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Religious Miscellany.

The Beautiful.

God formed the earth for beauty; it reflects His goodness and His glory. How beautiful is spring, with all her blushing streams, Freed from the hands of winter's stern control; Her opening buds and freshened air; The music of her "earliest birds," Waking the silence of the budding grove With the gushing fullness of their hearts of song.

How beautiful Is early morn! The earth all bathed In dewy freshness, while the rays of light Are kissing every hill-top, and each pearly gem, Daguerretypes the glorious orb of day! The heavens meanwhile Are kindled with a rosy mass of tinted clouds, Like wings of cherubim presiding o'er The opening splendours of the new born day!

The rainbow, Spanning the battling chariots of the storm, Is beautiful! 'Tis God's great signet ring; His glorious promise to the fair wide earth, That day and night, and fruitful years, Shall bless the world till time shall be no more. How bright its tints, how rich its hues! Such as may gleam from outspread wing Of soaring cherubim, or radiate from The flashing jewels in the Christian's crown.

The flowers are beautiful When'er they open their starry eyes to gaze In God's free sunlight o'er a lovely world. Thank Heaven for flowers! They have a voice that moves my heart, As if an angel's finger touched its depths. God might have made the world without a flower To shed its fragrance on the evening air; But in very goodness hath he decked the earth In flowing robes, that man might look and love The being who hath poured so free Along the thorny path of life, The gentle ministry of flowers.

How beautiful The gorgeous splendour of departing day! What a world of pomp the heavens put on, As though the clouds held festival to hail The God of glory to His Western home! 'Tis as if an angel's hand had seened from The Established Church on account of its Puseyite doctrines and ceremonies, and requested a minister from the Wesleyan Methodists—a body of Christians until then but little known in the village. Here Mr. Punshon, although but twenty years of age, laboured with a zeal and eloquence that made his church the centre of attraction, and drew to him admiring crowds from miles around the country.

In 1845 Mr. Punshon was appointed to Whitehaven, in Cumberland, where he remained about two years, and won great popularity as a pulpit orator. His reputation spread abroad through the country, and he was frequently invited to preach on special occasions in other and distant places. So great was the anxiety to hear him that, young as he was, when he was announced to preach, immense crowds flocked to the church, and he was soon recognized as occupying a distinguished place in the ministry. "His sermons exhibited great originality of thought, a perspicacious arrangement of subject, and in delivery a rare power of language, which was never more remarkable for gracefulness than when bearing down all before him by the vigour of his passion." He remained in Whitehaven until 1847, and was then removed to Carlisle, a more important post. Here his popularity as an earnest and eloquent minister was increased, and he added to it by the delivery of several charity sermons of great power, which were productive of wonderful results.

The next season Mr. Punshon's labors were Newcastle-on-Tyne, and since that he has filled many of the most important stations in the Wesleyan Connection, and is now preaching in London. Wherever he went he secured a wonderful popularity, and his services were eagerly sought for occasional sermons for missions and charitable purposes. Admiring crowds pressed to hear him wherever he ministered, and the charm and style of his preaching were irresistible. In London his sermons were frequently published, and were admired as literary compositions; they exhibited the earnest piety of the author, the sincerity of his heart, and the high cultivation of his intellectual powers. His lecture on John Bunyan was delivered to an audience of more than four thousand persons assembled in Exeter Hall. Subsequently he delivered a lecture on the "Huguenots," which was published, and elicited the following commendation in one of the reviews: "Our word of praise can do little to enhance the popularity of this oration, and its merits are of a kind which lift it almost out of the region of criticism. With many hundred readers it will revive the memory of a rare enjoyment, while its glowing passages are associated in their minds with the splendid declamation of its author." Mr. Punshon also published a small volume of poems some years since, which received warm commendations from gifted pens.

In August 1849 Mr. Punshon married Maria Anne, daughter of Mr. John Vickers, of Gateshead. In November 1858 his wife died, leaving three sons and one daughter. As a zealous and eloquent minister, Mr. Punshon occupies a high, if not the highest position among the Wesleyan preachers of the present day. His style is of a peculiar character; it is blending and classic, sound theology and logical declamation, his language is elegant and vigorous; the right word always in the right place; his utterance is rapid but distinct; his manner earnest and impassioned. He secures at once the undivided attention of an audience, and his spell he throws around his hearers deepens in intensity until he closes. His sermons delivered in different places, and his addresses in Exeter Hall, London, in the Free Trade Hall, Manchester, the Town Hall at Birmingham, etc., attest his brilliant eloquence and his wonderful command over the sympathies of his hearers. The writer of this "heard him in Liverpool, in the summer of 1849, and within a few weeks heard some of the most eminent pulpit orators of England, such as Dr. Raffles, Mr. Spurgeon, and Rev. Charles Moore, Esq., Editor of *The Masonic Review*, and editor of an American volume of Mr. Punshon's "Sermons."

Rev. William M. Punshon.

William Morley Punshon, at present one of the most eloquent pulpit orators in Great Britain, is descended from a family long settled in the north of England, and was born in Doncaster, in the county of York, on the 29th of May, 1824. His father was a draper in the town just named, where for many years he carried on an extensive business in his line, and was much esteemed by the community for his liberality and zeal in all movements designed to improve and elevate the masses. His wife was a daughter of William Morley, Esq., and sister to Sir Isaac Morley, Mayor of Doncaster and a justice of the county. William Morley Punshon obtained the elements of his education in various private schools, and subsequently graduated in the grammar school of Doncaster, where he acquired a reputation for being an apt and successful scholar. When he quitted school, in 1838, he selected the mercantile business for a profession, as the heads of this family had long been engaged in commercial pursuits, in which they had acquired a distinguished reputation for integrity, as well as considerable fortune. His grandfather had been long engaged as a timber and iron merchant in the town of Hull, and young Punshon was placed with him as a clerk, with a view to prepare himself for future business on his own account. He remained in this position for two or three years, and by his keen powers of observation, as well as by the development of his remarkable intellectual qualities, asserted his capabilities for a more important position in social life. It was during this period, it is believed, that he became decidedly religious; and though his prospects of success in commercial life were exceedingly flattering, he became possessed with a strong desire to study for the Church, with the view of appearing as a public preacher, to exercise those gifts of language and remarkable powers of declamation which he had cultivated at an early age, and intervals of his labor at the desk. The economy of Methodism is well calculated to call into activity the natural capabilities of its members;

and a young man with "gifts and graces" has always felt in which he can exercise both, and the Church becomes a co-worker with God in directing the young disciple in the path to usefulness.

His theological views are strictly Wesleyan; but, liberal in his feelings, while he does not neglect his duties to his own Church, his inclination leads him, as occasion offers, to labor for other Christian associations. Mr. Punshon's reputation is not confined to his own immediate sphere; to show the estimation in which he is held abroad, we append the following recent *critique* from the *Paris Christian Review*: "With Spurgeon, as with Guinness and with most of the young popular preachers, it is the imagination which is the dominant faculty. We find a more happy combination of qualities with a power also, altogether more real, in a Methodist preacher, Mr. Punshon, who is perhaps the most eminent religious orator of England at the present time. What strikes us in Mr. Punshon is that his faculties, which are of the first order, his imagination brilliant and poetic, his wonderful clearness, his extensive learning, are directed by an intellect as solid as it is vast, which penetrates to the very bottom of the subject which it treats. Wholly popular though he is, he sacrifices nothing to popularity. In him there is no appeal to an exterior sensuality, no specious measures for moving the imagination of the masses, nothing which indicates the man who prepares his effects. One feels that he gives always the reasons which have convinced himself, and that it is the interior labor of his own mind which he brings. This admirable talent is sustained by an eloquence unimpaired, suiting itself to the slightest inflections of thought, and always weighty and worthy the subject it develops."—*Cyclopedia of Methodism*.

In the year 1840 he removed to Sunderland, but still remained connected with his grandfather's business; and here, as a local preacher, he began his ministry. A writer in the *Christian Cabinet*, a Baptist periodical, says: "Here his future course received its determination. The Giver of all good gifts intimated his will concerning his servant. Mr. Punshon felt the promptings of an inward power. He yielded; and here, in the capacity of a local preacher—a preparatory ministerial office, peculiar, we believe, to the Wesleyan Methodists, and the several offshoots from that particular stem—he commenced that course of public popularity and usefulness which is the joy of the Church to which he belongs, and the source of instruction and profitable gratification to thousands who have the opportunity, in various parts of the country, of benefiting by his occasional ministrations and services."

Mr. Punshon continued his preparatory studies, and his labors as a local preacher, until 1844, when he entered the Wesleyan College at Richmond, where he remained, however, but a short time, and was then admitted to the junior ranks and appointed to a charge in Marden, Kent. Here was a congregation which had seceded from the Established Church on account of its Puseyite doctrines and ceremonies, and requested a minister from the Wesleyan Methodists—a body of Christians until then but little known in the village. Here Mr. Punshon, although but twenty years of age, laboured with a zeal and eloquence that made his church the centre of attraction, and drew to him admiring crowds from miles around the country.

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Longevity of the Order of Nature.

Rev. Dr. Hawes, of Hartford, in a discourse upon a "Well-Spent Life," has the following very just remarks:— "Let any one rightly understand the laws of his being, physical, moral, and social, and study carefully to conform to them, and life in all its parts would be likely to be healthy, cheerful, and happy. It would pass away as a long, bright, summer's day, bringing sweet music to cheer his in its morning, noon, and evening, and closing not in clouds and darkness, but in clear sunshine and light. That high authority, the Registrar of England, remarks: "Man does not pass through all the stages of his physiological and intellectual development in less than seventy years." That is, he ought, as a general rule, to live so long, and to enjoy health and vigor; and if he be asked why he does not, the answer is found in *wrong, unnatural modes of living*."

Robert Hall.

The distinguished Robert Hall, who was remarkable for his attachment to congregational singing, gives us an anecdote which the reader will be glad to see in his own words: "I once heard a blundering, roosting preacher at Margate, who had all the roughness of the wind without any of its power; and, after being tortured for a whole hour, I was fully compensated by the delight I enjoyed at the close of the sermon. An old man, whose gray locks were hanging profusely on his shoulders, and whose countenance expressed much simplicity and piety, gave out, with great feeling, in the recitative style. "Let the old heathens raise their song Of grand Diana and of Jove; But cease to sing that moves my soul Is my Redeemer and his love." "This so charmed me that I could at any time endure to hear such a preacher if I were sure it would be followed by such a delightful after-piece."

The World Harvest.

They are sowing their seed in the daylight fair, They are sowing their seed in the noonday's glare, They are sowing their seed in the soft twilight, They are sowing their seed in the solemn night; What shall their harvest be?

They are sowing their seed of pleasant thought, In the Spring's green light they have blithely wrought; They have brought their fancies from wool and del, Where the mosses creep and the flower-buds swell; Rare shall the harvest be!

They are sowing the seed of word and deed, Which the cold know not, nor the careless heed; O! the gentle word and the kindest deed, That have sweetest the heart in its sorest need; Sweet shall the harvest be!

And some are sowing the seeds of pain, Of late remorse and in maddened brain, And the stars shall fall and the sun shall wane, Ere they reap the weeds from the soil again; Dark will the harvest be!

And some are standing with idle hand, Yet they scatter seed on their native land; And some are sowing the seeds of care, Which their soil has borne and still must bear; Sad will the harvest be!

They are sowing the seed of noble deed, With a sleeping watch and an earnest heed; With a ceaseless hand o'er the earth they sow, And the fields are whitening where'er they go; Rich will the harvest be!

Sown in darkness or sown in light, Sown in weakness or sown in might, Sown in meekness or sown in wrath, In the broad world-field or the shadowy path; Sure will the harvest be!

Religious Intelligence.

The Late Thomas Farmer, Esq.

The following particulars were included in the Memoir prepared by Miss Farmer to be read by the Rev. Dr. Hannah, at the conclusion of his funeral sermon in City-road Chapel, on the 18th inst.

Mr. Farmer was born at Kennington Common, Surrey, on the 7th of June, 1790, a few months before the death of Wesley. He lost his mother when only four years old. On leaving school his father, who had been successful in business, wished him to go to college, but failed to gain his consent. He then urged him to enter a professional career, and placed him with his friend and solicitor, Mr. Marson, of Newington. A year's attempt to meet his father's views convinced him that he should never like the law as a pursuit. His considerate father, ever on the watch to meet his views, took him from the lawyer's office, and brought him into his own chemical works, where he laboured at first for the sake of aiding one whom he heartily admired and loved, but soon with a personal interest in the various processes and their results.

Before the chapel in China-terrace, Lambeth, was built, Mr. Farmer, sent had been accustomed to attend the ministry of the late Rev. Rowland Hill, at Surrey Chapel. But as soon as Lambeth Chapel was opened, the father and son were commonly to be found hearing the Wesleyan Methodist ministers. In his youth, Mr. Farmer, sent had been for a time a member of the society, and had won Wesley's praise and word of approval by bringing five pounds, his savings during his apprenticeship, and adding that sum to the larger offerings for the building of City-road Chapel. With the energy that marked the doings of his whole life, Mr. Farmer, at this time, gave himself to the practical work of the manufactory through the day, and to the acquisition of chemical knowledge in the evening. Thorough in everything, he laboured with his own hands, beginning with plumbing, and measuring his strength and skill with that of every workman in the place—till all they could do had been done by their young master, and he knew himself competent to take the lead in each department. Yet paramount even to business success, was the welfare of his soul; and no day passed of which the earliest and the latest hours were not given to religious reading, meditation, and earnest pleading with God. The habit of early rising, acquired in youth, he never lost. Till growing infirmities hindered, he rose at six o'clock, read and prayed with Mrs. Farmer, before leaving his room, and then spent the hour from seven to eight in converse with himself and with his God.

The 6th of September, 1809, was a memorable day in Mr. Farmer's history. He went to his bedroom at ten o'clock, and took up Benson's "Apology for the doctrines of the Methodists." Whilst reading his sense of guilt and need became so oppressive, and he fell on his knees to seek deliverance. Through the still hours of the night he reviewed his past sins and failures; recognised his own impotence, and the sufficiency of Christ; and though his diary, which he began to keep from that time, does not speak in set terms of pardon and peace, yet it affords ample evidence that from that night he ceased to regard the condemning voice of conscience, received Jesus Christ as his atoning sacrifice, and held the faith which gives the victory over the world.

On the 8th of October he heard Mr. Benson, at Lambeth Chapel, from the words, "Let a man examine himself, and so let him eat of that bread, and drink of that cup." After that doubt as to his own fitness, my father determined on staying, "remembering," he writes, "the vanity of life, and the possibility of feeling differently another time." His father went with him into the vestry of the chapel, and there Mr. Benson gladly received him, and urged him to keep his newly-made covenant with God.

About a week after he had received the Lord's supper at Lambeth, he made the following record in his diary: "Monday, October 16, 1809—Rose a little before six o'clock, and was at Dr. Clarke's before half-past seven. Had a long and pleasant conversation with him, in which I disclosed my present state and feelings;—my temptation to fear lest I should neglect my resolutions, as I had done before. He gave me much consolation, 'For,' said he, 'these were made in weakness, but these are made in the Lord, and He will strengthen you.' Before this conversation, my father had been some to Mr. Shaw's class. He now determined to give his name as a member, and from that day to the time of his death, he continued in fellowship with the people called Methodists.

On Good Friday, 1810, my father became a teacher in the Kennington-lane Sunday-school, conducted by Congregationalists. Here, the lowest class was placed under his care, a charge that he valued highly and kept faithfully. For many years he acted as superintendent of this school. Soon after commencing Sunday-school teaching, he began systematically to assist the poor and sick. Thereafter engagements in the church crowded upon him. A mature Christian, looking over his voluminous early diaries, would say that his danger then lay in a tendency to mortal self-righteousness. Each day's actions passed in review at night, with the motives that prompted them. These were brought to the test of a strict rule, and examined as in the presence of the holy and omniscient Lawgiver; and often heavy censure was passed upon himself. A corrective to this too depressing self-examination was supplied, however, by bodily activity, and by contact with his fellow-Christians in their efforts to do good.

Among the strong and guiding influences of my father's youth, his friendships must be reckoned. He was intimate with Dr. Clarke and his family, but his own chosen and tried associates were three young men, two of them some few years older than myself: Edward Thornton, whose father was related to Dr. Sturtevant, and intimate with Cecil and Venn; Joseph Henry Butterworth, the son of one whose name is well known in connection with philanthropic enterprise, and at whose house he was introduced to many great and good men; and Charles Stork, Dudley, now the only survivor of the group, waiting in extreme age his summons to rest from a long life's labours in behalf of the British and Foreign Bible Society. Two of these four close companions were members of the Church of England. Mr. Dudley was a friend. In happy fellowship with them, my father's loving and noble piety, his earnestness and his love for value essential truth and goodness wherever he found them. With Mr. Dudley he would occasionally sit for hours in the silence of the meeting-house; and his friend, in profitable conversation, would accompany him to hear Mr. Benson's strong arguments and eloquent appeals to the conscience.

As time wore on, and he became well-known and highly-respected as a manufacturer and merchant, openings were presented for changing his course in life. Friends urged him to enter a parish that could not fail to lead to municipal honors, and three times he was earnestly solicited to go into Parliament. Such proposals were not set aside with impulse and haste, but were gravely considered—the decision in each case being determined partly by considerations of health, but mainly by the belief that to concentrate his energies upon schemes of usefulness in connection with Christ's Church was his best way of bringing glory to God. With this view he became, in the year 1817, a class-leader in the Methodist Society. This was at the instance of the Rev. Jabez Burdick, whose discerning eye and strong love led him, in the following year, to the meeting of the Committee of the Wesleyan Missionary Society. From the date of their early acquaintance, my father prized Dr. Burdick's friendship as one of the chief blessings of a life crowned with goodness and with loving-kindness.

In 1820, Mr. Farmer became a member of the British and Foreign Bible Society. On that Committee his name appears annually for more than thirty years, when it was honoured by being added to the list of Vice-Presidents of that society. For the last thirty-five years he was the Lay Treasurer of the Wesleyan Missionary Society. He was also the General-Treasurer of the Theological Institution, and during its later years, in conjunction with his son-in-law, P. B. Hall, Esq., of the Southern Branch at Richmond. He stood in the same relation for many years to the Strangers' Friend Society, and for a shorter period to the Evangelical Alliance. These were the earthly honours in which he most delighted. (The remainder of the MS. relates to Mr. Farmer's last days, which we deeply regret being compelled extensively to abridge.)

Early in the year 1860 he had a severe attack of rheumatic gout, a complaint from which he had suffered, at intervals, for many years. It was not, however, till the month of November that the presence of an incurable disease was detected. On asking for and obtaining a distinct answer as to the opinion of his medical friend at Arthington, he said calmly, "Then I must prepare for the worst."

A few weeks after, in London, all hopes as to his recovery were taken away. One night, about this time, he called Mrs. Farmer to his side, and said, "If I were left to myself, I must go down, down, down." "Where?" she asked. "To hell." But in the same breath he responded to her words of encouragement, and rejoiced in the preciousness of Christ.

On February 6, he said, "When I was nine, I asked myself, 'What shall I do?' I then decided to seek the glory of God, and the experience, enjoyment, and spread of salvation." "And on looking back," it was said, "you feel that, had you to begin life again, you would start substantially in the same way." "I am brought to that," he rejoined. "If anything be said to me, let it be true. Let no man place me higher than I really am, and under all write, 'I am the chief of sinners.'" But Jesus died for me."

Then, with emphasis, he repeated his favourite verse— "For ever here my rest shall be, Close to the bleeding side, This all my hope and all my plea, For me the Saviour died."

On the 10th, a sacerdotal service was held in his room. The solemn service was conducted by Mr. Arthur; after which Mr. Farmer prayed, giving thanks for the mercies of a lifetime, for grace given to himself and his family, for opportunities to work for God's glory, and for great solitude for his children, and children's children, for God's work in the neighborhood village, in His Church at large, in the world, for missionaries, for all ministers, for individual friends. This over, and those servants

dismissed, who had communicated with the Rev. Charles Dundas, M.A. The living now is worth £202 yearly, exclusive of the use of the rectory and thirty-four acres of land. This makes a salary of about \$4,700 in American currency, and more. On the 27th, before Miss Farmer went to hear the President at the Centenary Hall, he said, "My love to them [the Missionary Secretaries]; tell them that last night, I think, the best night I have had in the best things—a contrast to the beginning of my sickness. There was then a conflict, with doubts and fears. Now, I see my Father's hand in it. I rest in Him—I've laid awake meditating, and His arm has been underneath me, if I mistake not." Then, referring to the meeting to be held the following Monday, "Oh! how I should like to have them here! But it's my Father's hand that has done it."

On the 27th, before the China Breakfast Meeting, he said, "Things grow brighter." In the afternoon Mr. Cox went into his room. He shook his hand heartily, saying, "Ah my dear friend, I'm glad to see you." Mr. Cox assured him that his thoughts and prayers had been with him. He responded, "Considering all I have suffered, or seemed to myself to suffer, I don't know what I should have done without the prayers of God's people." "The Lord bless you and keep you." I believe He will keep you. The Lord prosper the work of your hands, and give you peace." The Lord fulfill in you all the good pleasure of His goodness, and the work of faith with power." The Lord be with you for ever and ever. Amen."

On May 1st, he had great difficulty in breathing, through congestion of the lungs—not, however, attended with much pain. On Sunday, May 5, about three o'clock in the afternoon, all saw a decided alteration. Miss Farmer and a medical friend stood by him; the pulse was almost gone, they thought him dying. He was restored by stimulants, but seemed to regret it, and said to one of his daughters who came in, "Tell them to let me go." His few remaining days he closed almost continually, and towards night he wavered a little; but he then revived. "But," he one day said, "I'm so occupied with heavenly things that I find it difficult to come back to earth."

On Thursday, May 9, his old friend and fellow-labourer in the Southwark Auxiliary Bible Society, the Rev. George Clayton, came to see him, and said that he was, he believed, a special answer to prayer that he found him alive. "I only heard of your illness," said he, "last week. I inquired at the Strangers' Friend Office, and at the Mission House, and met with nothing but discouragement. 'It's too late—impossible—you won't find him alive.' But I felt convinced that you would be detained till I should see you." After a few words had been exchanged on happy days passed together fifty years ago, and glances cast to come Mr. Clayton repeated the 23rd Psalm, and prayed. When he was gone, my father said, "That will be the last, I think."

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With the dawn of May 11, came the conviction that "the long fight of bodily affliction" was all but over. He had ceased to take notice of the watchers by his side; yet on receiving aid from one of his servants, who raised him into an easier position, he tried to speak more than once, and at last was heard to say, with his wonted courtesy, "Thank him for the relief." Shortly after, his breathing changed. About half-past ten o'clock his family gathered around his bed. My mother repeated the words, "Ye shall not see death, for ye shall not be afraid of death, I will fear no evil, for ye are with me." At these words, there was a slight but expressive motion of his head—the last sign of consciousness. Exactly as the clock struck 12, his spirit passed away.

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Letter from Mrs. Palmer.

(Concluded.) On a visit to Epworth in June, 1742, he says: "A little before the service began I went to Mr. Romley the curate, and offered to assist him either by preaching or reading prayers. But he did not care to accept of my assistance. The church was exceedingly full in the afternoon, a rumour being spread that I would preach. But the sermon on 'Queen's Hill' was not suitable to the expectation of many of the hearers. The curate told them one of the most dangerous ways of quenching the Spirit was by enthusiasm, and enlarged on the character of an enthusiast in a very full and oratorical manner. After sermon John Taylor stood in the church-yard and gave notice as the people were coming out, Mr. Wesley not being permitted to preach in the church designs to preach here at six o'clock. I came and found such a congregation as I believe Epworth never saw before. I stood near the east end of the church upon my father's tomb-stone, and cried, 'The kingdom of heaven is not meat and drink, but righteousness, joy and peace in the Holy Ghost.'"

April 1745 Mr. Wesley again visited Epworth, but the poor curate's sermons, beginning to end was another "railing accusation." But Mr. Wesley's only exclamation is, "Father forgive him, for he knoweth not what he doeth." Again and ever after he was forced to preach out of doors, either on his father's tombstone or at the market-cross, until a chapel was erected by the Wesleyan Society in 1756, and even then he was seldom able to preach within doors, the crowd being so great.

But though subject to such dishonourable and cruel treatment from the clergy who succeeded his venerated father, he never lost his love for his native town; he frequently visited it, and towards the close of his useful life, July 1779, makes the following record in his journal: "Friday, 9th, went to Epworth. How true is the trite remark: 'The natural soil is how strangely sweet, The place where first he breathed who can forget?' In the evening I took my usual stand in the market-place, but had far more than the usual congregation. "Saturday, 10th, taking a solitary walk in the church-yard, I felt the truth of 'one generation goeth and another cometh'; see how the earth grows its inhabitants as the tree drops its leaves." Under date of the succeeding day, preaching at Epworth, he says: "So general an outpouring of God's Spirit we had, seldom known as we had on Sabbath in the afternoon. 'Like mighty winds and torrents fierce He did opposers all o'erturn.'"

After visiting the church, our next object of special interest was the Rectory. The present resident and rector of Epworth is the Hon. and Rev. Charles Dundas, M.A. The living now is worth £202 yearly, exclusive of the use of the rectory and thirty-four acres of land. This makes a salary of about \$4,700 in American currency, and more. On the 27th, before Miss Farmer went to hear the President at the Centenary Hall, he said, "My love to them [the Missionary Secretaries]; tell them that last night, I think, the best night I have had in the best things—a contrast to the beginning of my sickness. There was then a conflict, with doubts and fears. Now, I see my Father's hand in it. I rest in Him—I've laid awake meditating, and His arm has been underneath me, if I mistake not." Then, referring to the meeting to be held the following Monday, "Oh! how I should like to have them here! But it's my Father's hand that has done it."

On the 27th, before the China Breakfast Meeting, he said, "Things grow brighter." In the afternoon Mr. Cox went into his room. He shook his hand heartily, saying, "Ah my dear friend, I'm glad to see you." Mr. Cox assured him that his thoughts and prayers had been with him. He responded, "Considering all I have suffered, or seemed to myself to suffer, I don't know what I should have done without the prayers of God's people." "The Lord bless you and keep you." I believe He will keep you. The Lord prosper the work of your hands, and give you peace." The Lord fulfill in you all the good pleasure of His goodness, and the work of faith with power." The Lord be with you for ever and ever. Amen."

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