

to renew one's youth in remembrances of the distant past, to trace God's goodness in His guidance and protection through the vale of years—these are pleasures that only the veteran in the service can fully know.

The religious services of the Conference are times of rich refreshing. This is especially the case with that time-honoured service, the Conference love-feast. Few persons can hear unmoved the experience of the gray-haired veterans, as they recount the trials and the triumphs of their pilgrimage. Many are the hearty *Amens!* and *Hallelujahs!* and glorious bursts of song that go up to God from glad hearts in this hallowed service. The Friday evening meeting, too—that for the reception of young men who have completed their probation—is also an occasion of the profoundest interest. The new recruits for the perpetual crusade against sin and Satan, as they buckle on their harness, are full of holy zeal and courage, and receive a hearty welcome to the ranks by the old veterans, who for many a year have borne the brunt of the battle. On Sunday, at the ordination service, they receive the accolade of their spiritual knighthood, and are enrolled as faithful soldiers of Christ's militant host.

A solemn hour also is that when the question, "Who have died during the year?" is asked. One by one their names are called over—the old, who, like a ripe sheaf, have been gathered home; the young, who have been smitten into immortality in their early prime. Words of loving eulogy are spoken, often with tearful eyes and broken voice—tributes of affection and regret by their comrades in the war; and then the living address themselves with renewed consecration to the unending battle for God and for His cause.

The hour of supreme interest to many, however, is that, generally late at night on the day before the Conference closes, when the Stations are read. All through the Conference, that solemn conclave, the Stationing Committee, which holds in its hands the destinies of so many

households, is an object of not unnatural solicitude. The ministers would be either more or less than men if, with all the family interests involved and the welfare of those dearer than themselves, notwithstanding all their trust in a guiding and controlling providence, they did not feel a degree of solicitude concerning the decisions of that important body. Those decisions are often and inevitably disappointing. It is impossible to always meet the wishes of ministers, or to resist the pressure of lay deputations. But we think all will agree that the best judgment and most godly motives are the grounds of those decisions.

At last comes the hour for reading the stations. Every man is in his place, some, perhaps, to learn for the first time their destiny for the year—often involving the sundering of tender ties, a long and tedious journey, the seeking of a new home among strangers, and unknown hardships for wife and children in the future. Small wonder that there is felt a considerable degree of concern. The Secretary reads the decrees of the Book of Fate which he holds in his hand. Not a murmur is heard. Not a protest is made against the decisions which so vitally affect these men in their most intimate personal relations. Does the world ever witness a more sublime spectacle—of the twenty thousand Methodist ministers stationed in the United States and Canada last year, we believe that only three refused to go to their posts. This fact alone is an ample vindication of the advantages of the itinerancy.

DEATH OF REV. W. O. SIMPSON.

Never, we think, has the English Wesleyan Conference suffered from the death of so many of its foremost men as during the past year. Samuel Colley, Dr. Jobson, Dr. Punshon, and W. O. Simpson, were men of mark, the death of any of whom would give a sad prominence to the year in which they passed away; but to fall in a single year, and by one sweep, as it were, of the great mower's scythe, is a bereavement