

where he found "great comfort in conversing with the Methodist of the right stamp." Its church welcomed him to its pulpit, while its vicar, the saintly Fletcher, occupied the lower desk, reading the prayers and repeating the responses. An immense congregation drawn by the fame of the two most noted Evangelists, from all the parishes around, packed the church and gathered outside about the open windows, eager both to join in the prayers and to listen to the discourses. Nor do we wonder ; for who to-day among the ten millions of followers of John Wesley to be found in every part of the world, would not have been a zealous member of the same mother church which our founder loved so well—had her prayers and responses been committed to such holy men as Fletcher, and how churches welcomed to her pulpits, such divines as Wesley and his band of God-ordained preachers.

An unsympathising hierarchy and an ungodly ministry drove the Reformer of the eighteenth century into the street, and expelled the members of his society from their communion, and henceforth the chapel rose up alongside the church, and the Methodist became the rival instead of the support of the Church of England in every part of the world.

Family tradition records, that the desire to sit under the ministry of Fletcher drew the Shrewsbury gardener more than once to Madeley. Not far out of his direct way lay the small village of Moreton Corbett, and in it was the home of one who always gladly welcomed him for the night, and who would willingly accompany him on the morrow to the church of Fletcher. How I would like to give your readers a true pen and ink sketch of that old fashioned farm homestead. Its low brick walls, its straw thatched roof, two or three feet in thickness, through which peered its three attic windows, one of which lighted its guest's chamber, where the many Methodist preachers of the past century often found a place for rest and prayer. And in the morning, drawing aside its curtain, had beguiled many a minute in looking with admiration upon one of those unrivalled views of rustic scenery for which England is justly famous. Below it was the small, snug parlor, with its corner fireplace—then the common sitting-room—off which projected the farm kitchen, noted in former times not only for its good cheer but as the village chapel. Jno. Harris, the tenant farmer, whose home we have been describing, was a man of more than ordinary mould