

on the delta of the Lena—a river which, flowing northward through Siberia, discharges itself into the arctic seas. Here the boat's crew met with hospitable treatment by the natives of these bleak and barren shores, and were all saved.

Not so, however, the occupants of the two cutters. Lieutenant Chipp's boat has not since been heard of. It was a smaller boat than either of the others; and though commanded by a young officer, who enjoyed in an unusual degree the confidence and love of his men, it is not probable that he was able to bring his crew to a place of safety, even though he succeeded in making the land.

The sad story of the fate of DeLong and his companions was told several months later by two seamen, named Noros and Ninderman, both of whom had served on board the *St. Mary's* school-ship.

On September 18th, Captain DeLong's boat, although its mast had been carried away, got within two miles of the Siberian coast, when it struck ground, and the captain ordered the men to get into the water, so as to lighten the load, and tow the boat ashore. Only half of the distance, however, had been traversed when it was found to be impossible to bring the boat nearer, and so they collected the food, arms, ammunition, and papers, and waded ashore.

Having rested for two days, the party started southward, each man carrying heavy burdens, though all but the most important articles had been abandoned. In the first ten days' march, the travellers made no more than twenty miles, so difficult was the country: but during those days they enjoyed the luxury of a meal of deer's flesh, which, but for the crippled condition of several of the men, would have put new life into the whole party.

Then Captain DeLong determined to send Ninderman and Noros ahead, for they were in better condition than any others of the party; and when they left on their perilous mission they bade a sad farewell to a gallant, yet almost helpless band of men, whom no one ever saw again until, nearly six months later, Mr. Melville found their dead bodies.

"The Captain," says Noros, "read divine service before we left. All the men shook hands with us; and Collins, as if knowing that their doom was sealed, said simply, 'Noros, when you get to New York remember me.' They seemed to have lost hope, but, as we left, they gave us three cheers. That was the last we saw of them."

Wholly without food—for the supply they had saved from the boat was exhausted, and the fresh meat which had been procured was soon consumed—the two brave seamen pushed on. They supported life by chewing their leather moccasins and breeches; and after a few days they came upon two deserted huts, in which they found

some mouldy fish, which they ate with relish. Here in these huts they rested for three days, when a native found them; but they were unable to make him understand that they had left eleven starving comrades behind.

At length the governor of the province, who lived at a town called Bulun, arrived—but he did not understand their sign language, and so he sent no aid.

He cared for the two seamen, however, and sent them to Bulun, and there it was that they fell in with Engineer Melville, whose boat's crew were by this time in safety. Melville at once started out in search of the ill-fated crew, and the result of his search was told briefly in a despatch, dated March 24th, and received in New York on May 6th: "I have found DeLong and his party—all dead."

Thus ends the first chapter of this melancholy story of arctic peril. The last chapter may never be told, and the fate of Lieutenant Chipp and his crew never revealed.

### An Ancient Hymn.

HERE is a translation (by the Rev. J. M. Neale, 1862) of a hymn which is more than one thousand years old. Its author, Stephen of St. Sabas, spent more than a half-century in a monastery near the Dead Sea. He died about 794. The hymn was written in Greek:

Art thou weary? art thou languid?  
Art thou sore distressed?  
"Come to me," saith One, "and coming,  
Be at rest."

Hath he marks to lead me to him,  
If he be my guide?  
"In his feet and hands are wound-prints,  
And his side."

Is there diadem, as Monarch,  
That his brow adorns?  
"Yea, a crown in vany surety,  
But of thorns."

If I still hold closely to him,  
What hath he at last?  
"Sorrow vanquished, labour ended,  
Jordan passed."

If I ask him to receive me,  
Will he say me nay?  
"Not till earth and not till heaven  
Pass away."

### Delays are Dangerous.

WHILE engaged in mission work in this province I was called one evening to visit an aged man who was quite ill. I spoke to him of Christ and of his power to save; but the man's mind was so shattered that he could not talk upon one subject for a moment. I read from the Book of Life, and knelt down to pray with him; but, while I was praying, he wandered about the room. Although ninety years of age, he had never given his heart to God. The experience of that evening made a great impression on my mind. I inwardly thanked God that early in life I was led to embrace his service. This little note may attract the attention of some young man who has not yielded himself to God. If so, let him remember it is dangerous to delay. "Now is the accepted time."—*Glad Tidings.*

[HOME READING UNION.]

### Stories of Early Methodists.

CHARLES WESLEY, THE FIRST  
"METHODIST."

CHARLES WESLEY, a younger brother of John, was sent to Westminster High School, where his brother Samuel was one of the younger assistant-teachers, and who paid his younger brother's course of study. Little Charles was a spirited lad, well-knit, active, and afraid of nothing, which qualities not only made him a favourite—for boys are always hero-worshippers—but gained him the title of "Captain of the School." His leadership, however, was of a different sort from that which would have led him to rob his inferiors, cringe to his superiors, and fight his equals. He had a heroic spirit, and was as generous as he was brave.

Dr. Smith mentions a case in point: "There was a Scotch laddie at school whose ancestors had taken sides with the Pretender—as the Papist claimant to the throne was called—and who, in consequence, was greatly persecuted by the other boys; but the little 'Captain,' Charles Wesley, took him under his charge, defended him, fought for him, and saved him from what would otherwise have been a life of intolerable misery. This lad was James Murray, afterwards the great Baron Mansfield, Lord Chief Justice of England."

While Charles was a pupil at Westminster, a wealthy Irish gentleman, Garret Wesley, Esq., wrote to the Rev. Samuel Wesley, inquiring if he had a son named Charles—giving out that he wished to adopt a boy of that name.

The result was that for some years the school-bills of the lad were paid on the stranger's account by his supposed agent at London; but when the question was submitted to the young man himself, whether to go to Ireland as the adopted son of Garret Wesley, or to stay in England and take his chances as the son of a poor clergyman, he made choice of the latter—a decision which his brother John called a "fair escape;" and another boy became the heir of the Irish Wesley's name and fortune.

Charles Wesley followed his brother John to Christ Church College, Oxford, six years after. He is said to have spent the first two years in anything else except study. When reproved by his elder brother for his folly, he would reply, "What! would you have me to be a saint all at once?" But soon after John had gone down to Epworth to assist his father, Charles became deeply serious. In a letter to his brother, asking such advice as he had so lately scouted, he says:

"It is owing in a great measure to somebody's prayers—my mother's, most likely—that I am come to think as I do, for I cannot tell how or when I awoke out of my lethargy, only it was not long after you went away."

Charles' piety first showed itself in honest hard work with his books, then in attendance upon the sacrament of the Lord's Supper every week; and, being now desirous of doing something more by way of working out his own salvation, he persuaded two or three of his young friends to join him in a systematic effort to obtain a state of absolute holiness. They adopted a system of rules for holy living, apportioned their time exactly among their various duties, allowing as little as possible for sleeping and eating, and as much as possible for devotion.

It was this regularity of life that earned them the name of "Methodists," a term derived from a Greek word which signifies "One who follows an exact method."

John Wesley afterwards defined the word "Methodist" as one who lives according to the method laid down in the Holy Scriptures.

It thus appears that the "Holy Club" was organized by Charles Wesley, while his elder brother was absent at Epworth; but when John returned to Oxford, Charles and his two friends, Kirkham and Morgan, received him with great delight, and by reason of his superior age and acquirements, he at once became the head of the little fraternity. — *Illustrated History of Methodism.*

### LABOURS OF THE HOLY CLUB.

Mr. Morgan, the son of a gentleman in Wales, was of a benevolent disposition, and led the way in many charitable undertakings. Pity led him to Oxford Castle, as the jail was then called, to visit a man who was under sentence of death for murdering his wife.

On his return he tried to enlist his companions in prison visitation, and after a little hesitation, this was added to their duties.

In those days the laws were unreasonably harsh upon debtors. However small the debt, it was in the creditor's power to cast a poor man into prison, and keep him there until the debt was paid. In many cases it was impossible for him to raise the money while kept away from his business; and for weeks, months, or even years, he might languish in poverty and despair. To these unhappy men the visits of kind, godly sympathizers were peculiarly welcome.

Many of the debtors were freed by the kindness of the "Methodists," who by lending money without interest, or by freely giving it to the more needy, enabled them to carry on business once more. An instance of this kind of Christian help may be mentioned here, though it happened many years later: An artist had often asked leave to take a cast of Mr. Wesley's face, that he might make busts for sale. At last he overcame the good man's reluctance, by promising him ten guineas for a sitting, to be given away as Mr. Wesley liked. On leaving the studio, Mr. Wesley