

THE DAYS OF WESLEY.

IV.

I SHOULD make a bad historian. I have never said a word about our journey home from London.

Not that there is much to tell, because, after all, we came from Bristol by sea, father and Hugh Spencer and I, and I was so full of the thought of home, that I did not observe anything particularly. The chief thing I remember is a conversation I had with Hugh.

It was a calm evening. Father had rolled himself up in his old military cloak with a foraging cap half over his eyes, and Hugh and I were standing by the side of the ship watching the trail of strange light she seemed to make in the waves. There was no one else on deck but the man at the helm and an old sailor mending some ropes by the last glimmerings of daylight, and humming in a low voice to himself what seemed like an attempt at a psalm tune.

"Do you know what he is singing?" Hugh asked.

"Not from the tune. I do not see how anyone could; but the quaverings seem of a religious character, like what the old people sing in the church."

"It is a Methodist hymn," Hugh said. "He said it through to me this morning." Hugh always has a way of getting into the confidence of workingmen, especially of seafaring people. The old man had been in the ship which took Mr. John Wesley and Mr. Charles Wesley to America. Several religious people were there also from Germany, going out as missionaries. They called themselves Moravians. At first he despised them all for a foolish psalm-singing set. But they encountered a great storm on the Atlantic, and the old sailor said he should never forget the fearless calm among these Christian people during the danger. "It was," he said, "as if they had fair weather of God's making around them, the skies as foul as they might." He could never rest until he found out their secret. When he went ashore he attended the Methodist meetings everywhere, "and now," he said, "thank the