

METHODISM AT GIBRALTAR.

BY RICHARD W. ALLAN.



PLAINS OF GIBRALTAR.

It is a wonderful Rock, this Pillar of Hercules, which for nearly two hundred years God's providence has given us to keep, and which in the marvellous British fashion we have held against all comers and against all odds.

"In temporary occupation of the British," so runs the phrase in the proud, sad language of the Spaniard. But what would have been the result if it had not been thus occupied—what the result to-day?

Its position makes it one of the world's gateways, and, being in our keeping, the central sea has been made the highway for that freer thought and strenuous enterprise of which our country is the home, and by which it is rendered one of the great life-centres of the world.

Its shape we are all familiar with, and think we know it well: but really we do not. Indeed, we cannot, unless we have "gone round about it and told the towers thereof"; and then, whichever way we look at it, it startles us with some fresh revelations of strength. It is the very embodiment of the idea of strength—vast, dominant, impregnable.

How comes it there, a veritable fortress-city fashioned by the great King Himself, cut off from the mountains of the mainland by an almost sea-level plain, and standing up a sheer unassailable precipice one thousand six hundred feet high?

What were the forces that swept away the contiguous rocks, or, perhaps, rather, detaching this