

Charles Garratt, and the twelve memorial stones by leading men of the Connexion. It cost about \$20,000, and will seat about five hundred persons. This Wesleyan chapel does not represent Epworth Methodism. The Primitive and New Connexion have each a growing cause. It is a pleasure to think that in this town, where John Wesley had to preach on the market square, or on his father's tombstone, that there are now three Methodist chapels, with congregations, any one of which is as large as that attending the Epworth church. And yet this pleasure was mingled with regret. To me, a Canadian, who had seen the benefits of a united Methodism, it was a sad sight to see the followers of Wesley divided into three different denominations in the town which, more than any other, is associated with his name.

I could not but think, as I rode away from Epworth, of what God had wrought since the days John Wesley had walked its streets and preached upon its market square. Then he had but few followers, and they, with few exceptions, poor; now he has millions, and many of them rich; then he had to preach in the open air, now his successors in the ministry preach in magnificent and costly churches; then the name of Methodist was a by-word and reproach, now it is respected and honoured. What a change! What possibilities has Methodism to-day that it had not in the days of Wesley, and yet what perils in these possibilities. Only with the fulness of the Spirit of Him who raised up Wesley can his followers hope to continue the work that was begun by him.

PORT HOPE, Ont.

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**"I WILL BLESS THE LORD AT ALL TIMES."—Ps. xxxiv. 1.**

BY IDA H. WILSON.

"I'll bless the Lord at all times,"  
And wherefore should I not?  
I'll raise my voice and still rejoice,  
Though sorrow be my lot.  
It was His will that ordered  
The cup that I should drink;  
Then why should I His love deny,  
And from His chastening shrink?  
  
I'll bless the Lord in sickness,  
When weak and filled with care,  
For it is still His loving will  
Which keeps me suffering here.

OTTAWA, Ont.

I'll wait with patient meekness  
His time, though tears fall fast;  
Still look to Him, with eyes so dim,  
And bless while sorrows last.  
  
I'll bless the Lord when sunshine  
Illumes my pilgrim way;  
His love and light dispel the night  
And shine in perfect day.  
He sends me joy and sorrow,  
He orders all my ways;  
He knoweth best, on this I rest,  
And bless His matchless grace.