

Lord and Parson Wesley, my feet are on the Rock aboard or ashore."

"These Methodists find their way everywhere, Hugh," I said. "It does seem as if God blessed their work more than anyone's."

"And what wonder," he said; "who work as they do?"

"But so many people—even good people—appear to be afraid of them," I said. "Are they not sometimes too violent? Do they not sometimes make mistakes?"

"No doubt they do," he said. "All the men who have done great and good work in the world have made mistakes, as far as I can see. It is only the easy, cautious people who sit still and do nothing who make no mistakes, unless," he added, "their whole lives are one great mistake, which seems probable."

And then he told me something of what he had seen in the world and at Oxford; how utterly God seemed forgotten everywhere; how scarcely disguised infidelity spoke from the pulpits, and vices not disguised at all paraded in high places; how in the midst of this John and Charles Wesley had stood apart, and resolved to live to serve God and do good to men; how they had struggled long in the twilight of a dark but lofty mysticism, until they had learned to know how God has loved us from everlasting, and loves us now, and how Christ forgives sins now; and then, full of the joyful tidings, had gladly abandoned all the hopes of earthly ambition for the glorious ambition of being ambassadors for Christ to win rebellious and wretched men back to Him.

"Morning, noon, and evening," he said, "John Wesley goes about proclaiming the tidings of great joy in Ireland, America throughout England, among colliers, miners, and slaves; in prisons to condemned criminals; in hospitals, to the sick; in market-places, pelted with stones; in churches, threatened with imprisonment; reviled by clergymen, assaulted by mobs, and arraigned by magistrates. They go on loving the world that casts them out, and constantly drawing souls out of the world to God to be blessed."

"It seems like the apostles," I said. "It is wonderful."

"Kitty," he said fervently, "when I think, I can *not* wonder at it. The wonder seems to me that we should wonder at it so much. If we believe the Bible at all; if not now and then