

cation Bill now before the British Parliament. No man contributed more to the success of the Twentieth Century Million Guinea Fund of the Wesleyan Church. His great work, however, was the impulse he gave to the "Forward Movement" not only in London, but in the great cities of Manchester, Birmingham, Leeds, Liverpool, and other centres of population. Much of his work was done under the pressure of ill health, but "being dead he yet speaketh."

The Rev. Joseph Parker.

WITHIN living memory, and each in his own sphere, no greater servants of God have lived, and wrought, and passed to their reward than Joseph Parker and Hugh Price Hughes. It may be questioned whether any such dual bereavement has ever occurred in the history of Nonconformity. As our life was made richer by their presence, so it is made poorer by their absence. Our whole outlook is changed; we have to face our problems and fight our battles without their inspiration and leadership. Dr. Parker was a man who needed to be known, for though he was always the same man in public as in private, he was liable to be misunderstood by those who did not know him well. He was a wonderful compound of inconsistencies, a brilliant genius, not without some of the eccentricities and limitations which usually accompany the divine afflatus. I knew his weaknesses—and who did not?—but they never served to diminish my regard for him nor my belief in the Christian sincerity of his character. I have been a guest in his home, and he in mine, but I can honestly say that the closer one drew to him the more one found to love and admire. In fact, without the weaknesses he might not have endeared himself so much to those who knew him best. There was so much of the child about him that one was prepared for impulses, surprises and unaccountable moods. Though he "became a man" he did not "put away childish things," and it was well he did not.

"He was like a bit of Cumberland scenery, wild and rugged, sweet and winsome, dark and stern, mild and tender. His sensitiveness often threw him off his balance and rendered him almost

morbid, and yet that sensitiveness was in him compatible with a fierceness of resentment that spared neither man nor interests when he was roused against them. He was a faithful friend, grateful even to excess. No man was too humble to live in his memory if ever he had done him a kindness. He was capable of unbounded affection, expressed in the most unexpected ways. The key to the purpose of his life-work should be sought in his personal devotion to the Lord Jesus Christ.

"As a pulpit orator he was without compeer after the death of C. H. Spurgeon, but he ought not to be remembered simply as an orator. He was a man who saw visions, and his marvellous intuitive insight into truth rendered him unique among present-day prophets. It was this which drew vast crowds to hear him for so many years. Preaching was his passion, his hobby, his life. When he ceased to preach it was time to go home."—Methodist Times.

The Master of Music.

BY "ERIE."

It was a "harp of thousand strings"

Tuned by the Maker's hand

To heavenly harmonies;

For pleasure high and consolation planned,

And vibrant with unspoken melodies.

But unskilled fingers swept the chords,

Tense with a bursting life,

And through th' expectant air

Sent shuddering a harsh, discordant strife,

While listeners fled the moans of dull despair.

Unheeded, tuneless, long it lay,

Battered and cast aside;

Till one day passing by

The Master with keen glance the harp espied,

And from one chord drew forth an answering cry.

Slowly the slackened strings he tuned,

Touching with mute caress

The tightened chords, he drew

A witching melody, while crowds did press

To listen, wonder-wrapt and life renew.

But none enraptured ever knew,

As every joyful strain

Gave one of triumph birth,

It was the selfsame harp that mute had lain

Till awakened by a power not of earth.

Westmount, Montreal.