

thusiasts lost his life at the hands of enemies scarce less ferocious than the Indians on the banks of the Monongahela.

But in those savage scenes it seemed ever as if a special providence guarded John Wesley and his followers. Many and many a time the rabble rout seemed possessed by Moloch, and the storm of stones and clods flew fast around the preacher's head, and again and again he passed unharmed out of the demoniac herd. Missiles often glanced aside and wounded the enemy, for the aim of blind hate was seldom true, and if Wesley did not escape injury on every occasion his wounds were never serious enough to drive him from the stand he had taken by the market cross or in the churchyard, in out-house or street, on common or hill-side. He might finish his discourse while a stream of blood trickled down his face, or the arm that he would fain have raised in exhortation hung powerless from a blow, but in none of his wanderings had he been silenced or acknowledged defeat.

John Wesley was not without compassion for a friend and disciple for whom he had something of a fatherly affection. He, too, had been called upon to renounce the woman he loved, the excellent, gifted, enthusiastic Grace Murray, whose humble origin was forgotten in the force and purity of her character. He had been her affianced husband, had thought of her for a long time as his future wife, lived in daily companionship with her on his pious pilgrimages, made her his helpmeet in good works, and yet, on the assertion of a superior claim, he had given her to another.

It was in the early morning, after one of his five o'clock services at the Foundry, that he was told a lady desired to see him. He had but just come in from the chapel, and his breakfast was on the table in the neat parlour where he lived and worked, a Spartan breakfast of oatmeal porridge, with the luxury of a small pot of tea and a little dry toast.

Mr. Wesley had many uninvited visitors, and it was nothing new for him to be intruded on even at so early an hour. He rose to receive the lady, and motioned her to a seat with a stately graciousness. He was a small man, attired with an exquisite neatness in a stuff cassock and breeches, and black silk stockings and shoes with large silver buckles. His benign countenance was framed in

dark auburn hair that fell in waving masses, like John Milton's, and which at this period showed no touch of gray.

"In what matter can I have the honour to serve you, madam?" he asked.

"I have come to you in great trouble of mind, sir," the lady began in a low voice. "I am a very unhappy woman."

"Many have come to me in the same sad plight, madam, and I have found but one way of helping them. 'Tis to lead them to the foot of the cross. There alone can they find the Friend who can make their sorrows here their education for heaven."

"I rose after a sleepless night and came through the darkness to hear you preach. If I cannot believe all that you believe I can appreciate the wisdom and the purity of your discourse."

"Look into your heart, madam, and if you can find faith there, but as a grain of mustard seed——"

"Alas, sir, I look into my heart and find only emptiness. My heart aches with the monotony of life. I stand alone, unloved and unloving. I have tasted all the pleasures this world can offer, have enjoyed all, and wearied of all. I come to you in my weariness as the first preacher I have ever listened to with interest. You believe, sir, in instantaneous conversions—in a single act of faith than can make a Christian in a moment?"

"The Scriptures warrant that belief, madam. All the conversions related in the Gospel were instantaneous. Yet I will own that I was once unwilling to believe in the miracle of Christian perfection attained by a single impulse of the soul."

"And you think that Christian perfection attained in a moment will stand the wear and tear of life, and be strong enough to resist the world, the flesh, and the devil?" Antonia asked with an incredulous smile.

"Nay, madam, I dare not affirm that all who think themselves justified are secure of salvation. These sudden recruits are sometimes deserters. But I have never despaired of a sinner, madam; nor can I believe that a spirit so bright as yours will be lost eternally. Long or late, the hour of sanctifying grace must come."

"Perhaps, Mr. Wesley, had you been reared as I was—taught to doubt the existence of a God before I was old enough to read the Gospel—you would be no less sceptic than I am."

"I was indeed more fortunate—