

through her. Let us listen to His voice. Let us take heed to our ways.

The little company dispersed, seemingly saddened and sobered by the fear and reproof of an honest and God-fearing woman, faithful to her convictions of duty and her intuitions of right. No more cards were played in that house, and deep religious convictions settled upon not a few minds of the company.

Nor did the results end here. Under a Divine impulse, Barbara Heck went straightway to the house of her cousin, Philip Embury, and appealed to him no longer to neglect his duty, but to exhort and warn and reprove the members of that Palatine community, of which God by His providence had made him the leader and religious adviser. With a keen sense of the spiritual danger of the little flock, she entreated him with tears, and exclaimed:

"Philip Embury, you must preach to us, or we shall all go to hell together, and God will require our blood at your hand."

"I cannot preach; I have neither house nor congregation," he replied, not without a feeling that, like Jonah, he was flying from the call of God.

"That shall not long be your excuse," interrupted this intrepid woman; "I will find the congregation and you shall find the house. Why, this very room in which we stand will do to begin in; and when it becomes too strait, the Lord will provide another."

With glowing zeal this new Deborah arose and went forth to begin the great work of organizing the first Methodist service in the New World. That day was kindled a fire which has wrapped a continent in its holy flame, and which, by God's grace, shall never be put out while the world shall stand. At the appointed time of service a little congregation of four persons was assembled in the humble parlour of Philip Embury, to whom, with penitent confessions of his own shortcomings and neglect of duty, and amid tears of contrition and a fresh dedication to God, he broke the bread of life.

"That little group," writes Dr. Stevens, "prefigured the future mission of Methodism in its widespread assemblies throughout the New World, as preaching the gospel to the poor. Small as it was, it included black and white, bond and free; while it was also an example of that lay ministrations of religion which has extended the denomination in all quarters of the world, and of that agency of woman, which, as we have seen, Wesley organized, and to which an incalculable proportion of the vitality and power of the Church is attributable. The name of Barbara Heck is first on the list; with her was her husband, Paul Heck; beside him sat John Lawrence, his 'hired man;' and by her side an African servant called 'Betty.' Such, let it ever be remembered, was the germ and type of the congregations of Methodism which now stud the continent from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the Mexican Gulf almost to the perpetual snows of the north; they could hardly have had a more fitting prototype."

At the close of this first Methodist service ever preached in America, Philip Embury organized his congregation into a class, which he continued to meet from week to week. The little company continued to increase, and soon grew too large for Philip

Embury's house. They hired a more commodious room, which was immediately crowded. "No small excitement," says Dr. Stevens, "began quickly to prevail in the city on account of these meetings." Philip Embury, toiling all the week for the bread that perisheth, continued from Sabbath to Sabbath to break unto the people the bread of life. As in the case of the Great Preacher, "the common people heard him gladly." He was one of themselves, and spoke to them of common needs and of a common Saviour, and their hearts responded warmly to his earnest words.

One day the humble assembly was a good deal startled by the appearance among them of a military officer with scarlet coat, epaulets, and sword. The first impression was that he had come in the King's name to prohibit their meetings. They were soon agreeably undeceived.

When the sermon was ended he made his way through the little congregation, who stood somewhat in awe of his official dignity, to the preacher's desk. He warmly clasped Embury by the hand and said:—

"Sir, I salute you in the name of the Lord. My name is Captain Thomas Webb, of His Majesty's service; not only a soldier of the King, God bless him, but also a soldier of the Cross and a spiritual son of John Wesley."

Warmly was the new comer welcomed as "a brother beloved," and he was courteously invited to address the congregation. Without any hesitation he complied, and in the easy manner of a polished English gentleman he briefly, in Methodist phrase, related his religious experience.

He had been a faithful soldier of King George, and bore in his person the marks of his devotion to his service. He wore over one of his eyes a dark shade, looking like a badge of mourning for the loss of the sight of that injured orb. He had rushed through the surf against a murderous fire at the siege of Louisburg, in Caps Breton, where he lost his right eye. He had been among the first to climb the heights of Abraham at Quebec, and had been severely wounded in fighting under Wolfe, in that memorable battle which closed the long conflict between English Protestantism and French Catholicism for the possession of this broad continent. Eight years later he heard John Wesley preach in Bristol, and forthwith recognized him as the spiritual leader under whose captaincy he was henceforth to wage a nobler warfare than that of arms. He considered that his life had been providentially spared in the day of battle to be fully consecrated to the service of his Divine Master. He used often, in conversation with his friends, to narrate with devout gratitude his deliverance in the hour of peril.

"As I was leading with my company," he used to say, "I suddenly felt a sharp pang, followed by a flash of light, and then all was dark. I was borne to the rear, and carried with the rest of the wounded to the boats and rowed to the British camp. I was almost gone, and had just consciousness to hear the soldiers say, 'He needs no help. He's dead enough.' I mustered strength to say 'No, I'm not dead yet,' when I fainted away, and all became black again. The surgeons say that if the ball had struck a hair's

breadth higher or lower I would have been a dead man. But God in mercy spared me. I was not then fit to die. And now I sorrow not at the loss of bodily sight, since He has opened the eyes of my mind to see wondrous things out of His law."

A CIVIL denial is better than a rude grant.

Through Death to Life.

BY HENRY HARRINGTON.

HAVE you heard the tale of the *Aloe plant*,
Away in the sunny clime?
By humble growth of an hundred years
It reaches its blooming time;
And then a wondrous bud at its crown
Breaks into a thousand flowers;
This floral queen, in its blooming seen,
Is the pride of the tropical bowers.
But the plant to the flower is a sacrifice,
For it blooms but once, and in blooming dies.

HAVE you heard the tale of the *Pelican*,
The Arab's *Gimel el Bahr*,
That lives in the African solitudes,
Where birds that live lonely are?
Have you heard how it loves its tender young,
And cares and toils for their good?
It brings them water from fountains afar,
And fishes the seas for their food.
In famine it feeds them—what love can devise—
The blood of its bosom, and feeding them dies.

YOU have heard these tales: shall I tell you
one,
A greater and better than all?
Have you heard of Him whom the heavens adore,
Before whom the hosts of heaven fall?
How He leas the choirs and anthems above,
For earth in its wallings and woes,
To suffer the shame and pain of the cross,
And die for the life of His foes?
O Prince of the noble! O Sufferer divine!
What sorrow and sacrifice equal to Thine!

HAVE you heard of this tale—the best of them all—
The tale of the Holy and True?
He dies, but His life, in untold souls,
Lives on in the world anew,
His seed prevails, and is filling the earth
As the stars fill the sky above;
He taught us to yield up the love of life,
For the sake of the life of love.
His death is our life, His loss is our gain.
The joy for the tear, the peace for the pain.

NOW hear these tales, ye weary and worn,
Who for others do give up your all;
Our Saviour hath told you the seed that would grow,
Into earth's dark bosom must fall—
Must pass from the view and die away,
And then will the fruit appear:
The grain that seems lost in the earth below
Will return many fold in the ear.
By death comes life, by loss comes gain,
The joy for the tear, the peace for the pain.

A Noble Woman's Act.

NOW THE LATE MISS BAYARD RESCUED
AN UNFORTUNATE CRIPPLE AND
MADE A MAN OF HIM.

A LETTER from Delaware tells a pretty story of Kate Bayard, the beautiful daughter whom death took so lately from the Secretary of State. Six or seven years ago her phaeton was a familiar sight in Wilmington and on the roadways thereabout; she was already known among her friends as a daring rider, and there were stories abundant of heroic exploits and dangers braved in the saddle. The horse that she used for her phaeton was spirited, but nobody ever worried for the fair driver's safety; she had too often shown her power to license a thought of danger. The horse seemed to know her; viciousness that was shown when others approached melted into gentleness at once

when she took up the reins, people who believed in the intelligence of brute creation pointed out this horse's actions as proof of their correct faith.

One summer evening, as Miss Bayard was driving alone on the outskirts of West Wilmington, her attention was attracted toward a lively group of boys at the side of the roadway. In their centre was a man, most forlorn in appearance, his face the picture of misery, his clothes all in tatters. The boys, in their silly thoughtlessness, were persecuting him. The girl's sympathies were called at once. Her carriage came to a standstill, and her voice rebuked the boys, who, staring one moment agape with astonishment, fell back a little, but they did not cease their taunts. The poor man against the roadside looked up as much amazed as had been his persecutors. It was not an inviting countenance, and yet there was something in it not wholly bad. Pebbles were fired at him by the retreating lads, and then as he tried to move, he revealed to the good Samaritan who had come to his rescue that he was a cripple. This brought her from her phaeton in a trice. A word to her horse, a pat upon its neck, and she left it to go within touching distance of the poor, hopeless fellow, despairing in this by-street of a town's suburb. "What was the matter?" "Why was he there?" "How had he fallen into such a plight?" These were questions that she asked in quick succession. And the reply that came was: "I am only a tramp." She didn't draw back. That wasn't the way of Kate Bayard. "But you are a man!" she said. He looked as if he were half afraid to assert that he could claim even this, and he drew back with a visible shudder as the brave girl said: "You must have somebody to care for you. Let me take you to the hospital." He smiled half thankfully, half doubtfully, and though no words were uttered, his eyes, taking on a new light, seemed to sparkle out, "You mock me." He did not know Kate Bayard any better than the world knows many other women who, for her own heart's sake, does good deeds in secret. She bent and helped him to rise. One leg would not bear his body's weight, and he had hard work to muffle the groan that half escaped him in the pain of moving; but heroically, his ragged coat sleeve running through the arm of as lovely a girl as ever lived, he hobbled step by step to the phaeton's side and was lifted—virtually lifted as a mother tenderly would lift her infant—in through the wheels to the carriage seat.

Then came an exciting experience. She was half between the vehicle's wheels, when the horse, who had been standing quietly enough while he could watch his mistress, became angry. The boys, who had scattered, had not drawn out of sight, and their sport was being continued by showers of missiles thrown promiscuously in the carriage direction, and they were hooting and crying more loudly than ever. This it was that had unstrung the horse's nerves, and he pranced and reared, though he did not start to run. The wheels of the carriage caught the girl in their clasp and hugged her fiercely one moment, and then released her only for a second, when she rushed forward to the frightened horse's bridle. The alarm of the animal was intensified. Now he dashed away on a full run, whirling the light phaeton hither and thither over the roadway in a manner that boded speedy destruction. The hoodlums parted as the runaway