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EARLY AUTUMN.

The world puts on its robes of glory now,
The very flowers are tinged with deeper
dyes,
The waves are bluer, and the angels pitch
Their shining tents along the sunset
skies.

The distant hills are crowned with purple
mist,
The days are mellow and the long, calm
nights,
To wondering eyes, like weird magicians,
show
The shifting splendors of the Northern
lights.

The generous earth spreads out her fruit-
ful store,
And all the fields are decked with
ripened sheaves;
While in the woods, at autumn's rustling
step,
The maples blush through all their
trembling leaves.

—Albert Leighton.

BISHOP SIMPSON.

BISHOP SIMPSON'S immortal motto, "We live to make our own Church a power in the land, while we live to love every other Church that exalts our Christ," has become so familiar to our readers that they will be interested in the excellent picture of the Bishop which adorns our first page, and also in knowing something of his remarkable personality. From the *American Illustrated Methodist Magazine* the following information has been obtained.

Matthew Simpson was born of Irish parentage, and first saw the light at Cadiz, Ohio, June 21, 1811. From his very birth he was consecrated to God.

Like Samuel, Matthew was lent unto the Lord, as long as he should live. Both father and mother prayed that he might be made a minister, if God saw fit to call him to that service. The prayer was answered, and the child of such solicitude and consecration grew up to be, for more than a generation, one of the great leaders of the modern Church.

Of the bishop's mother it would be difficult to speak in too high praise. No man ever owed more to a mother's care and devotion than did Matthew Simpson. His father died when he was only one year old, and during his early life, he had to struggle hard to secure an education, and make his way. His own account of the commencement of college life is stimulating reading for young people:

"About the first of November," he writes in his diary: "I was ready to start for college. Uniontown was over ninety miles from Cadiz. There was no stage road through our town, nor was there any public conveyance, and my means were so narrow that I judged it

best to make the journey on foot. So, tying up what clothes I needed, and a few books in a little bundle which I carried, I set out for college with eleven dollars and twenty-five cents in my pocket. I made the whole journey on foot, traveling in the most economical way, and arrived at Uniontown on the afternoon of the third day." His expense account for the journey is faithfully given: "Left Cadiz," he writes, "with \$11.25; the balance in hand, after buying one or two books, and paying a trifle on account of tuition, is \$3.50." "It is good for a man that he bear the yoke in his youth."

Hannibal crossing the Alps and facing the destiny of Rome scarcely exhibits greater determination or braver endurance than young Matthew, entering Madison College with three dollars and a half in his pocket and with an iron resolution in his soul. A glance at the young student's diary for this period shows that college life was no holiday affair. "December 1st: Rose at half past four; recited Latin Prosody, also twenty-fourth proposition, third book of Euclid; heard Cicero and Greek Testament; continued Livy." "December 5th: Rose at half past three; recited from fifteenth to thirtieth proposition, sixth book of Euclid." December 25th: This day being Christmas, there was no school. Attended prayer-meeting before daylight; at eleven heard Mr. Bascom preach. Received the appointment of tutor in Madison College.

He was unable to remain at Madison longer than a few months. Feeling that the expense might be too heavy a burden upon his mother and uncle, he turned his face homeward, walking over the same road by which he came. Under the gracious influences of home life, and under the earnest preaching of faithful ministers, the conversion of Matthew Simpson was a simple process, like that of Lydia, at Philippi, an opening of the heart to divine truth and love, as quiet and beautiful as the coming of the dawn. He no sooner became consciously alive in Christ than he displayed remarkable activity in every form of Christian service, influencing many of his friends to begin the Christian life. He organized a Sunday School in the church and secured for it an excellent library. Gradually he was drawn out to take a more active part in public service, and, before he was aware of it, the church began to recognize in his "gifts and graces" the evidence of a divine call to the ministry. Accordingly, he received a license, and began to preach April 7, 1833.

From the very first, he was very popular. Very early in his ministerial career he developed extraordinary preaching power, his name became a household word in all the State, and his eloquence was so prized that he was called for from all quarters.

In 1852, at the age of forty-one he was

elected a Bishop on the Methodist Episcopal Church, and without doubt was for the next quarter of a century the most inspiring and dominating personality in the Church. His profound consecration, his rare gift of eloquence, his statesmanship, his enthusiasm, his tireless energy, and his aggressive leadership, marked him out as one of those providential men whom God always keeps in reserve for great eras and emergencies.

"It may be safely asserted," says Doctor Crooks, "that for instant and overwhelming effect upon an audience, Bishop Simpson was exceeded by no man of his time in America or England. No matter where, on the Atlantic or the Pacific coast, at home or abroad, speaking directly or through an interpreter, the same accounts of the effects of his preaching are given us." Whether he was preaching to a company of pioneers in the woods of Oregon, or to a conference of Methodist preachers, or to a college gathering, or addressing an assembly in some great hall, the result was the same: soon the audience came under the spell of his magnetic eloquence.

On June 18th, 1884, he entered into "the general assembly and church of the first-born which are written in heaven." A short time before he passed away he was heard to repeat in an undertone the closing lines of a favorite hymn:

And shout and woe-ter at his grace
Through all eternity.

The last words upon his lips had been the theme of a joyous life-time ministry: "My Saviour! my Saviour!"

TAKING OFFENCE.

BY W. H. STANLEY.

THE 165th verse of the longest chapter in the Bible reads: "Great peace have they that love Thy law, and nothing shall offend them."

The first time I read these words I stopped almost astounded at the state of heart that they held out before the human soul. I have hardly read them since without amazement.

A friend of ours was preaching at a school-house appointment during the first year of his ministry. The period of embarrassment had not yet passed off. He was speaking on the theme "Slander." Imagine his consternation when an elderly woman in the rear of the house quickly rose and rushed down the aisle toward him making for the door at his side. Wheeling as he passed through the door she pointed a long bony finger at him and hissed out: "God never called you to preach, young man." And away she went. All that he had thought to say was gone. He was only reassured by a good brother in the body of the housesinging out: "Go on youngster, you hit the nail on the head that time, sure."