

Little by Little.

Nor in a roaring river pouring
Falls the summer rain,
But with a sprinkle, patter, tinkle,
On roof and hill and plain.
Drop by drop—how the green leaves grow!
Drop by drop—how the fair buds blow.

The snows that cover the bare earth over
To wrap her winter sleep,
Fly hither, thither, feather by feather,
Until they lie knee-deep.
Flake by flake guards the bulb from harm!
Flake by flake is the wheat kept warm.

The orchard gladdens the eye and reddens
With apples all its trees;
But not in a minute was drawn within it
The sweets of sun and breeze;
The black seed first, then the tender shoot,
The trunk, the blossom, and now the fruit.

Never were seven-league-boots given
Except in the fairy tale,
Nor can wishing hurry the speed, or carry
One over peak and dale.
Step by step, in shine and shade,
Is the long road travelled, the journey made.

Second by second time is reckoned,
As winged are they as bees,
Too swift for counting, yet soon amounting
To years and centuries.
Every tick of the clock says one!
And all it can do for the world is done.

Small however the true endeavour,
Great may its outcome be,
A burden lightened; a lone life brightened;
A slave to sin set free;
The sick and the sorrowing visited,
The naked clothed and the hungry fed.

Mrs. CLARA DORR BATES.

WESLEY'S ESCAPE FROM BURNING.

JOHN WESLEY was born June 17, 1703, at Epworth, a town in Lincolnshire, of which his father was rector, and his mother was the daughter of the Rev. Dr. Annesley. This woman was a model of industry and quiet management; there is no doubt that her sons owed much of their strength of mind, tact, and good sense to her example and training. She was the mother of nineteen children; the rector's stipend was not large nor was it regularly paid, so that Mrs. Wesley was obliged to practice the strictest economy.

The nation at that time was sunk in depravity and ignorance to an extent that we can hardly realize; and the people of Epworth were notorious for their vice and recklessness. The rector made many enemies by his unsparing reproofs of their wickedness; and they lost no opportunity of showing their spite. Not satisfied with wounding and killing the animals about the farm, they twice set fire to the house. The first time was in the day, and the fire was soon put out. The second time is the one famous in Methodist history on account of John Wesley's escape.

On the 9th of February, 1703, his sister Hestie was awakened by pieces of burning wood falling in her bedroom; she roused her father, who found the whole house in a blaze. Bidding his wife and daughters hasten down stairs, he rushed up to the nursery where five little ones were sleeping. In the hurry and confusion, John, who was sleeping soundly, was forgot-

ton. As soon as he was missed, the rector ran back into the house, but found to his dismay that the stairs were burnt, and as there were no fire escapes in those days, he gave up his boy for lost; so, kneeling down, commended his soul to God.

John Wesley writes: "I remember all the circumstances as well as though it were yesterday. Seeing the room very light, I called the maid to take me up. But none answering, I put my head out of the curtains and saw streaks of fire on the top of the room. I got up and ran to the door, but could go no farther, all beyond it was in a blaze; I then climbed upon a chest which stood near the window. One in the yard saw me and purposed running to get a ladder; another answered 'There will not be time; but I have thought of another plan. Hero! I will fix myself against the wall; lift a light man, and set him upon my shoulders.' They did so, and he took me out of the window. Just then the roof fell in, but it fell inward, or we had all been crushed at once.

"When they brought me into the house where my father was, he cried out, 'Come, neighbours, let us kneel down; let us give thanks to God: he has given me all my eight children; let the house go, I am rich enough.'"

Mr. Wesley never forgot this incident in his early life; and years afterward, when a picture was made representing the scene, he wrote on the margin the words, "Is not this a brand plucked from the burning?"

A WORD TO THE BOYS.

If we are to have drunkards in the future, some of them are to come from the boys to whom I am writing; and I ask you again if you want to be one of them? No! of course you don't.

Well, I have a plan for you that is just as sure to save you from such a fate as the sun is to rise to-morrow morning. It never failed; it never will fail; and I think it worth knowing. Never touch liquor in any form. That is the plan, and it is not only worth knowing, but it is worth putting into practice.

I know you don't drink now, and it seems to me as if you never would. But your temptation will come, and it will probably come in this way: You will find yourself, sometime, with a number of companions, and they will have a bottle of wine on the table. They will drink and offer it to you. They will regard it as a manly practice, and very likely they will look upon you as a milkop if you don't indulge with them. Then what will you do? Eh, what will you do? Will you say, "No, no; none of that stuff for me! I know a trick worth half a dozen of that!" or will you take the glass with your common sense protesting and your conscience making the whole draught bitter and a feeling that you have damaged yourself, and then go on with a hot head and a

skulking soul that at once begins to make apologies for itself, and will keep doing so all its life? Boys, do not become drunkards.—Dr. Holland.

MICHAEL THE UPRIGHT.

More than two hundred years ago there lived in Holland a little boy named Michael. His parents were poor, and wished to bring him up to some trade; but Michael's heart was set upon being a sailor, and nothing else would do. So he was allowed to have his own way, and his father got him a berth in a vessel about to sail for Morocco, on the coast of Africa. It belonged to a merchant who was in the habit of carrying out bales of cloth to sell to the natives of that place.

As he went himself in the ship, he had full opportunity of testing the character of his new "hand"; and he very soon found he was something worth having. Not only was he quick to learn his duties but what was far better, he was a boy to be trusted. Whatever he had to do he did it in the best way he could, whether anyone was looking at him or not. "This is the boy I want," thought the merchant, and Michael rose rapidly. His industry, patience, and straightforwardness were known and honoured by all.

At last, one day, the merchant fell sick, and could not go with the vessel, which was laden ready to sail for Morocco. What could he do? He knew of only one person to whom he could entrust his cargo, and he sent for Michael and told him that he must go in his master's stead. Michael was young and the responsibility was great, but it was his duty and he did not flinch from it. The ship sailed with Michael in charge, and in due time he might have been seen arranging his cloth in the market-place at Morocco.

Now the city was governed by a despot called the Bey, and so despotic was he that he could do what he liked with the lives of his people without anybody to call him to account. On this very morning he came into the market, and after inspecting the various pieces of cloth in Michael's keeping, fixed on one and asked the price. Michael named it. The Bey offered half the sum named.

"Nay," said Michael; "I ask no more than it is worth; my master expects that price and I am only his servant. I have no power to take less. The Bey's face grew dark with anger, and the bystanders trembled, for they knew it was certain death to oppose the wishes of the cruel governor. "I will give you till to-morrow to think about it," he cried, and walked away.

Michael put back the cloth, and began calmly to wait on his customers. "I am in God's hands," he said, when those around him begged him to give in and save his life. "He who is not true in small things, how shall he be true in great? If my master loses one penny through me, I am not a faithful servant."

The morrow came. The Bey appeared as before, only that besides his other servants the public executioner followed behind him. He asked the same question and he got the same answer. "Take my life if you will," added the brave Michael, "but I shall die with a clear conscience, and as a true servant of my master."

It was an awful moment. Everybody expected to hear the order, "Strike off his head," and in a moment it would have been done. But it was not done. The face of the Bey suddenly changed.

"Thou art a noble soul," he cried, and swore his favourite oath. Would that I had such a servant as thou art. Give me thy hand. Christian, thou shalt be my friend. I will make of the cloth a robe of honour as a memorial of thy fidelity," and the Bey threw a purse of gold upon the table, took up the cloth and departed.

And the young man who was thus faithful over a few things did not go unrewarded. We do not lose sight of him there. He rose step by step till he became an admiral, and he fought the battles of his country as nobly as he sold his master's cloth, and the name of Michael Ruyter, known at that time over the world, is still honoured and remembered in his native country.

And the thing about him which they love best is this, that in the very face of death he dared do what was right.—*Temperance Record.*

DOING AND BEING.

A young girl had been trying to do something very good, and had not succeeded very well. Her friend hearing her complaint, said:

"God gives us many things to do; but don't you think he gives us something to be, just as well?"

"O, dear! tell me about being," said Marion, looking up. "I will think about being, if you will help me."

Her friend answered:

"God says:
"Be kindly affectionate one to another.

"Be ye also patient.

"Be ye thankful.

"Be ye not conformed to this world.

"Be ye therefore perfect.

"Be courteous.

"Be not wise in your own conceit.

"Be not overcome of evil."

Marion listened, but made no reply. Twilight grew into darkness.

The tea-bell sounded, bringing Marion to her feet. In the firelight Elizabeth could see that she was very serious.

"I'll have a better day to-morrow I see that doing grows out of being."

"We cannot be what God loves without doing what he commands. It is easier to do with a rual than to be patient or unselfish or humble or just or watchful."

"I think it is," returned Marion.

This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.