

introduction into the Province of Maryland. Like Embury, he preached first in his own house, and afterwards in a humble "log meeting-house," the type of thousands such which were destined to rise as golden candlesticks amid the moral darkness all over this vast continent.

Captain Webb had the distinguished honour of being the founder of Methodism in Philadelphia, and its zealous preacher in many other places on the Atlantic seaboard.

The honour of preaching the first Methodist sermon in Baltimore belongs to John King, an English local preacher, who landed at Philadelphia in 1769. His pulpit on the occasion of his first visit to Baltimore, was a blacksmith's block as represented in the accompanying picture, which was studied from the location itself. These grounds now comprise one of the finest portions of Baltimore, containing, among other notable structures, the famous Washington Monument, and the elegant Mount Vernon Place Methodist Episcopal Church.

The preacher's courage was tested on this occasion, for it was the militia training-day, and the drunken crowd charged upon him so effectually as to upset the table and lay him prostrate on the earth. He knew, however, that the noblest preachers of Methodism had suffered like trials in England, and he maintained his ground courageously. The commander of the troops, an Englishman, recognized him as a fellow-countryman, and defending him, restored order, and allowed him to proceed. Victorious over the mob, he made so favourable an impression as to be invited to preach in the English Church of St. Paul's, and improved that opportunity with such fervour as to receive a repetition of that courtesy. It is recorded that he "made the dust fly from the old velvet cushion" of the pulpit, and it is to be feared that, under the exhilarating effects of such unwonted good fortune, he may have partly forgotten Mr. Wesley's adjuration not to scream.

Meanwhile John Wesley, at the solicitation of Captain Webb and other Methodists in America, had sent from England as missionaries, to carry on the good work begun in New York, Richard Boardman and Joseph Pilmoor, the pioneers of an army of ten thousand Methodist preachers on this continent. To these Philip Embury readily gave up his pulpit. His services had been entirely gratuitous, although he had received from his grateful hearers a few generous donations. He had discharged the duties of his office under a sense of grave responsibility, from which he was glad to be relieved by the arrival of authorized and ordained pastors.

"Sirs," he said, as he welcomed them to the quaint "Wesley Church," "I have held this place like the lone outpost of a great army. I rejoice to see the watch care of these people and the duties of this office pass into other and better hands. The Lord give you favour and prosperity, and make this house the birthplace of many souls."

But even his faith did not rise to the conception of the mighty result whereto this small beginning would grow, nor of the honour he should wear throughout all time as the first preacher and founder of American Methodism. "He builded grander than he knew."

For some months he laboured cordially with the new missionary evangelists, frequently occupying the pulpit during

their absence on preaching tours. During the following year, 1770, he removed with his family, together with Paul and Barbara Heck and other Palatine Methodists, afterwards well known in Canada, to Salem, Washington County, New York. Previous to his leaving his recent spiritual charge, the trustees of Wesley Chapel presented him, in the name of the congregation, the sum of two pounds and five shillings, "for the purchase of a Concordance, as a memento of his pastoral connection with them."

"Brethren," he said, with faltering voice, as he thanked them for the kind donation, "I need no memento to keep your memory green. Ye are in my heart to die and live with you; but the hand of Providence beckons me elsewhere. No more welcome present could you have given me. A Concordance I have long desired to have, that I might the better study the Word of God, and bring forth and compare its hidden treasures. Now that your love has placed it within my reach, I shall prize it for a double reason, and when distant from you I shall still feel united with you by a tender tie, as I study by its help the sacred volume that we so much love. The Lord bless you and keep you. The Lord make His face to shine upon you, and be gracious unto you. The Lord lift up the light of His countenance upon you and give you peace. Amen!"*

Embarking in a small river sloop on the broad bosom of the Hudson, these pioneers of Methodism made their way slowly up that noble stream. Its stately banks, not then as now adorned with elegant villas, were almost in a state of nature. The towering Palisades reared their wall of rock, and the lofty Crow-nest, and Storm-king, and romantic Highlands were clothed with foliage to the very top. They sailed on past the quaint Dutch town of Albany, and the site of the present city of Troy, then a wilderness. A couple of ox teams conveyed the settlers from the river to their new homes on the fertile meadows of the Pawlet River. This now flourishing and populous part of the country was then a wilderness.

Under these new conditions these godly pioneers ceased not to prosecute their providential mission—the founding of Methodism in the New World. While they sowed with seed grain the virgin soil of their new farms, they sought also to scatter the good seed of the kingdom in the hearts of their neighbours. Embury continued his labours as a faithful local preacher, and soon among the sparse and scattered population of settlers was formed a "class"—the first within the bounds of the Troy Conference, which has since multiplied to 200 preachers and 25,000 members.

Embury seems to have won the confidence and esteem of his rural neighbours, no less for his practical business efficiency and sound judgment than for his sterling piety, as we find him officiating as magistrate as well as preacher.

He received, while mowing in his field in the summer of 1775—the year of the outbreak of the Revolutionary War—so severe an injury that he died

* This Concordance, a stout leather-bound volume, bearing the inscription "Phil. Embury, April, 1770," is now in the library of the Wesleyan Theological College, Montreal. It was presented to the College by a great granddaughter of Mr. Embury.

suddenly, at the early age of forty-five. His end was pre-eminently joy and peace. Though suffering much physical pain, his soul rejoiced in God. "Now, Lord, lettest thou thy servant depart in peace," were his dying words, "for mine eyes have seen thy salvation. The mustard seed of Methodism which, through God's grace, has been planted in this New World, shall yet grow to be a mighty tree, whose branches shall fill the whole land." He knew not, good man, that seven years of tribulation were to scourge his adopted country, and that he was but taken away from the evil to come. "Ho was," writes Asbury, who knew him well, "greatly beloved and much lamented." He was buried, after the manner of the primitive settlers, on the farm on which he had lived and laboured. "After reposing," writes Dr. Stevens, "fifty-seven years in his solitary grave without a memorial, his remains were disinterred with solemn ceremonies, and borne by a large procession to the Ashgrove burial-ground, where there resting-place is marked by a monument recording that he 'was the first to set in motion a train of measures which resulted in the founding of John Street Church, the cradle of American Methodism, and the introduction of a system which has beautified the earth with salvation and increased the joys of Heaven.'"

My Little Lad and I.

I TAKE a little hand in mine,
And walk the village street,
With chirp and chatter as we go,
In mingled converses sweet,
And pleasant salutations
From every one we meet—
Dear little lad and I!

I take this little hand in mine
To climb a neighbouring hill,
To pluck wild flowers or to trace
A laughing mountain rill.
By which, when weary or athirst,
We pause to drink our fill—
Dear little lad and I!

I take two little hands in mine,
My boy upon my knee:
I listen to a pleasant voice,
Made rich with notes of glee;
I feel a breath against my cheek,
A breath of life to me—
Dear little lad and I!

I take those little hands in mine;
I hear a prattler's tongue
Repeating childish thoughts and songs
So sweetly said and sung,
In harmony with spirit-harps
For heavenly music strung—
Dear little lad and I!

With those two little hands in mine,
I think of other days—
One generation full of years
Between our parting ways;
And yet our souls clasp hands across
The chasm in close embrace—
Dear little lad and I!

These little hands, so very fair,
God keep them ever white!
Those little feet, unfettered yet,
May they e'er walk aright!
That little life, so precious now,
May it be ever bright!—
Dear little lad, pray I!

The Vanderbilt Boys.

HOW THEY WERE TAUGHT TO SHIFT FOR
THEMSELVES—LESSONS WELL
LEARNED.

CORNELIUS VANDERBILT is forty now, and he is worth, I suppose, at least \$80,000,000, perhaps more. This, at compound interest, should double every twelve years, which would make it no less than \$640,000,000 when Mr. Cornelius is seventy-six. It would increase a great deal faster than that at

the interest which he is to-day receiving on his stock and bonds, but there will come panics, reverses, cataclysms, and he cannot safely count on making more than \$150,000,000 in thirty-six years.

These young men are exceptional characters. They started in the path of life under the iron rod of their remarkable grandfather, the old Commodore. He didn't believe in boys at all; he didn't believe in anything much, and when Cornelius and William K. got out of short clothes he said to their father, "Look-a-here, Billy, boys are no good; there's only one way to save 'em, and that is by putting 'em at something, and making 'em work all the while. Now, stick those boys in somewhere and make 'em come down to it. Don't let up on 'em."

William H. was not half as hard and inflexible as his father, but he was accustomed to mind that gentleman—as obedient when he was forty as when he was fourteen—and he knew perfectly well that it was better to kick a boy out than to pet him and to give him money; so he told the boys, as his father had told him, that they "must support themselves."

Cornelius got a little clerkship in the Shoe and Leather Bank when he was sixteen, and for four years he got there as early as any clerk, and worked as late and as hard. He allowed himself no extra holidays, and neither his father nor his grandfather did anything to make his life easier. During these years his uncle Torrance, going to Europe for the Commodore, invited "the younger" to go with him, and the grandfather relented and consented. The boy was delighted at the chance, but the question of salary was involved. He presented the matter to the President. "You can go," said that amiable functionary, "but of course you will lose your salary, \$150." That settled it. Cornelius turned his back on the temptation, and declined to go.

When he was twenty he was made a clerk "at the bottom of the ladder" in the Hudson River railway office, and his younger brother, William K., was put at work there the next year. For more than eighteen years, now, they have "bowed down to it" in that concern, and they are far better trained than their father ever was in all the details of the business.

They are not fast men. They own no yachts. They care nothing for clubs. They love their children, and each family, filing into church, looks like a pair of gently sloping stairs. They care little for fast horses. One of them is superintendent of a Sunday-school, and both are deeply interested in various charities of the city.

Cornelius is first vice-president and head of finance; William K. is second vice-president and master of transportation. Each knows his business thoroughly. The most striking thing about either of them is that they work as hard as if they were hired by the job—which they are by the way—and that they are perfectly democratic and accessible to anybody who has business with them. On the whole, the present seniors of the house of Vanderbilt are about the most quiet, unassuming, well-behaved, well-trained, and level-headed of the New York millionaires of the present day.—*Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.*

We can do more good by being good than in any other way.—*Rowland Hill.*