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КЪРЕНІА, КЪПРУСЪ.

THE  
Methodist Magazine.

March, 1891.

VAGABOND VIGNETTES.

BY THE REV. GEO. J. BOND, B.A.

ON THE TRACK OF ST. PAUL—CYPRUS, RHODES AND  
SMYRNA.



DRUSE WOMEN OF MOUNT LEBANON.

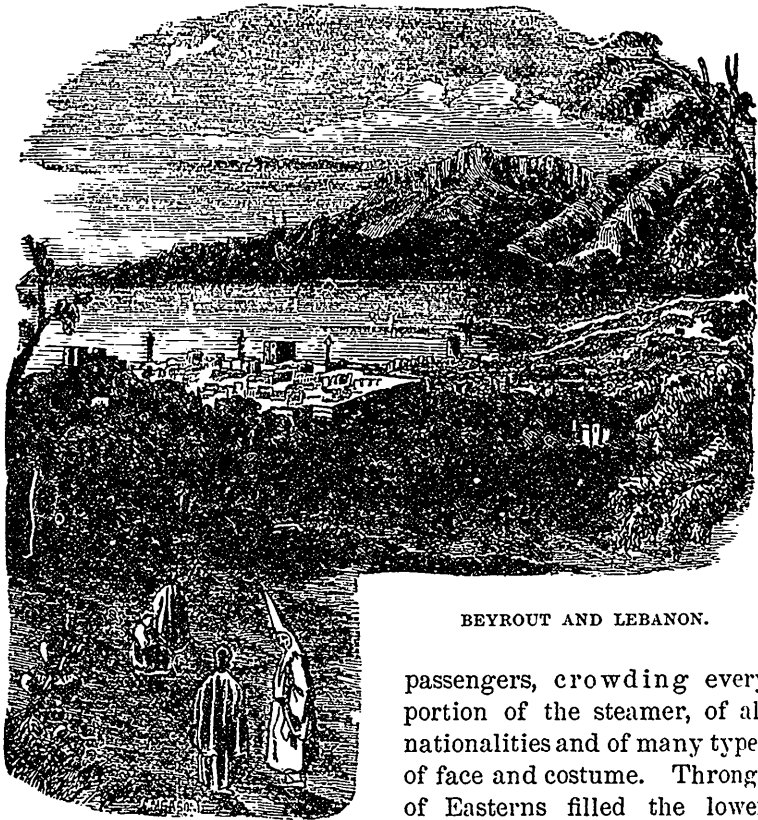
It was late in the afternoon of Monday, the 2nd of May, 1887, that, standing on the quay at Beyrout, I bade farewell to my kind hosts, Dr. and Mrs. Mackinnon, and when, stepping into a boat, was rowed off to the Austrian Lloyds' steamer, *Daphne*, lying in the roadstead, with steam up, for Smyrna and Constantinople. It was getting near the end of the season for tourists and pilgrims, and the boat was crowded

Indeed, we had great difficulty in securing a passage at all, for every berth in the saloon was taken, and every foot of couch in the saloon itself; and my ticket was marked *senzo letto*—without berth—though paid for at full saloon rates. My friend M—— had bespoken a berth some days before, to find, when he applied for it, that he could only have a place in the second cabin, though he had paid for first-class passage, long before, in London.

The French line of steamers, one of which was to start next morning, are so roundabout in their circuitous coasting, and a trip on them involves so much extra time, that those anxious to get on expeditiously, and that means most people, after a round

of eastern travel, are eager to take the most direct, as well as, in some respects, the most interesting route, and of that the Austrian Lloyds' boats have the monopoly. Being monopolists, and the rush taking place but once or twice a year, they are not particularly solicitous as to the comfort or accommodation of their passengers on these occasions, as my own experience and that of many others abundantly testifies.

As I stepped on board, I found myself one of a large number of



BEYROUT AND LEBANON.

passengers, crowding every portion of the steamer, of all nationalities and of many types of face and costume. Throngs of Easterns filled the lower decks, and the upper were

equally filled with tourists, among whom English, Americans and Germans predominated. M—— was there ahead of me, with the luggage, and had already found his quarters in the crowded second cabin, where, as I had, as yet, no local habitation, I was glad to deposit my own *impedimenta*.

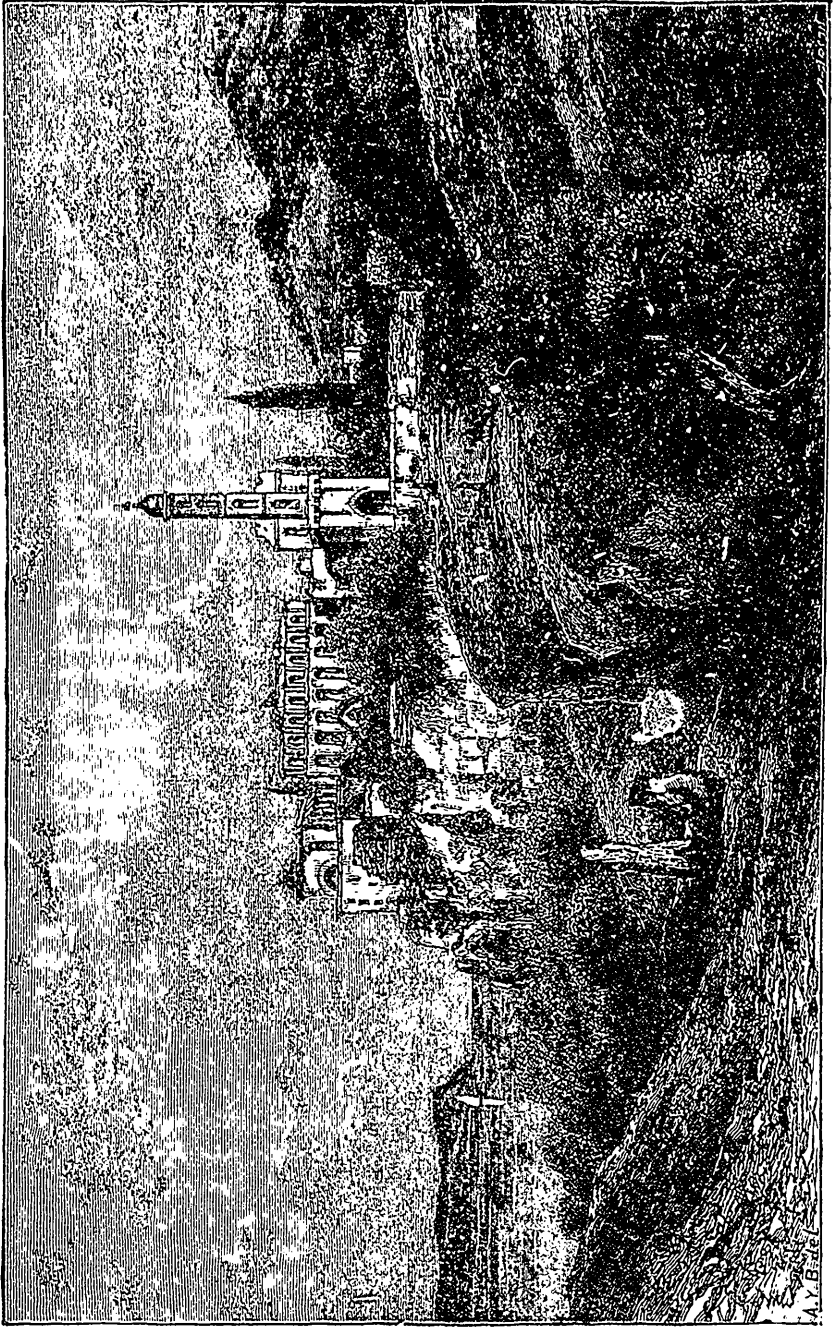
In a little while we were off, and, as the steamer moved out to sea, took our farewell view of beautifully situated Beyrout, daintily dipping her white foot in the sea, while the broad shoul-

ders of lofty Lebanon loomed in the fast growing shadows behind her. The wind had been blowing freshly all day, and there was a short pitching sea, giving me, for a few hours, my first and last experience of sea-sickness on the Mediterranean; so, in company with many others, reduced for the time being to that peculiar quietude and silence begotten of qualmishness, I spent the early hours of the night in a lounging-chair on deck. It was perhaps between ten and eleven at night, that, the sea being now smoother, and the air on deck exceedingly chilly, I went below to seek a place to turn in. A chorus of snores greeted me from the darkened saloon, upon the couches of which seven persons were stretched asleep, comfortably rolled up in blankets and sheets. At the end of the saloon on one side there was an eighth place, with the clothes turned down very invitingly, and, without more ado, I prepared to occupy it.

In the middle of the night I was awakened by some one touching me, and starting up with a *Hallo!* was answered by a figure in the darkness, who apologized for disturbing me and moved away. The morning found us off Larnaca, Cyprus, and after breakfast my friend M—— and I, with many others of the passengers, went on shore, as we were to spend the day there. Here, although on distinctively Oriental ground, there was abundant evidence of the influence and advantage of the British protectorate; and it was a positive exhilaration to find ourselves once more under the ægis of the Union Jack, and in a place where the salutary environment of British law and order was working a wonderful change.

Larnaca is a small town, thoroughly eastern in its appointments and activities, and in the costumes and customs of its inhabitants. We walked about the crooked streets and market-place, and noted the curious ways in which western ideas and laws were making themselves felt.

There is not much to see in the town—no antiquities, no fine buildings—and the few hours of the steamer's detention did not allow us time to make any excursion beyond the outskirts; but it was interesting, notwithstanding, to set foot upon the island so famous in classic memories, so noted in apostolic story, and so long down-trodden and oppressed. A new era has dawned upon it, British laws guard it, and British capital and industry have begun to develop its manifold resources. A bright future, more genuinely brilliant and happy than any of the storied days of the past, undoubtedly awaits the beautiful island gained for Britain by one of the last efforts of the far-seeing and astute diplomacy of Beaconsfield.



CONVENT OF LA PAIS, CYPRUS.

A. Y. B. 1865

From the deck of the steamer in the evening light, Larnaca looked lovely indeed, with the lofty ranges of deeply serrated hills behind it, purpling in the twilight, and the placid waters of the harbour banded with rippling lines of light and shade.

There was a great deal of annoyance and dissatisfaction among the passengers on board the *Daphne*, at the rude and impertinent treatment to which some of them were being subjected. I have already spoken of the crowded state of the ship. Not only was every stateroom in the saloon filled, and every foot of room on the couches in the saloon itself, but a half-dozen or more saloon passengers were crowded into the second cabin, and these, on the first evening, in coming into the saloon for tea, had been peremptorily ordered out, and threatened by the chief steward and captain. Imagine their indignation and disgust. At dinner, the evening we lay at Cyprus, my friend M——, for whom I had secured a seat next myself, found his place occupied, and on seeking its restoration was met with a perfect torrent of impertinence from the captain in the presence of the other passengers; and, after the meal, the chief steward, whom I had noticed casting very suspicious looks at myself, came over to me, as I happened to be alone in the saloon, told me that I had been occupying another gentleman's bed the night before on the couch, and that I must go into the second cabin. The fellow's impudent tone and the way in which I had seen my friend treated, aroused all my indignation, and I told him flatly that I would not, I had paid my money for a first-class passage, and I insisted on my right. True, I had no berth, that fact was endorsed on my ticket; but I had arranged and paid for a passage with the agent at Beyrout, and he had promised to see about getting me a place to sleep. It was a short, sharp and amusing colloquy. My blood was up, and my French, though horribly bad, and hardly adequate for a row, was sufficiently forcible and emphatic to gain my point, and I was allowed to remain.

The gentleman whose bed I had so unceremoniously taken the night before was an American, and, very good humouredly indeed, he took my apologies for my unintentional intrusion. It was he whose touch had aroused me in the night. He had come down to turn in, but finding another man in possession, had left him undisturbed. My second night found me again in the saloon, *senzo letto* indeed; and there was nothing for it but to wrap my ulster around me and lie on the table, which I accordingly did. It was pretty hard, *i.e.*, the table, and pretty hard, too, to pay well for so little in the way of courtesy or service from those whose duty it was to accord it. But it was only one night I spent on

the table; the next, my good-natured fellow-passengers made room for me on the couch by lying closer to one another, and I was comfortable enough.



*XAR Bredum 1841 J.A. 20.*

A DECK PASSENGER.

There was great indignation, however, among the passengers huddled in the second cabin, not so much for the lack of accommodation, but on account of the brutal churlishness and impu-



dence of the captain and steward, and a strongly worded protest was drawn up and signed, to be forwarded to the chief office of the company at Trieste; whether it did any good or not, I do not know. Monopolies have no consciences, and the Austrian Lloyds have the whole thing in their hands in that part of the Mediterranean, so that it is quite probable that the testy and overbearing little captain, and the impertinent and imperturbable chief steward, still worry and bully the unfortunate tourists who travel in the biennial crowded season by the steamship *Daphne*. Be it said, however, in justice to this company's ships and officers, that my own experience and that of the other passengers, was that this was an exceptional case, there being generally the greatest courtesy and attention on the part of officers and stewards.

I have said nothing hitherto of our deck passengers, the crowd of Orientals—returning pilgrims, I suppose, many of them—who filled our lower deck, lying on their rugs over the hatches and along the passage-ways, like sardines in a box—an extraordinary sight. The discomforts of their voyage must have been many, lovely as the weather was; but what these would have been, had it been rough and stormy, I cannot tell. They seemed happy enough, though, as they squatted in groups, chatting or smoking, in the midst of the wilderness of rugs, counterpanes, shawls and other articles of furniture or apparel which strewed the deck or hung suspended as awnings, to keep their owners from the fierce sun. These people found their own bedding and food; they paid for nothing, and they received nothing but the bare boards of the deck and hatches; and off the latter I've seen them unceremoniously hustled, awakened from sleep in the middle of the night, when the hatchways were required on touching at a harbour. My friend M— succeeded in making two fine instantaneous photographs of these strange groups, as they appeared from the upper deck, and these pictures recall very vividly the curious aspect of our lower deck and its crowding occupants.

The morning after leaving Cyprus found us off the harbour of Rhodes, looking very picturesque, with its tall, castellated tower at the entrance, and the pleasant curve of its beach. Some of the passengers, who were up early, went ashore and rambled a bit through the quaint streets, but the most of us contented ourselves with the view of the famous old place obtainable from the steamer's deck, as we lay for some hours just off the port.

Rhodes has many associations connected with classic history. It was the scene of one of the great sieges of ancient times, when Demetrius Poliorcetes, after vainly endeavouring to conquer its stubborn garrison from the sea, by hurling huge stones against

its stout walls from his bombarding fleet, essayed a land attack, and built a huge machine, four stories high, filling it with armed men, who discharged missiles through openings in its sides. It required the combined strength of two thousand three hundred men to set this huge machine in motion, when in working order; but despite this great "city taker," Helepolis, as he called it, and the further aid of two battering rams, worked each by a thousand men, the stout Rhodians so nimbly repaired the breaches in their walls, that after a year's unsuccessful siege he had to retire discomfited.

Here, too, was erected that mighty statue, the Colossus of

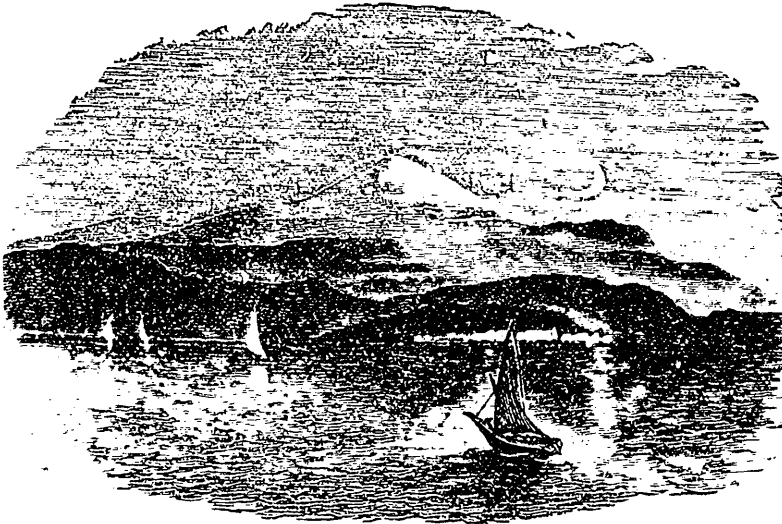


STREET IN RHODES.

Rhodes, commonly said to have bestridden the entrance of the harbour, though there is no authority for the statement. Two hundred years before our era, the Rhodian sculptor, Chares, erected this splendid statue of bronze, one hundred and five feet high, at the entrance of the harbour. It took twelve years in erection, was so large that few men could embrace its thumb, and was considered one of the seven wonders of the world. Fifty-six years afterwards it was overthrown by an earthquake. Rhodes was at that early period one of the most famous schools of Greek art, of which the Laocœon group, now in the Vatican at Rome, is the finest existing example.

In Scripture narrative Rhodes is only mentioned casually, as being touched at by the ship which bore St. Paul in his journey from Ephesus to Tyre.

After leaving Rhodes our route lay through the island-studded waters of the Ægean, and over a placid, sunlit sea. Every mile brought us within sight of some spot whose name called up memories of ancient history, classic or sacred. Samos we passed close on our starboard quarter, in bright sunshine; and towards the evening, some distance to port, a group of islands, the farthest of which, with sharply serrated hills against the background of the blue sky, was Patmos, the scene of the apocalyptic vision of John the Divine. I can see it now, as I saw it that



CRETE.

evening, as I roughly sketched its outline on the fly-leaf of my Testament, far-off, shadowy, sphered in its secluding seas, where to the Beloved Apostle, exiled, indeed, from home and country, remote from human sympathy or kindred, Jesus Christ made His final special revelation to mortal man.

Far to the left below the horizon lay the island of Crete, into whose Fair Haven the apostle of the Gentiles was driven by stress of weather, with its snow mountain, Ida, the home of the gods, now banished evermore.

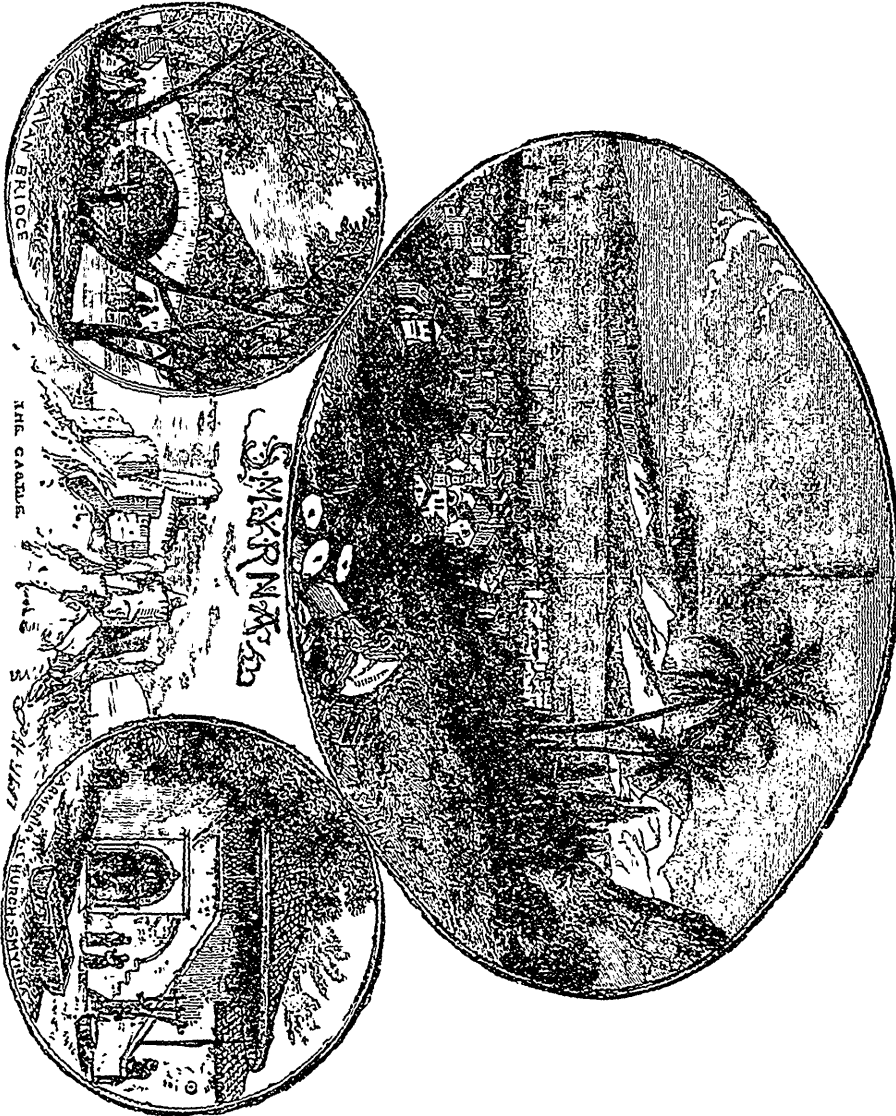
It was just after the mid-hour of a glorious moonlight night that we entered the harbour of Chios. It was a fitting time, truly, to make acquaintance with a place so full of poetic associations, the rocky isle which was the birthplace of "the blind old

bard," the immortal Homer. The glamour of the moonlight lay all around, the "loud resounding sea" was still, and over the mirror-like and silvery surface boats glided to and fro between our ship and the shore, where a few quaint craft lay moored beside the landing. All was silence, save for the wash of the oars in the gliding boats, the low hiss of escaping steam, and the hoarse voice of the sailors and boatmen as they transferred their packages from ship to boat or from boat to ship. It required but little play of fancy to repeople the exquisitely beautiful scene with some of the varied and marvellous *dramatis personæ* of Homer's glorious epic.

Early morning brought us to Smyrna; and when we awoke, and went on deck, we found our steamer moored at some little distance from a long sea-wall or pier running parallel with a broad, open street, unbroken for a considerable space by any projecting jetty. Side by side with us lay several other fine steamers and ships, moored like ourselves, stern on, to the embankment, but at such a distance that there could be no communication with the shore except by boat. On the other side of the broad street were ranges of houses, most of them solid, substantial-looking buildings, more western than eastern in appearance; hotels, warehouses, shops, many of them bearing signs in Greek and in French, the juxtaposition of the classic words with the modern being very strikingly quaint at first sight. Here were *ΞΕΝΟΧΕΙΟΝ Η ΕΛΠΙΣ* and *ΚΑΦΕΝΕΙΟΝ Ο ΓΑΛΛΙΑΣ*, *Hotel d'Angleterre*, etc., etc.; while a modest barber's establishment, with the word *Coiffeur* in big letters, announced to French and Greek the desire and designation of its proprietor. And here, most western sight of all, were tramcars running busily to and fro in the centre of the crowded street. Everywhere was evidence of great stir and trade—in the crowding and splendid shipping, in the busy street, in the air of the people, in the size and style of the buildings. We had seen nothing like it since leaving Europe, nothing so genuinely modern and business-like. For Smyrna is a most important sea-port, next to Constantinople itself, the most important in the Turkish Empire. Ships of all nationalities moor at its jetties, and a vast and regular commerce binds it in strong links with the markets of the civilized world.

Smyrna is one of the few places in the East which retain their ancient importance. Its population is, perhaps, as great as ever; and while the neighbouring cities, which once rivalled or surpassed it in splendour or importance, are heaps of ruins, Smyrna is to-day a large, prosperous and wealthy place, with a population of one hundred and fifty thousand. It was, it will be remembered,

the second of the seven churches of Asia to which the message of the Revelation was addressed, and the terms of the message it received indicate its faithfulness to God, and promise the Divine blessing :



“ Unto the angel of the church in Smyrna write ; These things, saith the first and the last, which was dead and is alive ; I know thy works, and tribulation, and poverty (but thou art rich), and I know the blasphemy of them which say they are Jews, and are not, but are the synagogue of Satan. Fear none of those things which thou shalt suffer : behold, the

devil shall cast some of you into prison, that ye may be tried; and ye shall have tribulation ten days: be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."

It is surely a remarkable fulfilment of these words, that while the country around has been overrun with Mohammedan superstition, Smyrna continues to be chiefly Christian, only sixty thousand of the inhabitants being adherents of the False Prophet.

Ephesus, Pergamos, Thyatira, Sardis, Philadelphia, Laodicea—their sites are marked by insignificant villages, where the ignorant peasant raises his crops among the sculptured *débris* of their fallen splendour; Smyrna alone of all the seven Asiatic churches of the first Christian century has still a name and a fame among living cities. The "crown of life" promised to her faithful sons has, as it were, become also the guerdon of the city that gave them birth; and strong in strategic commercial position, salubrious in climate, and splendid in the stretch of her cosmopolitan trade, Smyrna promises to renew her youth evermore through the centuries yet to come.

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ACROSTIC SONNET.\*

BY LUCRETIA A. DES BRISAY.

Written for the Golden Wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Cyrus West Field, New York City, December 2nd, 1890.

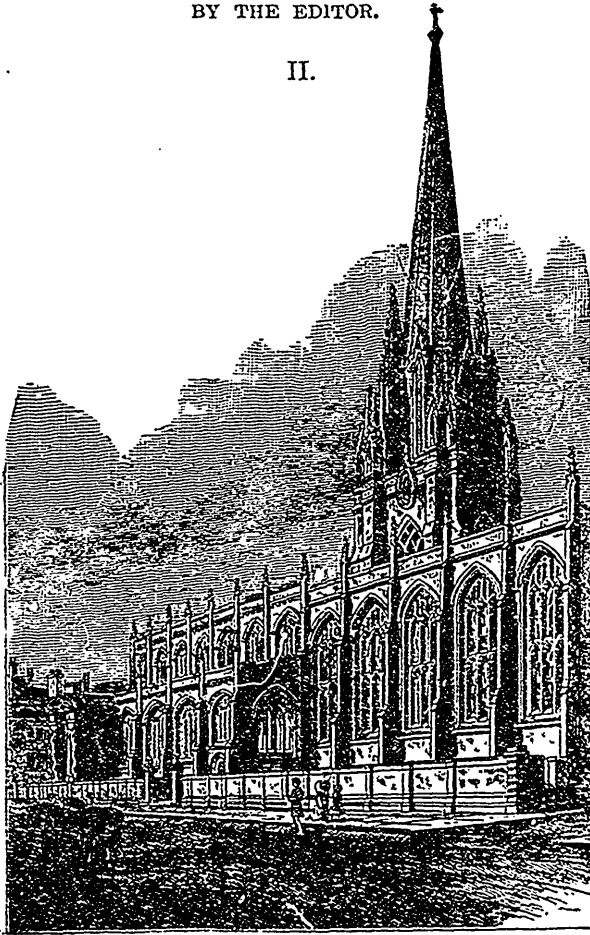
COME, Nations! Celebrate this Jubilee.  
 Your tribute render to an uncrowned king;  
 Render the true heart's grateful offering.  
 Undaunted marched he on to victory,  
 Scorning the elements—such boon to gain!  
 Wedding the two great worlds so happily.  
 Earth of her sons no grander feat can sing,  
 Since Adam breathed, or time began to be.  
 The Golden Wedding of the Hemispheres  
 Find these as joyful as this Golden Day.  
 In peace may the fond pair pass life away,  
 E'en till that anniversary appears;  
 Loud should his praises ring from pole to pole,  
 Down to posterity's remotest goal!

\* Mr. Field's great achievement, that of laying the first Atlantic telegraph cable, and thus making the whole world near of kin and neighbourly, keeps growing in importance. Within the past few weeks the ocean cables have so concentrated and unified the efforts of the great financial centres of the world that a world-wide panic of incalculable destructiveness has been averted. The glory of Mr. Field's achievement, to accomplish which he crossed the Atlantic six times, grows with the years, and will survive as many centuries as anything that any modern man has done.

FOOTPRINTS OF WESLEY.\*

BY THE EDITOR.

II.

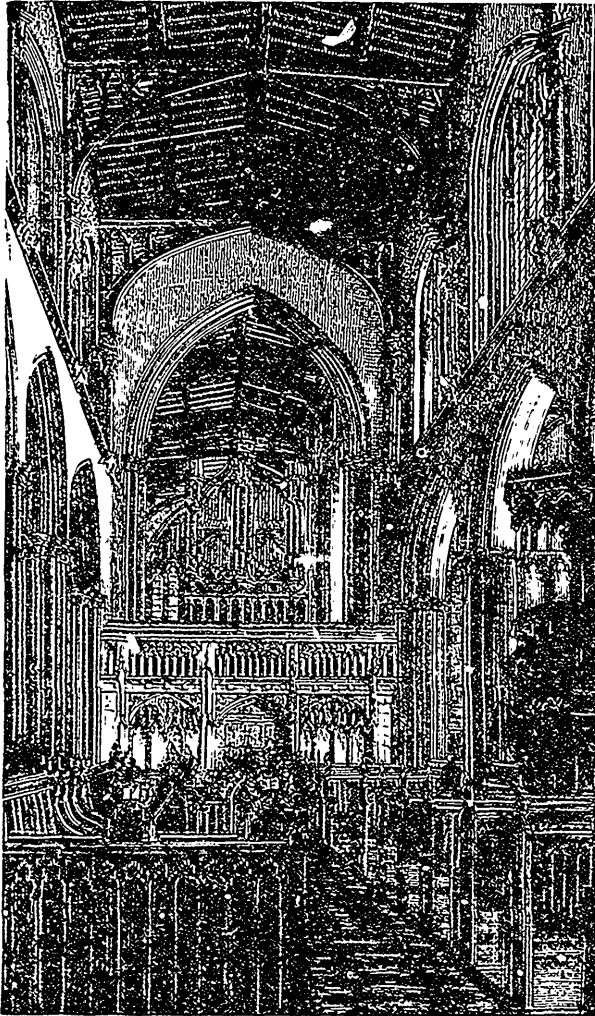


ST. MARY'S CHURCH, OXFORD.

ST. MARY'S Church, Oxford, is invested with some of the most memorable associations of the Reformation. From its pulpit Wycliffe denounced the Romish superstitions of his day, and maintained the right of the laity to read the Word of God, the true

\* For the use of several cuts which illustrate this article, we are indebted to the courtesy of the publishers of Daniels' "Illustrated History of Methodism" (New York, Hunt & Eaton), from which much of the material for this article is derived. The cuts will give an idea of the sumptuous illustration of this handsome volume, which contains over 250 engravings, maps, and charts.

palladium of their civil and religious liberty. Two centuries later, when Romish influence was in the ascendant at the University, the martyr bishops, Cranmer, Ridley, and Latimer, were cited here for trial before a commission, appointed by Cardinal Pole,

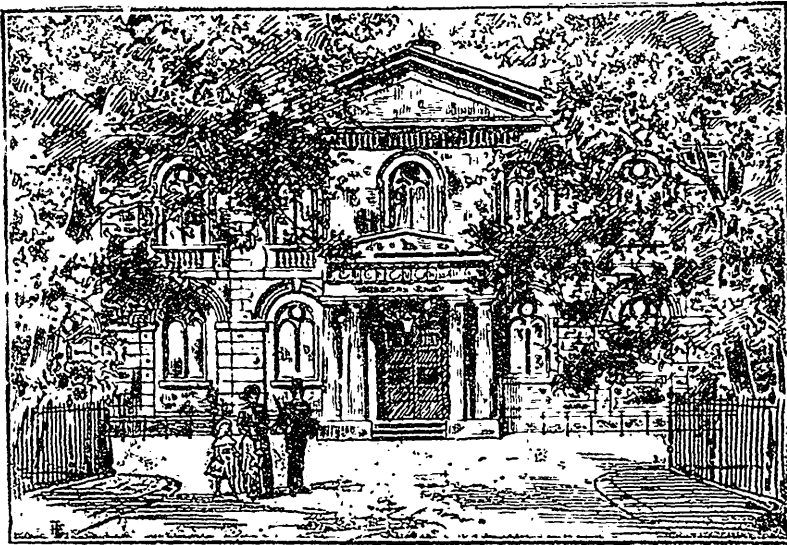


INTERIOR OF ST. MARY'S CHURCH, OXFORD.

1555; and hither the following year the venerable Archbishop Cranmer was brought from prison for the purpose of publicly recanting his Protestant opinions. "Soon," says Foxe, "he that late was primate of all England, attired in a bare and ragged gown, with an old square cap, stood on a low stage near the pulpit."



After a pathetic prayer, stretching forth his right hand, instead of the expected recantation, he said: "Forasmuch as my hand offended in writing contrary to my heart, my hand, therefore, shall be first punished, for it shall be first burnt. As for the Pope, I utterly refuse his false doctrines; and as for the Sacrament, I believe as I have taught in my book, which shall stand at the last day before the judgment seat of God, when the papistical doctrine contrary thereto shall be ashamed to show her face." Having thus "flung down the burden of his shame," he was dragged from the stage, with many insults, to the place where he glorified God in the flames, after having first been compelled to witness the martyrdom of Latimer and Ridley.



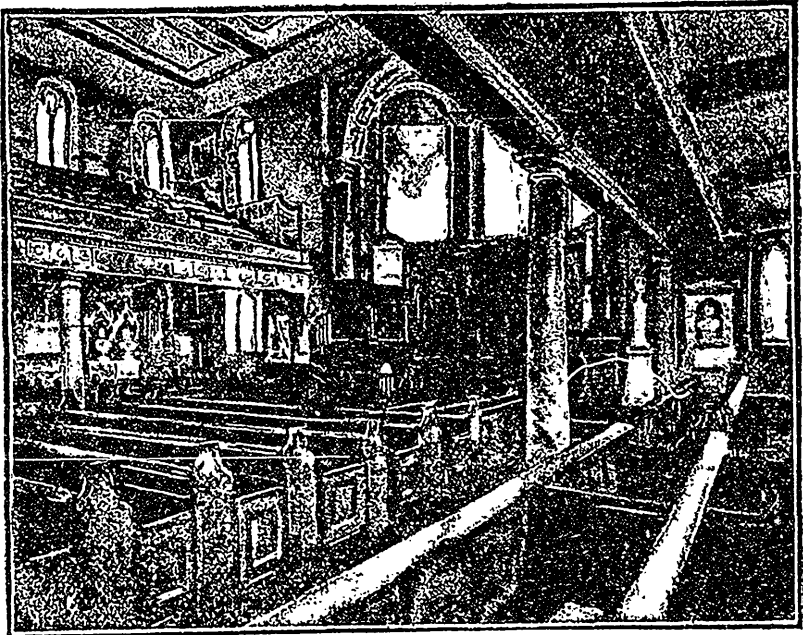
CITY ROAD CHAPEL.

Additional pathetic interest is given to this beautiful interior, shown on the opposite page, by the fact that in the choir, in a brick vault, lie the remains of the lovely and ill-fated Amy Robsart, the heroine of Sir Walter Scott's "Kenilworth." Her body was brought from Cumnor Hall, only four miles distant, to Oxford, and lay in state in Gloucester College.

In this venerable church the University sermons are preached, and the celebrated Bampton lectures are delivered.

Leaving Oxford, we follow Wesley's footprints to other memorable scenes of labour. One of the most notable of these was the village of Epworth, in Lincolnshire, where his early years had been spent, and where a thousand hallowed associations crowded

around the scenes of his childhood, and where his revered father for long years had diligently laboured. A clergyman of entirely different character then occupied the rectory and controlled the pulpit. "He was," writes Dr. Daniels, "a miserable man of dissolute habits, who hated the Methodists with all his might, and on the appearance of their leader in his parish, he poured out his wrath against them in two discourses, which Wesley describes as two of the bitterest and vilest sermons he ever heard. Wesley was desirous of preaching to his old neighbours, and, being shut out of the church, he resolved to preach in



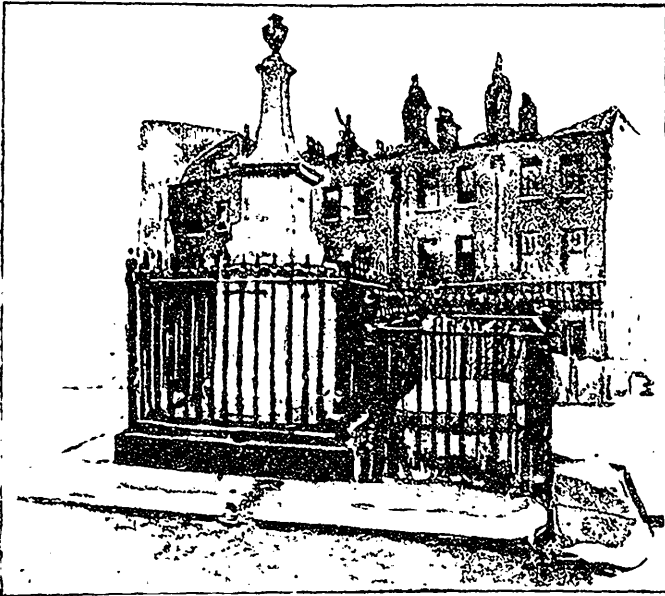
INTERIOR OF CITY ROAD CHAPEL.

the churchyard, and taking his stand upon the broad low slab which covered the grave of his father, he preached with wonderful power to the crowds that gathered about him.

"During the week of his visit to Epworth, he preached from this strange pulpit every day. On one occasion his voice was drowned by the cries of the penitents; several persons dropped down as if they had been dead, and the quiet old churchyard was turned into an 'inquiry room,' in which many sinners found peace with God, and which then resounded with songs of joy, thanksgiving, and praise."

Wesley has left no record of his emotions as he stood thus on the tomb of him who had given him life, and amid such scenes and surrounded by such touching associations, but they must have been deep and strong. As a result of these labours, a Methodist society was organized, and among the converts of those sermons was a man who had avowed himself an infidel for thirty years.

This affecting scene has often been reproduced in art, and it forms the subject of the beautiful bas-relief on the memorial tablet of the Wesleys in Westminster Abbey. This is one of the first monuments that Methodist visitors to the venerable minster



JOHN WESLEY'S TOMB.

seek. It was unveiled by Dean Stanley on March 30th, 1876, in the presence of a large company of invited guests—ministers, laymen, and ladies. Dean Stanley, in unveiling the monument, said:

“It had been my hope that on this day, or on the following Sunday, I should express at length the obligation which the Church of England, which England itself, and which the Church of Christ owe to the labours of John and Charles Wesley. On some future occasion, perhaps, you will allow me to take the opportunity to discharge the duty which it is still my hope and intention to fulfil.

“If the poet has been somewhat overshadowed by the preacher, I trust that neither in Westminster Abbey nor elsewhere will any English Churchman, or any Nonconformist, have cause to complain. As you see, John Wesley is represented as preaching upon his father's tomb, and I have

always thought that that is, as it were, a parable which represented his relation to our own national institutions. He took his stand upon his father's tomb—on the venerable and ancestral traditions of the country and the Church. That was the stand from which he addressed the world; it was not from the points of disagreement, but from the points of agreement with them in the Christian religion that he produced those great effects which have never since died out in English Christendom. It is because of his having been in that age, which I am inclined to think has been unduly disparaged—because in the past century he was the reviver of religious fervour among our Churches—that we all feel we owe him a debt of gratitude, and that he deserves to have his monument placed among those of the benefactors of England.



ROOM IN JOHN WESLEY'S HOUSE.

“I must invoke your sympathy, and I would ask your co-operation in carrying on the work still left for me to do—the work of promoting charity and good feeling and generous appreciation among the different branches of our divided Christendom. If I may do so, I will conclude with words familiar to us all, and which are now especially applicable to myself [alluding to the recent death of Lady Augusta Stanley]:

“My company before is gone,  
And I am left alone with Thee;  
With Thee all night I mean to stay,  
And wrestle till the break of day.”

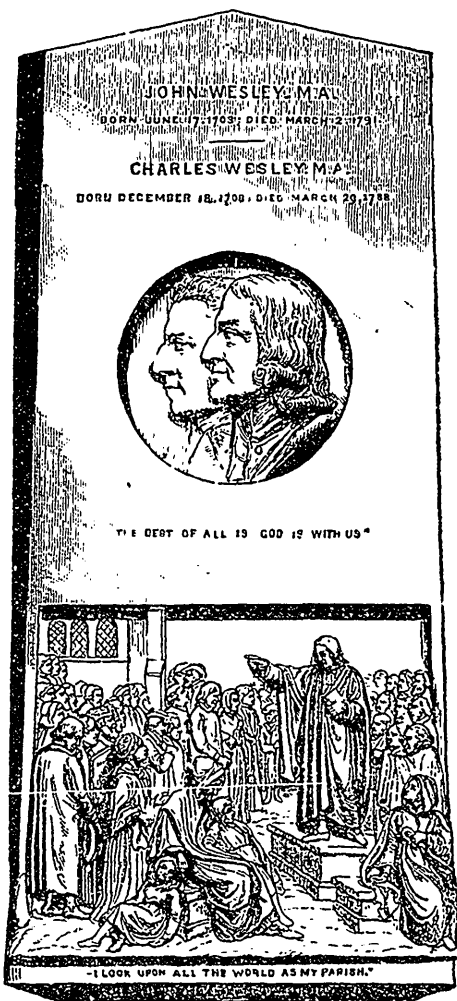
Immediately beneath the sculptured picture of the scene in the churchyard is John Wesley's great philanthropic declaration: "I LOOK UPON ALL THE WORLD AS MY PARISH." And under this, on the sloping line at the bottom, is graven Charles Wesley's exultant exclamation: "GOD BURIES HIS WORKMEN, BUT CARRIES ON HIS WORK."

The monument is situate midway between the "Poets' Corner," in the southern transept, and the nave of the Abbey, being near to the smaller monument of Dr. Isaac Watts, and in close neighbourhood to memorials of men of genius and theological learning; so that the position and associations of the monument are highly satisfactory.

"One hundred and thirty years ago," writes Tyerman, "Wesley was shut out of every church in England; now, marble medallion profiles of himself and his brother, accompanied with suitable inscriptions, are deemed deserving of a niche in England's grandest cathedral. The man who, a century since, was the best abused man in the British Isles, is now hardly ever mentioned but with affectionate respect."

In this connection Dr. Daniels eloquently remarks:

"It is but just that some memorial of that royal man should be set up among the tombs of England's princes, bishops, heroes, and statesmen. Other men have been kings by the accident of birth, of royal blood: John Wesley reigned by virtue of the divine anointing. Other bishops have worn the mitre and carried the keys through the de-

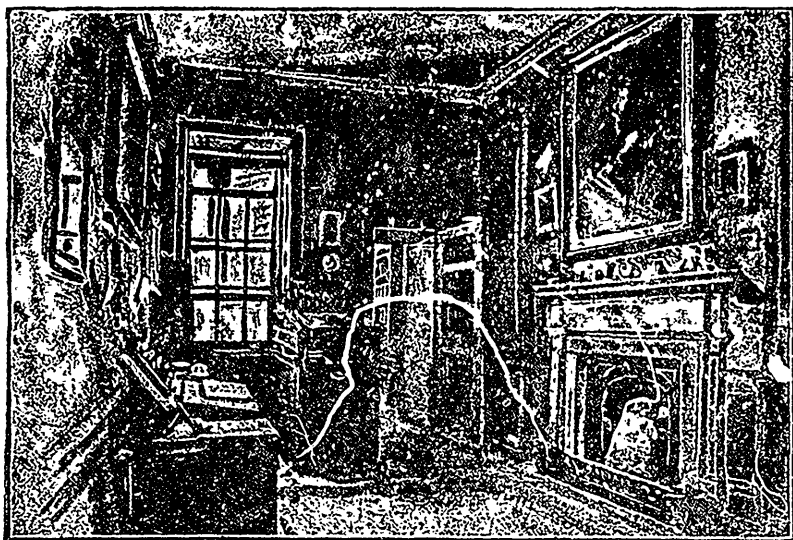


WESLEY MEMORIAL TABLET, WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

vious workings of State Church preferment : John Wesley was a bishop by the grace of God. Other heroes have earned their honours by ravaging sea and land to kill, burn, and destroy : Wesley, with equal courage and equal skill, achieved his fame, not by killing, but by saving men.

“Statesmanship, too, was honoured in this memorial in Westminster. Macaulay, in his estimate of John Wesley, says : ‘His genius for government was not inferior to that of Richelieu ;’ and Southey, in a letter to Wilberforce, writes : ‘I consider Wesley as the most influential mind of the last century—the man who will have produced the greatest effects centuries, or perhaps millenniums, hence, if the present race of men should continue so long.’

“And if poets are honoured in this splendid mausoleum, who more deserves a place therein than Charles Wesley? His songs have helped more souls to happiness, and holiness, and heaven, than those of any other



ROOM IN WHICH JOHN WESLEY DIED.

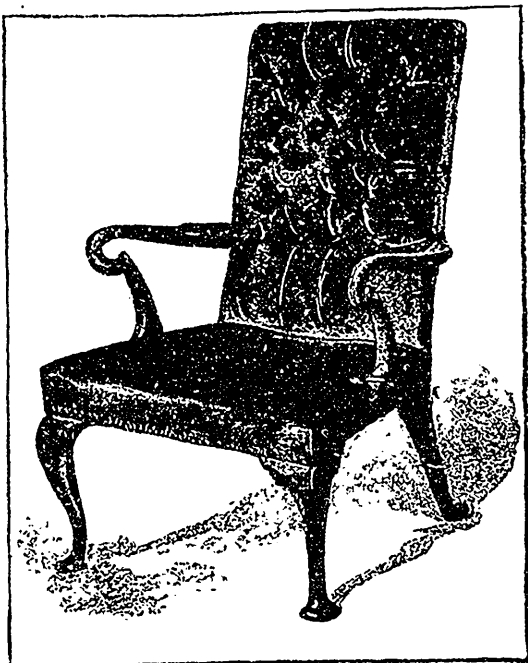
bard since the days of the Psalmist of Israel. Like those sacred chants which echo through the ages, the hymns of Wesley, with each succeeding generation, are borne on a higher, grander, sweeter tide of harmony ; giving still the best expression to the prayers or joys of human souls in every time of trial or triumph, from the sorrow of the broken-hearted penitent at the ‘mourners’ bench,’ to the notes of victory with which the dying saint catches his first glimpse of the glory that awaits the people of the Lord.”\*

When the Wesleys were excluded from the churches of the Establishment, of which they were ordained clergymen, they took to the fields and highways, to Hampstead Heath and Kennington

\* Daniels’ “Illustrated History of Methodism,” pp. 349, 350.

Common, and the market-places of the towns. Like the early disciples, they went everywhere preaching the Word. As the infant societies were organized, it became necessary to have regular places for holding class-meetings and prayer-meetings, and for preaching. Often a large barn, a brewhouse, a malt-kiln, a private residence, was employed for these sacred services, and out of these small beginnings have grown some of the most flourishing societies in the kingdom. Dr. Daniels thus describes some of these early preaching places:

“The Nottingham Society for many years held its meetings in the residence of one of its members, which was ingeniously fitted up to serve this double purpose. The largest room on the first floor being too small for the congregation, the bedroom overhead was made to connect with it by means of a large trap-door in the ceiling, and the preacher, mounted on a chair which was perched on a table, could command his hearers above as well as below.



JOHN WESLEY'S CHAIR.

“But this was elegant compared with some of the regular churches in Wales, one of which Mr. Wesley mentions as not having a glass window belonging to it, but only boards, with holes bored here and there, through which the dim light glimmered ; while some of the Irish sanctuaries were even more simple, being wholly built of mud and straw, with the exception of a few rough beams required to support the thatch.”†

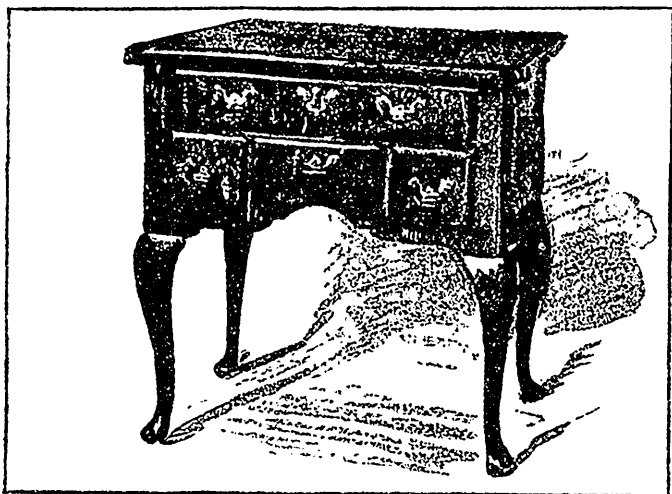
From such small beginnings has grown the mighty system of Methodism, both in the Old World and the New.

The beginnings of empire, the origin of any important institution, the birthplace of any great movement or great man, will ever engage the profoundest attention of the human mind. Hence

† Daniels' "History of Methodism," p. 233.

men visit with eager interest the cradle-lands of the race, they contemplate with patriotic pride the field of Runnymede, they make long pilgrimages to the humble cottage in which the bard of Avon or the bard of Ayr was born. With not less reverent feelings should we visit the cradle of the greatest religious movement of modern times.

The first home of Methodism was, indeed, very humble, suggesting analogies with the lowly beginnings of Christianity itself—the manger of Bethlehem and the cottage home of Nazareth. In 1739 John Wesley was urged to secure the Old Foundry, Moorfields, London, as a place of worship. This was a large, rambling pile of buildings, near the present site of City Road Chapel.



JOHN WESLEY'S TABLE.

Wesley's only regular income was £28 a year, from his Oxford fellowship. The sum required for the purchase of the Foundry was £115. But full of faith he assumed the debt, and, some friends coming to his aid, nearly £700 was expended in fitting it up for worship. Instead of the clang of anvils and roar of furnaces, employed in the manufacture of the deadly engine of war, its walls were to echo the holy hymns and the glad evangel of the gospel of peace.

Part of the building was fitted up with desks for a school. Here, for seven years, Silas Told taught a number of charity children from six in the morning till five in the evening, for the salary of ten shillings a week. Part was also fitted up as a book room for the sale of Mr. Wesley's publications. A dispensary and alms-house for the poor was also part of the establishment, where,



in 1748, were nine widows, one blind woman, and two poor children. "I might add," says Wesley, "four or five preachers, for I myself, as well as the other preachers who are in town, diet with the poor, on the same food and at the same table; and we rejoice therein, as a comfortable earnest of our eating bread together in our Father's kingdom." A savings bank and loan fund were also established. High up near the roof, were apartments for Mr. Wesley, in which his mother died. There was also accommoda-

tion for the assistant preachers and for domestics. To this rude and ruinous structure, in the dark London mornings and evenings, multitudes of God-fearing Methodists wended their way by the dim light of their candle or oil lanterns, over the ill-paved streets, to the early morning or evening services; and here multitudes of souls were converted to God. The Foundry Society numbered, in 1743, no less than 2,200 members, meeting in sixty-six classes, having grown in two years from 426 members.

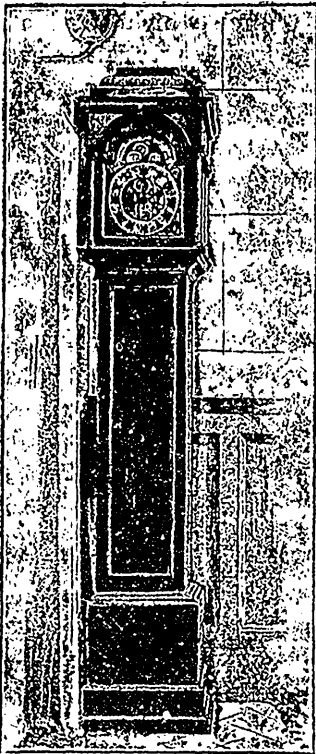
In 1776 Mr. Wesley made an appeal to the societies for subscriptions to the amount of £6,000 for the proposed "New Chapel."

In 1777 the New City Road Chapel was built near the Foundry, in what was then open fields, but is now a wilderness of brick and stone.

The building is a large, plain, and nearly square structure, without much attempt at architectural display. In the interior on the

walls all around are numerous marble tablets in memory of the distinguished preachers who have ministered within these walls—among others John and Charles Wesley, Fletcher, Benson, Coke, Clarke, Watson, Bunting, Newton, and many others.

For the complete restoration of this mother-church of Methodism, \$50,000 were recently contributed in England. Canadian Methodists are invited to contribute \$500 for one of the marble pillars of the new structure.



JOHN WESLEY'S CLOCK.

In the graveyard without, slumber the remains of the founder of Methodism, of his venerable mother, of Adam Clarke, Joseph Benson, Jabez Bunting, and of many another whose life and labours were devoted to the glory of God in the service of Methodism. In Bunhill Fields burying-ground, just opposite, sleeps the dust of the glorious dreamer, John Bunyan. "City Road Chapel burying-ground," said John Wesley, "is as holy as any in England." Ay, truly. From all parts of Christendom come pilgrims to visit that sacred spot. Beside the tomb of John Wesley grows an elder tree, clippings from which have been transplanted to almost every part of the world—an emblem of the Church which he planted, which has taken root and brought forth its blessed fruit in every clime.

In this venerable mother-church of Methodism, for many years, service was held as at the Foundry, at five o'clock in the morning, and we have records of large gatherings assembling on Christmas-day at four o'clock, and again at ten.

In connection with old City Road Chapel was the

preacher's house, a very plain brick building. In a small room of this, used as bedroom and study, John Wesley died. For well nigh a hundred years it has been occupied by his successors, and the same plain and simple furniture—chair, table, and desk—that he used, are still to be seen.

It seems to bring one nearer to the springs of Methodism to stand in the old pulpit in which its early fathers preached; to sit in Wesley's chair; to see the room in which he died; the study, a very small room, in which he wrote many of his books: the very time-worn desk at which he sat; and then to stand by the grave in which he is buried. In the old parsonage I saw the teapot, of generous dimensions, from which Wesley used to regale the London preachers every Sunday. On one side was the verse beginning "Be present at our table, Lord," and on the other the words "We thank Thee, Lord, for this our food," etc.



JOHN WESLEY'S TEAPOT.

One of the chief glories of Methodism, in both hemispheres, has been its deep concern for popular and higher education. This was manifested during Wesley's lifetime by the establishment of Woodhouse Grove School and Travacca College, and since then by the successive establishment of Theological Colleges at Richmond, Headingly, Didsbury and Belfast, and the Normal Training College at Westminster.

In the United States and Canada a similar interest in the cause of education is exhibited, as the existence of nearly 400 Methodist Colleges, some of them munificently endowed, abundantly demonstrates. In the magnificence and beauty of its churches, American Methodism even surpasses that of Great Britain. The stately St. Paul's Church, New York; Grace Church, Boston; Broad Street Church, Philadelphia; Mount Vernon Church, Baltimore; Metropolitan Church, Washington; Metropolitan Church, Toronto; St. James', Montreal; Centennial Church, St. John, N.B., and many others, are demonstrations of the consecrated wealth and liberal taste of the Methodist people.

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ON EASTER DAY.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

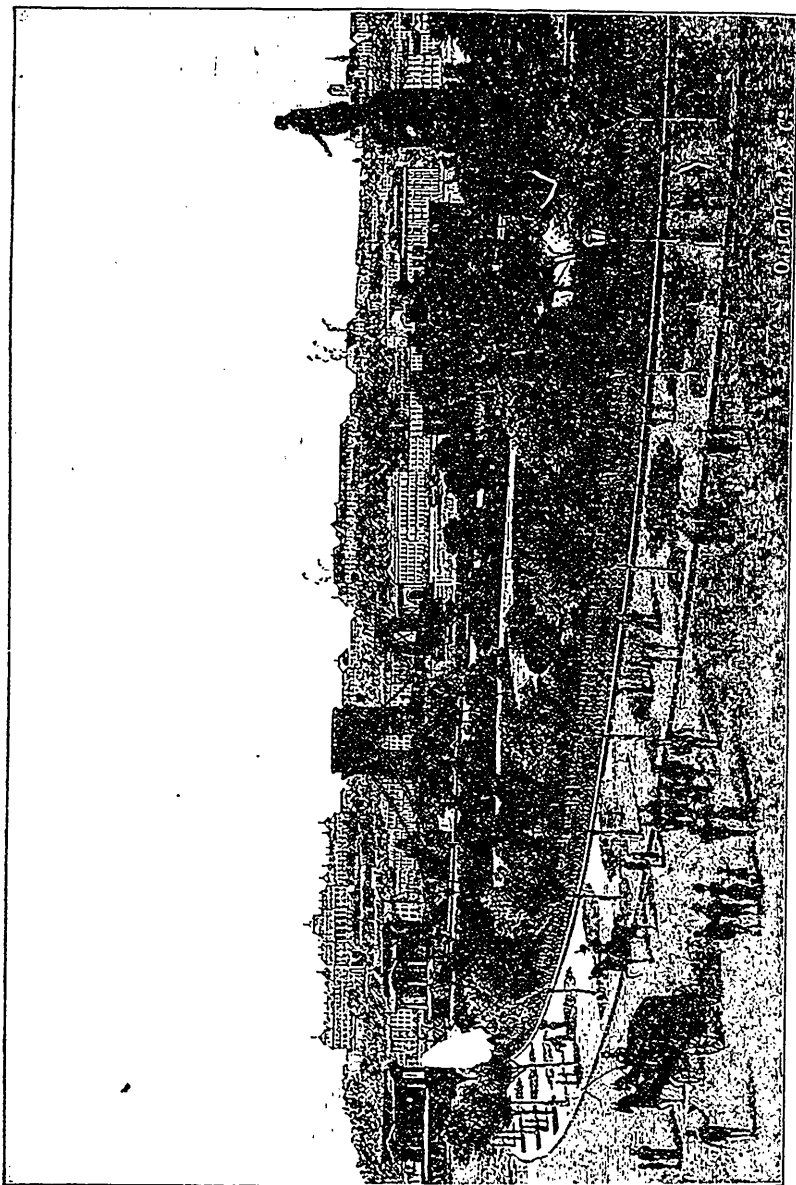
"LIFE" is the strain, and "endless life" the chiming bells repeat,  
A word of victory over death, a word of promise sweet,  
And as the great good clasps the less, the sun a myriad rays,  
So do a hundred thoughts of joy cling round our Easter days.

And one, which seems, at times, the best and dearest of them all  
Is this: that all the many dead in ages past recall,  
With the friends who died so long ago that memory seeks in vain  
To call the vanished faces back, and make them live again;

And those so lately gone from us that still they seem to be  
Beside our path, beside our board, in viewless company—  
A light for all our weary hours, all along the way—  
All, all the dead, the near, the far, take part in Easter day!

They share the life we hope to share, as once they shared in this;  
They hold in fast possession one heritage of bliss;  
Theirs is the sure, near Presence toward which we reach and strain,  
On Easter day, on Easter day we all are one again.

O fairest of the fair, high thoughts that light the Easter dawn!  
O sweet and true companionship which cannot be withdrawn!  
"The Lord is risen!" sealed lips repeat out of the shadows dim.  
"The Lord is risen," we answer back, "and all shall rise in Him."



VIEW OF THE ROYAL CASTLE, BUDA-PEST.

## THROUGH HUNGARY.

## II.

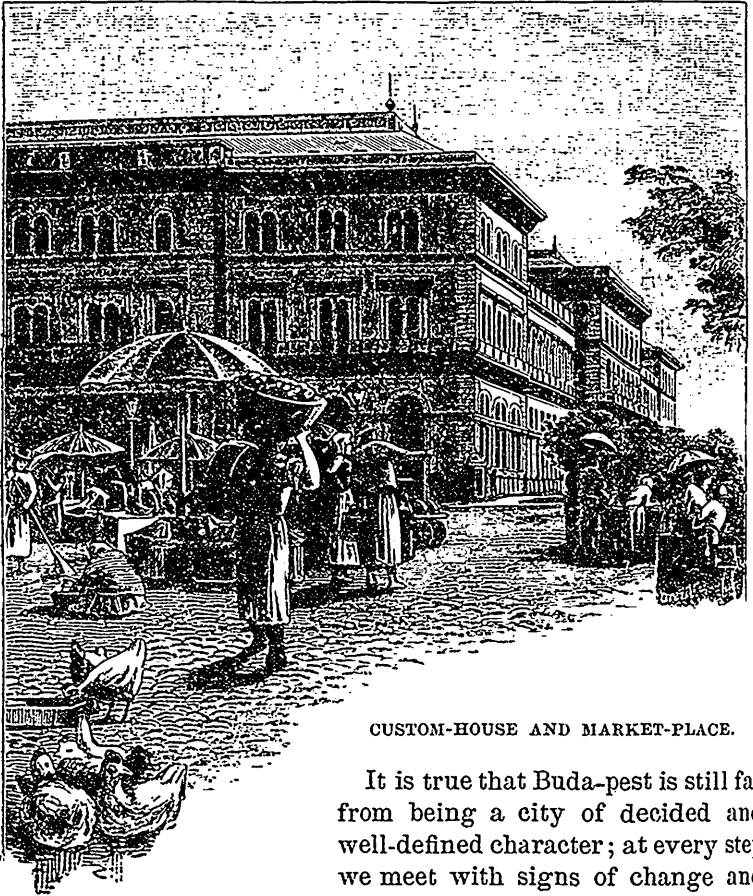
*BUDA-PEST.*

THE most beautiful among all the cities reflected in the waters of the majestic Danube is Buda-pest, the prosperous and rapidly-growing capital of the kingdom of Hungary. Although it lacks none of the characteristics of a European metropolis, there is yet a certain air about this city which reminds the visitor from Western Europe of the mysterious Orient, whose personification in the Turkish Empire did, only two centuries ago, extend its boundaries up to this point. Buda-pest occupies a very picturesque situation on either side of the "blonde Danube," as the Hungarians love to call their noblest river, partially upon and between the steep hills—the last counterforts of the Alps—which rise close to the right bank, partly in a plain bounded by undulating hilly ridges of moderate elevation. The city is thoroughly modern in appearance, in spite of the rural character appertaining to certain portions of it, and notwithstanding numerous remains, or traces rather, of a past history extending back through more than fifteen centuries. The metropolis of the kingdom, the apple of his eye to every patriotic Hungarian, Buda-pest is, as regards scenery, architecture, and ethnographical features, a spot in which extreme types do not only occur, but are so obvious and striking as to attract the notice of the most superficial observer, while they cannot fail to render the city of great interest to the foreigner.

But not only is the grand situation of the city calculated to make a deep impression upon every visitor to Buda-pest: the capital of Hungary is attractive as being a centre of life and movement in many directions. It is the seat of the government and the various departments of state, the focus of an unusually active public life, during several months the residence of a numerous and brilliant aristocracy, and the emporium of the trade and commerce of a great country. That pleasing feature of southern cities, so often noticed with approbation by visitors to Vienna—the polite good-nature of the inhabitants, and their friendly demeanour towards strangers—is found in a still higher degree in Buda-pest.

In few places on the continent has the crossing of races proceeded so far, in few are there to be found such numerous and varying types of humanity as in this the capital city of the

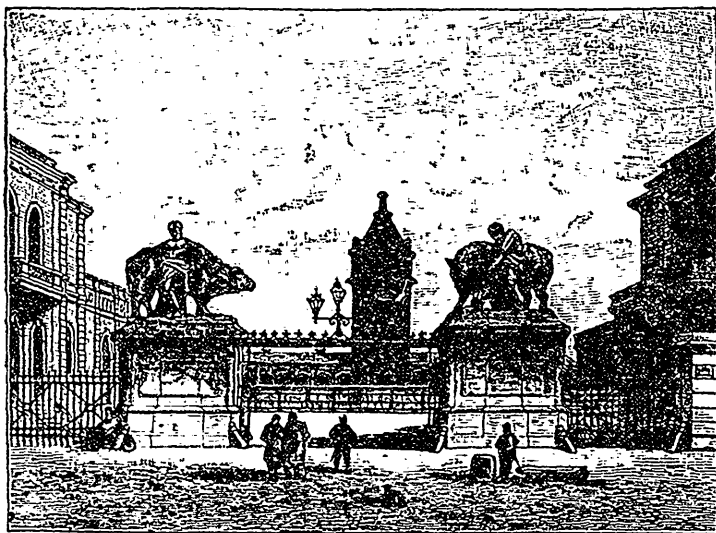
Hungarian monarchy, which counts among its subjects so many different races. The far-famed Hungarian hospitality, although naturally to be looked for rather in the provinces than in the haunts of men engrossed in commercial pursuits, is yet often exhibited, in a manner quite surprising to strangers, in the select circles of the metropolitan society.



CUSTOM-HOUSE AND MARKET-PLACE.

It is true that Buda-pest is still far from being a city of decided and well-defined character; at every step we meet with signs of change and expansion. No other city of importance on the continent has undergone a like development within the last quarter of a century. In those parts of the capital chiefly frequented by foreign visitors everything bears a modern stamp, and the architectural features of the new streets and public edifices may boldly challenge comparison with much that has elsewhere been deemed worthy of unqualified praise. But at the same time venerable traces of bygone centuries are not wanting, and these, although not very prominent, impart to certain quarters of Buda-pest a decidedly antique air.

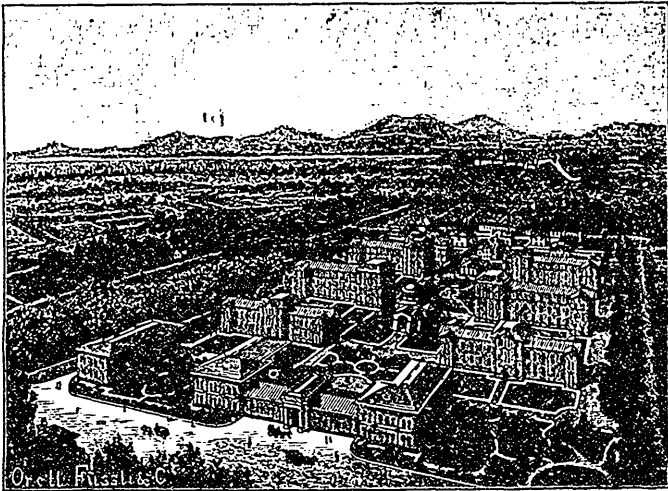
The noble river flowing through the city is spanned within the municipal limits by three striking triumphs of the engineering art: a suspension bridge, an iron arched bridge, and a lattice bridge. The surface of the stream is thronged with vessels of every size and description—for the Danube is the great commercial waterway of South-Eastern Europe—and its shores are lined by magnificent embankments or quays forming delightful promenades. Not only the political and commercial, but also the scientific, literary, and artistic aspirations and endeavours, not to say the entire culture and civilization, of the Hungarian nation are centred in Buda-pest. The numerous institutions devoted to



PUBLIC ABATTOIR.

these purposes differ essentially in character from analogous establishments elsewhere, owing as they do their origin and prosperity, not to the munificence of princes, but to the lively national sentiment and patriotic instincts of the inhabitants, and especially of the nobility. And although the museums and picture galleries of the Hungarian metropolis cannot pretend to rival those of some other European capitals, they present so many characteristics and interesting features that travellers, well acquainted with the similar treasures of western countries, will still find here much that is new to them. The higher educational establishments, the University, the Polytechnic School, the Academy and Conservatory of Music, and recently also the School of Painting, attract the élite of the Hungarian youth to Buda-pest.

The population of Buda-pest is anything but homogeneous. In former centuries the burghers of the royal free cities constituted a little world apart, sundered even by the language they spoke from the politically privileged nobility. The municipality included Bulgarian, Servian, and Greek elements, but the predominating race was the Teutonic, whose representatives had brought with them from their native land their own laws and usages, and to whom special privileges were accorded by the rulers. Only in the present century have the different classes begun to amalgamate to any extent. The lesser nobility have devoted themselves to civil occupations, and from their ranks in particular the lawyers, doctors, government officials, and pro-



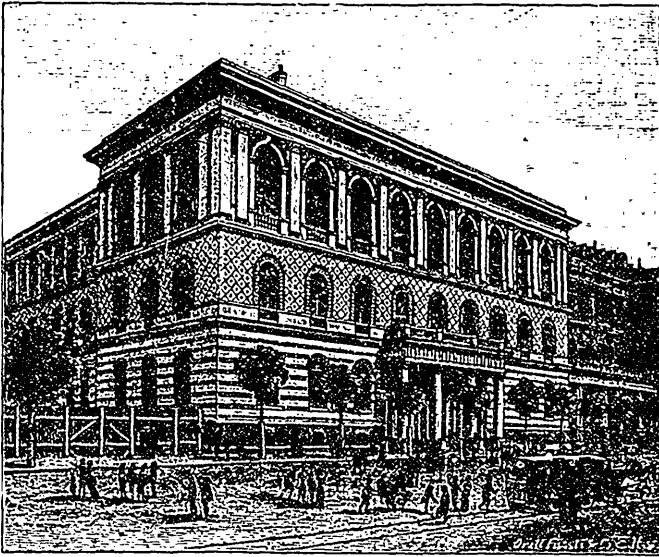
METROPOLITAN HOSPITAL, BUDA-PEST.

fessors are recruited. Trade and commerce are principally in the hands of the Jews, who have beyond dispute contributed very greatly to the material advancement of Buda-pest.

All the principal Christian Churches are represented in the city; the Roman Catholics rank first in point of number, but side by side with them exist Orthodox, Greek Catholic, Protestant, Reformed and Unitarian communities. Here, as throughout Hungary, the most exemplary tolerance prevails in religious matters, though the members of the various churches form their own social circles. In a certain sense the higher nobility constitute a world of their own, assembling in the capital chiefly during the winter season, when the two houses of parliament hold their sessions and the court resides in the royal castle.



Music, and that of a good class, is diligently cultivated in Buda-pest; one specialty we may mention, namely, the numerous gypsy bands (tsigans), known as Hungarian bands, which were introduced into and patronized in England by the Prince of Wales. These born musicians play without notes, and for the most part even without any knowledge of notes, the most difficult pieces with rare accuracy and in wonderful accord, but their skill is more particularly exhibited in their very characteristic Magyar melodies, which produce quite a peculiar effect upon the foreigner. Among these lowly minstrels are to be found violinists and cymbal-players of really astounding talent.



POLYTECHNIC SCHOOL, BUDA-PEST.

Owing to the improved means of transport and intercommunication, in most countries fairs have lost much of their former importance; nevertheless those that are held at stated intervals during the year in Buda-pest attract crowds of strangers to the city.

What strikes the visitor most during his first walk through the town is the vast difference between its older and newer parts, which form a contrast such as it would probably be difficult to find elsewhere. The reason for this is that Buda-pest, unlike other European cities, has not developed gradually in the course of centuries, imperceptibly for the living generation. With the newly-awakened constitutional life of the nation awoke likewise

the thought of beautifying and extending the capital, and in the space of less than twenty years streets and even entire quarters arose where previously fields or a few scattered cottages had existed.

The union of the two cities into one municipality—the metropolis of the country—although proclaimed in 1849, received legislative sanction only in 1873, but already in the early days of the Andrassy ministry measures were taken for the improvement and embellishment of Buda-pest.



JEWISH SYNAGOGUE, BUDA-PEST.

Few points indeed, in any European capital, can offer the traveller so magnificent a panorama as that from Francis Joseph Place.

At our feet flows the mighty Danube, spanned by a suspension bridge which even to-day is without a rival; its slender granite piers, masterpieces from an architectural point of view, tower high above the water. Beyond the magnificent river rises the Castle Hill of Buda, the slopes of which are covered with tiers of houses and villas, interspersed with gardens.

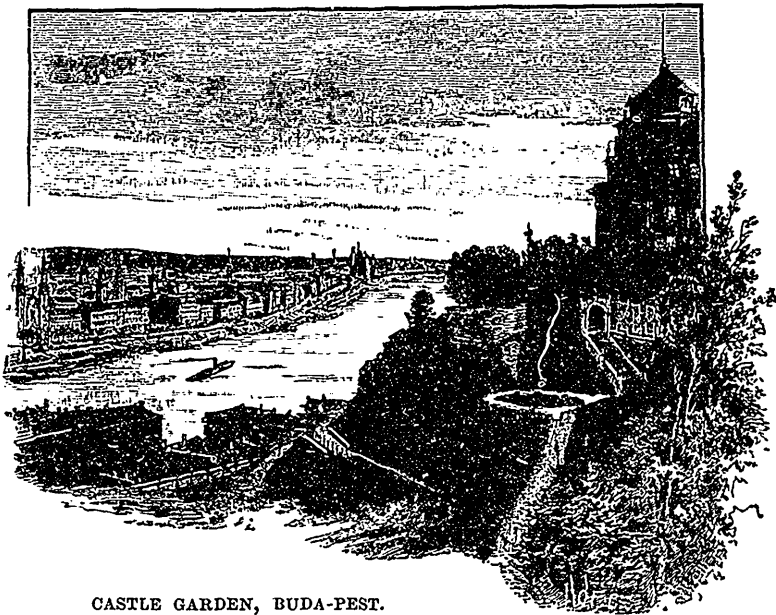
The south end of this eminence is occupied by the stately Royal Castle, and the entire plateau is surrounded by ancient walls and bastions.

The new Metropolitan Hospital is a large group of buildings which covers an area of nearly fifteen acres, and will afford room for 720 beds. The hospital is erected on the basis of the most recent experiences, consists of sixteen separate blocks of buildings, of plain appearance, with the exception of the main front building, which is in the Renaissance style, and adorned with a group of statuary representing "Christ healing the sick" above the

principal entrance. In the internal arrangements of this institution every necessity is provided for in the most liberal and practical manner.

The new Polytechnic School, built in the Venetian style, and opened as recently as 1884. Among the numerous similar monuments "more durable than bronze," which will remind posterity of the present Minister of Public Worship and Education, Augustin Trefort, this is one of the most notable.

The colossal structure so conspicuously situated at the end of a long boulevard, with its shady avenue of trees, is the Terminus of the Hungarian State Railways. The railways of Hungary are being extended at the rate of some hundreds of miles annually, and as they all gravitate more or less to the capital, the



CASTLE GARDEN, BUDA-PEST.

necessity of a central station was more and more felt. The imposing façade presents many handsome architectural features, as does also the interior of the buildings, and the whole presents a scene of great interest, especially in the evening when illuminated by the electric light. Adjoining the Hall of Art are the buildings of the National School of Design and the Academy of Music, with the apartments of Francis Liszt.

The principal synagogue of the Jewish community of Buda-pest is a handsome brick building in the Moresque style, built after designs by the celebrated Viennese architect Förster, with

two elegant minaret-like towers. A visit to it on a Friday evening, during service, is to be recommended, not only on account of the beautiful interior, but also for the sake of hearing the excellent choir and organ accompaniment. The Jewish inhabitants of Buda-pest, numbering considerable over 50,000, possess several other places of worship.

After our wanderings through the modern, progressive, and thickly-populated city of Pesth, the contrast presented by Buda, with its great diversity of architectural features, is all the more striking. The site of the town is anything but level, the elevation varying from the level of the Danube to 850 feet above the river. The streets are not planned on any regular system, and indeed scarcely two houses can be found whose frontages do not form more or less of an angle with one another. In the midst of the old, mediæval, unpretentious structures there rises not unfrequently a building of very recent date, lofty, modern, and elegant—a sign that progress has found its way even across the Suspension Bridge.

Taking the wire-ascension railway we soon find ourselves in front of the Royal Castle, occupying a fit site for the residence of a monarch, with the entire wide-stretching metropolis at its feet. The castle contains 203 rooms. The garden adjacent to the castle is partly open to the public. Its terrace commands a magnificent view of the Danube, the city of Pesth, and the gently-sloping hills in the horizon.

It is a genuine surprise to Western travellers to find in Eastern Europe so magnificent and progressive a city as Buda-pest. Its stately boulevards, parks, gardens, palaces, and public institutions are scarcely to be surpassed in splendour anywhere.

Dr. Buckley, of the *Christian Advocate*, who has recently been in Hungary, says: "Buda-pest is one of the handsomest cities in Europe. It lies on both sides of the Danube, and has a population of about four hundred thousand, being the third in numbers in the Austrian Empire. Buda is upon the Danube side of a range of hills, and above it is an imposing castle. Pesth is on the other side. The hills all about are covered with vineyards wherein grow the grapes which make the famous Tokay wine. The city is full of monuments and abounds in churches. Among its most beautiful features are the bridges which connect Buda with Pesth. Great use is made of Turkish baths, and also of hot mineral baths, some of which date from the time of the Romans. Here I saw the finest collection, outside of Spain, of the Spanish masters. There are many picture galleries in the city, which begins to consider itself a rival of Vienna."

JOHN WESLEY AND HIS MOTHER.

BY THE REV. JOHN POTTS, D.D.



SUSANNA WESLEY.

*"The Mother of Methodism."*

CAN we think of the noble women of Methodism without remembering that woman who, above all others, had most to do in fashioning the character of our illustrious founder? My eye rests with peculiar satisfaction upon the queenly form of that "elect lady," whose influence upon John Wesley and upon Methodism cannot be overestimated. The mother of John Wesley was a woman of singular beauty, of rare character, and of extraordinary intellectual accomplishments. Methodism owes a debt of gratitude to Susanna Wesley which can be paid only by

fidelity to the principles which have made Methodism a power, if not a praise, in all the earth.

Susanna Wesley, to indicate her influence over her son, has been called the foundress of Methodism. That we may see the influence of this richly-gifted woman upon her son, let us glance at her remarkable history. In Stevens' classic "History of Methodism" the reader may see a portrait of Mrs. Wesley, which is a study for an artist.

She was one of the most beautiful women of her day, or of any day. It was a stately, commanding beauty, giving evidence of great mental and moral power. In her girlhood this power displayed itself in a choice which led her to abandon the Puritan Church of her father for the Church of England. Her father, knowing her thoughtful turn and great determination, did not exercise his parental authority in compelling her to go with him to a non-conforming Church.

It is, however, in the parsonage, as wife and mother, that she shone with brighter lustre. As a wife she was independent in thought and vigorous in action in her own sphere, but religiously recognized the headship of her husband.

When Mr. Wesley was from home Mrs. Wesley felt it her duty to keep up the worship of God in her own house. She not only prayed for, but with, her family. At such times she took the spiritual care and direction of the children and servants upon herself, and sometimes even the neighbours shared the benefits of her instructions.

Mrs. Wesley was the mother of nineteen children. Her means were slender, but her energy, tact, and wisdom were better than thousands of gold and silver. Home was her providential sphere for Christian as well as for maternal services. The parsonage was a school as well as a home; the mistress of the home was teacher as well as mother, and with a discipline bordering upon severity, yet prompted by love, she taught and trained her numerous progeny as few families have been educated at home. Mr. Wesley, doubtless seeing his wife's special talent for the work, wisely left it to her, and seconded her efforts in every possible way. Ever after the fire in which their home was consumed, and from which John, while a child, was almost miraculously rescued, the mother felt that he was spared for some great purpose, and therefore devoted special attention to his character and studies.

When John Wesley left home for school or college, his loving mother followed him with a watchful sympathy and a judicious counsel that moulded his character and helped to fit him for his great destiny, and which was highly prized by him down to his

latest breath. We see the wealth of her mind, and the religious turn of her thoughts, not only in her wise and motherly letters to John, but in her more formal compositions, such as her exposition of the Creed.

She was prepared to meet the spiritual difficulties of her son, and to direct and encourage him by preceptive teachings of the highest order. Indeed, she seemed to combine the wisdom of a professor of divinity with the beautiful tact of a Christian womanliness and tender motherhood. To her John Wesley looked, and never in vain, for help and sympathy which stood him well in times of perplexity.

No one, I think, can read Dr. Clark's "Wesley's Family" without regarding Mrs. Wesley as a true child of God from early life. The blessed privilege of knowing of our acceptance in the Beloved was a strange doctrine in those days, and many struggled along in comparative gloom, not daring to rejoice in the witness of the Spirit. All the evidence of salvation that could be seen in a holy every-day life was evinced in the walk and conversation of Susanna Wesley.

Of her last moments her son John gives the following account:

"I left Bristol on the evening of Sunday, July 18, 1742, and on Tuesday came to London. I found my mother on the borders of eternity; but she had no doubt nor fears, nor any desire but as soon as God should call, to depart and be with Christ. . . .

"About three in the afternoon I went to see my mother and found her change was near. I sat down on the bedside; she was in her last conflict, unable to speak, but I believe quite sensible. Her look was calm and serene, and her eyes fixed upward while we commended her soul to God. From three to four the silver cord was loosing, and the wheel breaking at the cistern; and then, without any struggle, or sigh, or groan, the soul was set at liberty. We stood around the bed and fulfilled her last request, uttered before she lost her speech: 'Children, as I am released, sing a psalm of praise to God.'"

John Wesley and the movement called Methodism may be studied and understood without reference to his father; but it would be impossible to do so without recognizing the place and power of the mother. More than any other, she restrained and guided her illustrious son in the wonderful work to which God had manifestly called him.

What would Methodism have been in the absence of lay preaching? It could never have accomplished what, under God, it has been enabled to do, without its powerful aid. But for the emphatic advice of Mrs. Wesley to her son, and but for his respect for his mother's judgment, it is hard to imagine what might have been the result.

“It was in Mr. Wesley’s absence that Mr. Maxfield, the first of his lay preachers, began to preach. Being informed of this new and extraordinary thing, he hastened back to London to put a stop to it. Before he took any decisive step he spoke to his mother on the subject, and informed her of his intentions.

“She said (I have had the account from Mr. Wesley himself): ‘My son, I charge you before God, beware what you do; for Thomas Maxfield is as much called to preach the Gospel as ever you were.’”

This one thing in the life of Mrs. Wesley renders her worthy of the grateful remembrance of all who have derived spiritual benefit from the lay preachers of Methodism.

John Wesley was a very devoted son, and felt, as his mother advanced in years, that he must take his father’s place in caring for her, and smoothing her passage to the tomb. There never lived a more self-denying mother than Susanna Wesley. Here is an incident which equally reflects credit on mother and son. John Wesley, when a young man, was invited to go out upon a mission to the Indians of North America. He at once and firmly declined. On being pressed for a statement of his objection, he referred to his recently widowed mother, and to his own relation to her, in these touching words: “I am the staff of her age; her chief support and comfort.” He was asked what would be his decision were his mother agreeable to such a thing. Not thinking that such a sacrifice could be made by his mother, he at once said, that if his mother would cheerfully acquiesce in the proposal, he would be led to act upon it as a call from God. The venerable matron, on being consulted, gave this memorable reply: “Had I twenty sons, I should rejoice if they were all so employed, though I should never see them more.”

Rarely has history recorded the names of such a mother and such a son. It is a high compliment to say that they were worthy of each other. It is little wonder that Adam Clarke, in his enthusiastic admiration of Mrs. Wesley, said: “Had I a muse of the strongest pinion I should not fear to indulge it in its highest flights in sketching out the character of this super-excellent woman.”

Who can glance over the Methodist world to-day, and see its stately churches, its crowded congregations, its vast missionary operations, its Sunday-schools with millions of scholars, and its educational institutions of every grade and for both sexes, without looking back over the record of its limited history, and wondering at the stupendous result?

If God ever raised up a man for a great work, God surely called and sent forth John Wesley to be the organizer and leader



of the hosts of Methodism; and if God ever prepared a handmaid of His to be the mother of one specially commissioned and qualified to revive His Church, God surely raised up Susanna Wesley to be the mother and spiritual guide of the great reformer of the Churches in the eighteenth century.

Much as John Wesley saw of the goodness of the Lord in the salvation of sinners, and in the gathering of the saved into societies, he was permitted to see little as compared with what has been accomplished since his death. Though dead he still liveth and speaketh in the system which he originated, in the hymns which he sung, and in the glorious doctrines which he preached, "not in word only, but also in power, and in the Holy Ghost, and in much assurance."

In an impartial review of John Wesley and his mother, we are constrained to acknowledge that more, far more than any one else, she not only influenced her honoured son as to his own character, but also stamped the impress of her discipline and doctrinal views upon the Methodist system. In many of John Wesley's opinions we see the reproduction of his mother's teaching, as revealed in her letters to him.

Every Christian wife and mother throughout Methodism should make the life and character of Susanna Wesley a constant study, and the good effect would soon be manifest upon the discipline of our families, the welfare of our children, and the piety of our Churches. The distinguished son and no less distinguished mother are reaping the rich reward of their consecrated lives in a "better country, that is, a heavenly."

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### JESUS IS RISEN.

SING with all the sons of glory,  
Sing the resurrection song!  
Death and sorrow, earth's dark story,  
To the former days belong.

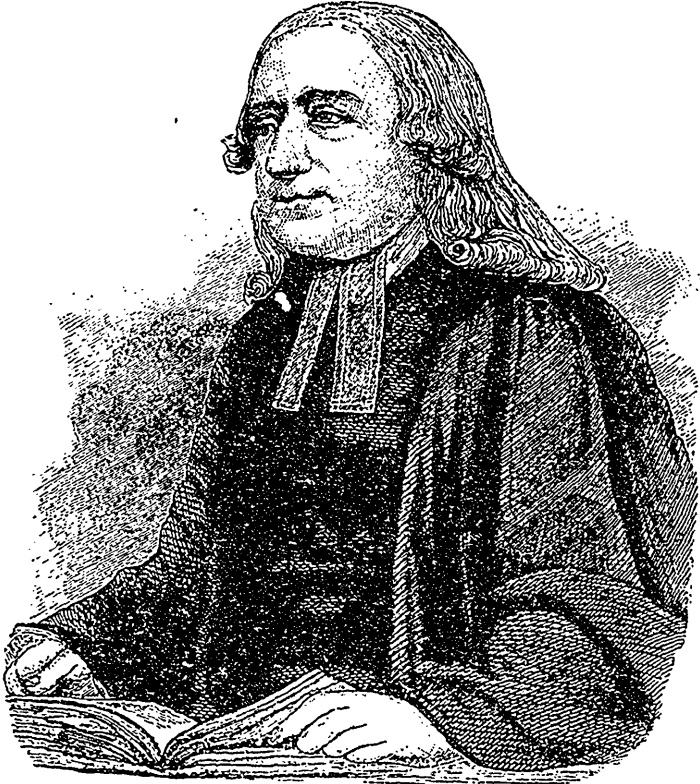
Even now the dawn is breaking;  
Soon the night of time shall cease,  
And in God's own likeness waking,  
Man shall know eternal peace.

Life eternal! Heaven rejoices,  
Jesus lives who once was dead;  
Join, O man, the deathless voices!  
Child of God, lift up thy head!

—*Dr. Irons.*

THE LAST DAYS OF JOHN WESLEY.\*

BY THE LATE REV. LUKE TYERMAN, M.A.



JOHN WESLEY.

No sight on earth is more beautiful than that of sunset in a cloudless sky; and the same may be said of the last days of a man like Wesley. Half a century had elapsed since he had founded the "United Societies of the People called Methodists;" and during that interval many had been the counsels, warnings and exhortations he had addressed to them.

Wesley's near approach to the spirit-world solemnized but did not appal him. With the eye of faith he surveyed its vast scenes and endless visions. He mused concerning its inhabitants, their employment, their capabilities, their happiness, or their punishment.

\* Abridged from the Wesley Memorial Volume.

He seemed, sometimes, to lose himself in the midst of untold wonders.

Nothing need be said about the strength of mind and the vigorous writing of "the old man eloquent," now approaching the age of eighty-eight. All that is here attempted is to show his frame of mind and heart when he was about to die.

Not much is known of Wesley's labours during the last six weeks of his eventful life. He continued to preach, and he wrote a number of interesting letters.

For sixty-five years Wesley had been an earnest, laborious, and marvellously successful preacher of "the glorious Gospel of the blessed God;" and, notwithstanding his extreme age and feebleness, he continued in his beloved employ until within seven days of his decease. In a pamphlet, published soon afterward, entitled "A Short Account of the Late Rev. J. Wesley, A.M., during the Last Two Weeks of his Life," it is stated :

"For some time before Mr. Wesley was taken to his reward his strength was evidently on the decline; and his friends had apprehensions of his approaching dissolution. His conversation also indicated a presentiment of his death. He frequently spoke of the state of separate spirits, and seemed desirous to know their particular employments. His preaching during the last winter was attended with uncommon unction, and he often spoke, both in his sermons and exhortations, as if each time was to be his last, and desired the people to receive what he advanced as his dying charge. It is also worthy of remark, that for three months before his last sickness there were scarcely three evenings passed together that he did not sing at family worship the following verses :

"Shrinking from the cold hand of death,  
I too shall gather up my feet;  
Shall soon resign this fleeting breath,  
And die, my fathers' God to meet.

"Numbered among Thy people, I  
Expect with joy Thy face to see:  
Because Thou didst for sinners die,  
Jesus, in death remember me!

"O that without a lingering groan  
I may the welcome word receive;  
My body with my charge lay down,  
And cease at once to work and live!"

Miss Ritchie, of Otley, was at this time a guest in Wesley's house, in City Road. "The preacher who usually read to Mr. Wesley being absent," she writes, "he said to me, 'Betsy, you must be eyes to the blind.' I therefore rose every morning about half-past five o'clock, and generally read to him from six till break-

fast time. During the three months I passed under his roof, his spirit seemed all love. He breathed the air of paradise. Often adverting to the state of separate spirits, he would observe, 'Can we suppose that this active mind, which animates and moves the dull matter with which it is clogged, will be less active when set free? Surely no; it will be all activity. But what will be its employments? Who can tell?'

On Thursday, February 17th, 1791, he preached at Lambeth, then a thriving suburban village, from the text, "Labour not for the meat which perisheth, but for that meat which endureth unto everlasting life." After preaching, upward of fifty persons met for the renewal of their quarterly tickets. The brave old man spoke to about twenty-five of them, but was obliged to leave the remainder to James Rogers, his companion. On reaching City Road he seemed to be unwell, and said he had taken cold.

Friday, the 18th, he read and wrote, as usual; and at night, accompanied by James Rogers, went to Chelsea, and preached in one of the dancing-rooms of the notorious Ranelagh Gardens, which had been converted into a Methodist meeting-house. His text was, "The king's business required haste," a text which his own long life had illustrated. Three or four times during the service he was obliged to stop, and to tell the congregation that his cold so affected his voice as to prevent his speaking without these necessary pauses. After the sermon, he retired into the vestry till Mr. Rogers had met nearly forty members to renew their tickets. When this was ended, Wesley was so exhausted that he could hardly get into his chaise.

Saturday, the 19th, was principally employed in reading and writing; but he went out to dinner, at Mrs. Griffith's, Islington. During his visit he desired a friend to read to him the fourth and three following chapters of the book of Job, containing the speech of Eliphaz and the answer of Job, and strikingly appropriate to the case of a dying man. He had purposed to conduct the usual weekly meeting of penitents at City Road in the evening, but allowed Robert Carr Brackenbury, a supernumerary preacher, to take his place.

Next morning, Sunday, the 20th, he rose at his accustomed hour, and intended to preach, but was quite unfit for the Sabbath services. At seven o'clock he was obliged to lie down again. After sleeping between three and four hours he roused himself, but in the afternoon had again to go to bed. In the evening he revived, and, at his request, two of his own discourses on our Lord's Sermon on the Mount were read to him. He then came down-stairs, and had supper with Mr. Rogers and his family.

On Monday, the 21st, he appeared to be better, and, notwithstanding the remonstrance of his friends, would fulfil an engagement he had made to dine at Twickenham, a journey, there and back, of twenty-six miles. On his way he called upon Lady Mary Fitzgerald, a noble Methodist, daughter of John, Lord Harvey, and granddaughter of John, Earl of Bristol. "His conversation with her ladyship and his prayer were memorable," says Miss Ritchie, "and well became a last visit."

On Tuesday, the 22nd, he dined at Islington with one of the executors of his will, Mr. John Horton, a merchant, and one of the members of the Common Council of the city of London. At night he preached his last sermon in City Road Chapel, from the words, "We through the Spirit wait for the hope of righteousness by faith." Mr. Rogers says the sermon was "excellent." After the sermon he met the leaders of the Society.

At Leatherhead, a village eighteen miles from London, there resided a gentleman who had lately lost his wife. Up to the present he and Wesley had never seen each other. In his distress the bereaved widower invited Wesley to visit him; and accordingly, notwithstanding his feebleness and the wintry weather, Wesley, on Wednesday, the 23rd, set out on this lengthy journey, which turned out to be his last. James Rogers accompanied him, and wrote, "In less than two hours after our arrival our kind host, who was a magistrate, and well beloved in the neighbourhood, sent his servants to invite the inhabitants to hear Mr. Wesley preach. A considerable number soon assembled, and were ordered up-stairs into a spacious dining-room, covered with a beautiful carpet, and set round with fine mahogany chairs. The plain country people, who had come plodding through the mire, seemed rather out of their element; but they all appeared to hear with deep attention while Mr. Wesley gave them a most solemn warning from the words, 'Seek ye the Lord while He may be found, call ye upon Him while He is near; let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts: and let him return unto the Lord, and He will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for He will abundantly pardon.'"

This was Wesley's last sermon; and, like many of his sermons, was preached under unusual circumstances. There was no Methodist Society at Leatherhead. He had never preached there before. Methodistically speaking, he had no interest in the place. He was tottering on the brink of his own sepulchre, and was far more fit to be in bed than to undertake a journey of nearly forty miles in the depth of winter. But then there was a bereaved gentleman in great distress, who urgently desired to see him.

That was quite enough; and away the old man went, and closed his long and illustrious ministry in the gentleman's up-stairs dining room. Wesley's last sermon was preached in this dining-room to a congregation small and rustic, and comprising of only two who were Methodists, or who had ever seen him until now—James Rogers, the "assistant" at City Road, and Richard Summers, the driver of Wesley's chaise. The three drank tea with the clergyman of the village, in whose house they also slept.

On Thursday, February 24th, Wesley, as usual, rose at four o'clock, and drove as far as Balham, then a small, beautiful village, five miles distant from the city. There he halted at the residence of Mr. George Wolff, the Danish consul in England, and another of the appointed executors of Wesley's will. This was one of the veteran's favourite retreats, where, twelve months before, he had written his terribly faithful sermon on "God said unto him, Thou fool!" During his present visit James Rogers read to him an account of "the sufferings of the Negroes in the West Indies," after which he immediately wrote his well-known letter—the last he ever penned—to Wilberforce on slavery. For about sixty years he had been accustomed to note his daily doings in his journals, and here, at Balham, he made his last entry in these remarkable productions.

On Friday, February 25th, he again rose at four o'clock, and seemed to be in better health. At breakfast there was a sudden change, and Mr. Rogers became extremely anxious to get him home. Accordingly Mrs. Wolff drove him in her coach to City Road. Miss Ritchie was waiting to receive him, and was struck with the alteration that had taken place. He managed to walk up-stairs. Miss Ritchie ran for some refreshment; but, before she could bring it, Wesley had requested Mr. Rogers to leave the room, and "desired not to be interrupted for half an hour by any one," adding, "not even if Joseph Bradford come." Joseph did come a few minutes after; but, of course, this *fidus Achates* did not dare to enter until the half-hour was ended. Mr. Bradford found his chief extremely ill, and immediately requested Miss Ritchie to bring him wine mulled with spices.

Until Sunday morning, February 27th, his time was principally passed in bed. On Sunday morning he seemed much better, and, with a little of Joseph Bradford's help, got up, took a cup of tea, sat in his chair, looked cheerful, and repeated, from one of his brother's hymns—

"Till I lay this body down,  
Thy servant, Lord, attend;  
And O, my life of mercy crown  
With a triumphant end!"

Soon after, with marked emphasis, he said: "Our friend Lazarus sleepeth." He tried to converse with his assembled friends, but was quickly exhausted and obliged to lie down. "Speak to me," he said, after a little quiet. "Speak to me, I cannot speak." His niece, Miss Wesley, and Miss Ritchie prayed with him, and he responded with a fervour which thrilled them.

About half-past two o'clock in the afternoon, he said, "I have been wandering up and down between fifty and sixty years, endeavouring, in my poor way, to do a little good to my fellow-creatures; and now it is probable that there are but a few steps between me and death; and what have I to trust to for salvation? I can see nothing which I have done or suffered that will bear looking at. I have no other plea than this:

" 'I the chief of sinners am,  
But Jesus died for me.' "

After this his fever increased, and he became delirious; but even during his delirium he was either about to preach, or was meeting classes.

In the evening he again got up, and while sitting in his chair, remarked: "What are all the pretty things at B. to a dying man?" And then, again exclaimed:

"I the chief of sinners am,  
But Jesus died for me."

"We must be justified by faith, and then go on to sanctification."

On Monday, February 28th, his weakness increased apace. Most of the day was spent in sleep. He seldom spoke; but once, in a wakeful interval, he was heard saying in a low voice, "There is no way into the holiest but by the blood of Jesus." At another time, he asked Thomas Rankin what the text was from which he (Wesley) had preached at Hampstead, a short time before. Rankin answered, "Ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that though He was rich, yet for your sakes He became poor, that ye through His poverty might be rich." "Yes," said Wesley, "that is the foundation—the only foundation—there is no other. We have boldness to enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus."

It was evident now to all that Wesley was beginning to sleep his last sleep. His friends around him were broken-hearted. His friend, poor Joseph Bradford, despatched numerous notes to the preachers, in the following terms:

"Dear Brother: Mr. Wesley is very ill; pray! pray! pray!

"I am, your affectionate brother,

"JOSEPH BRADFORD."

All was unavailing. Wesley's work was finished. On Tuesday, March 1st, after a restless night, he began singing:

“All glory to God in the sky,  
And peace upon earth be restored!  
O Jesus, exalted on high,  
Appear our omnipotent Lord!  
Who meanly in Bethlehem born,  
Didst stoop to redeem a lost race,  
Once more to Thy people return,  
And reign in Thy kingdom of grace.”

Here, while breathing faith and joy and universal benevolence, his strength failed. “I want to write,” said he. A pen was put into his hand, and paper was placed before him. His hand had forgot its cunning. “I cannot,” said the dying man. “Let me write for you,” remarked Miss Ritchie: “tell me what you would say.” “Nothing,” he replied, “but that God is with us.”

In the forenoon he said: “I will get up.” And while his clothes were being prepared for him, he again commenced singing in a way which surprised his friends:

“I'll praise my Maker while I've breath,  
And when my voice is lost in death,  
Praise shall employ my nobler powers;  
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,  
While life, and thought, and being last,  
Or immortality endures.”

Being dressed and seated in his chair, he appeared to change for death; but, in a low voice, said: “Lord, Thou givest strength to them that can speak, and to them that cannot. Speak, Lord, to all our hearts, and let them know that Thou loosest tongues!” And again he began to sing, what turned out to be his last song outside of heaven:

“To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
Who sweetly all agree,”—

but here his voice failed, and gasping for breath, he said: “Now we have done—let us go.”

Full of happiness, but utterly exhausted, he was put to bed, where, after a short but quiet sleep, he opened his eyes, and addressing the weeping watchers who stood around him, said: “Pray and praise;” and, of course, they at once complied. On rising from their knees he took their hands, drew them near to him, kissed them, and said to each, “Farewell, farewell.” He asked Joseph Bradford, his old travelling companion, about the key and contents of his bureau, remarking, “I want to have all things



ready for my executors. Let me be buried in nothing but what is woollen, and let my corpse be carried in my coffin into the chapel." And then, as if no other earthly matters required his attention, he again called out, "Pray and praise." Down fell his friends upon their knees, and fervent were the dying saint's responses. And now each watcher, including James Rogers' little boy, drew near to the bed of the expiring veteran, and, with affectionate solicitude, awaited the coming of the shining ones to conduct him home. With the utmost placidity he again saluted them, shook hands, and said: "Farewell, farewell!"

There was no conflict, no struggle, no sigh, no groan. He was ready and waiting and willing, if not wishful, to go. The scene was the peaceful setting of a glorious sun, undimmed by the smallest intervening cloud.

He tried to speak, but his friends found it difficult to understand what he meant, except that he wished his sermon on "The Love of God to Fallen Man," founded on the text, "Not as the offence, so also is the free gift," to be "scattered abroad, and given to everybody." The group of watchers thought him dying—there was a solemn pause—silence reigned supreme, until at length the grand old Christian soldier summoned for a final effort all the little strength he had remaining, and exclaimed, in a tone well-nigh supernatural: "*The best of all, God is with us!*" And then, after another pause, and while lifting his arm in joyous triumph, he repeated, with an emphasis which thrilled his friends, "*The best of all is, God is with us!*" an utterance which henceforth became the watchword of his followers.

James Rogers and Thomas Rankin were standing by his bed; but his sight was so nearly gone that he was unable to recognize their features. "Who are these?" he asked. "Sir," said Mr. Rogers, "we are come to rejoice with you; you are going to receive your crown." "It is the Lord's doing," replied Wesley, "and it is marvellous in our eyes."

Being told that the widow of his brother Charles had come to see him, he thanked her, affectionately endeavoured to kiss her, and said, "He giveth His servants rest." She moistened his lips, and he immediately repeated his almost invariable thanksgiving after meals, "We thank Thee, O Lord, for these and all Thy mercies. Bless the Church and the king, and grant us truth and peace, through Jesus Christ our Lord, for ever and ever!" Then, after a brief pause he cried, "He causeth His servants to lie down in peace;" and after another, "The clouds drop fatness;" and after a third, "The Lord of Hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is

our refuge! Pray and praise!" And again his friends fell upon their knees, and complied with his request.

It was now Tuesday night—his last on earth. During its silent and slowly-passing hours he often attempted to repeat Dr. Watts' noble hymn, two verses of which, to the astonishment of his friends, he had sung on Tuesday forenoon; but he always failed in getting further than the first two words, "I'll praise—I'll praise."

On Wednesday morning, March 2nd, his loving watchers knelt round his bed, and Joseph Bradford offered prayer. On rising from their knees, Wesley said, "Farewell!" the last words he was heard to articulate.

James Rogers writes:

"Perceiving that the closing scene drew very near, about half-past nine o'clock, Mr. Bradford, Mr. Whitfield, Mr. Broadbent, Mr. Brackenbury, Mr. Horton, Dr. Whitehead, Miss Wesley, Miss Ritchie, my wife, myself, and my little James, all knelt upon our knees around the bed of this man of God; while his breath, gently decreasing, ceased. What we felt at that moment is inexpressible. The weight of glory which seemed to rest on the countenance of our beloved pastor, father and friend, as he entered the joy of his Lord, filled our hearts with holy dread, mixed with ineffable sweetness. Surely God was in that place! Just as Mr. Wesley breathed his last breath Mr. Bradford was saying, 'Lift up your heads, O ye gates! and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors! and let this heir of glory in!'"

John Wesley died at twenty minutes before ten o'clock, on Wednesday morning, March 2nd, 1791.

What followed? "Children!" said John Wesley's mother, "as soon as I am dead, sing a song of praise!" As soon as Wesley died, his friends, standing about his corpse, sang:

"Waiting to receive thy spirit,  
Lo! the Saviour stands above;  
Shows the purchase of His merit,  
Reaches out the crown of love."

Miss Ritchie then said, "Let us pray for the mantle of our Elijah!" on which, she adds, "Mr. Rogers prayed for the descent of the Holy Ghost on us, and all who mourn the general loss the Church militant sustains by the removal of our much-loved father to his great reward. Even so, Amen!"

The day fixed for Wesley's funeral was March 9th. In his will there was the clause following: "I give six pounds to be divided among the six poor men, named by the assistant, who shall carry my body to the grave; for I particularly desire there may be no hearse, no coach, no escutcheon, no pomp, except the tears of them that love me and are following me to Abraham's bosom. I

solemnly adjure my executors, in the name of God, to observe this." The intention of the executors was to take the coffin into City Road Chapel, and place it before the pulpit, and while there, that Dr. Whitehead should preach the funeral sermon, at the conclusion of which should be the burial.

The crowds who came to look at Wesley's corpse, both in the house and in the chapel, were enormous. Business in City Road was to a great extent suspended; and carriages could hardly find room to pass each other. The multitude included many besides Methodists. The Rev. John Mitford says that in the last drive he ever took with Samuel Rogers, when returning by City Road, the poet pulled the check-string opposite to Bunhill Fields burial-ground, and said, "You see that chapel opposite; get out and look carefully at the house which stands to the left of it, and then come back again." Mitford having done what Rogers directed, the latter said: "When I was a young man in the banking-house, and my father lived at Stoke-Newington, I used every day, in going to the city, to pass this place. One day, in returning, I saw a number of respectable persons of both sexes assembled there, all well dressed in mourning. The door of that house was open, and they entered it in pairs. I thought that without impropriety I might join them. We all walked up-stairs, and came to a drawing-room, in the midst of which was a table. On this table lay the body of a person dressed in the robes of a clergyman, with bands, and his gray hair shading his face on either side. He was of small stature, and his countenance looked like wax. We all moved round the table, some of the party much affected, with our eyes fixed upon the venerable figure that lay before us; and as we moved on others followed. After we had gone the round of the table we descended as we came. The person that lay before us was the celebrated John Wesley."

Such was the excitement caused by Wesley's death, and such were the crowds that came to see his corpse and were likely to attend his funeral that, in the evening before the day appointed for the funeral sermon and the burial, the executors changed the hour that had been named for them, and arranged that the interment should take place between the hours of five and six next morning. The time was unusual, for it would still be dark, and the weather, of course, was wintry. The notice given to Wesley's friends was short, and, had they not been so accustomed to attend five-o'clock services, the hour would have been exceedingly inconvenient. To a great extent the stratagem of the executors succeeded; but still hundreds were present to see the

coffin put into its tomb. In conformity with a custom which then, and long afterward, existed, a funeral biscuit was given to each of the assembled mourners, wrapped in an envelope, on which was a most beautifully engraved portrait of the departed, dressed in canonicals, with books for a background, a cross and a crown above the portrait, and about it a border, with the words: "O man, thy kingdom is departing from thee. For soon man's hour is up, and we are gone."

"Servant of God, well done,  
Rest from thy loved employ ;  
The battle's fought, the victory won,  
Enter thy Master's joy."

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### GLOOM AND GLADNESS.

BY REV. T. CLEWORTH.

HERE we sit repining, weary, sad and lone,  
No light on us shining, on our hearts a stone,  
All our hope is banished, all our joy is fled,  
Israel's sun has vanished ; Christ our Lord is dead.

Past the Sabbath resting—let us seek His tomb,  
Changeless love attesting, bringing sweet perfume,  
We shall find Him sleeping who could calm the wave,  
Death is grimly keeping Jesus in the grave.

He who broke the slumber of the dead before,  
Bound in rocky chamber, shall He wake no more ?  
Oh ! when He was dying, rending rocks could groan,  
Now our hearts are crying, " Who shall move the stone ? "

Soul-entrancing wonder ! Lo ! the stone is gone !  
Christ the tomb can sunder. Christ and Life are one.  
Here we stand rejoicing by the vanquished stone,  
Hymns of triumph voicing, Christ is on the throne !

Holy powers are bending, veiled from human sight,  
All our steps attending, leading to the light !  
Oh ! the gracious dawning of a glorious day,  
Blessed Easter morning comes to gild our way !

THOMASBURG, Ont.

## WESLEY AS SEEN BY HIS CONTEMPORARIES.

DR. JOHN WHITEHEAD was one of Wesley's confidential friends, his chosen medical adviser, and one of the three trustees to whom he bequeathed his books and manuscripts. He writes thus of his life and character :

Mr. Wesley was richly furnished with literature in its various branches. He was a critic in the Latin and Greek classics ; and was well acquainted with the Hebrew, as well as with most of the European languages now in use. Sacred learning occupied much of his time and attention. He was well read in the Hebrew Scriptures ; and was so conversant with the original language of the New Testament that when he was at a loss to repeat a passage in the words of our common translation he was never at a loss to repeat it in the original Greek.

His industry was almost incredible. From four o'clock in the morning till eight at night his time was employed in reading, writing, preaching, meeting the people, visiting the sick, or travelling. Before the infirmities of age came upon him, he usually travelled on horseback, and would ride thirty, forty or fifty miles in a day, and preach two, three or four times. He had a constant correspondence with persons all over the three kingdoms, and with the preachers in every part, and answered his letters with great punctuality. He read most publications that were deemed valuable, if they related to religion or natural philosophy, and often made extracts from them.

Mr. Hampson became one of Wesley's itinerant preachers as early as the year 1752. He writes as follows :

Mr. Wesley's figure was remarkable. His stature was of the lowest ; his habit of body, in every period of his life, the reverse of corpulent, and expressive of strict temperance and continual exercise. His step was firm, and his appearance, till within a few years of his death, vigorous and muscular. His face, for an old man, was one of the finest we have seen. A clear, smooth forehead, an aquiline nose, an eye the brightest and the most piercing that can be conceived, and a freshness of complexion scarcely ever to be found at his years, conspired to render him a venerable and interesting figure. Few have seen him without being struck with his appearance ; and many who had been greatly prejudiced against him have been known to change their opinion the moment they were introduced into his presence. In his countenance and demeanour there was cheerfulness mingled with gravity, and sprightliness accompanied with every mark of the most serene tranquillity.

In dress he was a pattern of neatness and simplicity. A narrow plaited stock, a coat with a small upright collar, no buckles at his knees, no silk or velvet in any part of his apparel, and a head as white as snow, gave an idea of something primitive and apostolical.

His attitude in the pulpit was graceful and easy ; his action calm and natural, yet pleasing and expressive ; his voice not loud, but clear and

manly ; his style neat, simple, and perspicuous, and admirably adapted to the capacity of his hearers. He often appeared in the pulpit when totally exhausted with labour and want of rest ; for wherever he was he made it a point to preach if he could stand upon his legs.

In social life he was lively and conversable, and of exquisite companionable talents. He had been much accustomed to society ; was well acquainted with the rules of good breeding ; and, in general, perfectly attentive and polite. He spoke a good deal in company ; and as he had seen much of the world, and, in the course of his travels, had acquired an infinite fund of anecdote, he was not sparing in his communications ; and the manner in which he related them was no inconsiderable addition to the entertainment they afforded. Neither the infirmities of age nor the approach of death had any apparent influence on his manner. His cheerfulness continued to the last, and was as conspicuous at fourscore as at twenty-one.

A remarkable feature in his character was his placability. His temper was naturally warm and impetuous. Religion had, in a great degree, corrected this ; though it was by no means eradicated. Persecution from without he bore, not only without anger, but without the least apparent emotion.

Perhaps he was the most charitable man in England. His liberality to the poor knew no bounds. He gave away not merely a certain part of his income, but all he had. His own necessities provided for, he devoted all the rest to the necessities of others. We are persuaded that in about fifty years he gave away twenty or thirty thousand pounds, which almost any other than himself would have taken care to put out at interest upon good securities.

His travels were incessant, and almost without precedent. His prodigious labours, without great punctuality in the management of his time, would have been impossible. He had stated hours for every purpose. He retired to rest between nine and ten, and rose soon after four ; and, no company, no conversation, however pleasing ; in short, nothing but stern necessity, could induce him to relax. His rules were like the laws of the Medes and Persians, absolute and irrevocable. He wrote, he travelled, he visited the sick, he did everything in certain hours which he had prescribed for himself, and those hours were inviolable.

In his younger days he travelled on horseback. He was a hard but unskilful rider ; and his seat was as ungraceful as it appeared uneasy. With a book in his hand he frequently rode from fifty to sixty or seventy miles a day ; and from a strange notion he had taken up of riding with the bridle on his horse's neck, many were the tumbles they had together. Of his travels, the lowest calculation we can make is four thousand miles annually, which, in fifty-two years, will give two hundred and eight thousand miles.

More than once he declared to the public that his own hands should be his executors ; and that if he died worth above £10, independent of his books, he would give the world leave to call him "a thief and a robber." In this, as all who knew him expected, he kept his word. His carriage and horses, his clothes, and a few trifles of that kind, are all, his books excepted, that he has left. And even the value of his books is of no consequence, since they are entirely left to the Conference ; his relations

deriving no advantage from them except a rent charge of £85, to be paid to his brother's widow during her life, as a consideration for the copyright of his brother's hymns.

Few men had a greater share of vivacity when in company with those he loved, especially on his journeys. If the weather or the roads happened to be disagreeable, or if any little accident befel any of his fellow-travellers, he would strive with inimitable turns of wit to keep up their spirits; so that it was almost impossible to be dull or dissatisfied in his company. The first time I was introduced to him I was greatly struck with his cheerfulness and affability. I never saw him low-spirited in my life, nor could he endure to be with a melancholy person. When speaking of those who imagine that religion makes men morose or gloomy, I have heard him say in the pulpit, "Sour godliness is the devil's religion." I once heard him remark, "I dare no more *fret than curse and swear*." He was a truly well-bred man. Had he lived in a court all his days his address could not have been more easy and polite, and yet he could be quite content among the most homely peasants, and suit his discourse to the meanest capacity. His courtesy to every one was engaging, but especially to the young. He was very fond of children, though he never had any of his own. Hundreds of these will remember with pleasure, perhaps with profit, the notice he took of them.

His powers of persuasion were great, especially when engaged in behalf of the poor. Hence frequent applications were made to him to preach charity sermons in many of the churches in London. The poor lay near his heart. I myself have gone with him from house to house, both to our own people and others, to beg money to buy bread, coals and clothing for the poor in London; and that not when the weather was warm and dry, but in the depth of winter, when the melted snow has been over our shoes.

Thus, literally, having nothing, he possessed all things, and, though poor, he made many rich. His manner of bestowing his charities was truly pleasing. He never relieved poor people in the street but he either took off or moved his hat to them when they thanked him; and, in private, he took care not to hurt the most refined feelings of those whom he assisted.

His modesty prevented his saying much of his own experience. In public he very seldom, hardly ever, spoke of the state of his own soul; but he was sufficiently explicit among his friends. He told me in 1781 that his experience might almost at any time be found in the following lines:

"O Thou, who camest from above,  
The pure celestial fire to impart,  
Kindle a flame of sacred love  
On the mean altar of my heart.

"There let it for Thy glory burn,  
With inextinguishable blaze;  
And trembling to its source return,  
In humble love and fervent praise."

I could indulge a melancholy pleasure in expatiating on his humility, his love, his communion with God, and all the graces of the Spirit which he so largely possessed, but want of space forbids. Very few of his sons in the

Gospel have had greater opportunities of being thoroughly acquainted with him during the last seventeen years than I have had. I have slept with him hundreds of nights. I have travelled with him thousands of miles. I lived in what he called his own family, in London and Bristol, five years together. I have conversed with him on many subjects. I knew his opinions, his disposition, and the very secrets of his heart. Had he not discovered that he was a man, by a few instances of human frailty, those who knew him would have been in danger of idolatry.

In the *Gentleman's Magazine* for March, 1791, Mr. John Nichols, himself not a Methodist, inserted a long biographical account of Wesley. The following is extracted from it:

No sect, since the first ages of Christianity, could boast a founder of such extensive talents and endowments. The great purpose of his life was doing good. For this he relinquished all honour and preferment; to this he dedicated all the powers of body and mind; at all times and in all places—in season and out of season—by gentleness, by terror, by argument, by persuasion, by reason, by interest, by every motive and every inducement—he strove with unwearied assiduity to turn men from the error of their ways, and awaken them to virtue and religion. To the bed of sickness or the couch of prosperity—to the prison or the hospital—the house of mourning or the house of feasting—wherever there was a friend to serve or a soul to save—he readily repaired to administer assistance or advice, reproof or consolation. He thought no office too humiliating, no condescension too low, no undertaking too arduous, to reclaim the meanest of God's offspring.

One hundred and fifty years ago John Wesley and George Whitefield were the most abused men in England. Now Wesley is hardly ever mentioned but with affectionate respect. In the literature of the age; in its lectures and debates; in chapels and in churches; in synods, congresses, and all sorts of conferences; even in Parliament itself, by the highest lords and the most illustrious commoners, the once persecuted Methodist is now extolled; and the judgment of Southey, in a letter to Wilberforce, is confirmed: "I consider Wesley as the most influential mind of the last century; the man who will have produced the greatest effects centuries, or perhaps millenniums hence, if the present race of men should continue so long."

Wesley was not without faults. No man ever has been, except "*the Man Christ Jesus*;" but it may be safely asserted that Wesley's faults were, when compared with those of other distinguished men, few and trivial. There was a wholeness about his character such as is seldom equalled. His *physique* small but beautiful; his genius; his wit; his penetration; his judgment; his memory; his courteousness; his dress; his manners; his voice; his eloquence; his diligence; his beneficence; his religion—made him as perfect as we ever expect man to be on this side



of heaven. He was employed by God in beginning one of the greatest works ever wrought on earth. He was ahead of his age, and commenced most of the great movements that are now so popular.

His industry is almost without a parallel. In many things he was gentle and easy to be entreated; but his earnestness in redeeming time was inexorable. "I have lost ten minutes forever!" he once exclaimed, when kept waiting for his carriage. "You have no need to be in a hurry," said a friend. "Hurry!" he replied, "I have no time to be in a hurry!" His journeys, all things being considered, were quite enough to exhaust the strength of any ordinary man; so, again, were the sermons he preached; and so, again, were the books he wrote. Labours amply sufficient to fill three men's lives were in him united in one. Looking at his travels, the marvel is how he found time to write; and looking at his writings, the marvel is how he found time to preach. His hands were always full, but he was never flurried. He was ever moving; but showed no more bustle than a planet in its course. His work was too great to allow trifles to divert him; his engagements were too many to permit him to employ more time upon any than was absolutely requisite. Hence, in his sermons, his books, his letters, the reader always finds *multum in parvo*.

This man, under God, moved the United Kingdom by his activity and religious power; his stalwart itinerants laid the foundations of the great Methodist Churches in the United States, and also in the West Indian Islands; at the present day there are tens of millions of human beings adhering to his principles, and reading something that he wrote—a hymn, a tract or a sermon—all over America, in Canada, in the West Indies, throughout Europe, in Africa, in India, in China, in Japan, in Asia Minor, in Australia, and in the numerous islands of the Pacific Ocean, almost every day they live. But, in the case of Wesley, panegyric is out of place. He needs it not. He is one of the very few of the distinguished dead whose memory can afford to do without it. We conclude by applying to Methodism's "wise master-builder" the appropriate inscription on the tomb of the great architect of St. Paul's Cathedral, in which Wesley worshipped on the very day he first found peace with God, May 24, 1738:

*"Lector! si monumentum requiris, circumspice!"*

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—ALL Christians must work. What would happen in battle if only the officers fought?

## EPWORTH.

BY THE REV. DWIGHT WILLIAMS, D.D.

MOTHERLAND across the sea,  
 Home of bards and sages,  
 Crowned amid the ages,  
 Shrines unnumbered are in thee  
 Where the pilgrim reverently  
 Stands like one upon a shore,  
 Looking far the billows o'er,  
 Waiting till the echoes float  
 From the wastes that lie remote ;  
 So we lean, with ear attent,  
 For some wingéd message sent.

In the distance here we stand ;—  
 'Tis a deep devotion,  
 Mother isle of ocean,  
 Speaks a blessing on thy land,  
 For thy heroes, strong of hand,  
 Brave of heart, the ages through ;  
 'Tis a shining retinue  
 Thou hast given for the lead  
 Of a world in restless speed ;  
 Seas are wide, but chains of gold  
 Bind us each, the New and Old.

Where the Trent with easy flow  
 Seeks the Humber, gliding,  
 Winding oft, and hiding,  
 Through the "levels" rich and low,  
 There a manor long ago  
 Rose beyond, on heights of green,  
 Looking down the river sheen ;  
 That is Epworth, parish old,  
 Of a date that is not told ;—  
 Hence the echo o'er the sea,  
 Worthy theme of minstrelsy.

Parsonage of Epworth ! where  
 Came there brighter angel,  
 With a glad evangel ?  
 Never on the burdened air  
 Was a sweeter breath of prayer,  
 Than the words by priest intoned,  
 When the mother, love-enthroned,  
 Gave the new-born one caress,

With God's seal of blessedness ;—  
 Write that mother's queenly soul,  
 England, on thy royal scroll !

Thatched the cottage where he  
 dwolt,  
 Shepherd and protector,  
 Epworth's saintly rector ;  
 Dim the chancel where he knelt,  
 'Neath the mossy tower that felt  
 Shock of storm, and sunlight kiss,  
 Pointing from the world that is  
 To the higher towers of gold,  
 In the glory manifold ;  
 Bless St. Andrew's with its chime,  
 Relic of the olden time !

From the parish of the priest,  
 Humble in its story,  
 Spread a wave of glory ;  
 Like the day-star in the East  
 To the daylight broad increased ;  
 Till a morning song is heard  
 Like the carol of a bird ;  
 Song of prisoned souls unbound  
 Rising all the wide world round ;  
 Palaces have heard the strain,  
 And the lowly keep refrain.

Epworth hath its legends old ;  
 Tales of ancient Briton,—  
 Chivalry unwritten,—  
 Deed of Dane and Saxon, told ;  
 But no dauntless chief or bold  
 Gives the manor such renown,  
 Gives its beauty such a crown,  
 As the knight with shield and lance,  
 Leading on the world's advance  
 From the river isle Axholme,  
 Over land and ocean foam.

Epworth born, and Oxford bred,  
 Student, fellow, master,  
 Thence a world-wide pastor ;

Where the rubric had not led,  
 There his parish field was spread ;  
 Mid the Newgate felons bold,  
 On the Moorfields, temple old,  
 Where the Kingswood colliers met,  
 While he spread the gospel net ;  
 Wider than a bishop's see,  
 His a priesthood by degree.

Westward rolled the glory-wave  
 With the wave of freedom ;  
 As from ancient Edom  
 Came the mighty One to save,  
 So the stalwart and the brave  
 Entered through the forest doors,  
 Trod the great cathedral floors,  
 With their arches old and dim,  
 Where, as from the cherubim,  
 Fell the beauty and the gold  
 With a rapture never told.

Now the marble tells his fame  
 Where the kings are sleeping,  
 Guards the meanwhile keeping  
 Watch o'er his illustrious name ;  
 While his words, an angel flame,  
 On the breath of morning fly  
 With a trail of victory,  
 From the rock of Plymouth old  
 To the western gate of gold ;  
 Vale to vale, and State to State,  
 Rolls the song "free grace," elate.

On to old and distant climes,  
 O'er the wild Pacific,  
 Speeds the light omnific ;  
 Hark, the hurried crash betimes  
 Of the old embattled crimes,  
 In the Tycoon's crowded isles,  
 'Mid the Rajah's palace piles ;  
 From zenana and bazaar

Hear the "Amen" rising far ;  
 See the guns dismantled stand,  
 Spiked by Christ's own priestly  
 hand.

Through the Flowery Kingdom  
 wide,

Up its river passes  
 Thronged with teeming masses,  
 O'er the mountains which divide  
 Dynasties of wealth and pride ;  
 Lands of Caliph, Czar, and Khan ;  
 In the shade of Vatican ;  
 'Tis the same old conquering charm,  
 'Tis the heart made strangely warm ;  
 Swifter than the Moslem's sword  
 Flies the everlasting word.

Onward is the sacred march  
 Through revolted regions,  
 Filled with hostile legions ;  
 Wild sirocco storms but parch  
 All the way to victory's arch ;  
 "God is with us," best of all ;  
 He will smite the bastion wall ;  
 We shall write upon the bells  
 Of the horses, as He tells,  
 "Holiness" for His renown,  
 His the glory and the crown.

'Tis a birth-song we have sung ;  
 Whispered as we listened,  
 When a babe was christened ;  
 When the parish bells were rung,  
 And two souls together clung,  
 Child and mother. Onward time !  
 'Tis a battlefield sublime ;  
 Turn the kingdoms ; islands wait ;  
 Chimes the jubilee elate !—  
 Parish of the world ! behold !  
 Christ is crowned with stars of gold.

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LIKE the star  
 That shines afar,  
 Without haste  
 And without rest,  
 Let each man wheel with steady sway  
 Round the task that rules the day,  
 And do his best.

—Goethe.

## WESLEY AND METHODISM.

BY THE REV. J. O. A. CLARK, D.D., LL.D.\*

METHODISM, as a system, was not the work of a day; nor did it spring from the brain of Mr. Wesley a perfect system, as the fabled Athene, full-panoplied, from the brain of Jove. It has grown by the teachings of years into the grand system it now is. But to Mr. Wesley pre-eminently belongs the honour of being its heaven-appointed author and genius. Its illustrious founder, however, was not without obligation to others. It is questionable whether he would have met anything like the unprecedented success that crowned his labours if he had not been seconded, from the first, by those who were specially qualified to push forward the great work to which they were mutually called of God.

It is doubtful if an equal array of learning, talent, and genius ever stood sponsors to any other Church since the days of the apostles—certainly never did such a variety of special and appropriate gifts as nurtured Methodism from its very birth. Its infancy was cradled in the rectory at Epworth and rocked by the hands of Susanna Wesley; and its early youth was nurtured in the classic halls at Oxford. John Wesley, Charles Wesley, George Whitefield, William Morgan, James Hervey, and other scholars at Oxford were its earliest professors. It afterward numbered among its followers John Fletcher, Adam Clarke, Joseph Benson, Richard Watson, and Thomas Coke. And who are these? John Wesley, Fellow of Lincoln College, Presbyterian of the Church of England—the eminent scholar, profound logician; Charles Wesley—the sweetest singer in Israel since David, Israel's great lyric poet, swept the chords of his tuneful harp—to write its songs; George Whitefield—the greatest pulpit orator, living or dead—to preach it to the multitude; John Fletcher of Madeley prince of polemics—with wit well tempered and keen as blade of Saladin, and with logic ponderous and crushing as mace wielded by arm of Cœur de Lion, but with heart as tender and loving as a woman's—to defend its doctrines; Adam Clarke, the great encyclopædic and oriental scholar of his day, and the learned Joseph Benson—to write its Commentaries; Richard Watson, who "soared," said the great Robert Hall, "into regions of thought where no genius but his own can penetrate"—to write its Institutes of Theology; and Thomas Coke, of Jesus College,

\* Abridged from a paper in his "Wesleyan Memorial Volume."

Oxford, doctor of civil law, and the father of modern missions—to carry Methodism “into the regions beyond.” Such were the authors and illustrators of Wesleyan Methodism. Well may it challenge the Churches to present a greater array of various and peculiar gifts!

When these things are considered, it is no wonder that Methodism has made comparatively greater progress than any other evangelical Church. Its effects are seen and felt not only in the millions who have lived and died, and the millions now living in its communion, but in all the evangelical Churches from Wesley’s time to the present. Martin Luther delivered the human mind from the bondage and superstition of Rome; John Wesley rescued English Protestantism from the dead formalism and sinful lethargy of national churchmanship. Luther revived the Pauline doctrine of justification; Wesley, the Pauline doctrine of sanctification. Luther showed how we are justified by faith alone; Wesley, how by faith in the blood of the Lamb we are cleansed from all sin.

The Methodism of Wesley is everywhere felt outside of itself. Its true mission is acknowledged; its claims undisputed. Chalmers called it “Christianity in earnest.” Judged by its spiritual power, by its marvellous effects in the awakening and conversion of souls, its scriptural and apostolic authority has received the highest and weightiest sanctions. Nor is its mission ended. Its conquests have been greater in the past twenty-five years than in any other quarter of a century of its history. Its field is still “the world,” not only the world of sinners, but its sister Churches, to lead them to a higher life and greater devotedness to Christ. And this will be its mission so long as Methodism is true to the work and genius of its founder, till some greater than Wesley arise, commissioned of God to conduct the Church to higher and nobler things.

The spirit of Mr. Wesley projected itself not only into the millions called by his name, but into all Christians of whatever name. The great enterprises of the evangelical Churches which have distinguished the last century and a half received their origin and impetus from his labours and zeal. Mr. Wesley was a writer and distributor of tracts long before the Society in Paternoster Row had an existence. John Wesley and Thomas Coke, seventeen years before the Religious Tract Society of London was formed, organized the first Tract Society the world ever had. Methodism gave birth to the Naval and Military Bible Society, the first Bible Society that was ever formed, years before the organization of the British and Foreign Bible Society. The great

missionary awakening belongs to the Wesleyan period. The London Missionary Society and the Church Missionary Society are traced directly to Mr. Wesley and his preachers. At the old Foundry in Moorfields Mr. Wesley projected and started the first Medical Dispensary the world had ever known. John Wesley and Adam Clarke founded the first Strangers' Friend Society, in 1789. Before Bell and Lancaster, Wesley provided day schools for the education of the children of the poor. And children were gathered by Mr. Wesley into a Sabbath-school in Savannah nearly fifty years before Robert Raikes had a Sabbath-school in Gloucester. The leaders of the great revivals of the present day have all drunk into his spirit. John Wesley preaches in the lay-sermons of Moody; Charles Wesley sings in the songs of Sankey.

The power of Methodism as a pioneer spiritual force was long ago acknowledged. To awaken and convert sinners hardened in sin; to reach the poor and outcast; to occupy the outposts, or to be thrown out as skirmishers in time of a general engagement with the powers of darkness—these, and things like these, were said to be its mission. But how different the judgment of the world at the close of the centennial of Methodism! Methodism, especially in America, has been the pioneer Church. Its axemen have plunged into the wilderness, and with sturdy strokes felled the trees of its forests. Its ploughshares have turned up the virgin soil; its husbandmen have not only committed the precious seed to the furrow, watered the tender plant, kept it free from weeds, and watched its growth with sleepless care, but they have thrust in the sharp sickle, reaped down the fields bending to the harvest, gathered the loaded sheaves into barns, and from their great granaries supplied famishing millions with the bread of life. Methodism, in its great revivals, has been to the nations like the River Nile. It has often overflowed its banks and spread itself far and wide. Its fertilizing waters have enriched and softened the hard soil beneath, and prepared it to receive into its yielding bosom the harvest-bearing seed; and, like the same Egyptian river, these overflows, in their results, have been perennial.

Methodism, too, has not only carried the war into the enemy's country, but taken his strongholds, and fortified and held the places it has won. That man, indeed, but little understands the true genius of Methodism who does not see that the wonderful elasticity by which it adapts itself to times, and places, and circumstances, is one of the chief characteristics which its common-sense founder gave to it from its beginning. Whitefield preaches

in the open air and shocks Wesley by his irregularity; Wesley, when driven from the pulpits of the Establishment, follows the example of his Oxford disciple, and is soon heard addressing multitudes in Moorfields and on Kennington Common. At the old Foundry Thomas Maxfield, without orders and without imposition of hands, warns sinners to repentance, expounds the Word of God to the faithful, and arouses Wesley's indignation; Wesley, acting on his mother's advice, hears Maxfield for himself. Persuaded that the same divine power attends Maxfield's preaching which had attended his own, Wesley from that moment makes lay-preaching a part of the Methodist polity. Methodism extending its borders, soon numbers, "in the regions beyond," thousands without the sacraments. Wesley, seeing that lay-ordination is a providential need, ordains lay-preachers for America and Scotland. The American colonies separate from the English hierarchy and become politically and ecclesiastically independent; the ordination of Thomas Coke to be General Superintendent, or Bishop, over the Methodist Societies in the New World immediately follows. And when these Societies, in General Conference assembled, erect themselves into a distinct and separate Church, John Wesley sanctions the deed, believing that the Methodist Episcopal Church in America is as much a New Testament Church as the apostolic Churches at Philippi and Thessalonica.

All that has been here said about Mr. Wesley and Methodism—much more—is now confessed. Lord Macaulay long ago sentenced to oblivion those "books called Histories of England, under the reign of George II., in which the rise of Methodism is not even mentioned." To Mr. Wesley a pre-eminent place in history—especially in ecclesiastical and English history—is now well-nigh universally assigned. The literature of the eighteenth century was leavened by the optimism of Pope and Shaftesbury, and the skepticism of Hume and Gibbon. "Its theology," says Mr. Leslie Stephen, "was for the most part almost as deistical as the deists." The picture of English life drawn by Mr. Wesley in his "Appeal to Men of Reason and Religion"—the irreligion, false-swearing, Sabbath-breaking, corruption, drunkenness, gambling, cheating, disregard of truth among men of every order, and the profligacy of the army and immorality of the clergy—was no overdrawn picture. Leslie Stephen confesses that these things, "described in the language of keen indignation" by the pen of Wesley, "lead to a triumphant estimate of the reformation that has been worked by the Methodists." "The exertions of Wesley, and their success," he adds, "are of themselves a sufficient proof that a work was to be done of which neither the rationalist nor the orthodox were capable."

The religion of England from the Revolution till the Methodist movement pervaded the Establishment with its spirit, says Mr. Lecky, in his "England in the Eighteenth Century," "was cold, selfish, and unspiritual." "The standard of the clergy"—especially outside of the great cities—"was low and their zeal languid."

It was owing, in a great measure, to Wesley's powerfully conservative influence upon the thought of the eighteenth century that England was indebted for her escape from the infidelity, disorders, and horrors of the French Revolution.

While the revolutionary spirit, which was of foreign birth, was thus menacing the established order, and seeking to introduce political and religious chaos, England was threatened from within by dangers scarcely less portentous. The great mechanical inventions "which changed with unexampled rapidity the whole course of English industry, and in a little more than a generation created manufacturing centres unequalled in the world," gave rise to an angry contest between capital and labour, between rich and poor, that "brought with it some political and moral dangers of the gravest kind."

"Wesleyanism," Mr. Leslie Stephen says, "is, in many respects, by far the most important phenomenon of the eighteenth century," and that "its reaction upon other bodies was as important as its direct influence." Mr. Buckle, the skeptical author of the "History of Civilization in England," confidently affirms that the effects of Methodism in England were hardly inferior to the effects exerted by Protestantism, in the sixteenth century, upon the Church of Rome. And when he compares the success of Wesley, whom he calls "the first of theological statesmen," with the difficulties which Wesley surmounted, Mr. Buckle is of the opinion that Macaulay's celebrated estimate of the founder of Methodism is hardly an exaggeration, when that great essayist and historian pronounced Wesley's "genius for government not inferior to that of Richelieu."

Buckle condemns Methodism for its "mental penury," because it has produced no other equal to John Wesley. This, if true, is no reflection on Methodism: it is directly the greatest compliment to Mr. Wesley, and indirectly equally so to Methodism. As well condemn the "mental penury" of Christianity, because it has produced no greater apostle than St. Paul; or the "mental penury" of the Reformation, because it has produced no greater reformer than Martin Luther. The truth is, neither Methodism nor the whole Christian Church has had more than one John Wesley since the days of the apostles. As Mount Everest lifts its tall head not only above every other peak of the Himalayas, but above the



tallest peak of every other mountain range in the wide world, so does John Wesley, as a revivalist and reformer, tower not only above the other great men of Methodism, but above the greatest in all the other Churches of Christendom. "Taking him altogether," writes his latest biographer, Mr. Tyerman, "Wesley is *sui generis*. He stands alone: he has had no successor; no one like him went before; no contemporary was a coequal." "A greater poet," says Dr. Dobbin, a writer of the Church of England, "may arise than Homer or Milton; a greater theologian than Calvin; a greater philosopher than Bacon; a greater dramatist than any of ancient or modern fame; but a greater revivalist of the Churches than John Wesley—never!"

The time, indeed, is not distant when every historian who regards the truth of history, or respects the judgment of his contemporaries and posterity, will give to Mr. Wesley his true place in both ecclesiastical and English history. High-churchmen, against whose theories of the sacraments he protested; rationalists and infidels, whose skepticism he refuted; poets, historians, and essayists, whose irreligion he condemned; and statesmen and philosophers, whose loose morality he assailed, have been slow to acknowledge his powerful influence upon almost every phase of English thought. But the time will come—if it has not already come—when all will say with Mr. Lecky: "If men may be measured by the work they will have accomplished, John Wesley can hardly fail to be regarded as the greatest figure who has appeared in the religious history of the world since the days of the Reformation."

The writings of John Wesley, it is true, have not the splendid diction of the grandiose author of "The Decline and Fall," or the classic eloquence of Hume. But they have been read by millions now testing, beyond the grave, the realities of the things in which Wesley believed, and by millions more now living whose religion and lives have been moulded by the great truths which he preached, and about which he wrote. Judged by this standard, did he not accomplish far more than any other religious writer of his day? Are not his writings even now influencing more minds than the writings of any other uninspired religious teacher since Martin Luther wrote his Commentary on the Epistle to the Romans? Wesley, as no one will question, was a master of English thought and of the English tongue. Few in his day were more skilled in Hebrew, in Greek, and in Latin. To him, at an early day, the principal languages of the continent of Europe were familiar studies. Excellent grammars in English, of several of these tongues—the old and the new—were made by Mr. Wesley at a

time when, in England, grammars in English of the ancient tongues were things unknown, and philology was an undeveloped science. His translations from three of the languages of modern Europe are among the best hymns of the Wesleyan Hymn Book. He was not only a master of tongues, but a master of logic and rhetoric. His education was classic; his culture all that the oldest English university, severe study, a retentive memory, and great intellectual powers could bestow. Lord Macaulay says: "He was a man whose eloquence and logical acuteness might have rendered him eminent in literature." But all mere literary fame John Wesley sacrificed, and he sacrificed it for a purpose. He who would not wear "a fine coat," that he might satisfy the hungry with bread, laid aside "a fine style" that he might make the Gospel of our salvation plain to the miners of Cornwall, the colliers of Kingswood, and the felons of Newgate. His words may not have been, in the judgment of his critics, "with excellency of speech," but they were "in' demonstration of the Spirit, and of power." Like St. Paul—whom Wesley more nearly resembled than any other man has resembled that great apostle—Wesley was called a babbler by the Epicurean statesmen and philosophers of his times. The Gospel preached by Mr. Wesley was foolishness to Horace Walpole, but to millions it has been "Christ, the power of God and the wisdom of God."

Mr. Leslie Stephen, the skeptical author of the "History of English Thought in the Eighteenth Century," who says that Wesley "added nothing to the stores of English rhetorical prose," also says:

"It would be difficult to find any letters more direct, forcible, and pithy in expression. He goes straight to the mark without one superfluous flourish. He writes as a man confined within the narrowest limits of time and space, whose thoughts are so well in hand that he can say everything needful within those limits. The compression gives emphasis, and never causes confusion. The letters, in other words, are the work of one who for more than half a century was accustomed to turn to account every minute of his eighteen working hours. Wesley's eloquence is in the direct style, which clothes his thoughts with the plainest language. He speaks of what he has seen; he is never beating the air, or slaying the dead, or mechanically repeating thrice-told stories, like most of his contemporaries." "We can fancy," he adds, "the venerable old man, his mind enriched by the experience of half a century's active warfare against vice, stained by no selfishness, and liable to no worse accusation than that of a too great love of power, and believe that his plain, nervous language must have carried conviction and challenged the highest respect."

Wesley's plain, terse and direct English had almost as much influence upon what Mr. Buckle calls "the cumbrous language

and long-involved sentences" of the times which immediately preceded the great revivalist, as his preaching had upon a lethargic Church and a sinful world. For it was Wesley's powerful influence upon the literature of his day which, more than anything else, discarded the old, and introduced what Mr. Buckle calls "a lighter and simpler style"—a style "more rapidly understood," adds Mr. Buckle, and "better suited to the exigencies of the age."

But we are further told by Mr. Leslie Stephen that Wesley's writings possess "nothing more than a purely historical interest;" that Wesley's theology, because of its "want of any direct connection with speculative philosophy," is "condemned to barrenness;" that, having "no sound foundation in philosophy," Wesleyanism "has prevented the growth of any elevated theology, and alienated all cultivated thinkers."

And has the great revival been "condemned to barrenness?" Have all "cultivated thinkers" been "alienated" from it? Has Wesley left no permanent influence on English thought? Do his writings possess "nothing more than a purely historical interest?" How is it, then, that his followers are numbered by millions? How is it that these are found all over the Christian world, numbering thousands whom the Christian world regards as "cultivated thinkers?" If it has been "condemned to barrenness," what mean its myriad Christian temples? its many hundred universities and colleges, and seminaries of learning? its many thousand educated men in the ministry, in law, in medicine, in philosophy, in science, and in government? What will one say of its thousand printing-presses? of its great publishing houses? its newspapers, its magazines, its reviews? its tracts and books? its great benevolent institutions? its orphan asylums, its homes for the poor and outcast? its great missionary and Sunday-school societies? What means the aggressive force which constantly enlarges its borders? How is it that in a little over a hundred years it has accomplished results which are the wonder of the world? How is it that in many parts of the world, the Old and the New, it is to-day increasing in a greater ratio than at any period since its beginning? What means its influence upon other Churches, upon their theology and practice? Is Calvinism, or any other phase of Christian theology which Wesley combated, the same it was when Wesley began to write against it? Have they not been greatly modified by Wesley's teachings, by Wesley's spirit, and by Wesley's catholicity? Since Wesley spoke and wrote, and exemplified what he spoke and wrote by his own beautiful life, have not the evangelical Churches been drawing nearer and

nearer together? Are they not more sweetly striving together for "the faith once delivered to the saints?" Is there not a more harmonious endeavour to "keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace?"

And have Wesley's writings "nothing more than a purely historical interest?" How is it that there are over a *hundred thousand* Methodist preachers now living, who have not only read Wesley's sermons, but studied them, prayed over them, and before received into the travelling connexion been examined on them? And who will say how many thousands more are now in heaven who did the same thing? And has this great army of itinerant and local preachers, the living and the dead, exercised no influence upon English thought? And have not millions of pages in newspapers, in magazines, in reviews, and in tracts and books, been written to illustrate, to defend, and to enforce the writings which Wesley left to his followers? The writings of what other religious teacher outside of revelation have been so extensively read, or left a wider and deeper trace on the Anglo-Saxon mind and heart?

As already noticed, the only influence John Wesley exerted upon "English thought," in the sense of skeptical writers, has been to save millions of the English-speaking race from its blight and its curse. Had it not been for Wesley's burning love of souls for whom Jesus died, and his apostolic zeal to pluck them as brands from the burning; had it not been for his faithful Gospel-preaching in church and chapel, in barns and the open air; and had it not been for the thoroughly evangelical tracts, and treatises, and hymns, and sermons which came trooping from his unresting pen, the so-called "English thought" would have embraced millions delivered by Wesley's labours from its skepticism and death.

If John Wesley has left no trace upon true English thought—not the English thought of the skeptics—how is it that his name, his life, and his labours are now filling a much larger space in the English literature of the day than those of any other uninspired Christian teacher that has ever lived? How is it that these are so much the theme not only of the religious newspapers, and magazines, and reviews, and books issued from Methodist printing presses and the printing presses of other evangelical Churches, but of the secular histories and quarterlies of the times? How is it that there is, at this moment, a revival of thought on his life and work all over the world? How is it that so many, in other evangelical Churches, are emulating one another to do honour to his memory? How is it that even the skeptical historians of English thought and of English life—though they do not give to him the full place to which he is entitled—are yet assigning him,

with Mr. Buckle, the chiefest place among "theological s'atesmen," and, with them all, the highest rank among Church revivalists and reformers? And how is it that the Established Church of England, from whose pulpits he was so rudely shut out, is now, though late, claiming him as her own—as the one to whom she is most indebted for deliverance from rationalism and French infidelity on the one hand, and a lifeless formalism and an arrogant claim to Popish infallibility on the other?

Nor is all acknowledgment of England's indebtedness to the Wesleys a thing of such recent date. When the music of Charles Wesley, junior, like the effect of David's harp on King Saul, revived the spirit of King George III, the old king, laying a hand on one of the shoulders of the musician, said: "To your uncle, Mr. Wesley, and your father, and to George Whitefield and the Countess of Huntingdon, the Church in this realm is more indebted than to all others."

If the Bible is the inspired word of God; if God out of Christ is a consuming fire; if the Gospel of Christ is the power of God unto salvation; if, without faith in Christ as the only sacrifice of sin, no one can be delivered from its condemnation and guilt; if the blood of Christ alone can cleanse the defiled and polluted heart; if the fruits of the Spirit are the only sure evidence of acceptance with God, and holiness the only fitness for an inheritance with the sanctified; if Christ is judge of quick and dead; and if believers in Christ are rewarded with the crown of eternal life, and all unbelievers punished with the pains of eternal death—then an impress, greater than that made by any other Englishman, has Wesley made upon the Anglo-Saxon mind and heart. If it be a supreme work to revive a lifeless Church and awake it to its true mission on earth—then John Wesley must be regarded the greatest of English revivalists and reformers. And if, after death, to speak to millions of the English-speaking race, in the writings which one has left behind him, with the same authority with which his utterances in life were received by comparatively a few thousand, be any evidence that one has left an impress upon English thought—then John Wesley, the founder of Methodism, has exercised a more powerful influence upon true English thought than any other Englishman, living or dead. Finally, if John Wesley, claiming the world as his parish, with no spirit of a sectarian and with no thought of founding a Church, has founded a great Church which has been instrumental in winning more trophies to the Cross of Christ than any other—if he has infused his own apostolic spirit into the other evangelical Churches and made them better witnesses for Jesus and the resurrection—then John Wesley is not only "the greatest figure

who has appeared in the religious history of the world since the days of the Reformation," but since the days of the apostles. And such will be the deliberate judgment which the ages will pronounce upon the life and labours of John Wesley, "who devoted," says Lord Macaulay, "all his powers, in defiance of obloquy and derision, to what he sincerely considered the highest good of his species."

"No one," says a writer in the *Fortnightly Review*, "so nearly approaches the fulness of stature of the great heroes of Christian spiritualism in the Early and Middle Ages as John Wesley. He had more in common with St. Boniface and St. Bernardine, with St. Vincent Ferrier and Savonarola, than any religious teacher whom Protestantism has ever produced."

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#### THE BELLS OF EASTER MORNING.

SWEET bells that cry aloud : " Arisen !  
Follow your Master to the skies ;  
He broke the bars of every prison—  
Glad hearts, arise ! "

Clearly they ring : " He lives forever—  
Lift up your eyes, and have no fear ;  
He leads—across the silent river  
He brings heaven near. "

They swing, they chime : " Oh, see ! Remember !  
Sorrow itself leads up to light,  
As April follows on December,  
Or morn on night. "

Thy clang, they clash : " Wake ! wake from slumber !  
Joy flood thee with a fuller life,  
'Twere vain thy past misdeeds to number ;  
Cease now from strife. "

Softly they say : " Ye heavy-hearted,  
Throw all your weary load away ;  
He bore your burdens, and departed  
To light your day. "

They swell, they peal : " Oh, blest is being !  
He made the eye, He made the light ;  
Trust Him who formed them both for seeing  
To guide aright. "

They rise and fall : " O love eternal,  
In which all human life is bound,  
Stream down from azure skies supernal  
The wide earth round. "

## WESLEY AND HIS LITERATURE.\*

BY THE LATE WILLIAM MORLEY PUNSHON, D.D., LL.D.

In the various aspects of Wesley's many-sided life, his use of the press and his voluminous contributions to the literature of his age must not be forgotten. It should be premised that he was not by choice an author. The all-pervading consecration of his days to his life-work of evangelism prevented his adoption of literature as a profession, and deprived him both of the leisure and of the will to graduate among the prizemen of letters. All he wrote was subordinate to his supreme design, and not a little of it was wrung from him by the necessities, controversial or otherwise, which arose in the progress of his work. Still, impressed as he was that God had sent him upon a mission of testimony, and casting about for all possible means of usefulness, he could not overlook the press—that mighty agent which moulds, for weal or woe, so large a portion of mankind. It is not, therefore, surprising that he began early to write and to compile, in order that he might at once enlarge the constituency to whom he could speak about the things of God, and secure that permanent influence by which printing perpetuates mind, and by which the appeal or entreaty goes plaintively pleading on long after the living voice is hushed in the silence of the grave.

There was something in the state of things around him which operated as a constraint in this regard. England, in the reigns of the first two Georges, had fallen into a sad state of religious degeneracy. If it be true that the literature of any age is a mirror in which the spirit of the age is reflected, the image presented of the early Georgian era is not "beautiful exceedingly." Pope's pantheism divided the fashionable world with the bolder infidelity of Bolingbroke. The loose wit of Congreve was said to be the "only prop of the declining stage." Smollett and Fielding were the stars in the firmament of fiction; and of literary divines, the most conspicuous were Swift and Sterne. Young wrote his "Night Thoughts" about the same period, but his life was not equal to his poetry. He who sang with rapture of the glories of heaven had a passion for the amusements of earth, and he exhibited the "prose of piety," which he reprobates, by his undignified applications for preferment; applications so persistent as to elicit

\* Abridged from a paper in Dr. J. O. A. Clark's "Wesley Memorial Volume."

from Archbishop Secker the rebuke that "his fortune and reputation raised him above the need of advancement, and his sentiments, surely, above any great desire for it."

The literature of the Churches, properly so called, was in some aspects equally degenerate. It was a literature of masculine thought, of consummate ability, of immense erudition, and of scholarly and critical taste. To this the names of Warburton, Jortin, Waterland, and especially Butler, bear sufficient witness. But while there was much light, there was little heat. Those were great hearts which were felt to throb in the works of Howe, of Barrow, and of the Puritans, but in their successors the heart element was largely wanting. Spiritual religion—the informing soul of Church literature—was hardly a matter of belief; indeed, in some cases it was a matter of derision. The doctrine of justification by faith, that *articulum stantis vel cadentis ecclesie*, was caricatured as a doctrine against good works in not a few of the treatises of the time. Lower motives were appealed to by popular divines. "Obedience, moderation in amusements, prayer, resignation, and the love of God," were enforced in discourses preached in St. Paul's and in Oxford, "on the ground of the reasonableness on which they rest, and the advantages which they secure." Shaftesbury's "Virtue its own Reward" was thus echoed from metropolitan pulpits—"Virtue must be built upon interest, that is, our interest upon the whole." There was, indeed, a narrowing of theological thought until it was almost circumscribed by questions of evidence, and, as has been well said by Dr. Stoughton, "Miracles were appealed to as the seals of Christianity in the first century, but the work of the Holy Spirit on the souls of men in the eighteenth was pronounced an idle dream."

It may well be conceived that upon a fervent soul like Wesley's, just awakened to the importance of spiritual things, and longing to employ every available resource in his Master's service, the sense of the influence of the press, and the conviction that it was being abused, or at best worked for inferior uses, would be an obligation to labour for its rescue, and for its supreme devotion to the cause of Christ. The singleness of his aim in authorship is a marked characteristic. He wrote neither for fame nor for emolument, but solely to do good. The *rationale* of his life may be given in his own remarkable words: "To candid, reasonable men, I am not afraid to lay open what have been the inmost thoughts of my heart. I have thought, I am a creature of a day, passing through life as an arrow through the air. I am a spirit come from God, and returning to God; just hovering over the great gulf till, a few moments hence, no more seen, I drop into an unchangeable



eternity." Thus consecrated, he desired to attain and utilize all knowledge, and he adds, "what I thus learn, that I teach." The same spirit led him to be independent of any affectation, whether of subject or style; of set purpose he cultivated plainness, "using words easy to be understood." "If I observe any stiff expression I throw it out, neck and shoulders." "I could even now [in his old age] write as floridly and rhetorically as even the admired Dr. B——, but I dare not, because I seek the honour that cometh from God only. I dare no more write in a fine style than wear a fine coat. But were it otherwise—had I time to spare—I should still write just as I do."

Whether this estimate of his own power to rival Blair or Massillon be correct or not, the complete subordination of the scholar and the critic, of the man of culture and the man of taste, to the one purpose of extensive usefulness, cannot fail to win the admiration of right-thinking minds; displaying, as it does, a heroism of self-abnegation which could mark only one of the highest styles of men. The first time John Wesley ventured to print anything, in 1733, he published a "Collection of Forms of Prayer" for his pupils at the University, and for the poor who were visited by the early Methodists at Oxford. He wrote on, amid incessant toil and travels, well-nigh without an interval, for more than fifty years, making a recreation and a privilege of his labours, until, at eventide, almost with his dying breath, he lingered in the Beulah-land to express a desire "that his sermon on 'the Love of God' should be scattered abroad and given to everybody."

Few but those who have studied the matter have any idea either of the number or of the variety of Wesley's writings. To enumerate his works would be a tax even upon a book-worm's memory. Their titles would swell into a good-sized catalogue, and the variety of subjects touched upon in his original or selected volumes would almost suggest an encyclopædia. Reckoning his abridgments and compilations, more than two hundred volumes proceeded from his fertile pen. Grammars, exercises, dictionaries, compendiums, sermons and notes, a voluminous Christian library, and a miscellaneous monthly magazine, tracts, addresses, answers, apologies, works polemical, classical, poetic, scientific, political, were poured forth in astonishing succession, not in learned leisure, but in the midst of the busiest life of the age—for the industrious writer was an intrepid evangelist and a wise administrator, a sagacious counsellor and a loving friend; gave more advice than John Newton; wrote more letters than Horace Walpole; and managed, a wise and absolute ruler, the whole concern of a society which grew in his life-time to upwards of seventy thousand souls.

It is necessary, if we would rightly estimate Wesley's use of the press, to remind ourselves that he wrote under none of those advantages on which authors of note and name float themselves nowadays into renown. There was but a scanty literary appetite. The voracious love of books, which is characteristic of the present age, did not exist. Here and there were those prescient of its coming, who dreamed of a time when a cry should arise from the people, waxing louder and louder until it became as the plaint of a nation's prayer, "Give us knowledge, or we die." But these were the seers of their generation, and they were few. The masses had not awakened from the mental slumber of ages. The taste for reading had to be created and fed. Even if men had wished to make acquaintance with master-minds, their thoughts were only given forth in costly volumes beyond the means of the poor

Though there had been some improvement since those days of famine, when "a load of hay" was given "for a chapter in James," nothing, or but little, had been done to bring wholesome literature within the reach of the hamlet as well as of the hall. So far as we can ascertain, the *first* man to write for the million, and to publish so cheaply as to make his works accessible, was John Wesley. Those who rejoice in the cheap press, in the cheap serial, in the science-made-easy, which, if he so choose, keep the working-man of the present day abreast of the highest thought and culture of the age, ought never to forget the deep debt of obligation which is owed to him who first ventured into what was then a hazardous and unprofitable field. The man who climbs by a trodden road up the steeps of Parnassus, or drinks of the waters of Helicon, will surely think gratefully of him whose toil made the climbing easy, and cleared the pathway to the spring. The harvest-man, who reaps amid the plenty and the singing, has not earned half the reward due to him who, alone, beneath the gray wintry sky, went out for the scattering of the seed. We claim for John Wesley, and that beyond gainsaying, the gratitude of all lovers of human progress, if only for his free and generous use of the press, for the loving purpose which prompted him to cheapen his wealth of brain that others might share it, and for the forecasting sagacity which led him to initiate a system of popular instruction which, with all their advantages and with all their boast, the present race of authors have scarcely been able to improve.

In noticing a little more in detail the nature of John Wesley's works we feel bewildered with their variety. He deals with almost every useful subject, and, considering his incessant public

labours, the wonder cannot be repressed that he wrote so much, and that he wrote, for the most part, so well.

His writing of *tracts*—short essays, narratives, letters or treatises, which could be read without much expenditure of time—was a favourite occupation with him.

In 1745, the year of the Stuart rebellion, he says: "We had within a short time given away some thousands of little tracts among the common people, and it pleased God thereby to provoke others to jealousy; insomuch that the Lord Mayor had ordered a large quantity of papers, dissuading from cursing and swearing, to be printed and distributed among the train-bands."

Wesley's preachers were furnished with these short, plain messengers of mercy, as part of the equipment with which their saddle-bags were stored. Regarding "a great book," as he quaintly said, as "a great evil," he used these "small arms" with great effect and perseverance throughout his unusually lengthened life. Everything he wrote was practical and timely. Particular classes were particularly addressed: A Word to a Drunkard, to a Sabbath-breaker, to a Swearer, to a Street-walker, to a Smuggler, to a Condemned Malefactor; A Word to a Freeholder, just before a General Election; Thoughts on the Earthquake at Lisbon. These show that, while his quiver was full, his arrows were not pointless, and they were "sharp in the hearts of the King's enemies" all over the land.

The circumstances under which some of the tracts were written invest them with much interest, while they illustrate the character of the man of one business, and show that one of his secrets of success was to be frugal of time as well as of words. He got wet through on a journey, and stayed at a halting-place to dry his clothes. "I took the opportunity," he says, "of writing A Word to a Freeholder." At an inn in Helvoetsluys, in Holland, detained by contrary winds, he took the opportunity of writing a sermon for the magazine. After a rough journey of ninety miles in one day, he required rest. "I rested, and transcribed the letter to Mr. Bailey." "The tide was in," in Wales, so that he could not pass over the sands. "I sat down in a little cottage for three or four hours, and translated 'Aldrich's Logic.'" These are but samples of his redemption of time for high practical uses, and of the conscientious generosity with which he crowded his moments for God's glory with works of usefulness and honour.

Of his poetical publications it is not needful to write at length. They have spoken their own eulogy, and are still speaking it, in so many thousand hearts, that they need no elaborate praise. John Wesley is not credited by his critics with much imagina-

tion, but he had that even balance of the faculties from which imagination cannot be absent, though it may be chastened and controlled by others. He was wise enough to know that "a verse may strike him who a sermon flies;" and that as a ballad is said to have sung a monarch out of three kingdoms, the power of spiritual song has often been of the essence of that "violence" which "the kingdom of heaven suffereth." Hence he began early to print collections of hymns (the earliest known having been compiled at Savannah, and published at Charleston, during his stormy residence in Georgia), and followed these, at intervals, by poetical publications for the space of fifty years. Wars, tumults, earthquakes, persecutions, birthdays, festivals, recreations, were all improved into verse.

Hymnology may be said almost to have had its rise, as a worthy provision for worship, with Watts and Wesley. Tate and Brady had been substituted for Sternhold and Hopkins, but with a vigorous church-life these faint and fading echoes of the strains of the Hebrew Psalmist were felt to be insufficient. Isaac Watts first realized the need, and did much to supply it. Then Charles Wesley was raised up, endowed with the poetic genius, and enlivened with a cheerful godliness which found themes for its loftiest exercise. The hymns of both, and all others that were deemed evangelical and worthy, were gathered by the taste and skill of John Wesley, and under his prudent censorship, into a series of hymn-books such as the Church of Christ had never seen before. The most covetous seeker after fame need covet nothing higher than to have sent forth lyrics like these, treasured in the hearts of multitudes as their happiest utterances of religious hope and joy, chasing anxiety from the brow of the troubled, giving glowing songs in the night of weeping, and, in the case of many, gasped out with the failing breath as the last enemy fled beaten from the field.

His homiletic writings, consisting of some hundred and forty sermons, were carefully revised and prepared for the press in some of those quiet retreats where, as it would seem, mainly for this purpose, he snatched a brief holiday from perpetual toil and travel. He regarded himself pre-eminently as a preacher: this was the work for which he was raised up of God, and to this all else was subordinated: but he wished a longer ministry than could be compassed in sixty years, and accordingly the truths which, when uttered on Kennington Common or in the Moorfields, had produced such marvellous effects, were revised and systematized, that they might preach in print to generations who lived too late to be subdued by the quiet earnestness of the speaker's voice. Wesley's

sermons may be said to have been the earliest published system of experimental religion. The press had been used largely for printing sermons before; critical light had been let in upon obscure passages of Scripture; scholarly essays abounded; homiletic literature was rich in funeral sermons, the improvement of passing incidents, and arguments for the external defence of the faith; but no such plain, clear, pungent, practical exhibition of the whole method of God's dealing with a sinner had ever enriched the literature of the English language. He was anointed to prophesy to a congregation of the dead, and he spake of the truths by which the dead can live, and spake with a prophet's singleness, self-unconsciousness and power.

His expository writings comprised "Notes" on the Old Testament and on the New. Not only did he study the means of the poor who could not purchase elaborate commentaries, and the lack of culture of those who were not able to understand them; he wrote briefly and suggestively, with an educational design. The notes on the New Testament were begun in the maturity of his powers, on the 6th January, 1754. His health had partially broken down under his exhausting labours, and he was ordered to the Hotwells, Clifton. There he began his work; a work which he says he should never have attempted if he had not been "so ill as to be unable to travel and preach, and yet so well as to be able to read and write."

Wesley used the press for educational purposes to a great extent. They utterly misconceive his character who suppose that he was an abettor or favourer of ignorance, or that he unduly depreciated the intellectual and unduly cultivated the emotional part of the nature. Few men in any age have done more for the mental emancipation of their fellows. He was systematically giving both secular and Sabbath-school instruction to children in Savannah when Robert Raikes was in his infancy. He had systematized education there before Bell and Lancaster were born. When his ministry was successful among the masses, if he found the people bores he did not leave them without the means of improvement, and was prodigal in his endeavours for their benefit. Wesley had not the large advantage which association affords to philanthropists. He was determined to send the schoolmaster abroad, trusting that under the providence of God he would gather his own scholars. He *would* uplift the masses, though they themselves were inert, and even impatient of the experiment. Hence he prepared and published grammars in five languages, English, French, Latin, Greek, and Hebrew. He printed, also, editions of the classics, which, as the "Excerpta ex

Ovidio," might be properly placed in the hands of ingenuous youth. He published "The Complete English Dictionary," which, in its way, is curious and valuable.

Besides these grammars and this dictionary, Wesley ventured into the domain of the historian. He wrote a short Roman history, and a concise history of England in four volumes. He had many qualities which fitted him for this particular work. A calm, judicial mind; a sensitive taste, which could separate, almost without an effort, the precious from the vile; a loyal love of constitutional government, as he understood it; and, above all, a reverent insight, which saw God moving in history to the working out of His own plans, whether by vessels of wrath or instruments of deliverance or mercy, are advantages not often found in combination in the same individual. Later in life he also published an ecclesiastical history on the basis of Mosheim, correcting what he deemed erroneous, and appending a "Short History of the People called Methodists." Natural philosophy and electricity also engaged his attention, and he tried to popularize them. Fragments on ethical and literary subjects, on memory, taste, genius, the power of music; remarks on recently published works, or works of standard interest, all tending to familiarize the masses with elevating and improving subjects, proceeded at intervals from his diligent hand. Indeed, it may be fearlessly affirmed that in the forefront of those who deserve to be remembered as the educators of the race, his name should be recorded—a brave pioneer, who ventured, axe in hand, to make a clearing in the forest, with no friends to cheer him on, and but for whose early and patient toil the highway to knowledge, upon which so many are easily and gladly walking, would have been delayed in its construction for years.

Connected with this use of the press for educational purposes ought to be mentioned the powerful aid which his writings afforded to the creation of a healthy public opinion on sanitary and social matters, and in reference to existing evils whose foulness was but half understood. While as a practical philanthropist he had no superior, dispensing food and help and medicine, caring for the outcasts who "sacrifice to gods which smite them;" while "Strangers' Friend Societies," dispensaries, and orphan houses grew up around him—the comely expressions of his goodness—he was directing, from his quiet study, the silent revolutions of opinion. His great warm heart beat tenderly for suffering humanity, and against every evil which degraded the body, or dwarfed the mind, or cursed the soul, he wrote with warmth and freedom. He pitied the harlot, and pleaded for the downtrodden

slave. He denounced, in ready and eloquent words, domestic slavery, cruel intemperance, and other social ulcers which eat out the vigour of national life. His political economy, if not philosophically sound, was practically uplifting and charitable. No regard for class interests was allowed to interfere with his one purpose of doing good and bettering the individual, the nation, and the world. For the healing of the sick he disregarded the prejudices of the faculty, and though wits make merry at his "Primitive Physic," no medical works of that day are more free from folly or empiricism. For the simplification of necessary legal documents he wrote so as to incur the wrath of the lawyers, whose "villainous tautology" moved his righteous anger; and in Church matters, he denounced pluralities and absenteeism as vigorously as the most trenchant Church reformer in the land. He cheered philanthropists, like Howard and Wilberforce, in their arduous work, and they blessed him for his loving words. There is scarcely an active form of charity now blessing mankind which he did not initiate or dream of; scarcely an acknowledged good which he did not strive to realize. In fact, he was far beyond his age, and his forecasting goodness projected itself, like a luminous shadow, upon the coming time.

Of Wesley's *polemical* writings it were not seemly, in an article like this, to speak at length. He was not naturally inclined to controversy, and personally was one of the most patient and forgiving of men. He framed his United Societies on the principle of comprehension: any could be Methodists who accepted the essentials of the Christian system, and lived godly and peaceable lives; and though he warred ceaselessly against sin, he was tolerant of intellectual error, except so far as it was connected with or tended to sin. In matters of mere opinion he displayed the broadest liberality, and avoided the too common mistake of making a man an offender for a word. In comparatively early life he records that he spent "near ten minutes in controversy, which is more than I have done in public for months, perhaps years, before." Later he says, "I preach eight hundred sermons a year, and, taking one year with another for twenty years past, I have not preached eight sermons upon the subject." The reference is to mere opinions.

The most voluminous controversy in which Wesley engaged was the Calvinistic one, in which the Hills and Toplady on the one hand, and Wesley and Fletcher on the other, were doughty combatants for a series of years. The good men who tilted at each other's shields, sometimes with rude assaults, have long since met in the land where they learn war no more, and have doubtless

seen eye to eye in the purged vision of the New Jerusalem. It were idle, nay cruel, to revive these controversies now. Wesley did not wrangle about trifles. "Religious liberty, human depravity, justification by faith, sanctification by the Holy Spirit, universal redemption"—these were the truths which he explained with convincing clearness, and defended with indomitable energy, and with a temper which, if not absolutely unruffled, rarely forgot the counsel, although terribly provoked to do so,—

"Be calm in arguing, for fierceness makes  
Error a fault, and truth discourtesy."

A large portion of Wesley's contributions to the literature of his time consisted of his *abridgments* of the works of other men. These number one hundred and seventeen, inclusive of the Christian Library, which consists of fifty volumes. Perhaps a more unselfish boon was never given by any man in any land or age. It was a largess of intellectual and spiritual wealth flung royally out for the masses, without thought of personal gain or grudge of personal trouble. Wesley's purpose was to bring to the notice and within the reach of his Societies and others the best works of the best minds on the best subjects, that by the light of this sanctified intellect "sons might be as plants grown up in their youth, and daughters as corner-stones polished after the similitude of a palace." In this Christian Library the great Christian minds of the generations are brought together. Clement, Ignatius and Polycarp—St. Ambrose, Arndt and John Fox—Hall, Leighton, Patrick and Tillotson—are parts of the renowned company. South, Cave, Manton, Cudworth and Jeremy Taylor are in friendly companionship with Charnock, Howe, Flavel, Baxter and Owen. Brainerd and Janeway lay bare their spiritual experiences. Chief Justice Hale and Young are pressed into the service, and authors from foreign lands, such as Pascal, De Renty and Bengel, are naturalized for the same liberal and useful end. The experiment, as has been well said, "had never been attempted before, and has never been surpassed since."

His *miscellaneous* works were numerous, and so various as to defy classification. On whatever topic it seemed to him that the people needed guidance, he was ready to offer it; he provided for them instruction and counsel on the great problems of life and its more serious duties, and did not forget, either in his poetical selections or in "Henry, Earl of Moreland," to indulge them with morsels of lighter reading for their leisure hours.

All mention of the *Journals* has been reserved to the last. They must be studied by any who would see the man. They are



his unconscious autobiography. His versatility, his industry, his benevolence, his patience under insult, his indifference to human honour, his single-mindedness, his continual waiting upon Providence (which involved him in inconsistencies which he was not careful to reconcile, and which gloriously vindicate the disinterestedness of his life), his culture, his courtesy, his combination of the instincts of a gentleman with the blunt honesty of a son of toil, his true dignity, his womanly tenderness of feeling, his racy wit, his discriminating criticism, his power of speech, his power of silence, all the elements which go to make up the symmetry of a well-compacted character—if any want to find these, let them go, not to the pages of his biographers, who from various stand-points and with much acuteness, have told the story of his life, but let them gather what he was and what the world owes to him from these records, as he daily transcribed them, in which he has shown himself, as in a glass, with the self-consciousness and transparency which only the truly great can afford to feel. We need not anticipate the world's verdict. Men woke up to know that a prophet had been among them ere yet he had passed from their midst. A life of such singular blamelessness and of such singular devotion is a rich heritage for any people. He was not covetous of any fame but God's; but fame has come to him, notwithstanding, and sits upon his memory like a crown.

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### EASTER BELLS.

BY LUCY LARCOM.

Ring, happy bells of Easter time,  
The world is glad to hear your chime ;  
Across wide fields of melting snow  
The winds of summer softly blow,  
And birds and streams repeat the chime  
Of Easter time.

Ring, happy bells of Easter time !  
The world takes up your chant sublime,  
"The Lord is risen !" The night of fear  
Has passed away, and heaven draws near ;  
We breathe the air of that blest clime  
At Easter time.

Ring, happy bells of Easter time !  
Our happy hearts give back your chime !  
The Lord is risen ! We die no more ;  
He opens wide the heavenly door ;  
He meets us, while to Him we climb  
At Easter time.

## METHODISM AND THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.\*

BY THE EDITOR.

## I.

THIS magnificent work has at length reached its conclusion. These eight volumes, averaging about 600 pages each, with copious notes, furnish, without doubt, the best apparatus for studying the historical and social condition of England during the important transition period of the eighteenth century. This is not a dry-as-dust chronicle of parliamentary proceedings, nor is it a mere drum-and-trumpet history. With the judicious exercise of the historical imagination the author makes the dead past live again; and with masterly skill he analyzes the causes and traces the courses of the great movements of the age. These volumes are of special interest to Methodist readers at this centennial of the death of John Wesley. For, pre-eminent among the events of the eighteenth century, Mr. Lecky recognizes as prominent the great religious revival of which the Wesleys and Whitefield were, under God, the chief instruments.

Lord Macaulay, Lord Mahon, Isaac Taylor, Robert Southey, and other able writers have also recognized this agency, but none so fully as Mr. Lecky.

That religious revival, which proved the great moral antiseptic to the social corruptions of England, he treats in one hundred and thirty closely-printed pages.

"Although the career," he says, "of the elder Pitt, and the splendid victories by land and sea that were won under his ministry, form unquestionably the most dazzling episodes in the reign of George II., they must yield, I think, to that religious revolution which shortly before had begun in England by the preaching of the Wesleys and of Whitefield. The creation of a large, powerful, and active sect, extending over both hemispheres and numbering many millions of souls, was but one of its consequences. It also exercised a profound and lasting influence upon the spirit of the Established Church, upon the amount and distribution of the moral forces of the nation, and even upon the course of its political history."

\* "A History of England in the Eighteenth Century." By William Edward Hartpool Lecky. 8 vols., crown, 8vo. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal and Halifax. 25 per vol., or \$18.00 the set.

A book without an index is like a knife without a handle. That is not the case with this history. An ample index of one hundred pages enables one at once to follow any subject through the whole eight volumes.

Referring to that memorable evening when, while listening to Luther's Preface to the Epistle to the Romans in the little Moravian assembly, Wesley felt his heart "strangely warmed," and received the assurance of the forgiveness of sins, our author remarks:

"It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that the scene which took place in that humble meeting in Aldergate Street forms an epoch in English history. The conviction which then flashed upon one of the most powerful and active intellects in England is the true source of English Methodism."

We shall here make some copious quotations from Mr. Lecky's, *History*, in illustration of his insight into the spirit of Methodism, and of his recognition of its potent influence on the destiny of the English nation and of the world.

"The secret of the success of Methodism," says Mr. Lecky, "was that it satisfied some of the strongest and most enduring wants of our nature, which found no gratification in the popular theology, and revived a large class of religious doctrines which had been long almost wholly neglected." "The utter depravity of human nature," he adds, "the lost condition of every man who is born into the world, the vicarious atonement of Christ, the necessity to salvation of a new birth, of faith, of the constant and sustaining action of the Divine Spirit upon the believer's soul, are doctrines which, in the eyes of the modern evangelical, constitute at once the most vital and the most influential portions of Christianity; but they are doctrines which, during the greater part of the eighteenth century, were seldom heard from a Church of England pulpit. The moral essays, which were the prevailing fashion, however well suited they might be to cultivate the moral taste, or to supply rational motives to virtue, rarely awoke any strong emotions of hope, fear, or love, and were utterly incapable of transforming the character, and arresting and reclaiming the thoroughly depraved.

"The evangelical movement, which directly or indirectly originated with Wesley, produced a general revival of religious feeling, which has incalculably increased the efficiency of almost every religious body in the community, while at the same time it has seriously affected party politics. . . . The many great philanthropic efforts which arose, or at least derived their importance, from the evangelical movement, soon became prominent topics of parliamentary debate; but they were not the peculiar glory of any political party, and they formed a common ground on which many religious denominations could co-operate. . . .

"A tone of thought and feeling was introduced into European life which could only lead to anarchy, and at length to despotism, and was beyond all others fatal to that measured and ordered freedom which can alone endure. Its chief characteristics were, a hatred of well-constituted authority, an insatiable appetite for change, a habit of regarding rebellion as the normal as well as the noblest form of political self-sacrifice, a disdain of all compromise, a contempt for all tradition, a desire to level all ranks and subvert all establishments, a determination to seek progress, not by the slow and cautious amelioration of existing institutions, but, by sudden, violent, and revolu-

tionary change. Religion, property, civil authority, and domestic life, were all assailed; and doctrines incompatible with the very existence of government were embraced by multitudes with the fervour of a religion. England, on the whole, escaped the contagion. Many causes conspired to save her, but among them a prominent place must, I believe, be given to the new and vehement religious enthusiasm which was at that very time passing through the middle and lower classes of the people, which had enlisted in its service a large proportion of the wilder and more impetuous reformers, and which recoiled with horror from the anti-Christian tenets that were associated with the Revolution in France."

"But few thinkers," continues Mr. Lecky, "would now deny that these evils and dangers were greatly underrated by most of the economists of the last generation. The true greatness and welfare of nations depend mainly on the amount of moral force that is generated within them. Society never can continue in a state of tolerable security when there is no other bond of cohesion than a mere money tie; and it is idle to expect the different classes of the community to join in the self-sacrifice and enthusiasm of patriotism if all unselfish motives are excluded from their several relations. Every change of conditions which widens the chasm and impairs the sympathy between rich and poor cannot fail, however beneficial may be its other effects, to bring with it grave dangers to the State. It is incontestable, but the immense increase of manufacturing industry and of the manufacturing population has had this tendency; and it is, therefore, I conceive, peculiarly fortunate that it should have been preceded by a religious revival which opened a new spring of moral and religious energy among the poor, and at the same time gave a powerful impulse to the philanthropy of the rich.

"The chief and blessed triumphs of Methodism were the consolation it gave to men in the first agonies of bereavement, its support in the extremes of pain and sickness, and, above all, its stay in the hour of death. The doctrine of justification by faith which directs the wandering mind from all painful and perplexing retrospect, concentrates the imagination on one Sacred Figure, and persuades the sinner that the sins of a life have in a moment been effaced, has enabled thousands to encounter death with perfect calm, or even with vivid joy, and has consoled innumerable mourners at a time when all the common-places of philosophy would appear the idlest of sounds.

"This doctrine had fallen almost wholly into abeyance in England and had scarcely any place among realized convictions, when it was revived by the evangelical party. It is impossible to say how largely it has contributed to mitigate some of the most acute forms of human misery. Whatever may be thought of the truth of the doctrine, no man will question its power in the house of mourning and in the house of death. 'The world,' writes Wesley, 'may not like our Methodists and evangelical people, but the world cannot deny that they die well.'"

To a brief examination of the political and social condition of England in the eighteenth century, as described by Mr. Lecky, and the influence of Methodism in saving the nation, we will devote a few pages. The second half of that century was a

period of peculiar importance in the history of England and of Europe. The good king who, through two long generations, continued to sway the sceptre over the British Empire, was on the throne. For the first time since the restoration of Charles II. the nation was unanimous in loyalty to its sovereign.

In 1763 the war, wide-wasting, which had blazed around the world, gave place to the blessed calm of peace. But this peaceful calm was not long to endure. Already were gathering the clouds from which flashed forth again the lightnings of war. Britain was to lose, by the revolt of the American colonies, more than she had gained in those she wrested from the French.

Amid these absorbing public interests was planted in the United States and Canada the feeble germ of Methodism which to-day shakes like Lebanon, and covers the whole land with its shadow. Unnoticed among the great events which were then convulsing the world, it was, nevertheless, greater than them all in its hallowed influence on the souls of men.

The wonderful invention of Watt, the greatest of the eighteenth century, has more than realized the wildest legends of Aladdin's lamp and the magician's ring. Applied to the printing press, it has given wings to knowledge wherewith it may fly to the ends of the earth. To it Manchester and Leeds owe their enormous manufacture of textile fabrics. To it Sheffield and Birmingham are indebted for the fame of their cutlery among the Indians on the Peace River and the Negroes on the Senegal. To it the ports of London, Liverpool, and Glasgow owe their vast docks, crowded with shipping from all quarters of the globe, and their huge warehouses, filled with the treasures of the Orient and the Occident. England, by means of its magnificent railway system, has become but a suburb, as it were, of its great metropolis. A journey to Land's End or to John o' Groat's House a hundred years ago was as difficult as one to St. Petersburg or to Constantinople is now.

Clive's great Indian victory was unknown at the Company's office, in Threadneedle Street, for many months after it was achieved. To-day an irruption of the hill tribes at Cashgar, or a revolt of the Mahrattas, throbs along the electric nerve over thousands of miles of land and under thousands of miles of roaring billows, and thrills the auditory nerve of the world from Calcutta to Vancouver. The people of Shetland were found praying for George III. when his successor had been a year on the throne. To-day the Queen's speech is hawked about the streets of Montreal and Chicago on the very day it wakes the applause of St. Stephen's Palace. We are disappointed if last evening's news from Bucharest and Vienna, from Paris and Berlin, with yesterday's

quotations from the Bourse of Frankfort and Hamburg, are not served with the coffee and toast at breakfast.

A century ago books and newspapers were the luxury of the few; they are now the necessity of all. Every department of literature has been wonderfully popularized. For this reason, with many others equally beneficial, the world is greatly indebted to Methodism. No man of his age did more than John Wesley to give a cheap literature, that characteristic of our times, to the people. He wrote himself one hundred and eighty-one different works, two-thirds of which sold for less than a shilling each. They comprised histories, dictionaries, and grammars of several languages, editions of the classics, and the like. He established the first religious magazine in England. His manly independence hastened the abolition of the literary patronage of titled know-nothings, and of obsequious dedications to the great. He appealed directly to the patronage of the people, and found *them* more munificent than Augustus or Mæcenas, than Leo X. or Lorenzo il Magnifico. He anticipated Raikes by several years in the establishment of Sunday-schools. The Tract Society, and the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, but carried out more fully plans of usefulness which he had inaugurated. In imitation of the Moravian Brethren, he also actively promoted the cause of Christian missions. But these were only the germs of those magnificent enterprises which, in our time, have brought forth such glorious fruit. The present century may be characterized as especially the age of missions. Never since the days of the apostles have men exhibited such tireless energy, such quenchless zeal in going forth to preach the Gospel to every creature. The miracle of Pentecost seems to be repeated, as by means of the various Bible Societies, men of every land can read in their own tongue, wherein they were born, the unsearchable riches of Christ.

Lecky paints the very deplorable condition of public and private morals during the early part of the century. The veteran premier, Walpole, unblushingly asserted the doctrine that every man has his price; and his conduct was conformable to his theory. Borough-mongering was openly practised, and places at court and in the Church, in the army and navy, were shamelessly bought and sold. It was by no means uncommon to find ensigns in the cradle, who grew to be colonels in their teens. "Carry the major his pap," was a by-word. It was not even thought necessary to proceed by gradation. Edward Waverley joined his regiment in command of a troop, "the intermediate steps being overleapt with great facility," Charles

Phillips states that one of Provost Hutchinson's daughters was gazetted to a majority of horse. The secret service estimates were enormous.

Few things are more painful to contemplate than the moral obtuseness of the Court of the early Georges. From the King to the lackey there seems to have been an almost entire absence of moral sense. The card table was the main resource from *ennui*. Faded dowagers sat late into the night playing the magic cards. The Newmarket races were the haunt of profligacy and dissipation. So also were the favourite resorts of Bath and Tunbridge Wells. Immense sums were lost and won in bets. The fashionable literature to be found in fine ladies' *boudoirs* was such as few now care to acknowledge having read. Intemperance was a prevailing vice. No class was free from its contamination; the ermine of the judge and the cassock of the priest were alike polluted by the degrading practice. The dissipation of the lower classes was almost incredible. Smollett tells us that over the spirit-vaults in the streets of London might frequently be seen the inscription: "Drunk for a penny; dead drunk for twopence; straw (to sober off on) for nothing."

Profane swearing was awfully prevalent. The judge swore upon the bench, the lawyer swore in addressing the jury, the fine lady swore over her cards, and it is even said that those who wore the surplice swore over their wine. "The nation was clothed with cursing as with a garment." The profligacy of the soldiers and sailors was proverbial; the barrack-room and ship's fore-castle were scenes of grossest vice, for which the cruel floggings inflicted were an inefficient restraint. Robbers waylaid the traveller on Hounslow Heath, and footpads assailed him in the streets of London. The highways, even in the metropolis, were execrable, consisting of large round stone imbedded in a stratum of mud. Sedan chairs were the ordinary means of conveyance in the city. Goods were carried through the country on trains of pack-horses, or in waggons with enormous tires, from six to sixteen inches wide, and, unless accompanied by an escort, were frequently plundered. In the northern part of the island, rieving, raiding, and harrying cattle still often occurred. On the south-western coast, before the Methodist revival, wrecking—that is, enticing ships upon the rocks by the exhibition of false signals—was a constant occurrence, and was frequently followed by the murder of the shipwrecked mariners. Although the mining population of the kingdom was greatly benefited by the labours of the Wesleys and their coadjutors, still their condition was deplorable. Many were in a condition of grossest ignorance, their

homes wretched hovels, their labour excessive and far more dangerous than now, their amusements brutalizing in their tendency. Even women and children underwent the drudgery of the mine. For no class of society has Methodism done more than for these.

The introduction of gas has greatly restricted midnight crime in the cities. A hundred years ago they were miserably dark, lit only by oil lamps hanging across the streets. Link-boys offered to escort the traveller with torches. Riotous city "Mohawks" perambulated the streets at midnight, roaring drunken songs, assaulting belated passengers, and beating drowsy watchmen, who went their rounds with a "lanthorn" and duly announced the hour of the night—unless when they themselves were asleep. Bear and badger baiting was a favourite amusement, as were also pugilistic encounters. Even women, forgetting their natural pitifulness and modesty, fought half-naked in the ring.

One of the greatest evils of the time was the condition of the laws affecting marriage. Prior to 1754 a marriage could be celebrated by a priest in orders at any time or place, without notice, consent of parents, or record of any kind. Such marriages fell into the hands of needy and disreputable clergymen, who were always to be found in or about the Fleet Prison, where they were or had been confined for debt. It was proved before Parliament that there had been 2954 Fleet marriages in four months. One of these Fleet parsons married one hundred and seventy-three couples in a single day.

The scandal reached its acme in the seaports when a fleet arrived, and the sailors were married, says Lecky, in platoons. There was a story that once when from fifty to a hundred couples were arranged for the ceremony at a chapel at Portsmouth, some confusion took place, and several of them got hold of the wrong hands. "Never mind," said the parson, "you are all of you married to some one, and you must sort yourselves afterwards."

The state of religion previous to the Wesleyan revival was deplorable. Even of professed theologians, but few were faithful to their sacred trust, and these bemoaned, with a feeling akin to that of Nehemiah and the exiled Jews, that the house of the Lord was laid waste. One of these, the venerable Archbishop Leighton, of pious memory, in pathetic terms laments over the national Church as "a fair carcass without spirit." A sneering skepticism pervaded the writings of Bolingbroke and Hobbes, of Hume and Gibbon. The principles of French philosophy were affecting English thought. In the universities a mediæval scholasticism prevailed. Even the candidates for holy orders were ignorant of



the Gospels. A hireling priesthood often dispensed the ordinances of the Church, attaching more importance to mere forms than to the spirit of the Gospel—to the wearing of a surplice than to the adorning of the inner man. Some of them were more at home at the races, at a cock-pit, at a hunting or a drinking party, than in their study or their closet. It must not, however, be supposed that there were no redeeming features to this dark picture. The names of Butler, Lowth, Watts and Doddridge would cast a lustre over any age. But they, alas, only made the surrounding darkness seem more dark.

At this time the Wesleys entered upon their sacred mission. They carried the tidings of salvation to regions where it was unknown before. Amid moor-fields, fair-grounds and coal-pits they boldly proclaimed their message. On the mountains of Wales, among the tin mines of Cornwall, on the chalk downs of Surrey, in the hop-fields of Kent, on the fen-lands of Lincolnshire, in the corn-fields of Huntingdon, on the wilds of Wiltshire, and among the lakes of Cumberland, they proclaimed the joyful tidings to assembled thousands. They adapted themselves to the capacity of miners and pitmen, of uncouth rustics and rude fishermen. They recognized in the ignorant and embruted the sublime dignity of manhood. With tireless energy they laboured on. From the ranks of those who were rescued from degradation and sin arose a noble band of fellow-workmen—earnest-souled and fiery-hearted men: men who feared not death or danger, the love of Christ constraining them. Nor was this new apostolate without confessors unto blood and martyrs unto death. They were stoned, they were beaten with cudgels, they were dragged through the kennels, and some died under their wounds. They were everywhere spoken against. Even bishops, as Warburton and Lavington, assailed them with the coarsest and most scurrilous invective. But, like the rosemary and thyme, which, “the more they be incensed,” to use the words of Bacon, “the more they give forth their sweetest odours,” so those holy lives, under the heel of persecution, sent forth a sacred incense unto God, whose perfume is fragrant throughout the world to-day. Thus the influence spread till its great originator ceased at once to work and live. At that period this despised sect numbered in England 77,000, and in America 55,000 of people called Methodists.

The lofty and lowly were alike brought under the influence of divine truth. The trembling plumes of the weeping court-dame in the *salons* of the Countess of Huntingdon, equally with the tear-washed furrows on the dusky faces of the Cornish miners, attested the power of the message. Whitefield especially gained

wonderful influence over many persons of noble rank. The wanton Duchess of Suffolk winced under his burning words, and thought them highly improper as applied to sinners of elevated position. "I shall not say to you what I shall say to others," said the patronizing popinjay, Chesterfield, "how much I approve you." Much the fiery preacher valued his "approval"—as much as Paul did that of Felix. Hume, though one of the coldest and most skeptical of men, said it was worth going twenty miles to hear him. The philosopher, Franklin, as he tells us, listening to a charity sermon, resolved to give nothing; but under the power of the preacher's appeals he "emptied his pocket wholly in the collector's plate—gold, silver, and all."

This great movement was not without its alloy of human imperfection, to which Mr. Lecky, with honest criticism, refers. One manifestation of this was the unhappy controversy and temporary alienation that, fomented by over-zealous followers, took place between the leaders of the great revival. But they loved each other too well for permanent estrangement. Whitefield to the last spoke of Wesley with a touching affection. On one occasion, when a censorious Calvinist asked him whether he thought they would see John Wesley in heaven, "I fear not," said the great preacher, "he will be so near the throne, and we shall be at such a distance, that we shall hardly get a sight of him." He remembered him warmly in his will, and it was in obedience to the expressed wish of Whitefield that Wesley preached his funeral sermon.

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## IN THE HOPE OF RESURRECTION.

BY KATHARINE LEE BATES.

### I.

GLISTEN the marbles tall ;  
 Blossoms the sweet white rose —  
 When will God's angel call  
 The dead from their long repose ?  
 Morning climbs in the sky ;  
 Thrushes are building nigh ;  
 Silent the sleepers lie  
 Under the bloom or snows.

Under the bloom and snows  
 They wait 'neath the watchful skies.  
 In the Day of the Lord, who rose  
 From the grave, shall His saints  
 arise.

### II.

Earthward the marbles fall ;  
 Withers the sweet white rose —  
 When will God's angel call  
 The dead from their long repose ?  
 Suns dip low in the west ;  
 Thrushes forsake their nest ;  
 Silent the sleepers rest  
 Under the bloom or snows.

Under the bloom and snows  
 They wait 'neath the watchful skies.  
 In the Day of the Lord, who rose  
 From the grave, shall His saints  
 arise.

## SYMPOSIUM.

*THE METHODIST CHURCH—HER WORK AND INFLUENCE.*

BY THE REV. W. T. M'MULLEN, D.D.,

*Ex-Moderator of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church of Canada.*

OUR privileged lot has fallen to us in times in which the people of God in all the Churches are drawing nearer to each other, and their mutual attraction for each other arises from their having more of the spirit of Christ in them, drawing them nearer to Himself as the centre and source of their life and unity. Nor is the spirit referred to limited to individual Christians; it is giving tone and tendency to the Churches also. A process of approximation has manifestly been at work.

Were I asked to cite particulars in illustration and proof of the opinion expressed, I would, without hesitation, point to the Methodist and Presbyterian Churches as examples, and assert that a process of assimilation to each other has been going on in both, in doctrine, polity and worship. The type and tone of the Presbyterian preaching on the Divine decrees, the sovereignty of God and the free agency of man is not precisely what it was fifty or a hundred years ago. If asked to define the nature of the modification which has taken place, my reply would be that man's free agency and responsibility is emphasized more than formerly.

On the other hand, the teaching of the Methodist Church on the doctrines of grace has approximated more towards the type of Presbyterian belief. As regards public worship, the process of assimilation has been marked and rapid; so much so, that in respect of attitude, music, hymns and order of service, in town and city congregations, scarcely any difference is discernible.

In Church polity a similar process of assimilation has been at work as regards lay representation and other features of church government. Both Churches have been approximating each other, whether consciously or unconsciously, and to the advantage of each. The noble and generous efforts of the Methodist Church in respect of a liberal and efficient college training for her rising ministry reveal a determination to keep abreast with the culture and spirit of a rapidly advancing age. In the early history of Canada, when the country was new, population sparse and people poor, the Methodist Church, by her system of local preachers and itinerant ministry, did noble work in supplying the Gospel ordinances in the new settlements, and the work then done has redounded to her rapid growth, and won

for her a large measure of popular favour. The conditions have now changed, and she is adapting herself to the changed conditions.

The great service which she has rendered and the influence which she has exerted in the cause of a living Christianity in Canada is, I believe, largely due to the ceaseless and burning emphasis with which from all her pulpits she has proclaimed and insisted that true religion is a thing of the heart, the work of the Holy Spirit, a radical change of nature, a new birth, and not to be confounded with mere participation in any external rites, ordinances, or church connexion; and on this, as well as on many other grounds, evangelical sister Churches will rejoice with her in her centennial celebration.

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#### METHODISM AND THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

BY PROF. GOLDWIN SMITH.

METHODISM was born, not like the Reformation Churches, of controversy and ecclesiastical conflict, but of spiritual resuscitation. It was in its origin not a revolt or a secession, but a revival. It was a revolt only against the scepticism, deadness and vice of the eighteenth century and against the torpor and corruption of the State Church. To an outside observer, while he appreciates its extraordinary strength, elasticity, power of growth, adaptation to the needs of the people, and combination of hierarchical force with democratic participation of all in Church work, its weakness seems to be that it strives to perpetuate the forms of enthusiasm which, when the revival is over, are apt to become hollow. Of course, Methodism could not secede from Anglicanism without casting off all that had been left of Rome in the Anglican system, in the shape of sacerdotalism and sacramentalism, at the time of the Reformation. It may in this respect be regarded as the last stage and the completion of the Reformation movement which had pursued its fitful course in England during several centuries. It is needless to tell Methodists that Wesley never intended secession, but continued to enjoin attendance at the services of the Church and to regard Methodist preaching and exercises as only supplementary, while his brother Charles remained an officiating clergyman of the Church of England. John Wesley even retained to the last a tincture of High Church asceticism, punctiliously keeping and enjoining the Friday fast. The secession was inevitable, it is true. The destinies of Methodism, as the

Church of the people, were too lofty to be permanently confined within the pale of the Tudor Establishment, while its enthusiasm could find no home in the abode of the "High and Dry" Anglicanism of that day.

A part, however, of Methodism remained in the Established Church and there, under the name of the Evangelical party, produced, besides a spiritual revival, great movements of social and philanthropic reform, as well as a memorable renewal of missionary effort. It gave birth to Cowper, Wilberforce, Clarkson, Simeon, Shaftesbury, and other men whose names are bright in the annals of religion and humanity. Though in the Establishment, the Evangelical party was scarcely of it. The Evangelicals kept up their connection with the Methodists and with other Nonconformist Churches through the Bible Society, which as a union of Churchmen with "Dissenters" was regarded with aversion by all High Churchmen. They may be said almost to have had an ecclesiastical organization of their own in the shape of the Board of Simeon Trustees. They remained for some time, as it were in an uncovenanted state, deemed half heterodox and excluded from the highest preferments. It was long before they were considered eligible for bishoprics, and there was a general shudder among orthodox churchmen when Sumner, a very mild Evangelical, was promoted by Lord John Russell to the Archbishopric of Canterbury. Thus excluded, or partly excluded, from the favour of the State, the Evangelical party retained some of the advantages of the Free Church, though it was not wholly free from social weaknesses which gave its opponents occasion for mockery, such as its tendency to secure the pulpits of the fashionable watering-places and the sort of following which fashionable watering-places produce. As a rule, the Evangelicals stood aloof from politics and political parties, deeming them too closely identified with this world. But in an evil hour for them, the wily Palmerston fixed his eye on the possibilities of the Evangelical vote. Lord Shaftesbury was connected by marriage with Palmerston, and with all his virtues he was not above the vanity of exercising power, while he, no doubt, persuaded himself that in exercising it he was using the opportunities given him by Providence for the good of the Church. Palmerston made Shaftesbury his Ecclesiastical Vicar-General, and allowed him, to the dismay of High Churchmen, to appoint a whole series of Evangelical bishops. The result was the corruption of the Evangelical party, which dishonoured itself and Christianity by voting with Palmerston for the infamous Lorcha War, and by adulating in language almost profane, a Prime Minister who was not more conspicuous for political sagacity than for pri-

vate vice and indifference to religion. The Evangelical party by its subservient alliances with Palmerston won promotion, but its spiritual dignity and influence were lost.

The Evangelical party has now been overpowered, and among the clergy almost thrust out of existence by the Anglo-Catholic reaction, the latest phase of which is Ritualism. Ritualism, however, besides the element of ecclesiastical reaction has in it an element of religious revival which may be traced originally through Evangelicism to Methodism. Newman was Secretary of the Bible Society at Oxford before he entered upon the course which led him to Tractarianism, and hence, by a process of transition logically inevitable, to Rome. Methodism, on the other hand, in common with all the Protestant Churches, is undergoing, to some extent, the influence of Ritualism. It has become æsthetic and taken to Church art, anthems, flowers. Wesley's "Foundery" has developed into the Metropolitan Church of Toronto, rivalling cathedrals in architectural magnificence. Methodists seem even to be giving Catholic names to their places of worship. Into High Church doctrines Methodists are absolutely debarred from lapsing, since Methodism cannot lay claim to the fundamental basis of the High Church system, which is Apostolic Succession.

Though the Evangelical party proper, which was originally a wing of Methodism, can hardly be said any longer to exist, there is still in the Church of England, principally among the laity, a Low Church party, in doctrine akin to Methodism, as well as to the other Protestant Churches. This party has watched with sorrow and misgiving the progress of Ritualism, till now in Ritualistic "celebrations" nothing is wanting of the Mass except the bells and incense, while monasticism, vows of celibacy and poverty, the confessional, and the whole priestly system are restored without disguise. To combat the advance of Ritualism is for a body so loosely held together and so devoid of theological experts, as the Low Church party, very difficult, and at the same time extremely odious. The effort would make Church life a perpetual controversy and wrangle, to the ruin of charity and all the objects for which Christian Churches exist. The most practical, and at the same time the least acrimonious course open to Low Churchmen is to assert, as Dr. Wade has done, their connection with the other Protestant Churches. Their historical right to take that position can hardly be contested, and if contested can easily be made good. A Ritualist who asserts that the Church of England always held his doctrinal system and repudiated the communion of the Protestant Churches would lay himself open to swift and overwhelming confutation. In this

case there may be a union of Methodism with such representation as still exists of the wing which it left behind it in the Church of England. The uncontroversial and undogmatic character of Methodism to which reference has been made, as the consequence of its special origin, in contrast to that of other Reformed Churches, may render it a specially suitable instrument of reunion.

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### WESLEY AND METHODISM—THEIR INFLUENCE.

BY THE REV. JOHN BURTON, M.A., B.D.

*Pastor of Northern Congregational Church.*

THE influences which mould societies and form character are at once so multiform and subtle as to render it difficult, if not impossible, to reduce to the rigidity of sentences what they are. Did the Reformation make Luther? or Luther the Reformation? The Evangelical revival of the last century in England, as through the age the eternal purpose ran, was it a wave of religious life on the crest of which the Wesleys were borne? or did John Wesley create the movement inseparable from his name? We leave the answers to the philosophers. Enough that the work was needed and the workmen were found to be ready. The Reformation and Luther are facts, so also are the Wesleys and Methodism. We can trace some of the results of each movement; our purpose is to treat briefly of the latter. This we shall endeavour from the standpoint of an English Nonconformist and a Canadian Christian.

When Methodism began "the preaching of the Gospel had disappeared, not by denial, but by lapse, from the majority of Anglican pulpits." Thus wrote Mr. Gladstone, in 1879, in a leading review. English Presbyterianism had practically fallen into an indifferent Unitarianism. Independence, under the ban of social ostracism and civil disabilities, lingered on in out-of-the-way alleys and forbidden conventicles, musing in bitterness of soul and grim submissiveness upon the mysterious decrees of Providence. And so it sang:

"We are a garden walled around,  
Chosen and made peculiar ground;  
A little spot enclosed by grace,  
Out of the world's wide wilderness."

From Nonconformity, poor, crushed, chilled, little, humanly speaking, could be expected; the Established Church was the nation, and its religion was social respectability, conformity, salvation *en masse*, national worship in which the individual must be absorbed.

Earnest souls wanted more—a living Christ instead of a dead Church; and Wesley, with his coadjutors, voiced and responded to that want, moving the people as John the Baptist stirred the very souls of Sadducee and Pharisee to crowd to his baptism. Wrath to come was made very real to the individual soul, and Christ the Saviour made correspondingly the more precious. All reforms tend to oneness, and Methodism, in its intense individualism, lost sight largely of the oneness of the body of Christ; individual conversion and consecration, personal salvation were the burden of its preaching. Nevertheless, the class-meeting brought about fellowship, and its practical excommunication from the Church in which it had its birth gave, under the hand of its masterly organizer, John Wesley, coherence and unity. All classes felt the power, Nonconformity lifted up its head, Unitarianism melted before its glow, and the Anglican community was compelled to strive after at least a living respectability. The anti-slavery movement owed much of its vigour to the fire enkindled by Methodism, the poor had the Gospel preached to them, not from high pulpits of sacerdotal dignity, but from hearts aglow with holy zeal, and the Sunday-school was largely the result of the great Methodist revival.

Canada has great cause for being grateful to Methodism. Outside the centres of population, the earlier years of English-speaking settlement in the Old Canadas would have been, so far as the Gospel is concerned, almost a desolation, had it not been for the Methodist preacher. Possibly, the sturdy Scotch settler, with his Bible and Shorter Catechism, had a firmer and broader grasp upon the verities of Scripture than the average circuit and local preacher; but while he would instruct his children at the family hearth, the scattered souls were longing for the "assembling of themselves together." Methodism made every school-house ring with the songs of salvation, and its protracted meetings stirred the entire community to a sense of responsibility before God. There was much that lay open to criticism in that old-time Methodism. Sometimes the Gospel was presented in what to us seem grotesque forms; but the Gospel was preached, and the terrors of the law urged as an incentive to that holiness without which no man can see the Lord. When an over-excited Methodist cried for the Holy Ghost to come down, "right straight down through the roof, and never mind the shingles," there was, at least, a directness and a point which may well rebuke our cold indifference; and the vagaries of Scripture interpretation, by no means unfrequently heard, were nevertheless accompanied by definite denunciations of sins which went often home with irresistible power.



The sturdy temperance sentiment of our Canadian yeomanry, too, had its foundations laid chiefly by the Methodist pioneer.

Believing in the unity of the Church of Christ, and viewing its denominations all with a sympathetic eye, I prefer to view those denominations not as divisions but as distributions. Each has or had its distinct testimony to bear. Methodism brought *ferveur* into the entire community of the English-speaking world, and incalculable is the blessing thereby conferred. Is it a dream that the glad time is hastening on when the churchliness of the Anglican, the mental vigour of the Presbyterian, the sturdy freedom of the Independent, and the glow of the Methodist should so pervade all bodies that, like kindred drops of quicksilver touching each other, they shall spontaneously rush into one?

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WESLEY AND METHODISM.

BY THE REV. G. M. MILLIGAN, M.A.,

*Pastor of Old St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, Toronto.*

SUCH a career as John Wesley's offers profitable thought to mind and heart in its rich suggestiveness regarding God's ways in providence and grace. Of course, in such compass as necessarily restricts one writing in present circumstances, only a few things can be jotted down respecting the wonderful workings of God displayed in and through John Wesley.

Wesley possessed intense, yet well regulated individuality of character, suggesting important considerations regarding the influence of heredity. The truth that in religion, in the matter of our obligation to God, individualism holds a place superior to institutionalism must have had a latent attraction for Wesley from his very nature, when we consider the non-conforming attitude of both his paternal and maternal ancestors towards the Church. And yet his intense personality in a striking degree timed itself to the demands of a most rigorous method of carrying on his daily work. This orderliness of action in things devotional and practical is what we might expect from one connected by blood with Arthur Wesley, Duke of Wellington.

In these two strong features of his character—the centripetal and centrifugal forces—the love of order and also personal freedom, so rarely harmonized in the same person as in his case, we recognize a wonderful providence in the life and work of Wesley.

Wesley was always true to his light. That light in the days

of his Oxford Methodism was correct intellectual belief and exemplary devotion to rubrical appointments. Under the influence of William Law the centripetal element in his character was in danger of bringing his whole nature under the power of patristic traditionalism.

His contact with the Moravians delivered him from this snare by convincing him that religion was not a matter consisting in the outward observance of ceremonial enactments, but was primarily a concern of the heart. From that time the vital and the formal took their true place in the experiences and achievements of John Wesley, so that his faith became henceforth that of the dawning light which "shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

Chancellor King's book on the Primitive Church convinced him that "bishop" and "presbyter" was one and the same office, and that he had Scriptural authority for ordaining men to the Christian ministry, which rendered his ordination of preachers to their work as truly valid as that performed by men affecting to have exclusive connection with apostolic authority. It is to be hoped that Wesley's example in this matter will be remembered by us all in efforts, however well-meant, put forth at the present time to secure larger organic union among Protestants, by attempting to impose upon us what he, and I trust all of us, despite plausible disguise, will not fail to see is a myth, namely, the doctrine of "Apostolic Succession." Wesley held in theory and practice the Presbyterian belief regarding the teaching of Scripture on the matter of ministerial ordination.

Whatever may be the doctrinal divergencies of Wesley from Presbyterian teaching, we rejoice to attest that in all the great principles of divine truth, Methodists and Presbyterians are *essentially* one. Wesley magnified as emphatically as we the sinfulness of sin, justification by faith through Christ alone, the necessity of the work of the Holy Spirit to begin and sustain the life of Christ in the soul; that religion must be an experience, a life, and not a barren orthodoxy or mere outward profession; and that holiness of character is the only true test of a man's being really in Christ. His diagnoses of Christian experience on such points as "perfection," and "falling from grace," are perhaps what we might anticipate from one called to do the specific work to which he was summoned. Upon others, rather than him, devolved the duty of stating and developing adequately theological truth.

No one man is equal to the task of attending to all sides of Christian work. He did what was given him to do with all his

might, and he did it wisely and well. If he has not exhibited the doctrine of "final perseverance" in his teaching to suit Presbyterian thinkers, he illustrated in most glorious fashion that truth in his life. Would that all, Methodists and Presbyterians alike, displayed in their conduct his noble fidelity to the Master unto the end. Making his realization in this respect ours, we can afford to shake hands over such doctrinal divergencies. Through Wesley, God redeemed Britain from heathenism in morals, and formalism in religion.

His life is an inspiration to us all—to mothers, to consecrate their children to the Lord, would they have for time as well as eternity "the work of their hands established upon them;" to individuals, by illustrating the far-reaching results of consecrated personal endeavour; and to the Church, the necessity of giving a foremost place to the obligation of every believer being called upon to testify, "I know that my Redeemer is mine and I am His," in order that she may be vital within and strong to go forth "to rescue the perishing." The touch of grace makes all Christians akin.

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#### METHODISM IN NEW BRUNSWICK.

BY HIS HONOUR SIR SAMUEL LEONARD TILLEY, C.B., K.C.M.G.

I LEARN from your letter just to hand that you are issuing a special number of the METHODIST MAGAZINE, in commemoration of the two-fold centennial of the death of John Wesley and the introduction of Methodism into this country, and ask me for a brief opinion on the influence of "Wesley and Methodism in Canada."

You are, no doubt, aware that I am not a member of the Methodist Church, but it affords me great pleasure to bear testimony to the great work accomplished, especially in New Brunswick, my native Province, by the members of that Church, both clerical and lay, since its introduction here.

I need but to refer to its present position to prove how great these results have been. The large number of church members and attendants, the number of places of worship in the Province, some of them of the most spacious character and of the finest architectural design; the high standing of her educational institutions, the liberality and devotion of her members, all combine to establish the successful character of the work performed by her devoted ministers during the present century.

The spiritual results, great as they certainly have been, cannot be stated, but may be estimated in part by the visible results referred to. The Methodist Church has, in every respect, been one of the most successful in Canada.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, ST. JOHN.

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### JOHN WESLEY AND METHODISM.

BY THE HON. G. W. ALLAN, D.C.L.,

*Chancellor of University of Trinity College and Speaker of the Dominion Senate.*

YOUR letter dated January the 30th reached me this week, when I was unfortunately very much engaged, and was obliged to leave a good deal of correspondence unanswered. In any case, however, I am afraid it would be impossible for me to find time just now to deal with so large a subject as "the influence of John Wesley and Methodism in general," even if I felt myself competent (which I do not) to write upon a matter to which my reading or attention has never been specially directed. This much I may say, that I believe that John Wesley was raised up to do a great and glorious work for Christ, in rousing men from a state of religious torpor and apathy, which had more or less overspread England in those days, and that his ministrations and those of his immediate followers were singularly blessed to the souls of thousands. And as regards Methodism in Canada, I know that in many parts of Ontario, Methodist ministers were the pioneer messengers of the Gospel, and that but for them, many a backwoodsman in the early days of the country would never have been cheered by the ministrations of religion.

May I add further, that I believe John Wesley until the day of his death, considered that he was doing God's work *within* the Church of England, and not outside of it and I earnestly hope that in the good providence of God, some way may yet be found for reuniting us all—Methodist people and members of the Church of England—once more in one communion.

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### METHODISM IN CANADA.

BY REV. PROF. GREGG,

*Knox College, Toronto.*

HAVING given a good deal of attention to the history of the different Churches in Canada, and formed opinions respecting

them, I have no hesitation in expressing my opinion in regard to the Methodist Churches, that they have been instrumental in doing a vast amount of good in many ways in this country. In the earlier part of the century, when religion was at a low ebb, their ministers, amidst many difficulties and hardships, were greatly honoured by God, not only in promoting spiritual life among their own people, but in stimulating the adherents of other Churches to greater Christian activity. The Methodists were long subjected to humiliating disabilities in regard to the celebration of marriages and the holding of land for church purposes, yet they remained patient, law-abiding, loyal citizens, and they have contributed their full share in bringing about, by constitutional means, the excellent system of government which Canadians now enjoy. When shut out from privileges which others enjoyed in colleges supported by public funds, they established colleges open to all, at their own expense. Half a century ago they were the smallest, but are now the most numerous of the three largest Protestant Churches. Formerly divided into several organizations, they now form one united Church in the Dominion of Canada. In missionary enterprise the Methodists have been particularly active. They have laboured long, earnestly and successfully for the instruction and conversion of the native Indians, and they are doing valuable service in the work of evangelizing the heathen in distant lands.

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*CANADIAN METHODISM.*

BY THE HON. O. MOWAT,

*Premier of the Province of Ontario.*

In consequence of my official and public engagements at the present time, it is impossible for me to prepare anything for your "Symposium" worthy of a place in it. Otherwise I should have been glad to write something by way of testifying my profound appreciation of the good done and doing in this Canada of ours by the various Methodist bodies now happily united. I do not know that I could express to you that appreciation more strongly than by saying I wish a union were practicable and at hand between the Methodists and Presbyterians (as has occasionally been suggested of late) by which these great branches of the Church of Christ should form one ecclesiastical body on the basis of mutual toleration and forbearance in regard to the doctrinal matters now in difference between them.

## ALL HE KNEW.

BY JOHN HABBERTON.

## CHAPTER IV.

THE church at which Deacon Quickset worshipped was not large, nor was it ever well filled when prayer and experience were the only attractions. When Sam Kimper entered, however, the place seemed so immense and the throng so great that nothing but the bulk of the deacon, which had been prudently placed in the rear of the new convert, kept him from turning about and escaping into the darkness. Even when placed in a seat, the outer end of which was occupied by the deacon, the frightened man cast his eyes appealingly toward his keeper—for such was the relation he felt the deacon bore toward him. Finally he slipped slowly along the seat and whispered:

“Deacon, I can’t speak; I can’t think of a word to say. It’s a shame to have a feller like me talkin’ to good church members about what they know more about than him.”

“You’ll have to acknowledge Him before men, Samuel, if you expect Him to acknowledge you.”

“Well, I hain’t any objections to ownin’ up to ev’rybody I know. Didn’t I tell you an’ the judge? Didn’t I tell Nan an’ the children? I ain’t seen anybody else yet or I’d have told them, too. But I can’t say nothin’ to a crowd like this—I don’t know how.”

“He’ll give you words, Samuel, if you’ve got the right care of you.”

“Is that a dead sure thing?”

“Certainly.”

Further argument and protest were ended by the <sup>the deacon.</sup> <sup>want to be</sup> <sup>ou?”</sup> <sup>and,</sup> <sup>man</sup> <sup>ing of the meeting.</sup> It appeared to the deacon that the <sup>and,</sup> <sup>man</sup> was sung with more sound and spirit than was usual, and on looking around he saw the cause—it was literally a “packed house”—the first one the church had ever known on a prayer-meeting night. The deacon immediately let his own voice out a little more, for he felt personally complimented by the large attendance. He had told a number of persons of Sam’s conversion and of his own intention to have the man “put himself on record” before a number of witnesses; evidently this word had gone about and caused the great gathering.

Prayers, hymns, short speeches and confessions succeeded one another for a little while, and the deacon, glancing aside frequently, saw his charge look more and more uncomfortable, helpless and insignificant as the exercises continued. This would not do; should the fellow become thoroughly frightened he might not be able to say anything; this would be disappointing to the assemblage and somewhat humiliating to him who had announced the special attraction of the evening. Sam’s opportunity must come at once; he, the deacon, did not doubt that his

own long experience in introducing people to the public in his capacity as chairman of the local lecture committee, would enable him to present Sam in a manner which would strengthen the weak knees and lift up the feeble heart.

"Brethren," said the deacon, arising during the closing cadence of a hymn, "the consolations of our blessed religion often reach a man in most unexpected ways, and we have among us to-night a living example of it. One of our fellow-citizens who left us, against his will, I may say, about two years ago, found the pearl of great price in the cell of a prison. He has come here to-night to testify to the hope that is within him. He feels that he is weak and halting of speech, but, blessed be the spirit of our Master, that makes all of us brothers, it does not take eloquence or superfluity of words to let out anything that the heart is full of. I ask the attention and sympathy of all present for our brother, Samue Kimper."

As the deacon sat down he put his powerful arm under the shoulder of his companion, and Sam Kimper found himself upon his feet. The frightened man looked down at the cushion of the seat in front of him; then he tried to look around, but there was so much hard curiosity in each face upon which his eyes fell that he speedily looked down again, and leaned heavily upon the back of the bench upon which his hands rested. Finally he cleared his throat, and said: "Ladies an' gentlemen, I've been in States prison nearly two year—I deserved it. Lots of folks talked kind to me before I went; some of 'em's here to-night, an' I thank 'em for what they done. A good many of 'em talked religion to me, but the more they talked the less I understood 'em. I guess 'twas my fault; I never had much headpiece, while some of 'em had. But when I was in the prison a man come along that talked to me about Jesus like I never was talked to before. Somehow I could understand what he was drivin' at. He made me feel that I had a Eriend that I could foller, even if I didn't keep up with Him all the time, owin' to things in the road that I hadn't knowed about. He told me if I'd believe in Jesus I'd pull through in the course of time. I've been tryin' to do it, an' while I was in the gaol I got lots of new ideas of how I ort to behave myself, all from a little book that man left me, that didn't have nothin' in it but Jesus' own words. I'm a-goin' to keep on at it, an' if I can't live that way, I'm goin' to die a-tryin'. I believe that's all I've got to say, ladies an' gentlemen."

There was an awkward silence for a moment after Sam sat down. The minister in charge of the meeting said afterward that the remarks were not exactly what he had expected, and he did not know, at such short notice, how to answer them. Suddenly a hymn was started by a voice which every one knew, though they seldom heard it in prayer-meeting. It belonged to Judge Prency's wife, who had been for years the mainstay of every musical entertainment which had been dependent upon local talent. The hymn began:

"Am I a soldier of the Cross?"

and the assemblage sang it with great force and spirit. The meeting was closed soon afterward, and as Sam, in spite of an occasional kind greeting, was endeavouring to escape from the hard stare of curious eyes, Mrs. Judge Prency, who was the handsomest and most distinguished woman in the village, stopped him; grasped his hand, and said: "Mr. Kimper, you gave the most sensible speech I ever heard in an experience meeting. I'm going to believe in you thoroughly."

Deacon Quickset, who was closely following his new charge, listened with fixed countenance to the lady's remark. He followed Sam from the church, snatched him away from the wife, who had joined him, and said: "Samuel, that experience of yours rather disappointed me. It wasn't all there. There was something left out—a good deal left out."

"I guess not, deacon; I said all I knowed."

"Then you ought to know a good deal more. You've only got at the beginning of things. No church'll take you into membership if you don't believe more than that."

"Maybe I'll know it, in the course of time, deacon, if I keep on a-learnin'."

"Maybe you will if you do keep on. But you didn't say anything about your hope of salvation, nor the atonement, nor your being nothing through your own strength."

"I couldn't say it if I didn't know about it," Sam replied. "All my troubles an' wrong-doin's have come of not livin' right, so right livin' is all I've had time to think about an' study up."

"You need to think about dying as well as living," said the deacon.

"Him that took care of another that was dyin' 'll take care of me if I get in that fix, if I hang on to Him tight."

"Not unless you hang on in the right way," said the deacon. "You must believe what all Christians believe, if you want to be saved. You don't feel that you are prepared to die, do you?"

"I felt 't a good many times, deacon, when I was in that gaol, and sometimes I half wished I could die right away."

"Pshaw!" muttered the deacon, "you don't understand. You're groping in darkness—you don't understand."

"That's so, deacon, if you mean I don't understand what you're drivin' at."

"Don't you feel Christ in you the hope of glory?"

"I don't know what you mean, deacon."

"Don't you feel that a sacrifice has been made to atone for your sins?"

"I can't follow you, deacon."

"I thought not. You haven't got things right at all. You haven't been converted; that's what's the matter with you."

"Do you mean, deacon," said Sam, after a moment, "that what I'm believin' about Jesus is all wrong, an' there ain't nothin' in it?"

"Why, no; I can't say that," the deacon replied; "but you've begun wrong end first. What a sinner needs most of all is to know about his hereafter."



"It's what's goin' on now, from day to day, that weighs hardest on me, deacon. There's nothin' hard about dyin'; leastways, you'd think so if you was built like me, an' felt like I have to feel sometimes."

"You're all wrong," said the deacon. "If you can't understand these things for yourself, you ought to take the word of wiser men for it."

"S'posin' I was to do that about ev'rythin', then, when Judge Prency, who's a square man an' a good deal smarter than I be, talks politics to me, I ought to be a Republican instead of a Jackson Democrat."

"No," said the deacon sharply, for he was a Jackson Democrat himself. "I'll have to talk more to you about this, Samuel. Good-night."

"Good-night, deacon."

"He knows more'n you do about religion," said Mrs. Kimper, who had followed closely behind, and who rejoined her husband as soon as the deacon departed.

"He ought to, seein' his headpiece an' chances, an' yet I've heerd some pooty hard things said about him."

When the couple reached home, Sam looked at the heap of straw and rags on which his children should have been sleeping, but which was without occupant except the baby. Then, by the light of the coals still remaining in the fireplace, he looked through some leaves of the little book which the prison visitor had given him. When he arose from the floor, he said to himself: "I'll stick to Him yet, deacon or no deacon—stick to Him to the end."

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## CHAPTER V.

Sam Kimper spent several days in looking about his native town for work. He found many sympathetic assurances, some promises, and no work at all. Everybody explained to everybody else that they were sorry for the poor wretch, but they couldn't afford to have a gaol-bird around.

Meanwhile, Sam's stock of money, accumulated by overwork in the State prison and augmented by Judge Prency's present, was running low. He kept down his family expenses as much as possible, buying only the plainest of food material, and hesitating long to break a note, though it were only of the denomination of one dollar. Nevertheless the little wad of paper money in his pocket grew noticeably thinner to his touch.

His efforts to save the little he had in his possession were not assisted by his family. His wife, thanks, and perhaps blame, to the wifely sense of dependence upon her husband, had fallen back upon him entirely after what he had said about his intention as to the future of the family; and she not only accepted his assurances as bearing upon the material requirements of several mouths from day to day, but she also built some air-castles which

he was under the unpleasant necessity of knocking down. The poor woman was not to blame. She never had seen a ten-dollar note since the day of her marriage, when, in a spasm of drunken enthusiasm, her husband gave a ten-dollar treasury note to the clergyman who officiated on that joyous occasion.

One evening Sam took his small change from the pocket to give his son Tommy money enough to buy a half-bushel of cornmeal in the village. As he held a few pieces of silver in one hand, touching them rapidly with the forefinger of the other, his son Tom exclaimed :

"You're just overloaded with money, old man! Say, gi' me a quarter to go to the ball game with? I'm in trainin', kind o' like, and I ain't afeared to say that mebbe I turn out a first-class pitcher one of these days."

"Tom," said his father, trying to straighten his feeble frame, as his eyes brightened a little, "I wish I could; I'd like you to go into anything that makes muscle. But I can't afford it. You know I'm not workin' yet, an' until I do work the only hope of this family is in the little bit of money I've got in my pocket."

"Well," said Tom, thrusting out his lower lip, slouching across the room and returning again, "I don't think a quarter's enough to trouble anybody's mind about what will happen to his family afterwards. I've heard a good deal from mother about you bein' converted and changin' into a different sort of a man, but I don't think much of any kind o' converted dad that don't care enough for his boy to give him a quarter to go to a ball game."

"Food before fun, Tom," said the father resolutely, closing his hand upon such remaining silver as he had, and then thrusting the fistful into his pocket—"food before fun. Ball isn't business to this family just now, and money means business ev'ry time. When I was away and couldn't help it, things mebbe didn't go as they ort to have gone, but now that I'm back again there sha'n't be any trouble if I know how to stand in the way of it."

This expression of principle and opinion did not seem to favourably impress the eldest member of the second generation. Master Tom thrust out his lower lip again, glared at his father, took his hat, and abruptly departed. There was no dinner at the Kimper table that day, except for such members of the family as could endure slices of cold boiled pork with very little lean to it. Late in the afternoon, however, Tom returned with an air of bravado, indulged in a number of reminiscences of the ball game, and at last asked why supper was not ready.

"Tom," said the father, "why didn't you come back to-day with what I gave you money to buy?"

"Well," said the young man, dipping his spoon deeply into a mixture of hasty pudding, milk and molasses, "I met some of the boys in the street, an' they told me about the game, an' it seemed to me that I wouldn't 'pear half a man to 'em if I didn't go 'long, so I made up my mind that you and the mother would get along some way, an' I went anyhow. From what's in front o' me I guess you got along, didn't you?"

"Tom," said the father, leaving his seat at the table and going round to his son's chair, on the top bar of which he leaned—"Tom, of course, we got along; there'll be somethin' to eat here every day just as long as I have any money or can get any work. But, Tom, you're pretty well grown up now; you're almost a man; I s'pose the fellers in town think you are a man, don't they? An' you think you're one yourself, too, don't you?"

The young man's face brightened, and he engulfed several spoonfuls of the evening meal before he replied: "Well, I guess I am somebody, now'days. The time you was in gaol I thought the family had a mighty slim chance o' countin', but I tumbled into base-ball, and I was pretty strong in my arms and pretty spry on my feet, and little by little I kind o' came to give the family a standin'."

"I s'pose that's all right," said the father; "but I want you to understan' one thing, an' understan' it so plain that you can't ever make any mistake about it afterwards. When I put any money into your hands to be used for anythin', it don't matter what, you must spend it for that, or you must get an awful thrashin' when come back home again. Do you understan' me?"

The feeding motions of the eldest member of the Kimper collection of children stopped for an instant, and Master Tom leered at his father, as he said: "Who's goin' to give the thrashin'?"

"I am, Tom—your father is, and don't make any mistake about it. He'll do it, good an' brown, too, if he's to die used up right away afterwards. This family is goin' to be decent from this time on—there ain't to be no more thieves in it, an' any member of it that tries to make it diff'rent is goin' to feel so bad that he'll wish he'd never been born. Do you understan'? Don't you go thinkin' I'm ugly; I'm only talkin' sense."

The cub of the family looked upward at his father from the corners of his eyes, and then he clenched his fists and turned slightly in the chair. Before he could do more his parent had him by both shoulders, had shaken him out of the chair, and was leaning upon him with both knees.

"Tom," said Sam to his astonished son, "you was the first young one I ever had, an' I'd give away my right hand rather than have any real harm come to you, but you've got to mind me now, and you've got to do it until you're of age, and if you don't promise to do it now right straight along from this time forth, I'll give you the thrashin' now. That ain't all, either; you've got to be man enough to stand by your dad, an' say somethin' to the fellers, an' explain that you're goin' to stop bein' a town loafer, and goin' into decent ways."

Tom was so astonished by this demonstration of spirit that he made all the desired promises at once, and was released.

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—WHAT is less difficult to awaken than a self-love which has grown drowsy? What more difficult to lull to sleep again than a self-love once awakened?

## Current Topics and Events.

### OUR CENTENNIAL NUMBER.

WE greatly abridge any editorial remarks of our own on this number in view of the many contributions from the ablest pens in recent Methodism and the generous tribute of writers outside of Methodism on the character and work of John Wesley and his moral influence on mankind. The Wesleys in a special sense belong not so much to the Methodist Church as to Christendom. As Prof. Goldwin Smith has well remarked, "Methodism arose, not from controversy, like many other Churches, but as the outcome of a religious revival." This has communicated its influence to all the Churches, and by this fact it is allied to all who love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity and truth.

We are glad, therefore, to present tributes from leaders of thought in the other Churches of this land. We have also been kindly promised expressions of opinion on the influence of Wesley and Methodism in general and on Canada in particular, from Rev. Dr. Sheraton, of Wycliffe College; Dr. Newman, of McMaster University; Mr. James Croil, Editor of *Presbyterian Record*; and we expect also contributions from Prof. Clark, of Trinity College; Rev. D. J. Macdonnell, Rev. Dr. MacVicar, Presbyterian Theological College, Montreal; Rev. Dr. Wells, American Presbyterian Church, Montreal; Hon. Alex. Mackenzie, Right Hon. Sir John Macdonald, Hon. S. H. Blake, Q.C., and other prominent persons.

We believe that this symposium will be greatly beneficial in knitting bonds of sympathy and fellowship and good-will with other Churches of this land with which we desire to be co-workers in every Christian endeavour. The April number of this *MAGAZINE* will give a special prominence to the centennial of Canadian Methodism, as this gives prominence to the centennial of the death of John Wesley. The Rev. E. A.

Baker, B.D., has written a paper on a visit to Epworth Rectory, which we regret is too late for this issue. We have had engraved from a drawing made especially for this *MAGAZINE* an excellent picture of the old Blue Church near Prescott, and of the grave of Barbara Heck, the mother of Methodism in both the United States and Canada, as she has well been called. Other articles of permanent interest in connection with this current celebration will also be found in that number. We solicit the hearty co-operation of every loyal lover of Methodism in making this centennial a pronounced success.

The Rev. Dr. Potts writes: "I fear that the young people of Canadian Methodism do not know as much of the life and work of John Wesley as they should, nor of the position, extent and influence of their own Church.

"I write, indulging the hope that you will call the attention of Sunday-school superintendents and Epworth League officers to the important duty of making suitable arrangements to honour the event, and to impress the youth of our Church with the importance of studying the life of Wesley and the history of Methodism."

We hope that the suggestion of the Rev. Dr. Potts in his letter, given above, will be very widely adopted in all our churches, Sunday-schools and Epworth Leagues and Young People's Associations, if not on the 2nd of March at least soon after that event.

In Toronto great mass-meetings are arranged to be held, and we expect that similar meetings will be held elsewhere throughout the country. It will be for our young friends an event of their life-time; the only centennial of the sort they can ever attend, and one on which they may look back with life-long pleasure. It is hoped that it will awaken an

interest in the providential mission and heroic traditions of Methodism, both in the land of its origin and in our own country, that shall create a much more profound and intelligent sympathy in their hearts for the Church of their fathers than they ever had before.

A great wave of influence is sweeping over the continent and around the world in connection with this movement. In Chicago there is to be a monster meeting in the new auditorium, which holds 8,000 persons. In New York, Buffalo, Cleveland, Cincinnati, and other great cities, similar meetings will be held. It will be a demonstration of the solidarity and brotherhood and enthusiasm of Methodism, we believe, such as the world has never seen. Let us, as Canadians, do our part towards making it in our own country a great and unique success. "Tell ye your children of it, and let your children tell their children, and their children another generation."—*Joel* i. 3.

#### PRIZE ESSAYS ON METHODISM.

We are authorized to announce the following prizes for the six best essays on "The Influence of Methodism, especially in Canada." The essays must contain between 1,500 and 2,000 words, and must be written by Methodist Sunday-school scholars or teachers of either sex, in Canada, Newfoundland, or Bermuda, under twenty-one years of age. They must be sent to the Rev. Dr. Withrow, Wesley Buildings, Toronto, before the first of May, with certificate of the Methodist minister superintendent on the circuit, station or mission, as to the age and Sunday-school relationship of the writer. The essays are not expected to give a history of Methodism; but to give re-

lections on its influence, religiously, socially, educationally, and otherwise. The prizes will be as follows: First prize, \$30; second prize, \$25; third prize, \$20; fourth prize, \$15; fifth prize, \$10; sixth prize, \$5.

Essays must be written on one side of paper only, and must be folded, not rolled.

The pages must be numbered and fastened together at upper left-hand corner, and must be legibly signed with the name and address of writer.

Awards will be given by first of June. All prize essays will be the property of the committee. Competitors must take copies, as the essays cannot be returned.

The Rev. John Philp, M.A., the Rev. William Galbraith, M.A., LL.B., Ph.D., and Rev. George Bishop will act as adjudicators.

The best sources of information will be the "Centennial Volume on Canadian Methodism," now in press, and the numbers of the *METHODIST MAGAZINE* for January, February and March; price fifty cents for the three. The price of Centennial Volume will soon be announced. These may be ordered through the Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal and Halifax.

Please do not write for any additional information. The above contains all that can be given. Names of donors will be given later.

W. H. WITHROW,

Sec. of Committee.

We have prepared a beautiful form of programme, containing portraits of John Wesley, Susanna Wesley, and a picture of the Wesley memorial in Westminster Abbey, with space for local programme. This will be furnished, \$2.50 for 100; \$3.75 for 500; \$5 per 1,000, with any local programme inserted on one of the pages.

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O BREATH from out the Eternal Silence! blow  
Softly upon our spirits' barren ground!  
The precious fulness of our God bestow,  
That fruits of faith, love, reverence, may abound.  
G. Tersteegen.

## Book Notices.

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*Our Old Home.* By NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE. Annotated with passages from the author's note-book, and illustrated with photogravures. Two volumes ; pp. 594. New edition. New York and Boston: Houghton & Mifflin. Toronto: William Briggs. Price \$4.00.

Hawthorne has been well called "the prose poet of Puritanism." His poetic feeling is seen in everything he touches. It finds, especially, ample scope in his account of his social and historical studies over the sea in that dear old land which so many of the best sons of New England affectionately style, in the words of our author, "our old home." Upon Canadian readers the book has a special claim. No one has brought in more marked degree the "seeing eye" and the sympathetic soul to the study of the Old Land than has Hawthorne; and none, we think, have better interpreted its thousand suggestions, tenderly sympathetic or broadly humorous, than Mr. Hawthorne. Of the humorous there is, indeed, more than we would expect in an author of so sombre a genius. The accounts of the Yankee abroad and of the English dowager are saturated with fun. For the latter *jeu d'esprit* it is said that he paid the penalty of ostracism in certain social circles.

Among the topics on which the genial prose poet discursively sketches and amuses are "Leamington," "About Warwick," "Recollections of a Gifted Woman—Delia Bacon," "Lichfield and its Memories," "Old St. Botolph's Town," which has so many vital connections with its New England namesake, "Around Oxford," "Up the Thames," "Haunts of Burns," "A London Suburb," "English Poverty and Civic Banquets." One of the most charming embellishments of the book is its series of fine photogravures. Most of these succeed in interpreting the deep shades and

high lights of the photograph, the softened gradations of middle distance and back-ground, in a real work of art. The very texture of the bark and of the leaves of the trees, or stone and wood, can be discerned. The softness of the mossy woods, of the ivied walls and green shaven sward, and the cloud effects, and the architectural details, as of St. Paul's, are wonderfully given, and would bear study under a glass. It reminds one of Hamlet's expression, "Seems, madam! Nay, it *is*!" A fine etched portrait of the author is added. The quaint binding and title page of the book, and its general old-style, make it a very attractive present for all the year round.

*Grammar of Painting and Engraving.* From the French of Charles Blanc's *Grammaires des Arts du Dessin*. By KATE NEWELL DOGGETT. With the original illustrations. 8vo, pp. xx.—330. Chicago, Ill.: G. C. Griggs & Co.

The taste for art is becoming more and more widely diffused. People buy pictures and visit art exhibitions more than ever, yet the facilities for understanding art are still comparatively limited. Hence people often buy and admire atrociously bad pictures. The present volume is well called an art grammar, as it points out the principles which underlie the arts of design. Its purpose is "to place in the hands of those who are groping for reasons for the love they feel for the beautiful a book that should teach them the principles that underlie all works of art; a book not voluminous enough to alarm, plain and lucid enough to instruct, and sufficiently elevated in style to entertain." Charles Blanc certainly *knows* of what he writes. He has a Frenchman's artistic feelings and intuitions, and a Frenchman's facility of expressing in lucid brilliance what he means. To know how to judge a picture, a statue, a noble

building, would greatly enhance the pleasure of life. It would ennoble the taste, and often, too, prevent enormous waste in the purchase of faulty pictures and the erection of viciously constructed buildings. Many of the public buildings of Great Britain, the United States and Canada are a crime against good taste.

This book is not designed to be of service only to the professional, or even amateur, but to the general reader. While the French excel in artistic technique, they often fail in the moral significance of art. Our author endeavours to point out this moral element in art, without which it fails of its noblest purpose. He treats also of the many methods of popularizing art by its reproduction by means of engraving on wood, copper, steel, and stone, etching, mezzotint, aqua-tint, etc. The subject under treatment is illustrated by over forty engravings, some of them of the *chef d'œuvres* of art by the great masters. In discussing these and other great paintings, the merits and demerits of the composition and arrangement are pointed out, and thus one is taught himself to judge and criticise as well as to enjoy art.

*The Vision of Sir Launfal.* By JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL. Illustrated by E. H. Garrett. New York and Boston: Houghton and Mifflin. Toronto: William Briggs. Price \$1.50.

In our judgment, "Sir Launfal" is Lowell's most charming and characteristic poem. It is a beautiful interpretation of the legend of the Holy Grail, first published long before Tennyson wrote his noble Arthurian cycle. Sir Launfal, the maiden knight, rides forth from his castle "to seek in all climes for the Holy Grail."

"He was 'ware of a leper that crouched by the gate,

And a loathing over Sir Launfal came,  
So he tossed him a piece of gold in scorn.

"After painful travel and doughty  
gests

The war-worn knight returned from  
the weary quest,

An old, bent man, worn out and frail,  
He came back from seeking the Holy  
Grail."

Again the leper asked for alms.

"Sir Launfal sees nought save the  
gruesome thing,  
The leper, lank as the rain-blanch'd  
bone,

That cowers beside him, a thing as  
lone

And white as the ice-isles of northern  
seas

In the desolate horror of his disease.'

Then Sir Launfal

"Gave to the leper to eat and drink;  
'Twas a mouldy crust of coarse brown  
bread;

'Twas water out of a wooden bowl;  
Yet with fine wheaten bread was the  
leper fed,

And 'twas red wine he drank with his  
thirsty soul,

And the voice that was calmer than  
silence said:

'Lo, it is I; be not afraid.

In many climes, without avail,

Thou hast spent thy life for the Holy  
Grail.

Behold, it is here! This cup, which  
thou

Didst fill at the streamlet for me but  
now,

This crust is my body, broken for thee;  
This water, His blood, that died on the  
tree.'

The holy supper is kept, indeed,

In whatso we share with another's  
need."

A portrait of the poet in his youth, a number of exquisite etchings and photogravures from water-colour sketches, and a dainty crimson and white binding, make up a charming little volume.

*The Miracles of Our Saviour Expounded and Illustrated.* By W. L. TAYLOR, B.D., LL.D. 8vo, pp. vi.-449. New York: A. C. Armstrong. Methodist Book Rooms, Montreal, Toronto and Halifax. Price \$1.75.

The pastor of the Broadway Tabernacle is one of the brightest lights in the American pulpit. At least, three previous volumes of sermons have been received with great favour. The present volume forms an admir-

able companion work to his "Parables of our Saviour," which has reached a fourth edition. Dr. Taylor has a keen spiritual insight into the very heart of the teachings of our Lord, both in parable and miracle, and has a rare expository skill in giving point and application to these teachings. The work is not so much apologetic as practical, and the preacher's purpose is to turn these Biblical subjects to the best account for meeting the necessities of modern life.

An introductory chapter discusses succinctly the apologetic aspect of miracles. The remainder of the work is devoted to their practical lessons. The lucid and picturesque style and moral earnestness of the writer will make this book, we predict, not less successful than his previous volumes. We do not know that we can quite agree with Dr. Taylor's views on the subject of the miracle at Cana of Galilee. Eminent writers take opposite views as to the character of the wine made by our Lord. But Dr. Taylor is none the less a valiant soldier on the side of temperance reform.

*Eschatology, or the Doctrine of Last Things, According to the Chronology and Symbolism of the Apocalypse.* By F. C. HIBBARD, D.D. 12mo, pp. 368. New York: Hunt & Eaton; and Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal and Halifax.

Dr. Hibbard is well known as a skillful and judicious Biblical commentator and exegete. His commentary on the Psalms and history and geography of Palestine have won deserved commendation. The present work is one of the most difficult that he has undertaken. Where so many able commentators have so widely differed, and many have so signally failed, it cannot be expected that Dr. Hibbard's interpretations will carry conviction to every mind. Dr. Clark frankly says that he does not profess to understand the Apocalypse at all. Canon Farrar deplores the many false interpretations of their mysteries which have

done disservice to the cause of religion. The difficulty is that, while interpreting prophecy, most of the writers become prophets themselves. From this error Dr. Hibbard very largely keeps free. The last things in the history of our race and of God's redemptive purpose certainly present an intense and undying interest for the thoughtful mind. The study of this carefully written volume will do much to give greater definiteness of conception of the august and tremendous issues to which it refers. Our own judgment is that the predictive element of the Apocalypse is not designed to foretell the day nor the hour of the fulfilment of its predictions, as so many prophecy-mongers falsely and foolishly teach, but to be a perpetual evidence of the inspiration of Holy Writ after the things foretold have come to pass. "God is His own interpreter, and He will make it plain."

*Asaph's Ten Thousand.* By MARY E. BENNETT. Pp. 325. Boston and Chicago: Congregational Sunday-school and Publishing Society. Toronto: William Briggs. Price \$1 50.

Strikes and labour difficulties, occurring frequently as they do, make people more willing to listen to any one who can talk or write well on social relations. In this story a writer who, in other writings, has shown herself competent to advise, describes the condition of affairs in a manufacturing town, where one man is the owner and sole director of a large business which he has built up himself. He owns the village as well as the mills, and his family of educated sons and daughters form the aristocracy of the place, in striking contrast to the mill-hands. Outsiders finally manage to stir up the hands to strike. The struggle is disastrous to both sides. Neither wins a victory, but by the triumph of Christian common-sense, both sides learn a lesson for the future. It is certainly a most suggestive study of the "labour question."