

King's troops well know how to deal with the first, and his Customs' officers will do their best to prevent the second."

Notwithstanding these efforts, however, these same officers did not always succeed in their virtuous endeavours. The unjust discrimination in favour of British-built shipping was felt by the colonists to be an intolerable grievance.

The incidents above mentioned are introduced simply to indicate the general temper of the times. It is not the purpose of this story to recount the political events of the American Revolution, but to trace the development of Methodism in the New World.

The old rigging loft soon became too small to hold the congregation which thronged its meagre space. Many, doubtless, were attracted, like our good friend Squire Blake, at first by curiosity to hear an officer in scarlet coat, with sword and epaulettes, preach from his place behind the carved figurehead. Sometimes, however, they were disappointed by the appearance in the pulpit of the plain and simple Philip Embury, whom any day in the week they might see plying his avocation of carpenter.

"It is bad enough," exclaimed Squire Blake, after one of these occasions, "to see an officer, who is both a scholar and a gentleman, usurping the place of an ordained clergyman in this manner; but to see a mere mechanic stand up to preach to his betters, it is intolerable. It is subversive of all social order. What's the world coming to, I wonder? It will end in flat rebellion, I see plain enough."

"Well, your worship," remarked John Stubbins, a rather grimy-looking cordwainer, who was one of the group to whom these remarks were made; "it suits simple folk like us better than the learned talk of Dr. Whiteband down at Old Trinity. I went there t'other Sunday, and it was all about the Manichees and the Appollinarian heresy, that happened a thousand years ago; and a lot of things I never heard of before, an' didn't know anything about after I had heard 'em. Now, Master Embury tells us about our plain every-day duties—that men in my trade mustn't scamp their work nor put in bad leather; and the grocer must give good weight and measure, and not sand his sugar, nor mix peas with his coffee. And we know that he does honest work for fair wage hisself. When he makes a table or a chest of drawers, it's sure to be seasoned stuff and well put together. His preachin' and practice agree, you see, and one helps to clinch the other."

"That sort of talk may do for the lower classes, I suppose," said the Squire, taking snuff pompously. "It don't need a Doctor of Divinity to preach like that. I could do it myself if I had a mind to."

"Oh, I dare say," replied the honest cobbler, with a twinkle in his eye and a wink to his neighbours who were standing around—he was of rather a democratic turn of mind and a despiser of dignities, like many of his craft—"I suppose you could, if only you had the mind to; that's all that's wanting."

The rather thick-witted Squire didn't see the point of the somewhat derisive laugh that ran around the circle, as he strutted away, swaggering his gold-headed cane and dusting the snuff off

the frills and ruffles of his shirt front. He knew that he was not popular, but he didn't see that he had done or said anything to be laughed at.

The great majority of the worshippers at the humble rigging loft, however, were drawn there by sincere religious feeling. There was an honest heartiness about the simple services that came home to their every-day needs—'o every man's business and bosom. The warm-hearted love-feasts and class-meetings, and the hearty singing, were greatly prized by the toil-worn men from workshop or anvil, from dock or loom; and by housewives and mothers, weary with their household cares.

"Ah! but it do seem just like the Metheddy preachin' and singin' I heard at dear old Gwenap and Penzance, years ago," said Mrs. Penwinnen, an honest Cornish woman, to her next-door neighbour. "Many's the time I've heard Mr. Wesley preachin' of an early mornin' at the mine's mouth, afore the men went down, or at eventide, when they came up to grass again."

"Eh, did ye now?" replied good Dame Durbin, as she stood with her door-key in her hand. "I never heard un; but I've often heard honest John Nelson on Barnsley Woald, in old Yorkshire. Ay, an' I've seen un pelted through the town wi' rotten eggs, an' help'd to do it mysen, God forgive me, afore I know'd what a mon o' God he wor. He wor just a common sojer, ye wot, and the parson hissen headed the mob agen him."

Here came up stout Frau Stuyvesant, still wearing the quaint gold headband of her native Holland, who had also been attracted by the hearty Methodist singing of the service.

"Mynheer ist goot prediger," she said, in her broken English. "Men say his preachment ist same as myn countreman, Arminius of Oudewater, in Utrecht. He speak goot worts."

Like flotsam and jetsam of the sea, these three creatures of diverse nationalities had been blown across the broad Atlantic, and drifted like sea-weed into the quiet eddy of the old rigging loft of William Street, and there had found that rest and food for their souls for which their whole moral nature yearned. And this was but a type of the mission of Methodism in America and throughout the world—to supply the deep soul-needs of humanity of many tribes and in many climes. The miracle of Pentecost was repeated, and by her missionary agencies these strangers and foreigners—Swedes, Germans, Norwegians, Slav and Turk, Hindu and Chinese—each has heard in his own mother tongue the wonderful works of God.

The old rigging loft which held the germ of this mighty growth, like a flower-pot in which an oak was planted, became, we have said, too small for such rapid expansion. "It could not," says a contemporary writer, "contain half the people who desired to hear the word of the Lord." The necessity for a larger place of worship became imperative; but where could this humble congregation obtain the means for its erection? Barbara Heck, full of faith, made it a subject of prayer, and received in her soul, with inexpressible assurance, the answer, "I, the Lord, will do it." She proposed an economical plan for the erection of the church, which she believed to be a suggestion from God. It was adopted by the

society, and "the first structure of the denomination in the western hemisphere," says Dr. Stevens, "was a monumental image of the humble thought of this devoted woman." Captain Webb entered heartily into the undertaking. It would probably not have been attempted without his aid. He subscribed thirty pounds towards it, the largest sum, by one-third, given by one person." They appealed to the public for assistance, and the subscription list is still preserved, representing all classes, from the Mayor of the city down to African female servants, designated only by their Christian names.

A site on John Street, now in the very heart of the business portion of the city, surrounded by the banks of Wall Street and the palaces of Broadway, was procured, and a chapel of stone, faced with blue plaster, was in course of time erected. As Dissenters were not allowed to erect "regular churches" in the city, in order to avoid the penalties of the law it was provided with a fireplace and chimney. Its interior, though long unfinished, was described as "very neat and clean, and the floor sprinkled over with sand as white as snow." Embury, being a skilful carpenter, wrought diligently upon its structure; and Barbara Heck, rejoicing in the work of her hands, helped to whitewash its walls. There were at first no stairs or breastwork to the gallery; it was reached by a rude ladder. The seats on the ground floor were plain benches without backs. Embury constructed with his own hands its pulpit; and on the memorable 30th of October, 1768, mounted the desk he had made, and dedicated the humble temple to the worship of God. It received the name of 'Wesley Chapel,' and was the first in the world to receive that honoured name.

Within two years we hear of at least a thousand hearers crowding the chapel and the space in front. It has been more than once reconstructed since then, but a portion of the first building is still visible. We had the pleasure of worshipping there a few months ago, and saw an engraving of the original structure. A wooden clock, brought from Ireland by Philip Embury, still marks the hours of worship. Marble tablets on the walls commemorate the names and virtues of Barbara Heck and Embury, and of Asbury and Summerfield, faithful pastors whose memory is still fragrant throughout the continent. This mother-church of American Methodism will long continue to attract the footsteps of many a devout pilgrim to the birth-place of the Church of his fathers and of his own religious fellowship. He will discern what potency God can give to even a feeble instrumentality; that with Him there is neither great nor small; that He can make one to chase a thousand and two to put ten thousand to flight.

#### Sunday Whaling.

I NEVER encountered more than one whaling-captain who scrupled to follow his vocation on the Sabbath. This was a Scotchman named Graham, master of the ship *Leonidas*, of Greenock. We met him in the South Pacific.

At the time of our first dropping in company with the *Leonidas*, she wanted sixteen hundred barrels to complete her cargo, while our own ship—the *Roger Williams*—which had been out

half a year longer than the other required but twelve hundred.

Six months passed away, during which time we occasionally fell in with ships of the great fleet of Pacific whalers, but with the *Leonidas* officer than any other. And after all our contemptuous remarks upon its captain, it was with some mortification that, from time to time, we were obliged to admit the general success of the Sabbath-observing Scotchman to be greater than our own.

During all the secular days of some given week he might cruise in vain, taking not a drop of oil or even seeing a whale, but this would make no difference in his conduct on the succeeding sacred day, when, perhaps, the monsters would send up in the sunlight their clear spouts all about him, and the boats of other ships would be sweeping down upon the prey. In the presence of these Sabbath temptations he could bide his time, letting no recurrence of unfruitful weeks or even months shake his devotion to principle. And certain it was that, in spite of occasional disappointments incident to the business, he was, upon the whole, more fortunate than most of his brother whalers. He now wanted but little more oil than ourselves.

Again we lost sight of the Scotchman, and two months passed away, when early one Sunday morning our lookouts raised a very large school. Such incidents with us were more apt to happen, as it seemed, on the Sabbath than at other times, just as great battles, it is said, occur more frequently than on week-days.

All was excitement, and away we pulled in the boats, hoping from this school to make a full ship. One works with a strong heart in chase of his last whale. But the game proved wild, and all day long we followed the shy creatures in vain, until the boats became scattered miles apart.

I was with the captain, and the order which he gave at sunset to pull for the ship was a most welcome one. But he had scarcely spoken when an immense whale, apparently an outsider, not belonging to the school, came up within a furlong of us, sending his spout aloft and lying temptingly quiet, with his long, dark back above the waves. So wearied as to be rendered half indifferent, we exercised less caution than usual, pulling in such a manner that at the moment the harpoon was launched the bow of the boat went directly upon the whale. His broad tail was partially under us. He moved it a little aside, then like lightning brought it over our heads and struck a downward blow. Quick as was the stroke, three of us avoided it by plunging overboard; but Captain May and two others were killed on the spot. The boat was demolished—beat flat to the ocean's surface—and across the wreck lay the body of the captain, while the two men sunk, looking ghastly as they settled slowly beneath us.

All the succeeding night we three who were left remained clinging to the light cedar-boards and timbers, with the corpse of Captain May lying in the midst of us, the ship being twelve miles off, and the crew ignorant of our position. Floating there with the dead captain, we passed a dreadfully trying night, and morning seemed hardly to improve our condition; for it did not reveal the *Roger Williams* or any of its boats. It had last been observed to leeward, and in looking for us would