

Methodism's First Love.

REV. GEORGE JACKSON of England, in his address on "The Old Methodism and the New," delivered at Wesleyan University on the occasion of the 200th anniversary of the birth of John Wesley, said: "God gave us Hugh Price Hughes, a leader and evangelist after Wesley's own heart, and God has taken him away, but not until through him the Church to which he gave his life had been led back to its first love and its first works. More, perhaps, than any of us yet know, we owe to him the revival in our midst of the only kind of evangelism by which England can be won and held for Christ—the evangelism in which zeal and culture, religion and theology, the heart and the intellect, are yoked in one common service, the evangelism of John Wesley and the Apostle Paul."

Such is the evangelism always needed. Methods of reaching men and leading them to Christ may change with changing conditions of society, but the Christ who saves is the same yesterday, to-day and forever. It is to Him sinners are to be led, and whatever will accomplish that should be employed, whether the method be old or new. May the Methodist Church everywhere be led back to its first love and its first works, as the Wesleyan Church in England was led back to its first love and its first works by Hugh Price Hughes. Every pastor may, in a measure at least, be such an evangelist as was Hughes.

Thoughts for the Thoughtful

Selected from John Wesley.

Let every action have reference to your whole life, and not a part only.

Do not make too much haste. Give everything the last touch.

I do not remember to have felt lowness of spirits for one-quarter of an hour since I was born.

It signifies but little where we are, so we are but fully employed for our good Master.

In God's name, why are you so fond of sin? What good has it ever done you?

I think and let think. What I want is holiness of heart and life. They who have this are my brother, sister, and mother.

Do nothing on which you cannot pray for a blessing. Every action of a Christian that is good is sanctified by the Word and prayer.

We cannot see any cloud gathering. But this calm cannot last; storms must come hither too; and let them come, when we are ready to meet them.

My mind, by Thy all-quicken power,
From low desires set free;
Unite my scattered thoughts, and fix
My love entire on Thee.

I always find there is most hazard in sailing upon smooth water. When the winds blow and the seas rage even the sleepers will rise and call upon God.

It is a common thing for those who are sanctified to believe they cannot fall. Nevertheless we have seen some of the strongest of them after a time move from their steadfastness.

I have two silver teaspoons at London, and two at Bristol. This is all the plate which I have at present, and I shall not buy any more while so many around me want bread.

My brother Charles, amid the difficulties of our early ministry, used to say: "If the Lord would give me wings, I would fly." I used to answer: "If the Lord bid me fly, I should trust for the wings."

God provides for you to-day what is needful to sustain the life which He has given you. It is enough. Give yourself up into His hands. If you live another day, He will provide for that also.

Let love not visit you as a transient guest, but be the constant temper of your soul. Let it pant in your heart, let it sparkle in your eyes; let it shine in all your actions, and let there be in your tongue the law of kindness.

Touch no dram. It is liquid fire. It is a sure though slow poison. It saps the very springs of life.

Shall we say: "The former days were better than these?" God forbid that we should be so unwise and so unthankful! Nay, rather let us praise Him all the day long, for He hath dealt bountifully with us. No "former time," since the apostles left the earth, has been better than the present. None has been comparable to it, in several respects.

If you earn but three shillings a week, give a penny out of it, and you will never want. But I do not say this to you who have ten or fifteen shillings a week, and give only a penny. I have been ashamed for you, if you have not been ashamed for yourself. Give in proportion to your substance. Open your eyes, your heart, your hand.

God trieth us every moment, weighs all our thoughts, words, and actions, and is pleased or displeased with us according to our works. I see more and more clearly that there is a great gulf fixed between us and all those who, by denying this, sap the very foundation, both of inward and outward holiness.

As religion is the happiest; so it is the cheerfulness. thing in the world. But I do not see any possible case wherein trifling conversation can be an instance of it. That I shall be laughed at for this, I know. So was my Master. I am not for a stern, austere manner of conversing. No; let all the cheerfulness of faith be there, all the joyfulness of hope, all the amiable sweetness, the winning easiness of love.

The best of all, God is with us.

How happy is the pilgrim's lot,
How free from every anxious thought,
From worldly hope and fear!
Confined to neither court nor cell,
His soul disdains on earth to dwell,
He only sojourns here.

Saved for Service.

I AM afraid a great many Christians do not understand what is meant by serving the Lord. When I ask what is service to God, like as not they will tell me going to Church and Sunday School, reading the Bible, singing psalms and hymns and praying and keeping out of mischief.

Imagine a farmer whose hired man spent the early evening, all night and late mornings in bed; who never could get enough to eat, who is always at the table before the meal is over, and has to be begged to leave the table after the meal is over.

And by the farmer says, "I am not satisfied with you."

What is the matter?" says the man.

"You do not seem to appreciate your position."

"Well, I would like to know if I don't. Don't I come first when meals are ready? Don't I eat as if I appreciated your wife's cooking? Don't I stay until you can hardly get me away from the table?"

"No doubt about that," said the farmer.

"Well, don't I go to bed as soon as supper is over at night and stay until the last one is down in the morning, to be sure I don't get into any mischief or do any harm?"

"You certainly do," says the farmer.

"Then I can not see how I could show my appreciation for your nice bed and your wife's cooking any better than I do," says he, in a hurt tone of voice.

"Why," says the farmer, "did you think that is what I hired you for? I furnish you with food and bed so that you may have strength and rest in order to go out into my field and work for me and earn your wages. I don't hire you to eat and sleep."

"Oh," says the man, "if that is the case, I think I'll look for another job."

That is the way with a great many church members. They are there when the bell rings on Sunday morning. They are on hand every time the church is opened. They eat all the sermons that the good man can bake from one week's end to another, and perhaps take some that are only half baked, and then sleep the rest of the week to keep out of mischief.

What is service to God? It is service to humanity in Christ's name. Somebody says, "What is the difference whether I render it in Christ's name or some other name, so long as humanity gets the benefit of the service? If I give a clean shirt to a tramp, and a meal of victuals to the hungry,