

this volume, that "truth is stranger than fiction." The sufferings of the poor are detailed in an affecting manner ; scenes of degradation are depicted until we are ready to wonder how much lower it would be possible for poor humanity to fall. Crimes are enumerated of such enormity as to excite our marvel that such occurrences could really transpire in Christian England. Then we have trials of faith which some poor Christians have endured, entitling them to belong to the class of whom the world is not worthy. Tears will occasionally start in our eyes as we read of the cruelties of parents to their children, occasioned by drink. Again and again we see that young women are ruined by their love of dress, and that young men who stand in the way of sinners are sure to come to a bad end; while instances are given, in great variety, of the safeguards which are thrown around those who delight in the law of the Lord. The hardened infidel has been reclaimed by the prattling Sabbath school scholar, who has sung "Jesus loves me!" The power of religion is exemplified in the death-bed testimonies of men, women and children, who have been enabled to triumph in the hour of nature's dissolution. Many have been plucked as brands from the burning, their exemplary lives declaring that they had passed from death unto life.

No wonder that the circulation of "Strange Tales" should cause the religious community to desire to see the man whose graphic writings had afforded them so much interest ; hence, applications were made for him to visit various towns in England and Scotland for the purpose of detailing his plans for the reformation of the poor. He was ready to run at every call, and for years before he died he would spend several days in London, Newcastle, Edinburgh, and various other places, preaching and lecturing, and visiting Sabbath schools. He was instant in season and out of season, and was ready at every call to run to and fro, telling the wondrous story of the cross. He paid great attention to young men, and warned them against habits which he knew would bring moral ruin upon them, as he knew from painful experience. Thus John Ashworth, like a true son of John Wesley, was never "unemployed, nor was he ever triflingly employed." He was in labours more abundant, and spent his strength in doing good to the bodies and souls of men.