

for I was born into a household of faith. Yet I have never hardened my heart against the man or woman whose education has only taught them to doubt. I thank God that I learned to love Him and to walk in His ways before I learned to pry into the mysteries of His being or to question His dealings with mankind."

And then, gradually won to fullest confidence by his quick sympathy, Antonia told John Wesley much of her life story, only avoiding, with an exquisite delicacy, all those passages which touched the secrets of a woman's heart.

"If it will help your noble charities that I should read the New Testament to your people, I would as lief do so as not." And then she went on with a sigh, "Ah, sir, if you knew how I envy you the faith which opens new worlds now that I have lost all interest in this one."

One of Mr. Wesley's best gifts was the faculty of order, and all things done under his direction were done with an admirable method and proportion. His loan society, which made advances of twenty shillings and upward to the respectable poor—to be repaid in weekly instalments—his dispensary, his day and night classes, all testified to his power of organization. From the days when, a poor scholar at Oxford, he lived like an anchorite of the desert in order that he might feed starving prisoners and rescue fallen women, he had been experienced in systematic charity. From him, in the hours he could spare her before starting on his northern pilgrimage, she learned how to distribute her alms with an unfailing justice, and how to make the best use of her time. Her visits in those homes of sickness and penury, which might have been hopelessly dreary without his directing spirit, became full of interest in the light of his all-comprehending mind.

In the garrets and cellars, where Lady Kilrush sat beside the bed of the sick and the dying, she found a fervour of unquestioning faith that startled and touched her. For these sufferers the Bible she read was no history of things long past and done with, no story of a vanished life. It was the message of living Friend, a Redeemer waiting to give them welcome in the kingdom of the just made perfect, the world where there is no death. He who had promised the penitent a dwelling in Paradise was at the door of the death-chamber; and to die was to pass to a life more beautiful than a child's dream of heaven.

The message that she carried to others was for her also. She learned to love the wise Teacher, the beneficent Healer, the Saviour of mankind. That name of Saviour pleased her. For the theologian's point of view she was, perhaps, no more a Christian than she had ever been. She dared not tell John Wesley, whom she revered, and who now accepted her as a brand snatched from the burning, that her faith was not his faith, that she was neither convinced of sin nor assured of grace.

Her awakening had been no sudden act, like the descent of the Spirit of Pentecost, but a gradual change in her whole nature, the widening of her sympathies, the growth of pity and of love. It was not of Christ the sacrifice she thought, not of His atoning blood, but of Jesus the great exemplar, of Jesus who went about doing good. She would not question how it came to pass, but she believed that, in the dim long ago, Divinity walked among mankind and wore the shape of man; to what end, except to make men better, she knew not. In all her conversation with Wesley's converts, however exalted their ideas might be, the earthly image was in her mind, Jesus, human and compassionate, the comforter of human sorrows, the sinless one who loved sinners.

Wesley rejoiced with exceeding joy in her conversion. He had met her from time to time in the dwellings of the poor, had sat with her beside the bed of the dying, had seen her often among his congregation, and he believed that the work of grace had begun, and that it needed but good influences to insure her final perseverance.

Lady Kilrush, true to the memory of her deceased husband, refused the proffered love of George Stobart, fled to Lord Kilrush's estate in Ireland to devote herself to the religious instruction and social uplift and betterment of his long-neglected tenants, and soon fell a victim to her zeal. In the following words John Wesley describes the closing scene:

"Alas, George, that noble being, whom we have both loved and revered, no longer inhabits this place of sin and sorrow, and I dare hope that her pure and gentle spirit has taken flight to a better world, and now enjoys the companionship of saints and angels.

"Her death was worthy to rank in the list of martyrs. You may have heard that this city—the filth and squalor of whose poorer streets and