

WHAT IS PEACE?

Is it when fortune has filled thy cup
 With much of her costly treasure,
 And thou hast *all* that the heart can wish—
 A life of unceasing pleasure?

To fold thy hands in luxurious ease
 And dream of the blissful morrow,
 Untroubled by want or care or woe—
 Shut in from the blast or sorrow?

This is not peace though it seems so fair,
 For beneath it all is lying
 A nameless dread that it will not last,
 Since the world itself is dying.

But there *is* a rest earth never gives
 Which passeth man's understanding—
 Its source, its centre, its life is God,
 And therefore it knows no ending.

'Tis found in the path of His grand will
 Accepting whate'er He pleases—
 With never a doubt that such is right
 Since it is the will of Jesus.

Withholding nought that the Lord demands,
 But with conscience true and tender
 To place thy best in His pierced hands—
 In full, unreserved surrender.

Each God-lent day yielded up to Him,
 To place after His own choosing—
 Thy highest aim and thy deepest joy
 To be for the Master's using.

And thus the calm of the holy peace
 Shall possess thy heart forever,
 E'en when thou art called at last to face
 The swellings of death's dark river.

Glenvar.

W. A. G.

THE LATE REV. JAMES CAUGHEY.

In answer to an unexpected summons, in a driving rain-storm, we hastened from Philadelphia to the Pitman M. E. Church, New Brunswick, N.J., to attend the funeral services of this once world-renowned evangelist.

As we stepped from the train, Rev. George C. Maddock joined us. As we hastened along the streets, he spoke most feelingly of his three years' pastorate, when Brother Caughey sat under his ministry. He said his presence was always a benediction and an inspiration. How could it have been otherwise?

Once before we were in New Brunswick to attend an all-day meeting for the promotion of holiness. Notwithstanding the heavy snow-storm that then prevailed, Brother Caughey was present, and preached with much of his old-time clearness, unction, energy, power, and effectiveness. What a privilege it was on that day to look him once more in the face, to hear his well-known voice, and to listen to one of his characteristic and inimitable expositions of a Scripture we never before nor since heard any preacher use, but which showed his singular aptness and genius in selecting and adapting analogies to religious experience and life, and to effective labor and success.

Among others present at his funeral were Rev. Brothers Stokes, Hughes, Osborn, McLean, Strickland, Read, Reed, and Maddock.

After prayer by the Editor of this paper, and other preliminary services, Rev. Brother Stokes, in a brief address, expressed his regret at the departure of such a man and minister, "because there were too few such men in the world."

Rev. G. Hughes, Editor of the *Guide to Holiness*, followed in a highly appreciative allusion to scenes and sermons and services in which this eminent evangelist had taken the principal part. Brother Hughes said that, on such funeral occasions as this, he had learned to come, not so much to regret the departure of God's chosen saints, as to indulge in happy thoughts of their glorification, and delightful anticipations of meeting them soon around the throne of God, and to gather inspiration from their eventful lives and triumphant deaths. He urged the improvement of this occasion, on the part of ministers and others present, by obtaining the enduement of power for entire devotion to the cause and kingdom of Christ.

Some of the former pastors were called upon to speak. Their reminiscences of his society and ministry, of his personal influence, of the effect of his published works upon them even in their early years, of his comprehensive and powerful intercessions, of his addresses, especially on sacramental occasions, were very impressive.

Brother Maddock made special reference to that remarkable series of evangelistic services held by Brother Caughey, many years ago in the "Old Salem" Church in this city. He spoke of the crowded church, aisles, entries, and stairs, through which, with great difficulty, he pressed his way, until within sound of his voice. He again alluded publicly, as he had done to us