

and service of John Wesley, shall we not exclaim: "How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the gospel of peace and bring glad tidings of good things!" And shall we not praise God that he gave to the world such a man as John Wesley. "Blessing and honor, glory and power, be unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb, forever and ever." Among England's great dead in Westminster Abbey, a monument has been reared to Wesley's memory; but the Methodist Church of the world is his monument, and his name will live until—

"Seas shall waste, the skies to smoke decay,  
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away."

— North-Western Christian Advocate.

### John Wesley's Passion for Souls.

**W**ELL would it be for the whole world if, as we approach the birthday of John Wesley and as we enter upon our great Methodist year, the spirit of love for sinners that was in John Wesley, and the energy with which he labored for their conversion, might fall upon all who bear the name of Methodist. What love and energy were his! How his Journal breathes with his restless love of souls! When he was past sixty, he travelled long distances in all kinds of weather and preached thirty times in ten days; when he was past eighty, he preached eleven times in four days, and each time with the demonstration of the Spirit. He records that at this age he had so severe a cold that he could not sing or even speak, except in a single key, and yet he proceeded, though the multitude was so great that, notwithstanding "the wind was high and piercing cold," he had to preach in the open air. On another occasion, in his old age, he slipped on the ice on London Bridge and severely hurt himself, but he was helped along, met his congregations and preached just the same.

In his Journal, Friday, January 1, 1742, he wrote:

"After a night of quiet sleep, I waked in a strong fever, but without any sick-

ness, or thirst, or pain. I consented, however, to keep my bed, but on condition that every one who desired it should have liberty to speak with me. I believe fifty or sixty persons did so this day; nor did I find any inconvenience from it. In the evening I sent for all the bands who were in the house, that we might magnify our Lord together. A near relation being with me when they came, I asked her afterwards if she was not offended. 'Offended!' said she; 'I wish I could be always among you. I thought I was in heaven.' This night also, by the blessing of God, I slept well, to the utter astonishment of those about me, the apothecary in particular, who said he had never seen such a fever in his life."

It was this undeterred and unterrable hunger to preach the Word to sinners that created Methodism. No slipped ease, no hammock sighing for a mission, no resolutions to be carried into effect to-morrow, could have created Methodism. Methodism was fire in the bones, and fire running in the dry stubble.

The preachers of our day, multitudes of them, work as hard as any in the most heroic, so-called, days of the Church. If they do not preach as often, it is not because they are not at work. To-day the Church is a vast organism, a body of service having "many members," each of which demands the earnest pastor's attentions and counsels; no earnest pastor can keep abreast of their needs. But, might it not be to the glory of God if on all sides there might be more of a preaching passion for souls for whom Jesus died? In 1870 there was a lay membership of 1,367,144; after the lapse of exactly one generation, we have a membership of 2,996,159. This is a good showing, since it expresses a growth of 100 per cent.

But if we might be imbued with the evangelism of Wesley and the fathers, might not that increase of a hundred-fold be possible in each quadrennium? What impresses one as he reads the life and success of Wesley and the fathers as soul-winners is that they lived for it, worked for it, prayed for it, put all else aside for it. Nevertheless, Wesley so improved his time that he was the most prolific literary worker in the history of the Christian Church. But he still subordinated everything to saving souls. Oh, for participation in his passion for souls!—Central Christian Advocate.