

structures, the famous Washington Monument, and the elegant Mount Vernon Place Methodist Episcopal Church.

His next sermon was from a table, at the junction of Baltimore and Calvert Streets. His courage was tested on this occasion, for it was the militia training-day, and the drunken crowd charged upon him so effectually as to upset the table and lay him prostrate on the earth. He knew, however, that the noblest preachers of Methodism had suffered like trials in England, and he maintained his ground courageously. The commander of the troops, an Englishman, recognized him as a fellow-countryman, and defending him, restored order, and allowed him to proceed. Victorious over the mob, he made so favourable an impression as to be invited to preach in the English Church of St. Paul's, but improved that opportunity with such fervour as to receive a repetition of that courtesy. It is recorded that he "made the dust fly from the old velvet cushion" of the pulpit, and it is to be feared that, under the exhilarating effects of such unwonted good fortune, he may have partly forgotten Mr. Wesley's adjuration not to scream.

Meanwhile the Hecks and Emburys in their new home in the wilderness ceased not to prosecute their providential mission—the founding of Methodism in the New World. While they sowed with seed grain the virgin soil, they sought also to scatter the good seed of the kingdom in the hearts of their neighbours. Embury continued his labours as a faithful local preacher, and soon among the sparse and scattered population of settlers was formed a "class"—the first within the bounds of the Troy Conference, which has since multiplied to two hundred preachers and twenty-five thousand members.

Embury seems to have won the confidence and esteem of his rural neighbours no less for his practical business efficiency and sound judgment than for his sterling piety, as we find him officiating as magistrate as well as preacher.

He received, while mowing in his field, in the summer of 1775—the year of the outbreak of the Revolutionary War—so severe an injury that he died suddenly, at the early age of forty-five.

"He was," writes Asbury, who knew him well, "greatly beloved and much lamented." He was buried, after the manner of the primitive settlers, on the farm on which he had lived and laboured. "After reposing," writes Dr. Stevens, "fifty-seven