

There is

After a hasty visit to that noble home for the worn-out sailor at Greenwich, and a glance at the arsenal at Woolwich, I returned to London.

We next visited the City Road Chapel, built by the exertions of the great Wesley himself. The sexton told us that when that wonderful man held the collection plate, one Sabbath, it was thrice filled with gold by the enthusiastic generosity of the congregation: a striking example of his personal influence over his hearers. After examining the chapel, I walked over the parsonage adjoining, and while standing in the room, where, with his dying lips, the immortal founder of Methodism exclaimed, "The best of all is, God is with us," I felt inspired with his great spirit, and mentally resolved, like him to laboriously live, that like him I might triumphantly die. From this sacred chamber I visited the tombs of Wesley, Clarke, Benson, Watson, Cooper, and other illustrious men of the departed army of faithful warriors in the cause of Christ; and, as I stood over their ashes, my heart said with Peter on the mount of transfiguration, "Master, it is good for me to be here!"

Crossing the road into Bunhill fields, I stood before the tombstones of the celebrated Dr. Isaac Watts, and the less learned but equally renowned John Bunyan. Here the wicket gate, the wanderings of the pilgrim, the land of Beulah, and the river of death passed vividly before my mind's eye, until, overcome with a rush of powerful feel-