, if you have a mind, but I dare you to touch me."

It was a great annoyance to see it there every day; but the question was how to get rid of it. It was too good to be thrown away, and it was too big to go into the stove. My only course was to try to split it. So one day, when I felt strong in my bones, I laid it on the block with the eye up. Then, putting all my strength into my arms, I sent my axe fair across the eye, and through it went.

To my surprise, the old stick split

wood, some square, some round, some three-cornered, big and little, knotty and clear, all sawn the right length for the stove, were pouring in through that window; and every stick as it came down

more easily than many others before it. And then I could not help thinking how true this is all through life. How often do men and boys fancy that some duty is very hard, and work all around it, and



JOHN WESLEY.

"How did you learn to skate?" a little boy was asked. "Oh," was the innocent but significant answer, "by getting up every time I fell down."