



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 ruffians 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 Susanna. Start the work of emulation on your knees.—*Methodist Greeting.*

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 slippery, 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."

WHO WAS HURT?

"O Garland! How could you be so rude?"

"I didn't want her," the little girl answered with a pout, "and so I just got rid of her. Esther is no baby; she isn't afraid to walk a mile by herself."

"I could not have believed," Mrs. Ross said, mournfully, "that my daughter could deliberately do what was both rude and unkind."

Garland kept a stiff upper lip and tried to look unconcerned; as a matter of fact, she was ready to cry, and would have given a great deal to undo what an angry impulse had suggested and bad temper had carried out.

Esther Haydon was her cousin and her guest, and the two had gone to Plunkett's meadow to meet some other girls for an afternoon's picnic; but Garland's quick temper had been ruffled by something that Esther meant for play, and she had slipped off home, leaving the little cousin among strangers, to come back alone.

"I will not send you back," said the mother, "because I do not want to give Essie a disagreeable companion;" and in a few minutes Garland saw the phaeton whirling down the road, with nurse and baby Laura in it, in the direction of Plunkett's meadow. Our bad-tempered little girl bit her lip with vexation; a drive in the phaeton would have been so nice.

"Well, how went the picnic?" asked

Mr. Ross, who had been in the city all day, and came out on the electric car just in time for tea.

"It was fine!" cried Esther, her eyes sparkling. "The meadow is the prettiest place I ever saw, uncle, and full of violets and buttercups. I saw a soldier blackbird, too, with red epaulets, and I heard a field lark sing. I gathered these water-cresses myself. It was great fun, though I was a good deal scared by a crawfish."

"Did you get acquainted with the girls?"

"Yes, indeed, Uncle Ross; they called me Essie right off, and were as nice as anything to me. Aunt Carrie was good enough to send the phaeton for us, and we all piled in together and had a lovely drive back in the twilight."

"How about my Posy?" asked Garland's father, turning to her with questioning eyes. "Did she enjoy the picnic?"

"No," said Garland, crossly; "it was stupid."

"How about the buttercups and violets?"

"I didn't see them."

"Nor the red-shouldered blackbird?"

"I didn't care for it."

Mr. Ross took out of his pocket a pretty little white-and-gold volume and laid it on the table. "A little bird told me—not the soldier blackbird," he said, "that one of these two little girls had been badly treated to-day, and had had her feelings hurt. I thought I would give her a little present to make the hurt feelings well; but which of these little girls was the hurt one?"

Mr. Ross looked from Garland to Esther. Garland's face was dark and moody; Esther's was bright and fair. "I am obliged to think, little daughter," he said, "that the book is yours."

"O no, father!" Garland cried, half vexed and half amused, partly ready to cry, and yet verging on laughter. "O no! I was rude and unkind to Esther, and I hope you will give her the book."

"But I didn't mind a bit!" cried the little cousin, eagerly. "I knew you would soon be pleased again. Posy, and I was having a happy time. I think it has been the very happiest picnic!" she concluded, with a sigh of contentment.

Out of the other pocket there came a second tiny white-and-gold volume, and two little girls had their names written in them. I do not know whether they were volumes of song or story, but I know that for ever and ever they will remind two cousins of the fact that the hurt is always the one most hurt; that unkindness is a boomerang which wounds most deeply the hand that throws it.

He is our sun and shield by day,
By night he near our tents will stay,
He will be with us all the way.