

self was a preacher, and was probably more familiar with these phenomena than we can be.

A few days later that uncouth lad attends a quarterly meeting and is called upon to give his experience. How is a home-made lout just out of the furrow to execute at a moment's notice such an incredible psychologic feat as this? We see him standing there twisting his fox-skin cap in his hands, stammering along in search of the syllables that elude him. We hear the encouragement of the presiding elder, "Speak up, brother," and then slowly the seething emotions of the lad shape themselves into winged words. His rude assembly listens with a growing astonishment.

After that he will become a wayfarer and join the Itinerants, and as we read his after story we see that it is the story, in its essentials, of most of those Itinerants. They consecrated themselves to the wandering. They were to abandon all the ambitions and attachments that are the primal factors of endeavour in life. They were to be homeless, ceaseless, poverty-stricken, hungry, persecuted, and happy, disregarding all the appeals of kindred, of nature, and of a weary body. They were to equip themselves in knowledge without books or schools, lying as Bascom did prone before the flaring pine knots at night to gain their education; picking up some Hebrew and Greek while in the saddle as Asbury did. Such, indeed, is the story of Russell Bigelow, of Beauchamp, John Strange, Axtel, McKendree, and several hundred others—flaming voices that were always coming and going, making for the wilderness something like an apocalyptic dance of fire.

Some outlines of Bigelow have been preserved by Eggleston in his

"Circuit Rider," and with less distinctness in Sprague's "Annals." But the real record has gone over with the emotions it created to the still warm traditions of Ohio and Indiana. All other considerations pass as we fix our attention upon the prodigious disregard which these heroes had for both the immediate rewards and pains of their sojourning. The conviction that this present existence affords no abiding conditions of repose, and that the hereafter is a condition of absolute rest, breaks out continually in all their exhortations and their strivings. Bascom invariably pictures heaven as home, and Bigelow as a final and blissful goal of subsidence and victory. That eternity may itself be a greater Itinerancy is a conception not furnished by the tired emotions, but by the expanding intellect. There is in the thought, and more obviously in the character, of the circuit-riders a constant guarding against anything like local attachment. They settle down only when broken down, and Asbury, who is at once the captain and the "whip" of the Itinerants, does not think even then that the preachers should settle longer than six months in one spot. They were not pastors to lead their flocks beside still waters, but winged couriers to carry the glad tidings and take some especial pride in dropping by the wayside.

Most of those men dropped, "worn out with toil," into humble graves, and their monuments, if they ever had any, have crumbled, but they left to posterity an example of indomitable pilgrimage and unquenchable faith that in the mere recital must have the clang of armour in it to the Church which has now concluded to "settle down."—*Harper's Journal of Civilization.*

If thou art blest,
Then let the sunshine of thy gladness rest
On the dark edges of each cloud that flies

Back in thy brother's skies;
If thou art sad,
Still be thou in thy brother's goodness glad
—Margaret E. Sangster.