

pulpit has been its neglect of women. The Church of Rome knows better. Women are said to be illogical and intuitive, and whoever heard Mark Guy Pearse give a logical proof for anything he said? Then he is sentimental. Is that disgraceful? The rights of sentiment are as capable of defence as the rights of the understanding. Mark Guy never argues men into a better life; he charms their wives and sisters and daughters into a more loving, patient, gentle, charitable, and Christ-like spirit. He possesses, too, that touch of courtesy, that chivalrous Christian gallantry, which women love, whether they live in Mayfair or serve in Marshall & Snelgrove's. Therefore, he addresses himself to the more introspective aspects of the Christian life—those problems of love and duty, of self-realization and self-renunciation, with which women are eternally and constitutionally concerned.

Mark Guy Pearse, to sum up this estimate, is admitted by all who know him to be *sui generis*. In his case the personal equation is very large.

Possessing as he does a poetical nature, he has all the impulsive moodiness and wayward inspiration of such a temperament. This explains at once both his fascination for many people and the irritation he provokes in many others. It must freely be conceded that Mark Guy Pearse is in many ways a free-lance. "You never know what he will say"—such is his condemnation with some, as it is his recommendation with others. But Methodism has long ago made up its mind to accept Mark Guy on his own terms—the only way he will agree to be accepted.

Mark Guy Pearse will never be President of the Wesleyan Conference, and that not because he is ineligible or could not gain the suffrages of his brethren, but because of his intense dislike of the endless routine of business and committee work involved. No, his work lies elsewhere. Every one will wish him God's speed upon his journey to Canada, and a safe return to his old work at St. James' Hall as soon as possible.—British Monthly.

#### A PRAYER FOR THE CITY.

Where cross the crowded ways of life,  
Where sound the cries of race and clan,  
Above the noise of selfish strife,  
We hear Thy voice, O Son of Man!

In haunts of wretchedness and need,  
On shadowed thresholds dark with fears,  
From paths where hide the lures of greed,  
We catch the vision of Thy tears.

From tender childhood's helplessness,  
From woman's grief, man's burdened toil,  
From famished souls, from sorrow's stress,  
Thy heart has never known recoil.

The cup of water given for Thee  
Still holds the freshness of Thy grace;  
Yet long these multitudes to see  
The sweet compassion of Thy face.

O Master, from the mountain side,  
Make haste to heal these hearts of pain;  
Among these restless throngs abide,  
O! tread the city's streets again;

Till sons of men shall learn Thy love,  
And follow where Thy feet have trod;  
Till glorious from Thy heaven above,  
Shall come the City of our God.

—F. M. N.

#### A MILE WITH ME.

O who will walk a mile with me  
Along life's merry way?  
A comrade blithe and full of glee,  
Who dares to laugh out loud and free  
And let his frolic fancy play.  
Like a happy child, through the flowered gay  
That fill the field and fringe the way  
Where he walks a mile with me.

And who will walk a mile with me  
Along life's weary way?

A friend whose heart has eyes to see  
The stars shine out o'er the darkening lea,  
And the quiet rest at the end o' the day,—  
A friend who knows, and dares to say,  
The brave, sweet words that cheer the way  
Where he walks a mile with me.

With such a comrade, such a friend,  
I fain would walk till journeys end.  
Through summer sunshine, winter rain,  
And then?—Farewell, we shall meet again!  
—Henry Van Dyke, in Outlook.