

GOING HOME.

WHEN the end comes, and like a tired child  
I fall beside the long highway of time,  
Nor strive the last rough, upward range  
to climb,  
O Father, hold me not unreconciled!  
Let me not then remember all the wild  
And thorny ways through which my  
wounded feet  
So long have toiled; but rather what  
beguiled [sweet  
My way of pain, and made it oftimes  
With laughter of glad streams, and pas-  
tures green,  
And fragrant forest pathways opening wide  
On dewy meadows sparkling in the sun,  
Like gleams of paradise in dreams fore-  
seen!  
So shall my slumber be untrifled,  
And my awakening find the journey done.  
H. S. Cornell.

REQUIRED READING, S.S.R.U.

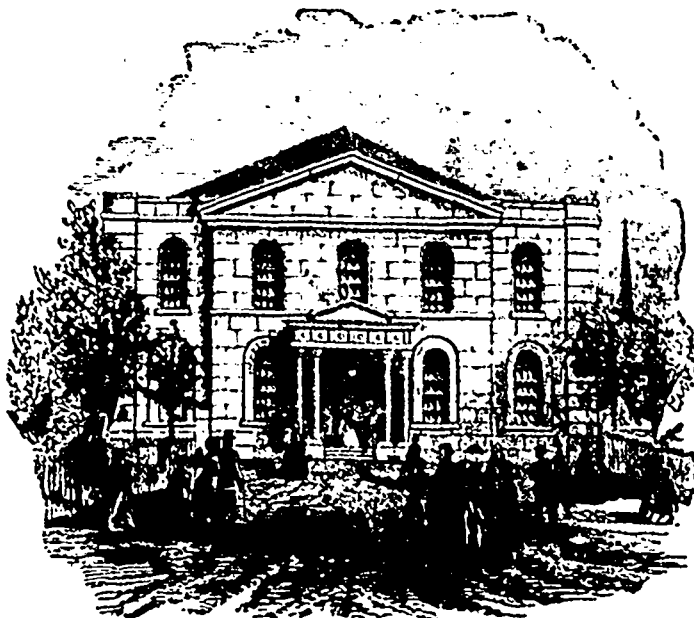
(Sunday School Reading Union.)

THE CRADLE OF METHODISM.

BY THE EDITOR.

AT this time at which we write, when the whole Methodist world is assembled, through its representatives, at the old City Road Chapel, in London, the mother church of Methodism everywhere, our readers will no doubt be interested in an account of those early days when the first society of "people called Methodists" held their worship in an abandoned foundry, and in a description of the first Methodist Chapel in the world.

The first home of Methodism was indeed very humble, suggesting analogies with the humble beginnings of Christianity itself—the manger of Bethlehem and the cottage home of Nazareth. When the Wesleys and Whitefield, by ecclesiastical intolerance, were excluded from the churches, they took to preaching on moors and commons, and at markets and fairs. Bad weather, and the need of more comfortable accommodation, led them to seek some place of shelter for their services. In 1739 John Wesley was urged to secure the Old Foundry, Moorfields, London, as a place of worship. This was a large, rambling pile of buildings, near the present site of City Road Chapel. It had been used by the Government for casting brass ordnance. Many cannon, captured from the French in Marlborough's wars, were here recast. One day, as a large quantity of molten metal was run into the moulds, the moisture in sand was suddenly converted into steam, and a violent explosion took place; the building was shattered and partly disroofed, and several persons were killed. The royal foundry was removed to Woolwich, and the shattered building was left for some years unoccupied and going to decay. Wesley's only regular income was £28 a year, from his Oxford fellowship. The sum required for the purchase of the Foundry was £115. But full of faith he assumed the debt, and some friends coming to his aid, nearly £700 was expended in fitting it up for worship. Instead of the clang of anvils and roar of furnaces



CITY ROAD CHAPEL.

employed in the manufacture of the deadly enginery of war, its walls were to echo the holy hymns and the glad evangel of the gospel of peace.

The following description of the building, as shown in the cut below, is from *Tyerman's Wesley*.—"There were two front doors, one leading to the chapel, and the other to the preacher's house, school, and band-room. A bell was hung in a plain belfry, and was rung every morning a little before five for early service, and every evening at nine for family worship, as well as at other times. The chapel, which would accommodate about fifteen hundred people, was without pews; but in front of the pulpit were about a dozen seats with back rails for female worshippers. The front gallery was used exclusively by females and the side gallery by males." On this separation of the sexes Mr. Wesley insisted in all his early churches. Above the smoke begrimed rafters could be seen the tile

tions. A dispensary and almshouse for the poor was also part of the establishment, where, in 1748, were nine widows, one blind woman, and two poor children. "I might add," says Wesley, "four or five preachers, for I myself, as well as the other preachers who are in town, diet with the poor, on the same food and at the same table, and we rejoice therein, as a comfortable earnest of our eating bread together in our Father's kingdom." A savings bank and loan fund were also established.

High up, near the roof, were apartments for Mr. Wesley, in which his mother died. There was also accommodation for the assistant preachers and for domestics. Not a stone of the old building now remains, but the old pulpit is preserved at Richmond College, and is used by the students every week. Some of the old seats are in the basement of City Road Chapel, and the bell and chandelier are in use in other chapels. To this rude and ruinous



THE OLD FOUNDRY, CITY ROAD, LONDON.

roof. A few rough deal boards formed the temporary pulpit.

Part of the building was fitted up with desks for a school. Here, for seven years, Silas Told taught a number of charity children from six in the morning till five in the evening, for the salary of ten shillings a week. Part was also fitted up as a book-room for the sale of Mr. Wesley's publica-

structure, in the dark London mornings and evenings, multitudes of God-fearing Methodists wended their way by the dim light of their candle or oil lanterns, over the ill-paved streets, to the early morning or evening service; and here multitudes of souls were converted to God. The Foundry Society numbered, in 1743, no less than 2,200 members, meeting in sixty-six classes, having

grown in two years from 426 members. As the old Foundry was about to be demolished by the Government, who resumed possession, it was necessary to find a new home for the Methodist of London. In 1776, therefore, Mr. Wesley made an appeal to the societies for subscriptions to the amount of £6,000 for the proposed "New Chapel." The following year the corner stone was laid, and, standing upon it, Mr. Wesley preached, amid showers of rain, a sermon on the text, "What hath God wrought?" How much more gloriously is that Scripture true after a century's progress! The "New Chapel" was situated near the Foundry, in what was then open fields, but is now a wilderness of brick and stone. The building is a large, plain, and nearly square structure, without much attempt at architectural display. We find no statement of its dimensions, but we read of 1,800 persons being present at a covenant service. The appearance of the interior is much more imposing than that of the outside. Handsome galleries, with an entablature and frieze, are supported by Doric columns. The ceiling has a large centre piece and ornaments of stucco. The pulpit is a high enclosed structure, with a reading-desk beneath, standing in front of a recess in the rear. On one occasion Charles Wesley was preaching with great animation, and Dr. Coke sat in the reading-desk below. During the service the little Doctor was astonished by the descent of the pulpit hymn-book on his head. Soon after, looking up, he observed the ponderous Bible about to follow. Springing up, he caught it in his arms, while the preacher, unconscious of the *contretemps*, rushed on in his strain of impassioned eloquence. On the walls all around are numerous marble tablets in memory of the distinguished preachers who have ministered within these walls—among others, John and Charles Wesley, Fletcher, Benson, Coke, Clarke, Watson, Bunting, Newton, and many others.

In the grave-yard without, slumber the remains of the founder of Methodism, of his venerable mother, of Adam Clarke, Joseph Benson, Jabez Bunting, and of many another whose life and labours were devoted to the glory of God in the service of Methodism. In Bunhill fields burying ground, just opposite, sleeps the dust of the glorious dreamer, John Bunyan. Charles Wesley preached in City Road Chapel nearly every Sunday for ten years, but his Churchly notions made him request to be buried in the parish church of Mary lebone. John Wesley regrets that the remains of his brother should not be deposited where his own should lie. "Certainly," he writes, "that ground is as holy as any in England." Aye, truly. From all parts of Christendom come pilgrims to visit that sacred spot. Beside the tomb of John Wesley grows an elder tree, clippings from which have been transplanted to almost every part of the world—an emblem of the Church which he planted, which has taken root and brought forth its blessed fruit in every clime.

LYING lips are an abomination to the Lord, but they that deal truly are His delight.