

'May my latter end be like his.' Wesley's relations to children and young people set his character in a peculiarly attractive light. His visits were eagerly anticipated by his young friends. He provided himself with a stock of new money, and often gave them one of these bright coins. He would take the children in his arms, and bless them, reconcile their little differences, and teach them to love one another. In his last years he greatly rejoiced at the rise of Sunday-schools all over the country, and preached sermons on their behalf in various places. The singing of the boys and girls, selected out of the Sunday-school at Belton, seemed to him a blessed anticipation of the song of angels in our Father's house. One who loved children more than Wesley it would be hard indeed to find. "I reverence the young," he said, "because they may be useful after I am dead."

Wesley and a preacher of his were once invited to luncheon with a gentleman, after service. The itinerant was a man of very plain manners—quite unconscious of the restraints belonging to good society. While talking with their host's daughter, who was remarkable for her beauty, and had been profoundly impressed by Mr. Wesley's preaching, this good man noticed that she wore a number of rings. During a pause in the meal, he took hold of the young lady's hand, and, raising it, called Wesley's attention to the sparkling gems. "What do you think of this, sir," said he, "for a Methodist's hand?" The girl turned crimson. The question was extremely awkward for Wesley, whose aversion for all display of jewellery was so well known. But the aged evangelist showed a tact which Lord Chesterfield might have envied. With a quiet, benevolent smile, he looked up, and simply said: "The hand is very beautiful." The young lady appeared at evening worship without her jewels, and became a firm and decided Christian.

In 1821, Wesley's niece sent Adam Clarke a sketch of some incidents in his life, in which she says: "His distinguished kindness to me, from the earliest period I can remember, made an indelible impression. I can retrace no word but of tenderness, no action but of condescension and generosity." She clearly shows how great a mistake it was to represent Wesley as stern and stoical. "It behooves a relative," she adds, "to render this justice to his private virtues, and attest from experience that no human being was more alive to all the tender charities of domestic life than John Wesley. His indifference to calumny, and inflexible perseverance in what he believed his duty, has been the cause of this idea."

Miss Wesley has also given a charming description of their visit to Canterbury in 1775. "He said, in the carriage; 'You are just the right age to travel with me. No one can censure you and me.' The instances of his tender care are fresh in my mind. As we journeyed, the weather was very cold. The preacher—who rode on horseback by the side of the carriage—at the first stage, brought a hassock, with some straw, to keep his feet warm. Instantly he asked: 'Where is one for my little girl?' Nor would he proceed till I was as well accommodated as himself. You knew him. Did you ever see him inattentive to the feelings of others, when those feelings did not impede his plan of usefulness? As we proceeded, he pointed out every remarkable place we passed, and condescended to delight and instruct, with the same benign spirit which distinguished him in public. I remember reading to him part of the way Beattie's 'Minstrel'—a book just published, and which, he said, as I loved poetry, would entertain me, making remarks as we went upon the other poems. He would not allow the people to call me up till six in the morn-

ing, though he himself preached at five; and always procured me the most comfortable accommodation in every place where we sojourned.

"My brother Charles had an attachment in early life to an amiable girl of low birth. This was much opposed by my mother and her family, who mentioned it with concern to my uncle. Finding from my father that this was the chief objection, he observed: 'Then there is no family, but, I hear the girl is good.' 'Nor no fortune, either,' said my mother, 'and she is a dawdle.' He made no reply, but sent my brother fifty pounds for his wedding dinner; and, I believe, sincerely regretted he was crossed in his inclination—as she married another. But he always showed peculiar sympathy to young persons in love."

Lord Macaulay's judgment, that Wesley possessed as great a genius for government as Richelieu, is repeated on every hand. In a confidential letter to his sister, Mrs. Hall, dated November 17, 1742, Wesley acknowledges with gratitude the gift he possessed for the management of his societies. "I know this is the peculiar talent which God has given me," are his words.

No great statesman ever watched the course of public opinion more carefully than Wesley watched the progress of events in Methodism. He did not think out a system and force it on his people. There is no special evidence of inventive power in Wesley's administration. He himself speaks of his want of any plan for financial matters. His rule over the united societies owed its success to the fact that he was always availing himself of the fresh light which experience gave. Methodist organization was a gradual growth. Local experiments which approved themselves in practice were introduced into all the societies. Leaders, stewards, and lay-preachers—the main instruments in spreading and conserving the results of the evangelical revival, were all the fruit of this growth.

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 his 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?"—*Life of Wesley, by John Telford, B.A.*

Pentecost.

BY REV. JAMES COOKE S.T.MOUR.

Down on their knees they bent,
Each one in prayer intent,
Up to the throne on high,
Went every earnest sigh;

What faith and hope! What holy resolution there!
What might Divine! It was the panoply of prayer.

The fiery unction came,
On every soul the same,
The long expected hour,
Of God's Baptismal power;
The sky is cleft, heaven's gates are all flung open wide,
The glories rush—the soul's all purifying tide.

On that auspicious morn,
Was a new era born,
Redemption's glorious crown!
The Holy Ghost sent down;
That heavenly One went forth to all the earth abroad,
In ceaseless might to win the Ages back to God.

On me that spirit send,
Once more the heavens rend,
All hearts, Oh Spirit fire,
It is Thine own desire;
Thy breath is life. Oh stir the armies sin has slain,
And they shall rise—a mighty host of saved men.

Help One Another—A Hindoo Fable.

AN elephant named Grand Tusk and an ape named Nimble were friends.

Grand Tusk observed, "Behold how big and powerful I am!"

Nimble cried in reply, "Behold how agile and entertaining I am!"

Each was eager to know which was really superior to the other, and which quality was most esteemed by the wise.

So they went to Dark Sage, an owl that lived in an old tower, to have their claims discussed and settled.

Dark Sage said, "You must do as I bid, that I may form an opinion."

"Agreed," said both.

"Then," said Dark Sage, "cross yonder river, and bring me the mangoes on the great tree beyond."

Off went Grand Tusk and Nimble, but when they came to the stream, which was flowing full, Nimble held back; but Grand Tusk held him up on his back, and swam across in a very short time. Then they came to the mango tree, but it was very lofty and thick. Grand Tusk could neither touch the fruit with his trunk nor break the tree down to gather the fruit. Up sprang Nimble, and in a trice let drop a whole basketful of rich, ripe mangoes. Grand Tusk gathered the fruit into his capacious mouth, and the two friends crossed the stream as before.

"Now," said Dark Sage, "which of you is the better? Grand Tusk crossed the stream, and Nimble gathered the fruit."