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# 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 winged 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 the royal scroll !

Thatched the cottage where he dwelt,  
 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 a 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 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.

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.



DEATH OF JOHN WESLEY.  
From "Hurst's History of Methodism," by permission of Eaton & Mains.

# Methodist Magazine and Review.

JUNE, 1903.

THE FOUNDERS OF METHODISM.\*

BY THE EDITOR.



HERE was a man sent from God whose name was John." It is remarkable how often in the history of the Church this saying has been fulfilled. Besides the brave-souled John the Baptist, we have John the Evangelist, the Golden-Mouthed John Chrysostom, John of Damascus, John of Bologna, John Wycliffe, John Huss, John Knox, John Calvin, John Milton, John the Constant of Saxony, and well-nigh twoscore of other Johns famous in ecclesiastical history. And not the least of this galaxy of glorious names, John Wesley, the two-hundredth anniversary of whose birth to-day all the world honours. We condense into a few paragraphs some of the salient features of his life.

The Wesleys were of an ancient family, probably, as is inferred from the "scallop shell" upon their coat of arms, descended from crusading ancestors. It is remarkable that both the father and grandfather of the Rev. Samuel Wesley were clergymen of the Established Church, who, refusing to obey the Act of Uniformity, were driven from their homes and pulpits. By

\* For the numerous engravings which illustrate these articles we are indebted to many sources, chiefly to the splendid edition of Wesley's Journals issued by the Wesleyan Conference Office, under the title "Wesley his own Biographer."



THE REV. SAMUEL WESLEY.

John Wesley's father.

the Five Mile Act they were prohibited from approaching their former parishes or any borough town. Driven from place to place, fugitives and outcasts for conscience' sake, they preached wherever they could, enduring persecutions similar to those with which the early Methodists were afterwards so familiar. Four times was the father of Samuel Wesley thrown into prison—once for six, and again for three months; and at length he sank into the grave at the early age of thirty-four. His aged father, heart-broken by his griefs and sorrows, soon followed him to heaven.

The poetical faculty with which John and, especially, Charles Wesley, were so highly endowed, was



PARISH CHURCH, EPWORTH.

derived from their father rather than from their mother, who has left no special proof of talent in this direction. With the Rev. Samuel Wesley, on the contrary, "beating rhymes," as he called it, was almost a mania. He was a man of extraordinary literary industry, and poem after poem came in rapid succession from his pen.

Pope knew the elder Wesley well, and commends him to Swift as "a learned man whose prose is better than his poetry."

In the little rectory of Epworth was reproduced one of the noblest phases of what Coleridge has called the one sweet idyl of English society—life in a country parsonage. Here in a quiet round of domestic joys and religious duties, was trained, for usefulness and for God, a numerous family, numbering in all nineteen children. Mr. Samuel Wesley was zealous in pulpit and pastoral labours and bold in rebuking sin, whether in lofty or lowly. Evil livers, to whom the truth was obnoxious, soon resented his plainness. They wounded his cattle, twice set fire to his house, and fired guns and shouted beneath his windows. For a small debt he was arrested while leaving his church and thrown into prison, where he

remained three months. "Now I am at rest," he wrote from his cell to the Archbishop of York, "for I have come to the haven where I have long expected to be."

The Epworth rectory was a humble, thatch-roofed building of wood and plaster, and venerable with moss and lichen, the growth of a hundred years. The rectory family was a model Christian household. Godly gravity was tempered by innocent gaiety, and the whole suffused with the tenderest domestic affection. "They had the common reputation," says Dr. Clarke, "of being the most loving family in Lincolnshire."

The centre and presiding genius of this fair domain was Susannah Wesley. Like the Roman matron, Cornelia, she cherished her children, of whom she had thirteen around



SUSANNAH WESLEY.

John Wesley's mother.

her at once, as her chief jewels. They all bore pet "nicknames," which they found used, like an uttered caress, in the family circle and in copious correspondence that was kept up after they left home.

Her son John writes to her from Oxford at a time when her health was precarious, in strains of lover-like tenderness, and hopes that he may die before her, that he may not endure the anguish of her loss.

"You did well," she writes him, in unconscious prophecy, "to correct that fond desire of dying before me, since you do not know what work God may have for you to do before you leave this world."

By her daughters she was beloved almost to filial idolatry. Death and sorrow many times entered that happy home, and several of the nineteen children died young. But upon the survivors was concentrated the affection of as warm a mother's love as ever throbbed in human breast. The children seem to have been worthy of that mother. They were all intelligent; some of them noted for



SUSANNAH WESLEY'S BIRTHPLACE.

their sprightliness and wit, and others for their poetic faculty, and several of the girls were remarkable for their beauty and vivacity. Fun and frolic were not unknown in this large family of healthy, happy children, and the great hall of the rectory became an arena of hilarious recreations.

The tranquil rectory of Epworth was not, however, without its visitations of sorrow. Time after time, death visited its charmed circle, till nine of the loved household were borne away. And there were sadder things even than death to mar its happiness. The beauty and native grace of several of the daughters led to marriages which proved unfortunate. In anguish of soul their sympathizing mother writes thus to her brother of this saddest sorrow which can befall a woman's life: "O brother! happy, thrice happy are you. Happy is my sister, that buried your children in infancy, secure from temptation, secure from guilt, secure from want or shame, secure from the loss of friends. Believe me, it is better to mourn ten children dead than one living, and I have buried many."

The pinchings of poverty also were only too familiar in this family, and sometimes even the experience



STAIRWAY TO HAUNTED CHAMBER,  
EPWORTH RECTORY.



Charterhouse

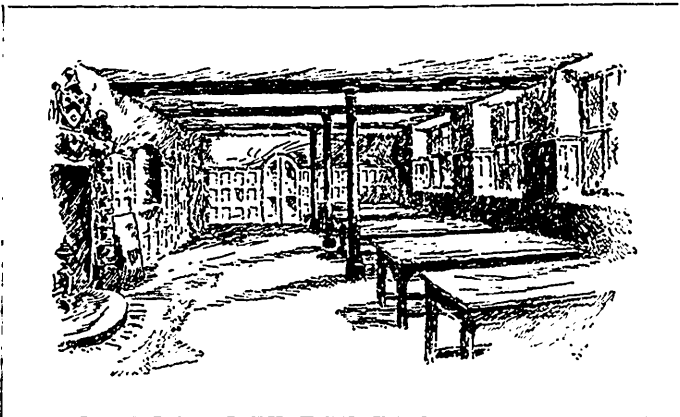
## CHARTERHOUSE SCHOOL, EXTERIOR.

of want. The shadow of debt hung over it, and beneath that shadow Mr. Wesley sank into the grave. Although the living of Epworth was nominally valued at £200, it did not realize more than £130. How, even with the utmost economy, such a large family was clothed, fed, and educated on this meagre stipend is one of the most extraordinary circumstances in its history. Yet, these privations were borne not complainingly but cheer-

fully. In a letter to the Archbishop of York, this noble woman was able to say that the experience and observation of over fifty years had taught her that it was much easier to be content without riches than with them.

Two members of this remarkable family have won world-wide fame as the chief founders of Methodism. John Wesley, the elder of the two, born in 1703, is described as having a boyish turn for wit and humour. His brother Charles, five years younger, was exceedingly sprightly and active, and remarkable for courage and skill in juvenile encounters with his schoolfellows.

When only thirteen years old "Jacky," as he is named in his mother's letters, left the sheltering roof-tree of the Epworth rectory for the cloisters of Charterhouse School, London. This was an old monastery, founded five hundred years ago. After its dissolution by Henry VIII. it became the family seat of the Howards, and the court of Queen Elizabeth and of King James. It was converted into a school for forty boys and an asylum for eighty poor gentlemen. It has an annual revenue of \$150,000. Among its famous scholars were Addison, Steele, Blackstone, Wesley, Grote, Havelock, and Thack-



BOYS' DINING-ROOM, CHARTERHOUSE SCHOOL.

eray. In Wesley's day the food for the brain was better than that for the body, and Jacky was nearly starved. He obeyed the wise counsel of his father, that he should run around the large garden three times a day. He thus got up an excellent appetite, even if he did not get very much to gratify it.

In three years he entered Christ Church College, Oxford, where he continued his classical studies. He became Greek lecturer at the university when a little more than twenty-three years old. In Hebrew, too, he was one of the best scholars of the age. About this time he was joined by his younger brother Charles. When John was twenty-eight and Charles was twenty-three the famous "Holy Club" was formed. It consisted of a little group of students who met together for the study of the Greek Testament, for self-examination and prayer. Their methodical lives led to their receiving the epithet of "Methodists," a name of contempt which was destined to become one of highest honour.

While Epworth Rectory may be called the cradle of Methodism, it was at Oxford that it received its strong impress of intellectual culture. It must never be forgotten that it was in the first university of Europe that this child of Providence was fostered and trained. They were no illiterates, those Fellows of Oxford, who met for the study of the oracles of God in their original tongues. With the instinct of true learning, having kindled their torches at the altar fire of eternal truth, they went forth to diffuse the light, to illumine the darkness, and as heralds to proclaim the dawn of a new day. The university crest has in this connection a prophetic significance. It is an open Bible with the motto, "*Dominus illuminatio mea*"—The Lord is my Light. Though the mission of Methodism has been largely like



JOHN WESLEY TEACHING A YOUNG NEGRESS IN GEORGIA.

that of the Christ of Nazareth, to preach the Gospel to the poor and lowly, it has been the better able to do this because it has sought to

"Unite the pair so long disjointed,  
Knowledge and vital Piety."

Amid the stately surroundings of Oxford, that city of colleges which has trained so many of the English scholars and statesmen, the Wesleys, Whitefield, Coke, and other early Methodist leaders received that broad culture, that sound classical learning, that strict logical training, which so efficiently equipped them for the great life-work they were to do.

As we walk the smooth-turfed quadrangles and traverse the ivy-clad cloisters and the long rows of collegiate buildings, and visit the alcoved library, the great halls and the college chapels, we gain some suggestions of the atmosphere of learning by which the founders of Methodism were surrounded.





SAMUEL WESLEY'S GRAVE, ON WHICH HIS SON, JOHN WESLEY, PREACHED.

The Wesleys were familiar with this revered spot. With Whitefield and others of the "Holy Club," they also regularly visited the felons in the public prison. Within its gloomy dungeons the martyr-bishops, Cranmer, Latimer, and Ridley, were confined, and from it they walked to their funeral pyre. Here, we may be sure, the Wesleys often mused, catching inspiration from the example of those heroic men, and willing, if need were, to die like them for the Lord they loved so well.

In due course John Wesley was ordained a minister of the Established Church, and for a time aided his father, then sinking under the weight of years, at Epworth.

On his father's death John Wesley was invited to succeed him as rector at Epworth. He was also requested to go with his brother as a missionary to Georgia. The decision rested upon the consent of his venerable mother. "I can be," he said, "the staff of her age, her chief support and comfort." But the heroic soul, notwithstanding her lonely widowhood, replied, "Had I twenty sons I should rejoice that they were all so

employed, though I should never see them again."

On board the ship by which the brothers sailed to the New World were a number of German Moravians with their bishop. The vessel became at once "Bethel church and a seminary." Daily prayer and preaching, the study of the Scriptures and Christian divinity, and instructing the children filled up the hours. During a terrific storm, which greatly alarmed the English passengers, the pious Moravians, even the women and children, sang calmly on, unafraid to die—a lesson which the Oxford Fellows had not yet learned.

In Georgia the Wesleys devoted themselves with ascetic zeal to missionary toil. "They slept on the ground rather than on beds, they refused all food but bread and water, and John went barefooted that he might encourage the boys of his school—a condescension better in its motive than in its example." The matter-of-fact colonists did not appreciate such ascetic piety, and the Wesleys soon found it expedient to return to England.

"I went to America," wrote John Wesley in his journal, "to convert the Indians, but, oh! who shall convert me? I have a fair summer religion; I can talk well, nay, and believe myself, while no danger is near; but let Death look me in the face and my spirit is troubled, nor can I say to die is gain."

Yet he continued to preach and pray, though suffering great disquietude of soul. He renewed his acquaintance with the Moravians by attending their services in London. One evening a layman was reading Luther's preface to the Epistle to the Romans. Wesley writes: "I felt my heart strangely warmed. I felt I did trust in Christ and Christ alone for salvation, and

an assurance was given me that He had taken away my sins, even mine, and saved me from the law of sin and death." Thus not until his thirty-fifth year did he obtain that full assurance of faith which he so long had sought, and which he was to preach, a flaming herald of the Cross, throughout the land. "It is scarcely an exaggeration to say," writes Lecky in his "History

at Herrnhut, in Bohemia. His soul was strengthened by their devout companionship. "I would gladly," he said, "have spent my life here, but my Master calling me to labour in other parts of His vineyard, I was constrained to take my leave of this happy place."

A new note was now heard in his sermons. To the condemned felons of Newgate, as well as to the



"TO THE CONDEMNED FELONS OF NEWGATE."

of England in the Eighteenth Century," "that the scene which took place in that humble meeting 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."

Deeply impressed with the piety of the Moravians, Wesley determined to visit their chief settlement

decorous congregations in the churches, he preached repentance, the remission of sins, and free salvation. Joined by his brother Charles and George Whitefield, he went everywhere preaching with strange power this new evangel of the grace of God.

In 1739 John Wesley dedicated the first place of worship for the people called Methodists, and organized the first Methodist society.



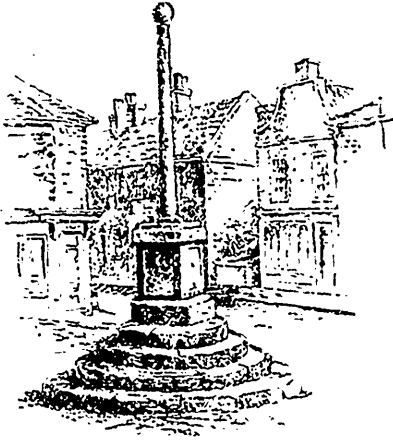
FIRST METHODIST "CLASS-MEETING" CALLED BY THAT NAME.

His own account of this important event is as follows : " In the latter end of the year 1739, eight or ten persons came to me in London, and desired that I would spend some time with them in prayer, and advise them how to flee from the wrath to come ; this was the rise of the United Society." This is recorded as the epoch of Methodism from which its corporate organization dates.

The "irregularities" of the new apostles soon caused the closure of many churches against them. Charles Wesley was ejected from his curacy and threatened with excommunication by the Archbishop of Canterbury. When driven from the churches, these zealous evangelists went everywhere preaching the Word—in the market-places, on the hillsides, on the broad commons, wherever men would listen, and often where they would not.

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 kennels, and some died of their wounds. They were everywhere spoken against. Even bishops, like Warburton and Lavington, assailed them with the coarsest and most scurrilous invective.

John Wesley was soon called to sanction a new departure, namely, that of lay preaching. Thomas Maxfield, one of his gifted helpers, during Wesley's absence from the Foundry in London, occupied the pulpit—to the great benefit of the large congregations. Wesley, hearing of this new irregularity, and strong in his sentiments of churchly order, hastened to London to put a stop to the innovation. His wise mother, however, read the signs of the times with a profounder sagacity than her learned son.



MARKET CROSS, EPWORTH, WHERE WESLEY OFTEN PREACHED.

"Take care what you do to that young man," she said; "he is as surely called of God to preach as you are," and she counselled him to hear and judge for himself.

"It is the Lord. Let him do what seemeth to Him good," the staunch churchman remarked, and another of his old prejudices was swept away. He at once recognized Maxwell as a son in the Gospel. Lady Huntingdon wrote of the eloquent preacher, "God has raised from the stones one to sit among the princes of His people." Thus was begun that great army of lay helpers who have done so much in the Old World and the New to carry on the triumphs of Methodism.

A no less important institution was soon originated in Bristol, namely, the Methodist class-meeting. The organizing genius of Wesley, no less, says Macaulay, than that of the great Cardinal Richelieu, began to form his adherents into little groups for mutual edification and prayer, and for receiving systematic and regular contributions for the growing expenses of the Methodist societies. "This," writes Mr. Wesley, "was the origin of our classes, for which

I can never sufficiently praise God. The unspeakable usefulness of the institution has ever since been more and more manifest."

Excluded from the Epworth Church, where his own father had so long been rector, John Wesley took his stand upon his father's tombstone, and day after day preached with such power and pathos that many of his hearers "lifted up their voices and wept," and several dropped down as if dead.

Shut out almost entirely from the pulpits of the Church established by law, and Methodist classes and societies springing up in all directions, John Wesley framed the General Rules of the United Societies, which have become a part of the constitution of the Methodist churches throughout the world. This is one of the most simple and catholic formulæ of faith recorded in the annals of Christendom. As John Wesley remarks in his Journal, "Oh, that we may never make anything more or less the term of union with us, but the having the mind that was in Christ, and the walking as He walked."

Travelling preachers and lay helpers rapidly multiplied, and chapels were, in course of time, erected in the chief centres of population. But while many heard the Word gladly, others were moved to intensest hostility. The persecutions of the early Methodists were akin to those of the primitive Christians. "At Sheffield," John Wesley writes, "hell from beneath moved to oppose us." Stones and other missiles were thrown into the church. To save the building and the people he gave notice that he would preach out of doors and look the enemy in the face. A military officer rushed at the elder Wesley and presented his sword at the preacher's breast. Wesley, undaunted, threw open his vest and calmly said, "I fear God and



RIOT IN WEDNESBURY.

honour the King." "The rioters resolved to pull down the preaching house, and set to their work," he writes, "while we were preaching and praising God. It was a glorious time with us. Every word and exhortation sunk deep, every prayer was sealed. The rabble raged all night, and by morning had pulled down one end of the house, and soon not a stone remained upon another."

Next morning he was preaching, as usual, at five o'clock. The rioters smashed in the windows of his dwelling and threatened to tear it down, but the preacher fell asleep in five minutes in the dismantled room. "I fear no cold," he writes, "but dropped to sleep with that word, 'Scatter Thou the people that delight in war.'"

Charles Wesley, though constitutionally a timid man, was bold as a lion in the discharge of duty, and shared with unflinching courage the persecutions of the Methodist preachers. Having met with

an accident in Bristol, he was unable, for a time, to walk. He was, however, carried about from place to place, preaching daily on his knees. "The Word of God," he wrote, "is not bound if I am, but runs very swiftly."

At St. Ives, in Cornwall, the chapel was utterly demolished, and the worshippers were beaten and trampled on without mercy. At length "the ruffians fell to quarrelling among themselves, broke the head of the town clerk, and drove one another out of the room." Often the clergy and wardens of the Established Church headed the rabble. At Poole "the church record bears to this day an entry of expenses at the village inn for drink to the mob and its leader for driving out the Methodists." Yet nowhere were more glorious triumphs won for Methodism than in this county of Cornwall. Its bitterest persecutors became its most stalwart defenders.

At Wednesbury John Wesley



“THE BRAVE LITTLE MAN WAS UNAFRAID.”

was attacked at night in a pelting storm by an overwhelming mob of colliers and others. “A strong man aimed several blows with an oak bludgeon at the back of his head. One of them would probably have been fatal, but they were all turned aside, Wesley says, he knows not how. He was struck by a powerful blow on the chest, and by another on the mouth, making the blood gush out ; but he felt no pain, he affirms, from either more than if they had touched him with a straw. The noise on every side, he adds, was like the roaring of the sea. Many cried : “Knock his brains out ! Down with him ! Kill him at once ! Crucify him !” “No, let us hear him first,” shouted others. He at last broke out aloud into prayer. The ruffian who had headed the mob, a bear-garden prize-fighter, was struck with awe, and turning to him, said : “Sir, I will spend my life for you ; follow me, and not one soul here shall touch a hair of your head.”

The houses of the Methodists were attacked, the windows broken,

the furniture demolished. His brother Charles writes of John Wesley, “He looked like a soldier of Christ. His clothes were torn to tatters.” Yet the timid, fastidious, scholarly poet of Methodism also went like a soldier into the imminent deadly breach, and preached from the text, “Watch ye, stand fast in the faith, quit you like men, be strong ;” and again, at daylight, from the text, “Fear none of these things which thou shalt suffer.”

On the outbreak of the Stuart rebellion of 1745 the most absurd calumnies were reported concerning John Wesley. “He was an agent of the Pretender ; he had been arrested for high treason ; he was a Jesuit in disguise ; he was a Spanish spy ; he was an Anabaptist, a Quaker ; had been prosecuted for unlawfully selling gin ; had hanged himself ; and, at any rate, was not the genuine John Wesley, for it was well known that the latter was dead and buried.”

Charles Wesley was actually indicted before the magistrate be-



ONE OF WESLEY'S HELPERS PREACHING IN THE STOCKS.

cause he had besought God to call home His banished ones. This, it was insisted, meant the House of Stuart.

Bishop Lavington threatened to strip the gown off one of his preachers for his Methodistic practices. Stripping it off himself he cast it at the Bishop's feet, saying, "I can preach the Gospel without a gown." Lavington was charmed by his manly independence and agreed to overlook his Methodist fervour.

In Wednesbury the mob ruled for a week. The houses of the Methodists were pillaged and plundered as in a sack of a foreign town. Yet would the persecuted Methodists not surrender their religious convictions. Though a mob broke into the house in which he was preaching, yet the brave little man was unafraid.

The whole region was in a state little short of civil war. The London newspapers reported that these outrages were perpetrated by the Methodists themselves. The magistrates took part with the mob against the preachers. One of them offered five pounds to have the

Methodists driven from town. Another shouted, "Huzza, boys, well done, stand up for the Church." At Thorpe one of the persecutors died in despair, and the rabble was appalled into quiet. At Newcastle Wesley proclaimed in the public square, "Ye shall be hated of all men for my name's sake." Under his burning words the ring-leaders were melted into contrition. Yet so mightily grew the Word of God and prevailed that Wesley's journeys soon became like a roval progress. The people who had mobbed him crowded the streets to bless him as he passed.

At Roughlee, a place rightly named, a mob thought to exact a pledge from Wesley that he would no more visit the neighbourhood. He declared that he would cut off his right hand sooner. He was knocked down and trampled upon, but next day he preached, he writes, as he never did in his life before. At Devizes the mob brought a fire-engine, flooded the rooms in which Wesley lodged, and demanded that he should be given up to them to be thrown into a horse-pond. The wife of the mayor sent her maid to



"HE ORGANIZED THE FIRST DISPENSARIES AND FIRST BENEVOLENT LOAN SOCIETIES FOR THE POOR."

entreat him to escape disguised as a woman. He declined this doubtful method. More than a thousand men joined in the assault. "Such threatenings, curses, blasphemies," writes Wesley, "I have never heard."

The persecuted Methodists knelt down in prayer to await the assault. A lot of ruffians were over their heads removing the tiles from the roof. A constable appeared and demanded a pledge that the preachers should return no more. This was refused, when they were conducted out of the town and went on their way rejoicing. Amid these tumultuous scenes John Wesley declares that "ten thousand cares were of no more inconvenience to him than so many hairs on his head." His countenance, as well as conversation, expressed an habitual gaiety of heart. He in a remarkable degree anticipated many of the philanthropic institutions of later times. He was the pioneer in supplying cheap literature for the people. He organized the first dispensaries and first benevolent loan societies for the poor.

The Wesley brothers had hitherto been too busy in the service of

God, and too unsettled in their mode of life, to marry. At length, in his forty-first year, Charles Wesley married the daughter of a Welsh squire, a lady of culture, refinement, and piety. John Wesley entertained a sincere affection for a pious Methodist matron, Mrs. Grace Murray. She, however, became the wife of one of his lay helpers, and Wesley, in his forty-ninth year, married a Mrs. Vizelle, a widow lady of wealth and intelligence, but of intolerably jealous disposition. Her ample property was secured to herself, and she was made to understand that the great evangelist was not to abate a jot of his constant labour and travel. She soon grew tired of his wandering life. For twenty years she persecuted him with unfounded suspicions and intolerable annoyances. His letters were full of patience and tenderness. When she finally left him, with the assurance that she would never return, he wrote in his journal: "*Non cam reliqui, non dimissi, non revocabo*"—(I did not forsake her, I did not dismiss her, I will not recall her).

John Wesley made many visits to Ireland, and showed much sym-





FIRST DISPENSARY FOR THE POOR, LONDON.

pathy toward the warm-hearted and impulsive Irish people. Sometimes he was bitterly persecuted by a Roman Catholic mob, but often he was astonished at their cordiality and goodwill. He describes them as an immeasurably loving people.

Thomas Coke visited the Green Isle still more frequently, and toiled without stint in preaching the Gospel. Thomas Walsh was brought up a zealous Roman Catholic, but became a no less zealous Methodist. He had an extraordinary facility for acquiring languages, and mastered, besides his native Irish tongue, English, Latin, Greek, and Hebrew. He rose at four in the morning, studied till late at night, labouring arduously during the day. He spent much time reading his Greek and Hebrew Scriptures on his knees; and was so familiar with the latter that he could quote any chapter or verse.

But it was not all plain sailing in Ireland. In Cork a drunken mob ranged the streets shouting, "Five pounds for the head of the Swadler." What was worse, a jury made the following presentment: "We find and present Charles Wes-

ley to be a person of ill fame, a vagabond, and a common disturber of His Majesty's peace, and we pray that he may be transported."

In 1744 John Wesley invited a number of his ministers and lay assistants to a council in the old Foundry at London in June. There were present four ordained ministers of the Church of England who had cast in their lot with the Wesleys in their toils and persecutions, and four lay helpers. These faithful men remained together for five days, discussing questions of religious doctrine and polity. They avoided all unnecessary dogmatics, "confining their instructions to those vital truths which pertain to personal religion, as repentance, faith, justification, sanctification, the virtues of the Spirit." Thus was held the first Methodist Conference, the type of many thousands which have since been held in two hemispheres. Even then Methodism began to look forward to the creation of a seminary for the training of its ministers, nor did it rest till this became an accomplished fact.

In the venerable mother-church



THE FIRST METHODIST CONFERENCE, LONDON, 1744.

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.

Up to his sixty-ninth year John Wesley kept up his round of travel, amounting to five thousand miles a year, on horseback. After this his friends provided him with a carriage. "He paid more tolls," says Southey, "than any other man in England." The grand old man ascribed his health and strength to his out-of-door life, to his constant rising at four o'clock, to the fact that he never lost a night's sleep in his life, to his constant preaching, particularly at five o'clock in the morning, for fifty years, and, last, to his contentment of mind. "By the grace of God," he says, "I fret at nothing."

It is truly amazing that so venerable a man could be heard by so many persons out of doors. At Gwennap Pit, a great natural amphitheatre, 240 feet in diameter, he was heard distinctly by over thirty thousand persons. At Moorfields, once the scene of reckless riot, there were thousands upon

thousands, "and all was as still as night." In towns where once no Methodist could show his head, he was welcomed to the pulpits of the Established Church. But the allurements of rest and leisure could not detain his earnest soul. In his seventy-sixth year he writes: "I rested at Newcastle; lovely place, lovely company! but I believe there is another world. Therefore I must arise and go hence." The next day



JOHN WESLEY AT 60.

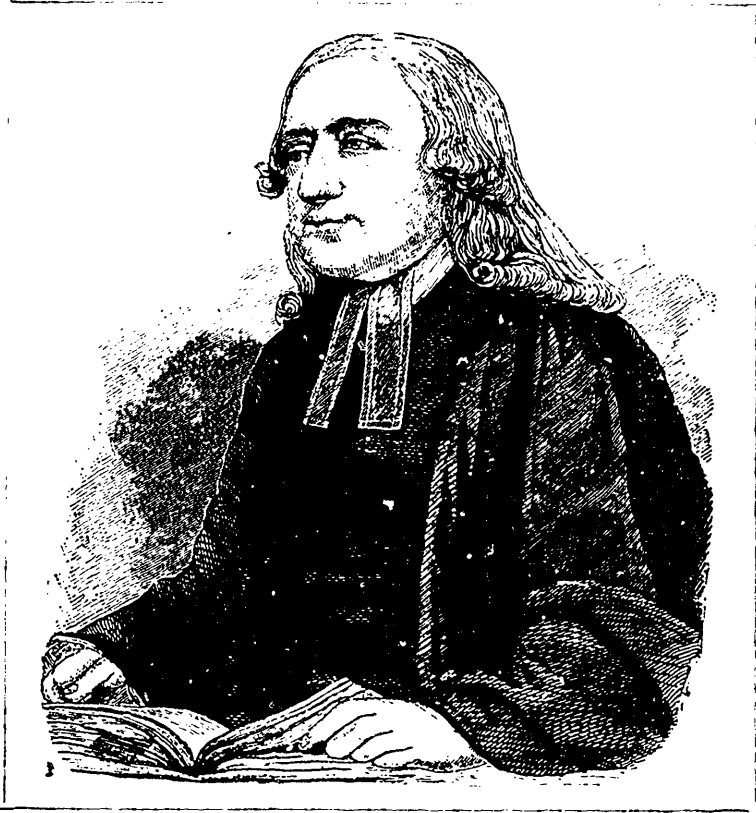
This is the type followed in his bronze statue at City Road Chapel, London.

he was away, preaching twice before the sun went down.

He visited with diligence from house to house in the most noisome purlieus of East London. He had not found any such distress, not even in Newgate Prison.

On his eightieth birthday he writes, "Blessed be God, my time is not labour and sorrow." He felt

turesque scenery of his travels he reflects, "Nevertheless, the eye is not satisfied with seeing, nor ever shall be till it see the King in His beauty." When over eighty he made two journeys to Holland, preaching at The Hague, Utrecht, Amsterdam, and Rotterdam, and greatly enjoying the historic and patriotic associations of these cities.



JOHN WESLEY AT 70.

no more pain or infirmity than at twenty-one. On his eighty-third birthday he repeats, "It is eleven years since I felt such a thing as weariness." His hale and hearty old age was full of keen appreciation of nature and of the eager study of books, including the Italian classics and current literature. In commenting upon the pic-

He knew every one best worth knowing in the United Kingdom. At Lincoln he called on his old friend, Dr. Samuel Johnson, who highly appreciated his visit and regretted only Wesley's economy of time. "He talks well on any subject," said the great moralist. "I could converse with him all night."

John Howard, the great philan-

thropist, before leaving England on his last "circumnavigation of charity," called at City Road to present Wesley with a copy of his latest quarto on prisons. With Wilberforce, the philanthropist, John Wesley was in keenest sympathy, and to him he wrote his last letter, in which he designates the African slave trade as "that execrable villainy which is the scandal of religion, of England, and of human nature."

The genial old man was ever a

snow, and his smile one of peculiar benignity.

Feeling that he must soon lay down his work, he framed, in 1784, the Deed of Declaration whereby a hundred of his preachers were constituted the Legal Conference after his death. In their name were held all the chapels and parsonages and other property of the Wesleyan Connexion. He also set apart Dr. Coke as Superintendent or Bishop of the American Methodist Church, as elsewhere described.



JOHN WESLEY AND DR. JOHNSON.

"I spent two hours with that great man, Dr. Johnson, who is sinking into the grave by a gentle decay."—Wesley's Journal, December 18th, 1783.

lover of children. At Oldham he found "a whole street lined with them—a troop of boys and girls, who closed him in and would not let him go till he had shaken each of them by the hand." In his eighty-eighth year he preached a special sermon to children in words of not more than two syllables. His appearance in extreme old age is described as a pattern of neatness and simplicity, his hair as white as

In his eighty-fifth year he acknowledges that he is not so agile as formerly, that he has occasional twinges of rheumatism and suffers a slight dimness of sight, his other senses remaining unimpaired. "However, blessed be God," he says, "I do not slack from my labour, and can preach and write still." From being one of the worst hated he became one of the best loved men in the kingdom. At

Cork, where he had been mobbed and burned in effigy, he was met by a cortege of mounted horsemen. At Falmouth, where he had been taken prisoner by an immense mob, "roaring like lions," high and low lined the street from one end of the town to the other, "out of love and kindness, gaping and staring as if

saken him so that he had to be helped into the pulpit, and his eyes had become dim, yet he felt no pain.

In 1790, for the last time, John Wesley presided at his Conference at Bristol, being then in his eighty-eighth year. His response to the salutations of the multitudes who gathered around him as he passed



WESLEY IN HIS BENIGNANT OLD AGE.

the king were going by." At Burslem the people gathered so early in the morning that he began to preach at half-past four. At Newgate he preached to forty-seven men under sentence of death, "the clink of whose chains was very awful."

On his last birthday he writes that although his strength had for-

was that of St. John the Divine, "Little children, love one another."

He now ceased recording his receipts and expenditures in his account-book. His last entry is a remarkable one: "For upward of eighty years I have kept my accounts exactly; I will not attempt it any longer, being satisfied with the continual conviction that I save



JOHN WESLEY AND JOHN NELSON GATHERING BLACKBERRIES FOR FOOD.

"It is the best country, brother Nelson, for getting an appetite, and the poorest for satisfying it, in all England."—Wesley's Journals.

all I can, and give all I can—that is, all I have."

When his income was but thirty pounds a year he confined his expenses to twenty-eight pounds and gave away two. When it reached one hundred and twenty, which seems to have been its largest amount, he still lived on his old allowance and gave away ninety-two pounds. Besides this he earned a large amount by his numerous writings. This was generously employed in carrying on his great work. It is estimated that he gave away over thirty thousand pounds which he had earned with his pen.

His was a serene and sunny old age which mellowed as the years passed by. His early asceticism had long disappeared. One of his pious helpers complained that by Wesley's witty proverbs he was tempted to levity. To a blustering fellow who attempted to throw him down, saying, "Sir, I never make way for a fool," Wesley replied, "I always do," and politely stepped aside.

But for the most part he endured persecution and buffeting with the meekness of his Master, and when smitten on one cheek he literally turned the other also.

Notwithstanding his extreme age, there seemed no limit to his energy. After performing a long service of three hours, praying, preaching, and administering the Sacrament, he preached again in the open air. The next day he preached twice in different towns, and in the evening to a crowd in the chapel and to a multitude without, who could hear through the open windows. And so on, day after day, preaching twice or thrice daily, beginning at five o'clock in the morning.

In his last letter to America, he writes, with a sense of the essential unity of Methodism the wide world over, "Lose no opportunity of declaring to all men, that the Methodists are one people in all the world, and that it is their full determination so to continue."

On the 22nd of February, 1791, he preached his last sermon in City Road Chapel, and the following day his last sermon on earth. "On that day," says Dr. Abel Stevens, "fell from his dying grasp a trumpet of the truth, which had sounded the everlasting Gospel oftener, and more effectually, than that of any other man for 1,700 years. Whitefield preached 18,000 sermons, more than ten a week for his



JOHN WESLEY PREACHING HIS  
LAST SERMON.

thirty-four years of ministerial life. Wesley preached 42,400, after his return from Georgia, more than fifteen a week."

The following Sunday he quoted with cheerfulness his brother's hymn:

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

And repeated over and over again the lines:

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

Two days later he sang with fervour:

"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."

Twice he repeated the words, "The best of all is, God is with us"; and with the words, "Farewell! farewell!" upon his lips, his spirit passed into the skies. In accordance with his will, six poor men bore him to his grave in the rear of City Road Chapel. "He directed that there should be no hearse, no coach, no escutcheon, no pomp, ex-

cept the tears of those who loved him and were following him to heaven." So great was the multitude that thronged to pay a last tribute of love that it was deemed best to bury him before six in the morning. Nevertheless, a great multitude were present, and their tears and sobs attested the depth of their affection.

No hearse and no escutcheon honoured him;  
Six poor men, only, bore him to the grave  
With heavy steps, and slow, while every  
eye grew dim  
With tears, for tears were all that he  
would have.

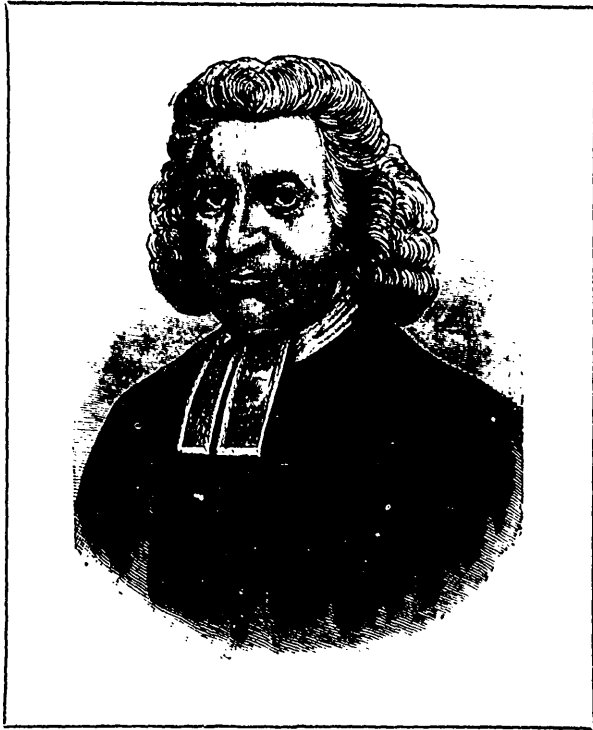
Six poor men bore his coffin to the tomb,  
Who the awful thunderbolts of truth had  
hurled,  
Catching that light serene, still shining in  
the gloom;  
Ten thousand shout his warning to the  
world.

It has been well said "that few men could have endured to travel so much as he did, without either preaching, writing, or reading; that few could have endured to preach as often as he did, supposing they had neither travelled nor written books; and that very few men could have written and published so many books as he did, though they had always avoided both preaching and travelling."



JOHN WESLEY WRITING HIS  
LAST LETTER.

## CHARLES WESLEY, THE POET OF METHODISM.



CHARLES WESLEY.

A wise man has said: "Let me make the songs of a people and I care not who makes its laws." This is even more true of a nation's hymns than of its songs. In this respect Charles Wesley has been one of the most potent influences that ever existed for righteousness, for uplift and uplook, for moulding and making the character of a people. His face rightfully appears with that of John Wesley on the memorial tablet to the founders of Methodism in Westminster Abbey.

The Wesleyan revival found its most potent ally in the hymns of Charles Wesley. He possessed gifts and graces, a divine charism and anointing, which set him apart for all time as the sweet singer of

Methodism. It was his hymns that sang the Gospel into souls obdurate to the logic or the eloquence of preaching, and that melted into tears the most stony hearts. They crystallized the doctrines of free grace into imperishable song. As a safeguard of Methodist orthodoxy they are more potent than any formal creed, or articles of religion, or systematic theology that could be framed. Multitudes of unlettered people who could not comprehend a syllogism or sorites have had the faith of their fathers rooted in their souls by this ministry of song.

The joyous and positive experience of "the people called Methodists" is the very life and



essence of Charles Wesley's hymns. He does not see why the devil should have all the merry music, so he converts the secular air of "Nancy Dawson" to holy words. He catches the careless with holy guile, and before they are aware they are singing the sweet songs of salvation. His hymns reflect the passing moods of life. Is he stoned by a mob, he writes a hymn of deliverance; is he sick by the way, he sings his "Sursum corda"; is he caught in a shower, he indites a hymn of praise for the rainbow. For a marriage he writes a glad epithalamium; for a death, a tender elegy. Riding over the English downs his soul "its glorious matter would indite," and stopping at an inn he seizes pen and paper to embody in undying verse the fugitive thought. Nor did he fail to reach the sublimest height of song. His noble hymn, "Come, O Thou Traveller Unknown," James Montgomery has described as one of the highest of poetic achievements.

Charles Wesley was almost as great a marvel as his venerable brother. Up to his eightieth year he maintained his vigour of body and mind. His last hymn, dictated to his wife on his death-bed, was the sweet, sad note of the dying swan about to set sail on a sea of glory:

"In age and feebleness extreme,  
Who shall a sinful worm redeem?  
Jesus, my only hope Thou art,  
Strength of my failing flesh and heart;  
O could I catch one smile from Thee,  
And drop into eternity!"

He was, for the volume and excellence of his verse, the greatest hymnist the world has ever seen. He composed his immortal songs chiefly on horseback as he rode "from town to town, from mob to mob," writing them in pencil in shorthand characters on a card. Some of his finest lyrics were composed during his travels at the time

when the early Methodists were daily assaulted, maltreated, and persecuted. He often recited and sometimes sung them among the raging mobs. Four of them were written "to be sung in a tumult," and one was a "prayer for the first martyr." It was soon to be found appropriate. Many others were inspired by the triumphant deaths of these holy confessors of the faith.

Over six hundred of Charles Wesley's hymns have been collected in the Wesleyan hymn-book. About 4,600 in all have been printed, but about 2,000 still remain in manuscript. Many of these, by their spiritual exaltation and poetic merit, have won their way into the hymnaries of nearly all the Christian Churches. They have inspired the faith and voiced the feelings of unnumbered millions, and have been lisped by the pallid lips of the dying, and shouting their triumphant songs, thousands have "swept through the gates" of the celestial city.

A great hymn is one of God's best gifts to His Church. When the voice that first sang it is silent for ever, the hymn will go singing through the ages in many lands and many tongues. Every great revival has been largely dependent on the help of sacred song. The doctrines of the Reformation in Germany and France flew abroad on the wings of the hymns and carols of Martin Luther and Jean Marot. The Wesleyan revival found its most potent ally in the immortal hymns of Charles Wesley.

"To the sweet singer of Methodism," says Dr. W. F. Tillett, "our Church owes more than to any other man, save his brother John. The doctrines of early Methodism were not only preached into the ears, but they were sung into the minds and hearts of the people, in and through the matchless hymns of this seraphic poet of the Church."

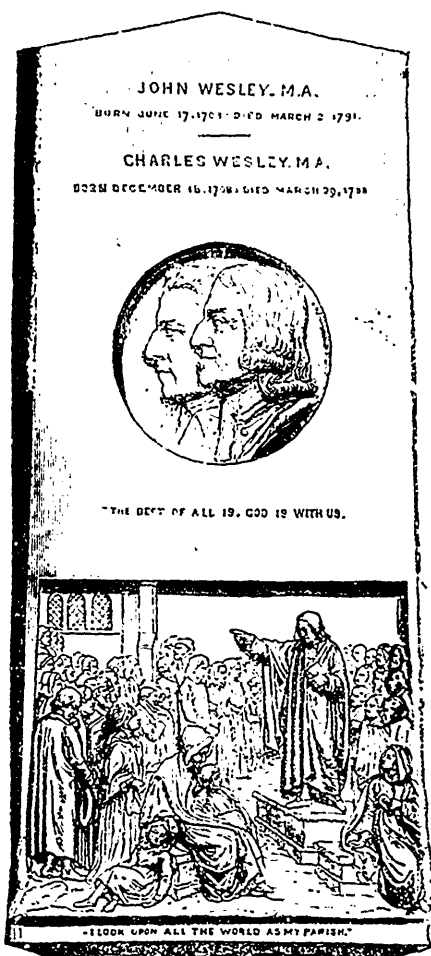
These hymns of Charles Wesley

have moulded the thought and life of Methodism beyond any other influence. "His songs have helped more souls to happiness, to holiness and heaven, than those of any other bard since the days of the Psalmist of Israel."

Much as his hymns are appreciated by Methodists, some of the most glowing criticisms and eulogies of his verse have come from other than Methodist writers. "Christian experience," says James Montgomery, "from the depths of affection, through all gradations of doubt, fear, desire, faith, hope, and expectation, to the transports of perfect love in the very beams of the beatific vision, furnishes him with everlasting and inexhaustible themes, celebrated with an affluence of diction and a splendour of colouring rarely surpassed."

Henry Ward Beecher said, "I would rather have written that hymn of Wesley's, 'Jesus, Lover of My Soul,' than have the fame of all the kings that ever sat on the earth. It is more glorious. It has more power. I would rather be the author of that hymn than hold the wealth of the richest man in New York. He will die. He will pass after a little while out of men's thoughts. But that hymn will go on singing until the last trump brings forth the angel band; and then, I think, it will mount up on some lip to the throne of God." It is the hymn probably more used than any other in the English language.

Between his conversion and death Charles Wesley wrote nearly seven thousand hymns, filling thirteen octavo volumes of five hundred pages each, exceeding all the poetry of Watts, Cowper, and Pope put together. He wrote on an average nearly three hymns a week for fifty years. And the number of his hymns is only equalled by their range and variety, spanning as they do the sublime epycæan, from the



WESLEY MEMORIAL TABLET,  
WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

first cry of a new-born babe in Christ to the last shout of a dying spirit. His memory will live immortal in his immortal verse till time shall be no more. To quote from the inscription on his tomb:

"Posterity shall hear and babes rehearse  
The healing virtues of a Saviour's name;  
Yea, babes unborn shall sing in Wesley's  
verse,  
And still reiterate the pleasing theme."

He was the laureate of the affections, and had a hymn for almost every event in life. At the time

of his marriage to Miss Sarah Gwynne, they sang hymns of solemn joy composed by himself for the occasion ; and after the ceremony he took his lovely young bride behind him on horseback, and they sang other hymns with pious joy as they rode thus along the way. His married life was as full of happiness as his brother John's was of domestic misery.

Two of Charles Wesley's sons became distinguished musicians. A great-grandson, a venerable gentleman of silvery hair and exquisite musical taste, is the organist of City Road Chapel, London. It is fitting that in Westminster Abbey, that "temple of silence and reconciliation," that mausoleum of England's mighty dead, there should be a memorial of the two great men who did so much to mould the higher life of the nation. The beautiful mural monument of John and Charles Wesley, which is shown in our cut, is one of the first which Methodist tourists from all parts of the world visit in the venerable abbey. It was unveiled by Dean Stanley on March 30th, 1876, in the presence of a large company of invited guests, ministers, laymen, and ladies. The company assembled first in the Chapter-house, in which the first English parliament was held.

Dean Stanley, in unveiling the monument, expressed the obligation which the Church of England, which England itself, and which the Church of Christ owed to the labours of John and Charles Wesley.

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" and the nave of the Abbey, being near to the smaller monument of Dr. Isaac Watts, and in close neighbourhood to the memorials of men of genius and learning—

"The dead, but sceptred sovereigns, who  
still rule  
Our spirits from their urns."

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 devious workings of State Church preference : 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."

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### "BLAMELESS."

BY AMY PARKINSON.

Lord is it possible that I

Unblamed shall be ?

Is there, indeed, a stainless robe

Prepared for me ?

When Thou didst leave Thy throne of light,

My sin to bear,

Didst Thou of Thine own righteousness

Bring me a share ?

Shall I who, of myself, have naught

Or wise or right ?

Stand unproved and faultless in

Thy holy sight ?

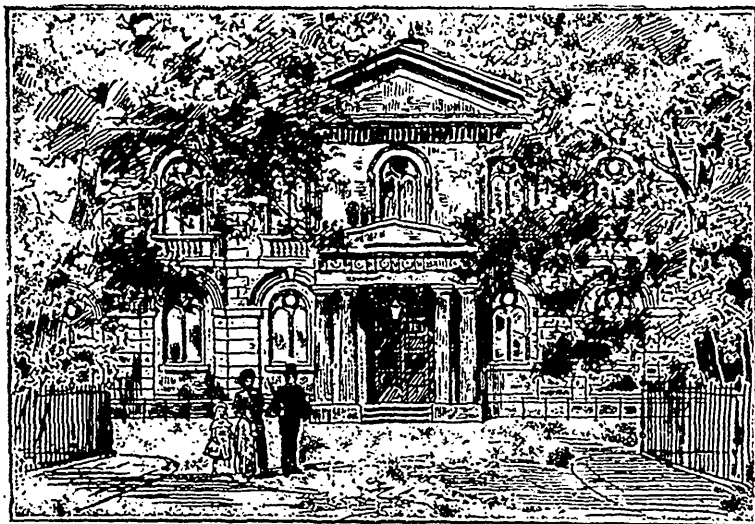
Yes, Lord, all things are possible

To Thy rich grace -

And I, ev'n I, shall walk in white

Before Thy face !

## MEMORIALS OF EARLY METHODISM.



CITY ROAD CHAPEL, AT THE PRESENT TIME.



THE beginnings of empire, the origin of any important institution, the birthplace of any great government or great man, will ever engage the profoundest attention of the human mind. Hence 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 most remarkable religious movement of modern times. The two-hundredth anniversary of the birth of John Wesley makes it especially opportune that the Methodists of Canada should become more familiar than ever with the noble traditions of those stirring times.

The little Lincolnshire village of Epworth by its association with the life and labours of John and Charles Wesley has been raised into world-wide distinction. It has become a place of pilgrimage from many lands. The name of the Epworth League has made it familiar to millions throughout this continent. The old Epworth rectory is still the home of the clergymen of the parish. The market cross at which John Wesley often preached still remains a village landmark. But of most pathetic interest of all is the tomb of the village pastor, Samuel Wesley, standing on which, when excluded from his father's pulpit, John Wesley preached the Word of God, a not unfitting symbol of Methodism standing on the traditions of the past and proclaiming the evangel of conscious salvation.

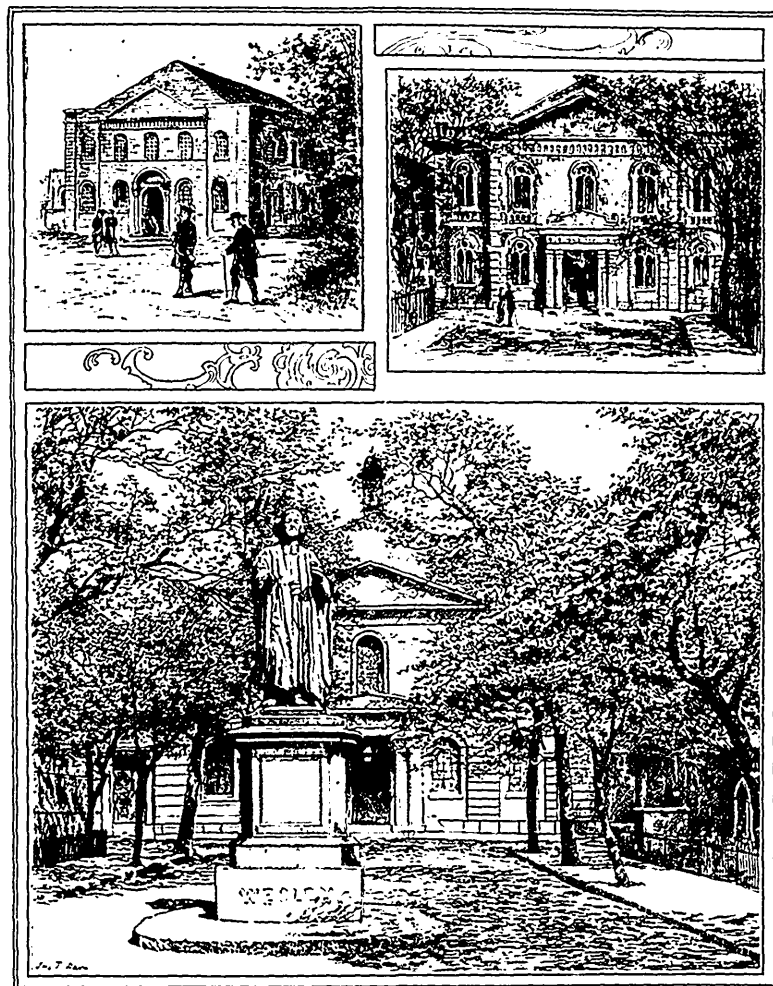
The first home of Methodism was indeed very humble, suggesting analogies with the lowly beginnings of Christianity itself—the manger



EPWORTH RECTORY.

of Bethlehem and the cottage home of Nazareth. When the Wesleys and Whitefield by ecclesiastical intolerance were excluded from the churches, they took to preaching on moors and commons, and at markets and fairs. Bad weather, and the need of more comfortable accommodation, led them to seek some place of shelter for their services. 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. It had

been used by the Government for casting brass ordnance. Many cannon, captured from the French in Marlborough's wars, were here recast. One day, as a large quantity of molten metal was run into the moulds, the moisture in the sand was suddenly converted into steam, and a violent explosion took place; the building was shattered and partly disroofed, and several persons were killed. The royal foundry was removed to Woolwich, and the shattered building was left for some years unoccupied and going to decay. Wesley's only regular income



THREE VIEWS OF CITY ROAD CHAPEL.—THE MOTHER CHURCH OF METHODISM.

From "Hurst's History of Methodism," by permission of Eaton & Mains.

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



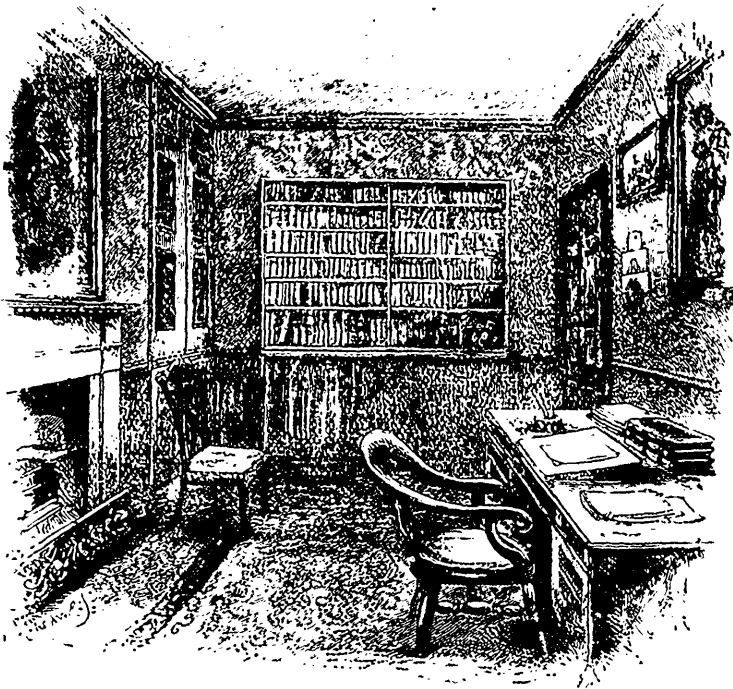
INTERIOR OF CITY ROAD CHAPEL.

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 accommodation for the assistant preachers and for domestics. Not a stone of the old building now remains, but the old pulpit is preserved at Richmond College, and is used by the students every week. Some of the old seats are in the City Road Chapel, and the bell and chandelier are in use in other

chapels. 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.

As the old Foundry was about to be demolished by the Government, in 1776, Mr. Wesley made an appeal to the societies for subscriptions to the amount of £6,000 for the proposed "New Chapel." The following year the corner-stone was laid, and, standing upon it, Mr. Wesley preached, amid showers of



JOHN WESLEY'S STUDY, CITY ROAD, LONDON.

In this room he died.

rain, a sermon on the text, "What hath God wrought!" How much more gloriously is that Scripture true after a century and a quarter's progress! The "New Chapel" was situated 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. We read of 1,800 persons being present at a covenant service. The appearance of the interior is much more imposing than that of the outside. Handsome galleries, with an entablature and frieze, are supported by Doric columns. The pulpit is a high enclosed structure, with a reading-desk beneath, standing in front of a recess in the rear. On one occasion Charles Wesley was preaching with great animation, and Dr.

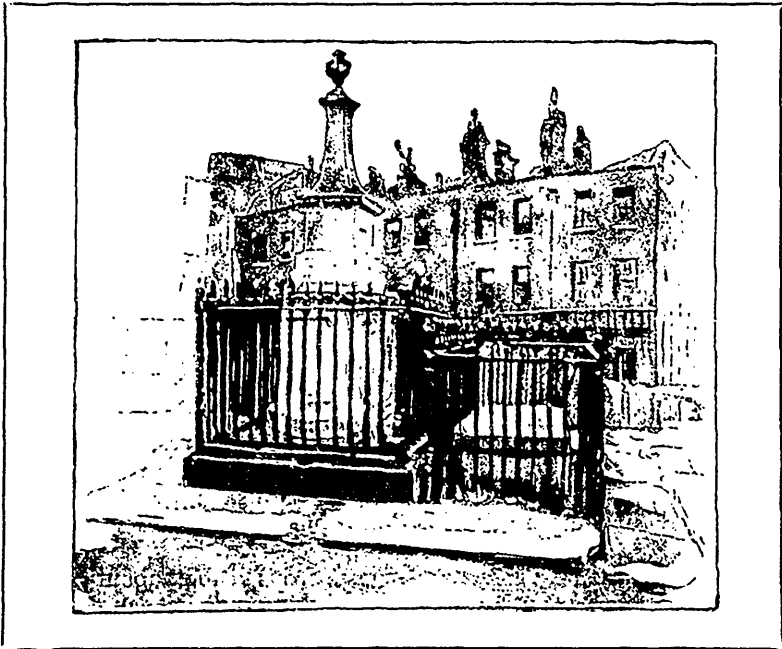
Coke sat in the reading-desk below. During the service the little Doctor was astonished by the descent of the pulpit hymn-book on his head. Soon after, looking, he observed the ponderous Bible about to follow. Springing up, he caught it in his arms, while the preacher, quite unconscious of the *contrtemps*, rushed on in his strain of impassioned eloquence. 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, Morley Punshon, and many others. For the complete restoration of this mother-church of Methodism, \$50,000 were recently contributed in England. Canadian Methodists contributed one of the marble pillars of the new structure.



In the graveyard, in rear of the chapel, slumber the remains of the founder of Methodism, 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 Susannah Wesley; also of the glorious dreamer, John Bunyan; of Isaac Watts, the sweet singer; and of

writes, "that ground 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



JOHN WESLEY'S TOMB, REAR CITY ROAD CHAPEL.

Daniel Defoe, author of "Robinson Crusoe." These three are probably the best-known writers of the English tongue.

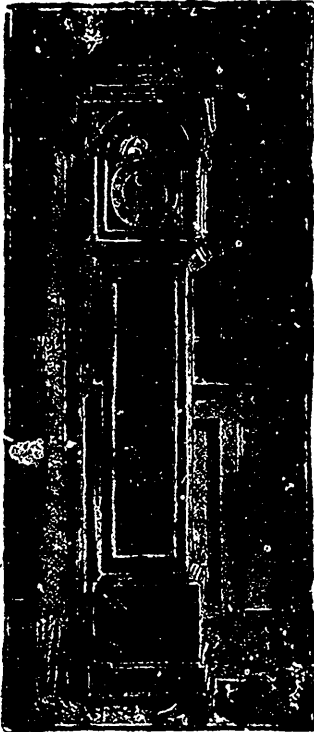
Charles Wesley preached in City Road Chapel nearly every Sunday for ten years, but his Churchly notions made him request to be buried in the parish church of Marylebone. John Wesley regrets that the remains of his brother should not be deposited where his own should lie. "Certainly," he

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 congregations assembling on Christmas Day at four o'clock, and again at ten.

On the death of John Wesley, his body lay "in state" in the Chapel, and was visited, it was estimated, by ten thousand persons. His face wore in death a heavenly smile, and very many were almost overwhelmed with grief. The

funeral took place at five o'clock in the morning, March 9th, 1791, and; early as was the hour, many hundreds were present, to each of whom was given, probably as a thoughtful provision because they had not breakfasted, a biscuit in an envelope, on which was printed an engraved portrait of the deceased. The funeral was very modest and unostentatious. "I particularly desire," he wrote, "that there may be no hearse, no coach, no escutcheon, no pomp, except the tears of those that loved me and are following me to Abraham's bosom." Six poor men, he directed, should bear him to his tomb.

In connection with City Road Chapel was the preacher's house, a very plain brick building. In a small room of this, used as a bedroom and study, John Wesley died.



JOHN WESLEY'S CLOCK.



JOHN WESLEY'S TEAPOT.

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. An interesting relic is the account-book of the circuit stewards. Many of the items are very curious, and illustrate the minute details and quaint homeliness of the domestic economy. Among other items, we notice: "Coach hire for Mr. Wesley, 2s. 6d."; "chain for dog, and halters, 3s. 6d."; "a pail, 1s."; "for shaving the preachers, £2 10s. 6d."; "Mr. Charles Wesley's horse quarterage, £6 15s."; "bad coppers and silver, £1 19s."; "repairing traces of Mr. Wesley's horses, 3s. 6d."; "clock (for chapel), £8 5s. 6d."; "cleaning clock, 6s." The amount for "candles for chapel" is a very serious charge. Among other items is, "Mr. Wesley's salary, £30." And we note the statement that the allowances of his preachers had been raised from three to four guineas a quarter.

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



JOHN WESLEY'S CHAIR.

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. 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.

That genial tourist, the Rev. Hugh Johnston, B.D., thus describes his visit to this historic cradle of Methodism:

"City Road Chapel is a very simple and unpretending structure, and since the fire, has been restored just as it was when first erected. My heart was stirred to see upon the walls the monumental busts of the hero-fathers of the Church—John and Charles Wesley, Fletcher, Watson, Coke, Benson, Clarke, Bunting, Newton, Jackson, and a score of other sacred and familiar names; and to stand in the pulpit

from which they preached that Gospel which has quickened all England into spiritual life. We entered Mr. Wesley's house, and stood in the library where he studied, and in the room where calmly he breathed out his soul into his Redeemer's hands. Then we went into the burial ground and stood by his tomb.

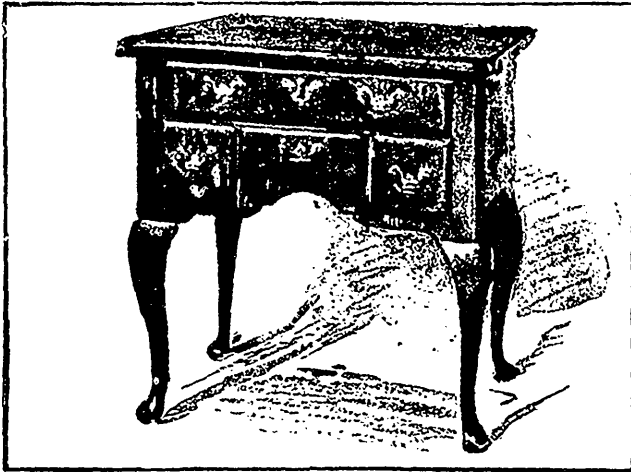
"In the graveyard of the City Road sleep five thousand dead. They were the early followers and converts of John Wesley. The associations of this place may well touch the hearts of all who revere his teachings, for within its narrow precincts lies the kind reformer, surrounded by many who loved him and whom he loved, by his preachers and assistants, his scholars and teachers, the babes he fondled and the grown men and women whom he cheered and guided, the leaders of his classes, the youths he instructed, the noble women who increased and dispensed his charities, the families over which he watched with a father's care, and the devoted followers who, when he was no more, lived and died with his name ever on their lips. The graveyard is now closed, and the five thousand rest apart for ever. It is not necessary to invoke peace to their ashes, for peace they have attained. They rest well from their labours, and from the graves the voice of love breathes gently over their race. Sweet are the memories of patience and endurance, of joyous hope and calm assurance, of lives given up to the welfare of others, and of hearts that were never cold to human woe, that cluster about this cemetery: and, of whatever sect or creed, he who would learn how to live and how to die would do well to stand reverently before the consecrated tomb where John Wesley sleeps amidst his followers.

"On a memorable day, Decem-

ber 19th, 1870, one of its finest monuments was uncovered at noon to the inspection of the public. A fair white shaft of Sicilian marble had been erected, chiefly at the expense of the daughters and mothers of Methodism, to the memory of one who had slept for more than a century in a tomb not far away. The December weather was cold, the services short, yet it was with no common interest that the faithful band heard related anew the virtuous deeds of Susannah, the mother of the Wesleys. From her lips her sons had learned the ele-

animated and even forced John Wesley into bold and unaccustomed efforts to begin the career of reform. The fair white marble was not more pure than her spotless life, and the monument of Susannah Wesley, the mother of Methodism, raised in the moment of the unbounded prosperity of the cause she had loved, might well recall the simple virtues and the unselfish deeds of those among whom she had laboured and died.

"Not far off lies her devoted son. In the graveyard behind the chapel, in the centre of the ground, and



WESLEY'S TABLE.

ments of the faith they preached so earnestly; from her example they had imbibed order, economy, unselfishness, and a contempt for all that might clog the progress of the spiritual nature. She had broken through the formalism of the Church services, to teach and reform the poor, when John and Charles Wesley were climbing at her knee. But for her rigorous devotion to duty before pleasure, and in contempt of gain, Methodism would have wanted its crowning excellence, and might have sunk into feeble conformity. She had

shaded by an elder tree, from which cuttings have been transplanted to many lands, a plain tomb, enclosed by an iron railing, marks the vault where his sarcophagus was reverently laid. The morning was dark. It was at that early hour which he seems ever to have loved. Torches and lanterns glimmered around the tomb, a multitude of his followers assembled in the early dawn, and with a burst of tears consecrated his grave. One solemn wail of sobs and weeping swept over the people, and the gray light of morning seldom broke on a more touch-



WESLEY'S CHAPEL, CITY ROAD, LONDON, PRESENT PARSONAGE TO THE LEFT, SUSANNAH WESLEY'S MONUMENT, AND THE HOUSE IN WHICH WESLEY DIED, TO THE RIGHT.

ing scene. It was March, 1791. Four months afterwards his sister Patty was placed at his side. She had outlived all her brothers and sisters, and at eighty-five closed the

career of the children of Susannah Wesley. Near by rest the ashes of Clarke, Benson, and other fathers of Methodism."

#### JOHN WESLEY—1703-1791.

'Tis hard to reach the heart's desire,  
Because the path is marked by fire :  
Like Moses on the mountain's crest,  
We view the promised land of rest,  
And sigh to enter—but, alas !  
We dread the foes we needs must pass.

The bravest only dare the fight,  
And put their enemies to flight,  
Whilst ransomed captives fill the air  
With fervent thanks and earnest prayer,  
And angel hosts take up the cry,  
Rejoicing in each victory.

Through steadfast faith in God alone,  
The light divine on Wesley shone ;  
Serene amid the mob he stood,

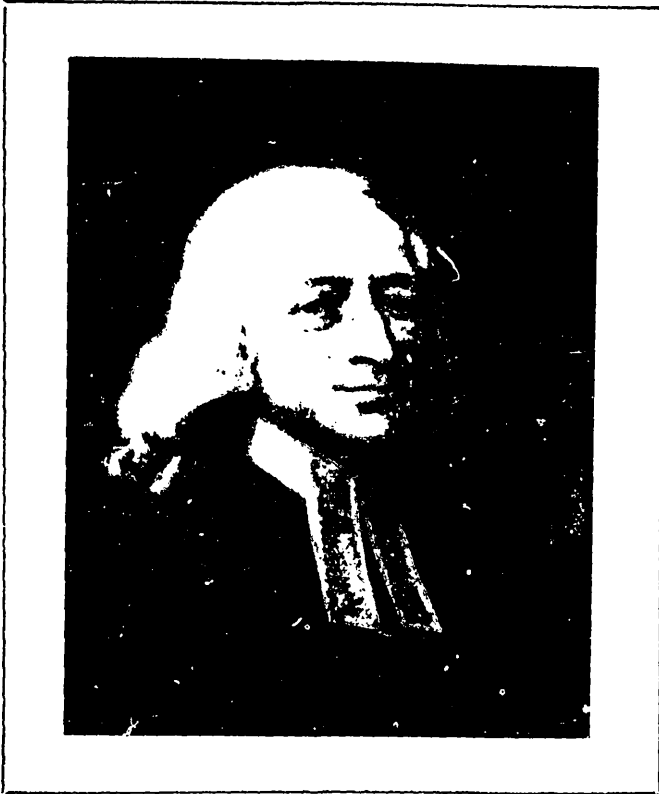
Relying on his Saviour's blood  
To pardon, cleanse, and sanctify  
The slaves of sin and misery.

From rural glens and hillsides green,  
Where Wesley's form was often seen,  
From towns and cities where he stood  
To preach unto the multitude,  
And from far lands beyond the sea,  
Our song arises, Lord, to Thee.

We thank Thee for his noble life,  
Which gives us courage in the strife ;  
We praise Thee for his righteousness,  
The gift of Christ, "our glorious dress"—  
As on our bended knees we pray,  
Send us such leaders, Lord, to-day.

—*London Methodist Recorder.*

## THE WESLEY PORTRAITS.

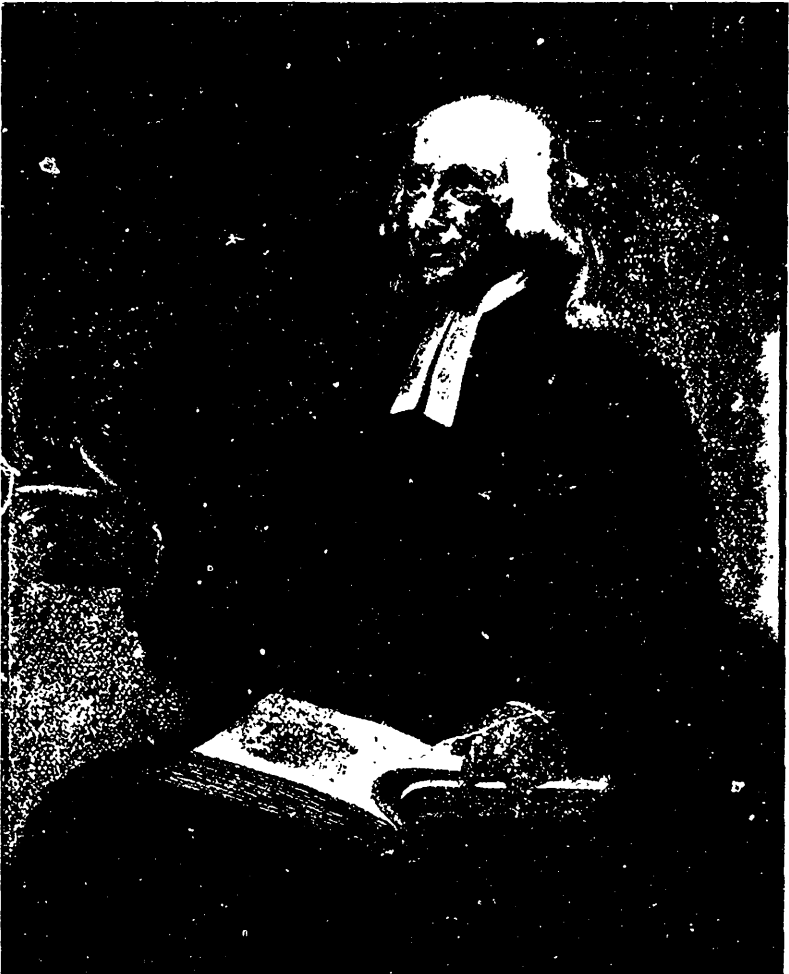


JOHN WESLEY, M.A.—From the Romney portrait.



**I**T is a remarkable circumstance, and one of which Canadians may well be proud, that the best group of Wesley portraits in the world is in the chapel of Victoria University, Toronto. These portraits were painted under the direction of the Methodist Social Union of this city. Our distinguished Canadian artist, Mr. J. W. L. Forster, was commissioned to visit England to make a study of existing portraits of the Wesley family. Not-

able among these is the celebrated Romney portrait of John Wesley, which has long been deemed the best art presentation of the founder of Methodism. An authentic mask of the great preacher, taken some years before his death, was carefully studied. Portraits of Charles Wesley and of Susannah Wesley, "the mother of Methodism," as Southey has called her, also furnished important data. The artist has been singularly happy in the interpretative skill with which he has given an expression of spirituality and refinement to these portraits. They are a little over



JOHN WESLEY, M.A.—From the portrait by William Hamilton, R.A.

life-size, and are a fine combination of strength and delicacy of treatment.

John Wesley is represented as wearing his clergyman's gown and with outstretched hand proclaiming the Word of Life, which he preached more often than any other man who ever lived. The sweet, benignant expression of countenance, the combination of the scholar and refined ascetic, the blending of authority and persuasiveness, are really admirable. In his left hand

is clasped to his heart his field Bible, the book which is still handed down from President to President of the Wesleyan Conference as one of the insignia of office.

On the face of Susannah Wesley is an expression of sweet motherliness, gentleness, and purity which reveals the saintliness of her soul. In the background are the old Epworth Church, near which she spent much of her life, and the tombstone of her husband, standing on which, when excluded from his father's

pulpit, her distinguished son preached to the rustic parishioners—a not unfit emblem of Methodism standing in the traditions of the past and inspiring them with new life.

The animation and soulfulness of Charles Wesley's portrait are masterly. The artist has caught the

Following in the wake of at least four Royal Academicians, and of other celebrated artists, Mr. J. W. L. Forster has painted Wesley's portrait; and the great canvas hangs upon the wall of Victoria University chapel, Toronto. The work reveals much study, care, and sympathy; and it will doubtless add



SUSANNAH ANNESLEY,

Afterwards Mrs. Wesley, mother of the Wesleys.

glow of inspiration on the poet's face as he reads from the manuscript one of his own hymns, perhaps that immortal lyric, "Jesus, Lover of My Soul."

We have pleasure in quoting from *The Wesleyan* of June 12th, 1901, the tribute by the Rev. W. H. Adams to these noble portraits:

to the fame of the accomplished portrait painter, whose pictures are so well known throughout the land. Mr. Forster is not only a distinguished artist, but also a zealous Christian worker, and a Methodist class-leader; and recently he spent much time in England in the study of the Wesley statues, busts, and paintings, which are held as price-





SUSANNAH WESLEY.  
—From the painting by Williams.

less treasures there. The result is that he has produced a picture which has in a large measure laid all these under tribute; and yet which is different from, and independent of them all. It is a full-length portrait, in heroic size, of England's great apostle. It shows much more verve and vivacity than any previous painting, and to our mind it is an even more satisfactory representation of the living Wesley than is the bronze statue by Adams Acton at the City Road Chapel, or the far-famed marble one by Samuel Manning which stands within its railed enclosure in the corridor of Richmond College.

As you stand before Mr. For-

\* A word or two about the distinguished painter of these portraits would not be out of place here. Mr. Forster is a Canadian, a native of *Halton, Ontario*. He studied in Paris in the *Atelier Julian*, and had as his masters the distinguished artists *Bougereau, Fleury, and Lefevre*. In 1880 he had a picture in the *Salon* for the first time, and has

ster's picture you feel profoundly satisfied. Here you have at last a full, as well as faithful, unfolding of Wesley's character. As already intimated, you are made to feel that Wesley was a man of intense activity. Then you are impressed with his self-command and his native dignity. His vast charity, his bubbling humour, his sanctity and sheer sanity, are all here,—and here in such combination and harmony as in no previous production of either brush or chisel. This is, unquestionably, the man who could command the profound respect of Dr. Samuel Johnson, the literary king. This is the man to whom you would look for an example of pure and purposeful philanthropy. And this is the man, with his winsome blue eyes, fresh complexion and soft, white hair, to whom little children would run with love and confidence, while their elders regarded him with reverence, if not affection. Wesley's was a truly composite and many-sided character, and Mr. Forster has brought it all out in his admirable picture.

The picture represents Wesley after he had lived down the contempt with which he had been treated at the beginning of his great career, and when he had become the best-known and best-respected man in England. Mr. Forster has taken the picture of Romney as the foundation of all his work, and the reader will remember that it was painted when Wesley was over eighty-five years old.\*

In a note in his journal at the time the great evangelist writes:

since occasionally exhibited there. He has made a specialty of portrait painting, particularly of that subtle art of transferring to the canvas not merely the lineaments, but the soul of the sitter, so that his essential character and predominant mood may appear to the beholder. He is an Associate of the Royal Canadian Academy

"At the desire of Mr. T——, I once more sat for my picture. Mr. Romney is a painter indeed. He struck off an exact likeness at once, and did more in one hour than Sir Joshua did in ten."

Romney's picture, however, lacks the animation which Mr. Forster

shoulders, while, in the latter, we have a view of the whole man. With head and chest thrown slightly back, and right hand loftily upraised, he stands, the gown, as usual, giving "a fulness to his person which did not belong to him in social life." The canvas is a dis-



CHARLES WESLEY, M.A.

—From the portrait of J. W. Russell, R.A.

has been able to throw into the one he has given us, since the former portrays but the head and

and has written and lectured on art. Portraits painted by him adorn the walls of the Parliament Buildings at Ottawa, the Legislative Building and Government House, Toronto, Victoria and McMaster Universities, Knox, and other colleges. Specially interesting to Methodists will be the fact that he has been for many years an earnest class-

leader and energetic Christian worker. That fact has doubtless enabled him to enter more fully than he could otherwise have done into the inner life of the Wesleys, and thus to bring out that inner life more clearly and forcefully in the portraits. Certainly they are full of spiritual life and power.

distinct and valuable addition to the world's Wesley treasures.

Mrs. Wesley strikes one as a leader and energetic Christian worker. That fact has doubtless enabled him to enter more fully than he could otherwise have done into the inner life of the Wesleys, and thus to bring out that inner life more clearly and forcefully in the portraits. Certainly they are full of spiritual life and power.



SUSANNAH WESLEY.—After J. W. L. Forster.

very beautiful, motherly old lady, and the large, liquid, brown eyes seem to be full of love and kindness. Mr. Forster has succeeded in throwing a great deal of intelligence, refinement, and spirituality into the features, and it is not hard to think of that venerable lady having been the writer of those famous letters to her son. The original picture of Mrs. Wesley which formed the foundation for this work, showed Lincoln Cathedral through the window in the background; but, for that fane, Mr. Forster in his painting has substituted Epworth Church,—and that view of it which would show the tomb of the

Rev. Samuel Wesley from which John preached. Charles Wesley, with the brown eyes inherited from his beautiful mother, stands in an attitude which he may be supposed to have assumed after writing one of his imperishable hymns. He is plainly akin to his brother, but the two men are not one. Despite the strong family resemblance, it is evident that each has his own individuality, which is as pronounced as is the difference set forth in the colour of their eyes.

The following is Mr. Forster's account of the Wesley portraits, of which he made a careful study preparatory to painting those master-



JOHN WESLEY.

After J. W. L. Forster.

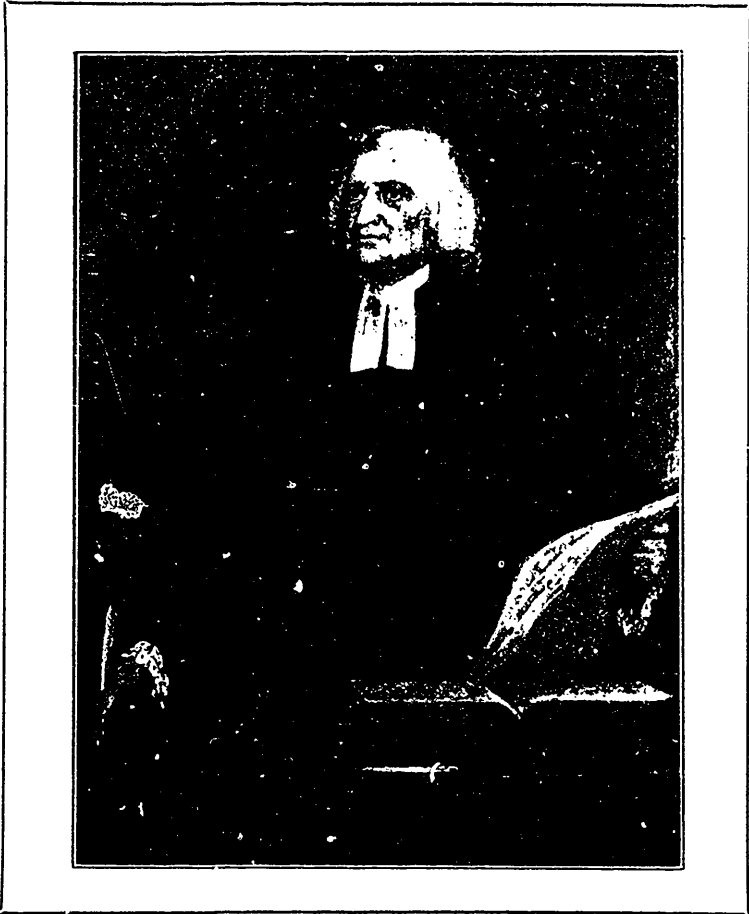
pieces which have won such wide recognition in the Old World and the New. They have been reproduced in many Methodist periodicals and in the *New York Outlook*, and, as we noted last month, were selected by *The British Weekly* as the finest in existence for presenta-

tion in their Wesley memorial number. We congratulate Mr. Forster on this wide recognition of his art. The whole group of portraits will give a unique value to this number of our Magazine.

There are in existence only two original portraits of Susannah

Wesley. One was painted before her marriage (painter unknown) and represents her, even with the disadvantage of the archaic bonnet, as a clearly chiselled and almost beautiful type. We can readily understand these features—after they had been mellowed by life's

as only the face and cap retain much of their original appearance. In spite, however, of the deterioration of the picture, one can discern clear traces of the refined and noble character which gives to Susannah Wesley a pre-eminence among women. The earlier portrait is in



CHARLES WESLEY.

—After J. W. L. Forster.

strong ripening sun—to merit Dr. Adam Clark's encomium, "the most beautiful type of womanhood in Britain." The other portrait was painted by Williams in 1738, when she was nearing sixty-eight years. This portrait appears to have suffered greatly in the restoring of it,

the possession of Rev. Charles E. Kelly, Book Steward, City Road, London. The later portrait is in Headingly College, Leeds.

Of Charles Wesley there are also two original portraits. The earlier one is by Hudson, and represents him at about the age of thirty-five

or forty—a handsome and attractive figure and bright face. The later portrait is by Russell, R.A., dated 1777. This represents him as having a somewhat judicial air, but as though youth had kept in friendly fellowship with his almost eighty years. There are other portraits of a composite character, the most notable of which is the one by Gush, which has been engraved very effectively. The Rev. Charles E. Kelly is the possessor of the Hudson portrait, while the Russell portrait is in the collection of the Mission House, Bishopsgate Street Within, London, E.C.

Two portraits of John Wesley are here reproduced. The one by Wm. Hamilton, R.A., hangs in the National Portrait Gallery, Trafalgar Square, being owned by the State; the other is by Romney, and is owned by Walter R. Cassels, Esq., Brompton, S.W., and was spoken of by Wesley as the best of him yet painted. A photograph of a life-mask of Wesley was obtained from the owner, George Stampe, Esq., of Great Grimsby. Mr. Hayes, the venerable antiquarian of the Allen Library, has made a very large collection of engravings of John Wesley, of which seventy-two different ones, he informed me, had been issued.

With all this material to be examined, and some of it not convenient of access, the task before me was not light. It was necessary at all hazards to see the Romney portrait, but the apparent lack of information as to its whereabouts became the chief discouragement. That six weeks of persistent enquiry, accompanied by much correspondence, were required to finally locate it, and that six weeks more of diplomatic work were consumed ere I was able to become the possessor of a copy of it, will serve to illustrate the mass of detail con-

nected with the inquiry and the proportions of the mission I was on. Selection was not to be made hastily. The reader must keep in view the required balancing of judgment amongst so many pictures in the choice of the ones that would best represent the Wesleys as the world knew them. I must pay tribute to the thoughtful discussion of this problem by the noble men who are to-day wearing with some honour the mantle that has fallen upon them from the Wesleys themselves. But here, as will be seen, opinion was not always a unit, and was even greatly divided. The final determination was therefore thrown back upon myself. The personality especially of John Wesley; the interpretation of him by his own journal and sermons; the estimate of him by his biographers, living and dead; but more than all the facts of his life and the spirit of the man, as viewed by the results of its operation for more than a century and a half, these were the main indices pointing the way. I must note in passing that a good deal of interest was aroused by the claims of advocates both of the early life and the later life portraits as to which more truly represented the living Wesleys.

Having such an attractive portrait of Susannah Wesley the young woman, and an equally agreeable one of Charles Wesley in younger life, and several portraits of John Wesley when his hair was "dark and abundant," the proposition was very pertinent of painting them in physical and mental prime. Nor was such a thought confined to myself alone; for more than one of the representative Methodists who manifested a lively interest in the undertaking advocated, with a most reasonable insistence, the choice of this younger period. The three portraits of John Wesley, by Hone,

the four of him by Williams, the reputed Reynolds, and the Henry, are all of this younger man. Of his mother's portrait, the younger commended itself by every claim to effectiveness, whilst the deteriorated original at Headingly, being reproduced in a still worse engraving, seemed out of the race. And of the two of Charles, the favour that was given the earlier one combined with all the others in presenting a very strong case for a series of early life portraits for this country.

These arguments held one side of the debate. But I need only to say that the personal conviction that the sentiment of veneration in which the memory of each is held made a strong appeal for portraits

of riper years; secondly, the fact that the evangel they represented is in its mighty issues a practical commentary upon the wisdom that could not be portrayed in youthful lineaments, weighed much in the balance towards the years that wear the grace of wisdom in these mightiest advocates of that evangel. Moreover, having made a thorough study of the portraits themselves, I found sufficient in the Susannah Wesley by Williams, in Russell's Charles Wesley, and in Romney's John Wesley to feel a sense of safety in following their guidance into the later years and the intimate personal life of the originals, such as I have sought to reveal in the Victoria portraits.




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JOHN WESLEY.

BY CHARLOTTE M. PICKARD.

Great was this prophet as that John of old,  
Who flung his message on the desert wind,  
A sharp, bright javelin down the ages hurled  
Straight to the heart that beats in all mankind.

Man dies: the prophet is: the voice sounds on,  
Though ears are dull to hear, eyes blind to see;  
Cavil and jest exhale in empty air,  
While the true herald warns of things to be.

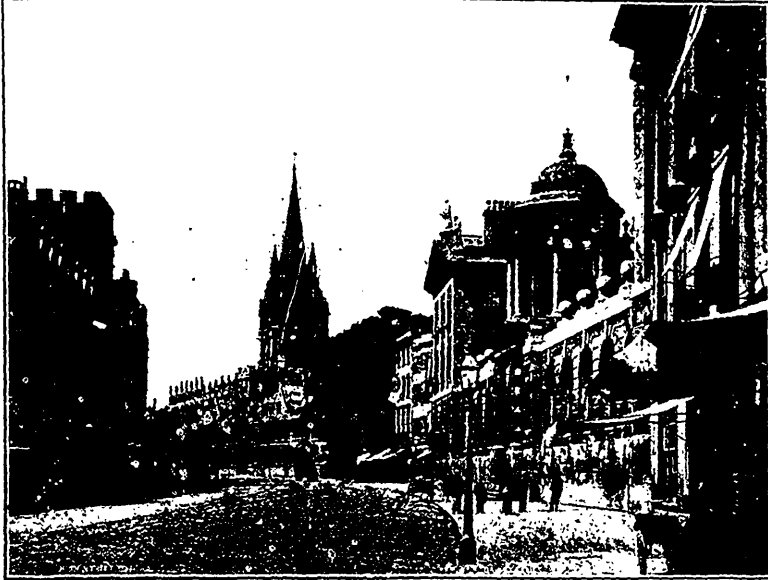
This rounded scholar might have hid apart  
In sheltering cloister, from the moil and din  
Of seething life; but it o'erleaped all bars,  
Bidding him forth to deal with common sin.

How thronged the multitude to hear that speech!  
To feel the hand that probed such secret springs,  
That scorched the quivering sinner with "Repent!"  
Or lifted faith on strange, ecstatic wings.

Still the same problems vex this riper day  
Of cultured softness and of frigid doubt,  
And still the wise old world is just to own  
The pure and fearless leaders heaven send out.

## FOOTPRINTS OF WESLEY—OXFORD MEMORIES.

BY THE EDITOR.



HIGH STREET, OXFORD.



THE approaching bicentenary anniversary of the birth of John Wesley renders especially appropriate at the present time all traces of the consecrated life and heroic labours of the founder of Methodism.

It has passed into a truism, which is admitted by every student of modern history, that one of the most potent factors in the moral reformation of England in the eighteenth century was the life and labours of John and Charles Wesley. Every loyal Methodist, therefore, from whatever part of the world he comes, takes a special delight in tracing the footprints of

the founder of that religious system which has belted the world with its institutions, "and the sheen of whose spires, as the earth revolves on its axis, rejoices in the light of a ceaseless morning." In this spirit, the day after my first arrival in London I paid a reverent visit to old City Road Chapel, and stood in Wesley's pulpit, and sat in Wesley's chair, and plucked a leaf of ivy from his grave. Influenced largely by the same feeling, I made a devout pilgrimage to the city of Oxford, the cradle of that wondrous child of Providence, the Methodist Church, much of whose after history has been strongly influenced by the scholastic surroundings of its early years.

This venerable seat of learning, dating from the time of Alfred.





MAGDALEN TOWER AND CLOISTERS, OXFORD.

the ancient Oxenforde—its cognizance is still a shield with an ox crossing a stream—has a singularly attractive appearance as seen from a distance, its many towers and spires, and the huge dome of the Radcliffe Library, rising above the billowy sea of verdure of its sylvan surroundings. A nearer approach only heightens the effect of this architectural magnificence. Probably no city of its size in the world presents so many examples of stately and venerable architecture as this city of colleges. Look in what direction you will, a beautiful tower, spire, or Gothic facade will meet the eye. For seven hundred years it has been the chief seat of learning in England, and in the time of Wycliffe, according to Antony a-Wood, it had 30,000 scholars. This, however, is probably an exaggeration.

In the year 1720 John Wesley, then a youth of seventeen, was admitted to Christ Church College, Oxford, to which college his

brother Charles followed him six years after.

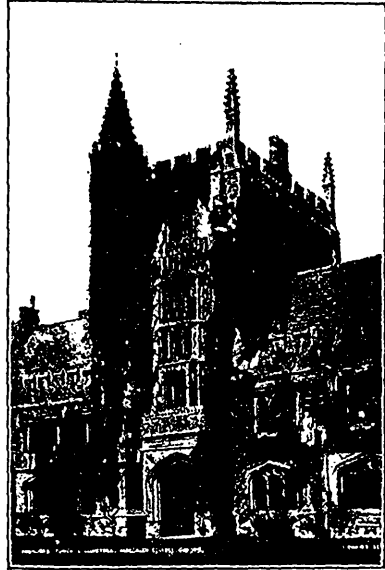
Christ Church is the largest and most magnificent college of Oxford. It owes its splendour to the munificence of Cardinal Wolsey, by whom it was founded when he was in the zenith of his prosperity. But the fall of the great Cardinal prevented the fulfilment of his grand design, and the cloisters which were intended to surround the large quadrangle have never been constructed.

The general features of the Oxford Colleges, of which there are no less than twenty, are similar. They consist, for the most part, of one, two, or three contiguous quadrangles, carpeted with a turfy lawn of exquisite verdure, and surrounded by long rows of collegiate buildings, containing lecture-rooms, library, refectory, students' rooms, and kitchen. Frequently there are quaint carved cloisters, as at Magdalen, or pleasant gardens, shady alleys, and daisy-tufted lawns. The

outer quadrangle is entered by an arched gateway from the street, where a porter peers out from his den, and touches a well-trained forelock to strangers. As I passed beneath the archway of Christ Church, through Wolsey's "faire gate," well worthy of the name, I asked one of the porters whom you find always at hand, which were the rooms that had been occupied by John and Charles Wesley. Somewhat to my surprise, the answer I received was: "I don't know. Never heard of them. That must have been a long time ago."

I concluded that this ignorance must be an idiosyncrasy of the porter mind, for at Pembroke College near by, of which Blackstone and Whitefield were students, is pointed out the room occupied by Samuel Johnson; and the name of Addison is still linked with one of the pleached alleys of Magdalen. I climbed the old tower from which "Great Tom," weighing 17,000 pounds—twice as much as St. Paul's bell—every night tolls a curfew of 101 strokes, as a signal for closing the college gate. One spot, at least, I was sure must have been familiar to the Wesleys' feet—the great and magnificent stairway, leading to the splendid dining-hall. The beautiful fan-tracery of the roof, all carved in solid stone, and supported by a single clustered shaft, will be observed.

Passing through the centre door at the top of the stone steps, we enter the large dining-hall, which, next to that of Westminster, is the grandest mediæval hall in the kingdom. The open timber roof, of Irish oak, 400 years old, with gilt armorial bearings, is as sound as when erected. The beautiful oriel lights a raised dais. On the wall



MAGDALEN COLLEGE TOWER.

are paintings, by Holbein, Lely, Vandyke, Kneller, and Reynolds, of distinguished patrons or students of the College, from Wolsey down to Gladstone, whose portrait occupied an honoured place. Here, at remarkably solid tables, the students dine. Here Henry VIII., Elizabeth, James I., and Charles I. banqueted and witnessed dramatic representations; and here, in 1634, the latter monarch held his last Parliament when driven from Westminster.

Beneath the stone stairway is the passage leading to the great baronial kitchen, with its high, open roof. A white-aproned, rubicund old head-cook did the honours of his important domain. He showed me a monster gridiron on wheels: the huge turnspit, on which they still roast, before an open grate, thirty joints at once; and the treadmill where the unhappy turnspit dog keeps up his unprogressive march on the sliding platform of



THE HOLY CLUB, OXFORD.

From "Hurst's History of Methodism," by permission of Eaton & Mains.

his mill. Observing my admiration of a huge elm slab, about six inches thick, used for a kitchen table, "Fifty years ago," he said, laying his hand upon it, "I helped to bring that table into this hall." For half a century he had been cooking dinners for successive generations of "undergrads," and seemed hale and hearty enough to last for half a century more.

I went thence into the venerable chapel, whose massive columns and arches date from 1180. It is also the cathedral church of the diocese. The sweet-toned organ was pealing, and the collegiate clergy was chanting the choral service, which has been kept up ever since the Reformation.

Amid these stately surroundings, John Wesley acquired that broad culture, that sound classical learning, and that strict logical training which so efficiently equipped him for the great life-work he was to do. The influence of the wise home-training of his noble mother, her pious prayers, and her loving letters to her "Dear Jacky," were a spell to keep him from the fashionable wickedness of the times, and to direct his mind to serious things. Here was formed that "Holy Club," from whose godly converse and study of God's Word such hallowed influences flowed. And here was first applied in derision the opprobrious name of "Methodist," which to-day millions



WESLEY'S ROOM, LINCOLN COLLEGE.

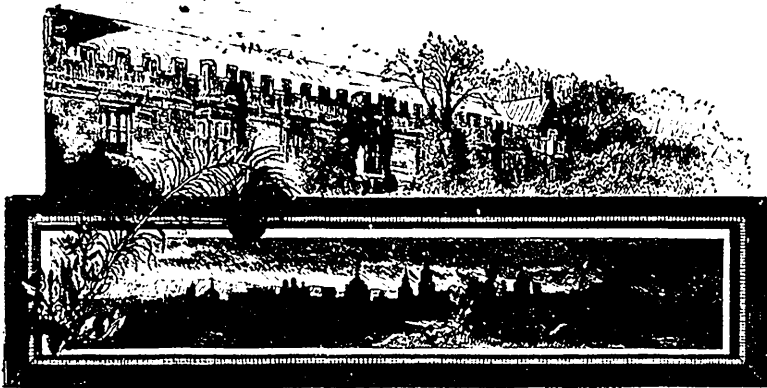
throughout the world gladly wear as the highest badge of honour.

Oxford is such a crowded congeries of collegiate buildings, often connected by narrow and winding streets, that it is only by obtaining a bird's-eye glance that one can take in a comprehensive view of the city and its many colleges. Such a view may be had from the dome of the Radcliffe Library. To the left may be seen the front of Brazenose College, said to be named from the *brascen-hus*, or brew-house, of Alfred's palace. Over the entrance—as a play upon the word—is a huge brazen nose, very suggestive of brew-house potations.

Near by is the Bodleian Library. A sacred stillness seems to pervade the alcoves, laden with the garnered wisdom of the ages, of many lands and many tongues. One speaks in tones subdued and walks with softened tread. It was an agreeable surprise to find a copy of "The Catacombs of Rome," by the present writer, in such goodly company. Among the objects of interest are a MS. copy of Wycliffe's

Bible, the true charter of England's liberties, and MSS. by Milton, Clarendon, Pope, and Addison; the autographs of many English sovereigns; historic portraits, including one of Flora Macdonald, not at all pretty; Guy Fawkes' lantern, a very battered affair; a chair made

JOHN WESLEY AT OXFORD  
AT THE AGE OF 23.



OXFORD AND HER COLLEGES.

of Drake's ship, in which he, first of English sailors, circumnavigated the globe; Queen Elizabeth's gloves, and a seal worn by Hampden, with the legend:

"Against my King I do not fight,  
But for my King and kingdom's right."

The ceiling is studded with shields bearing the University crest, an open Bible, with the pious motto, "Dominus illuminatio mea"—  
"The Lord is my Light."

It struck me as rather an

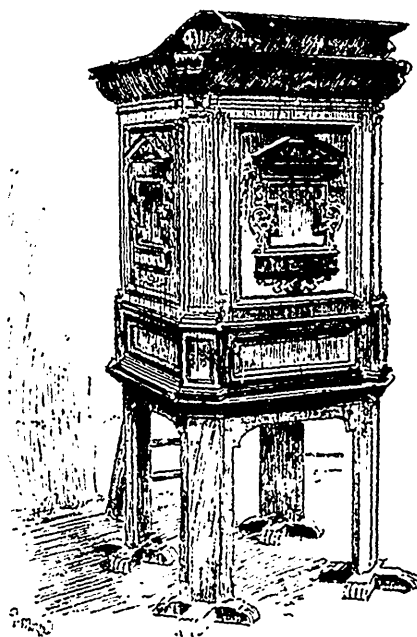
anachronism to be shown as "New College" a building erected by William of Wykeham in 1386. Amid the religious silence and solemn beauty of its venerable cloisters—"a dainty relic of monastic days"—seems to slumber the undisturbed repose of five long centuries.

The ivy-mantled gateway of St. Mary's Church is an object of strikingly picturesque beauty. The image of the Virgin, above it, gave great offence to the Puritans, and

was one of the causes of the impeachment of Archbishop Laud. It seemed to me a desecration to see the civic placards about gun licenses and dog taxes affixed to the doors and gateways of the churches.

The air of complete seclusion from the din of life of many of these colleges, is one of their chief charms. Not more sequestered was the leafy grove of *Academus* than the gardens of *Magdalen*, or "*Maudlin*," as it is locally called. Within a stone's throw of the busy *High Street*, deer are quietly browsing under huge old elms, with their colonies of cawing rooks, as though the haunts of men were distant and forgotten. Here, in a beautiful alley which bears his name, *Addison* used to walk and muse on high poetic themes. In the cloisters are a group of strange allegorical figures, the origin and meaning of which no one can explain. One of the *Fellows* with whom I fell into conversation, interpreted them as symbolizing the seven deadly vices and their opposite virtues—an admonition as necessary to the scholars of five hundred years ago as to those of to-day.

On May morning a Latin hymn is sung on the tower, a relic, it has been suggested, of the May-day Baal worship of pagan times. The persistence of these old customs, amid the changefulness of modern life, is extraordinary. Another singular one, of unknown origin, at *Queen Philippa's College*, is that on New Year's the Bursar gives each member a needle and thread, with the words, "Take this and be thrifty." The scholars here have been, time out of mind, summoned to dinner by the sound of a trumpet, instead of by a bell, as elsewhere. Here, too, is the *Boar's Head Carol* sung at Christmas, to commemorate the deliverance of a student who,



JOHN WESLEY'S PULPIT, OXFORD.

attacked by a wild boar, thrust into his throat the copy of *Aristotle* that he was reading, and so escaped. Of this college, *Wycliffe*, the *Black Prince*, and *Henry V.* were members.

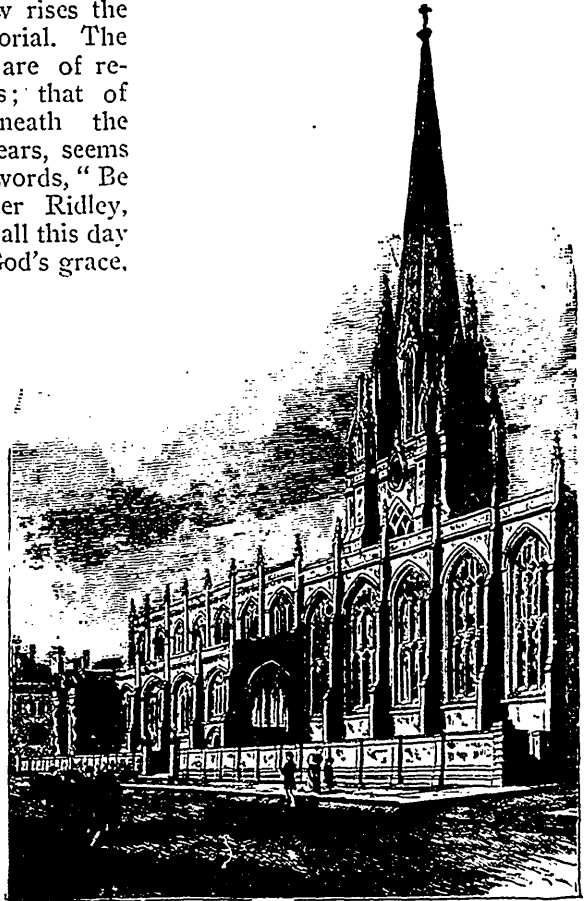
*John Wesley's* distinguished scholarship won him, before he was twenty-four, a Fellowship at *Lincoln College*, and a Lectureship in Greek. In Hebrew, too, he was one of the best scholars of the age. Nor was his time engrossed in scholastic duties. With his brother *Charles* and others of the "*Holy Club*," he regularly visited the felons in the public prison. Within these gloomy dungeons, the martyr-bishops, *Cranmer*, *Latimer*, and *Ridley*, were confined, and from them they walked to their funeral pyre.

On this spot, we may be sure, the *Wesleys* often mused, catching inspiration from the example of those heroic men, and willing, if need were, to die like them for the Lord they loved so well. On the scene

of this tragic event now rises the beautiful Martyrs' Memorial. The effigies of the martyrs are of remarkable expressiveness; that of Latimer, bending beneath the weight of fourscore years, seems to be uttering his dying words, "Be of good comfort, Master Ridley, and play the man; we shall this day light such a candle, by God's grace, in England, as I trust shall never be put out." Intrepid and blessed spirits! The flame they kindled filled the realm and illuminated two hemispheres with its light.

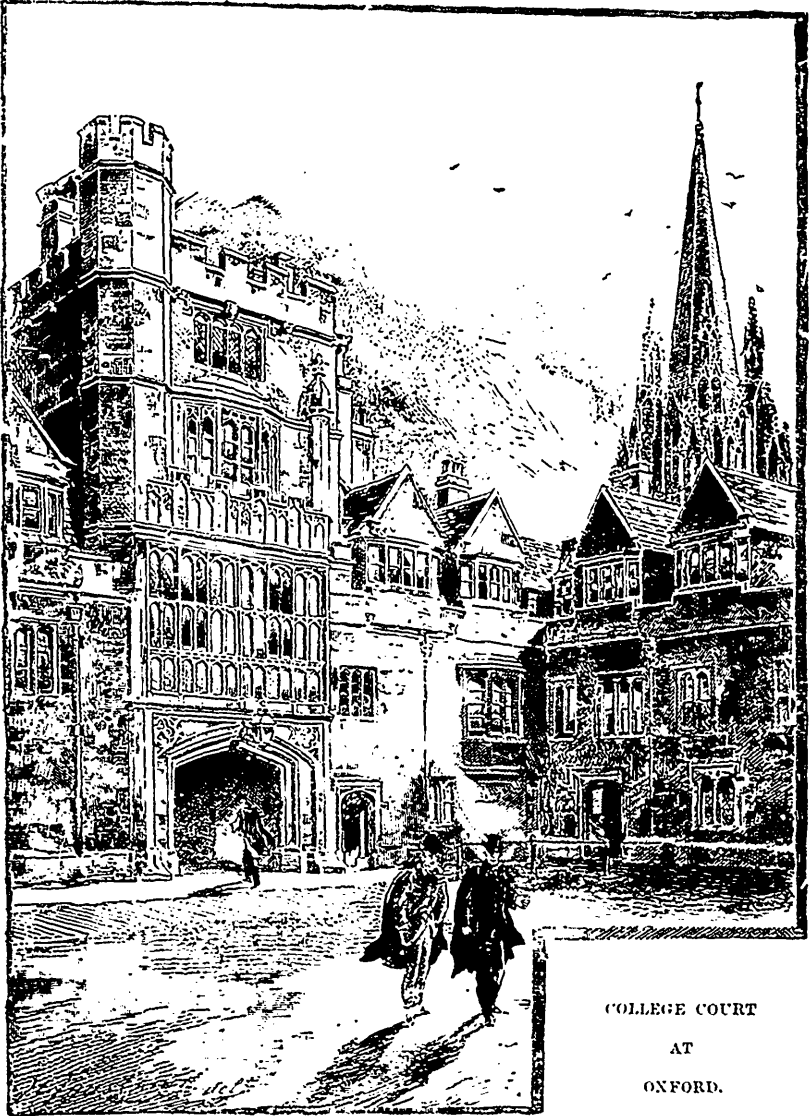
That light for a time grew dim, and it was the Wesleys' privilege again to fan it to a flame. In this very centre of Tractarian theology, where Methodism was nicknamed, persecuted, and despised, a Wesley Memorial Chapel has been erected, which is described in my guide-book as "a conspicuous addition to the architectural beauties of the city."

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 palladium of their civil and religious liberty. Two centuries later, when Roman 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, 1555; and



ST. MARY'S CHURCH, OXFORD.

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



COLLEGE COURT  
AT  
OXFORD.

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.

Additional pathetic interest is given to this beautiful interior 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 tear-



compelling story. 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.

During many years of toil and persecution John Wesley maintained his connection with Oxford University as one of the Fellows of Lincoln College. Indeed, the thirty pounds a year which he derived from his fellowship, was his only fixed income. One of the duties arising from his relationship was that of preaching in his turn before the University, even after his name was cast out as evil and everywhere spoken against. It was in the pulpit of the venerable Christ Church, from which Wycliffe, the Morning Star of the Reformation, and the martyr-bishops Cranmer, Ridley, and Latimer had preached, that he in turn proclaimed the Word of Life. The last time that he preached before the University was an occasion of special interest. It is thus described by Dr. Stevens:

"Oxford was crowded with strangers, and Wesley's notoriety as a field preacher excited a general interest to hear him. Such was the state of morals at the time, that

clergymen, gownsmen, and learned professors shared with sportsmen and the rabble the dissipations of the turf. Charles Wesley went in the morning to the prayers at Christ Church, and found men in surplices talking, laughing, and pointing, as in a playhouse, during the whole service. The inn where he lodged was filled with gownsmen and gentry from the races. He could not restrain his zeal, but preached to a crowd of them in the inn courtyard. They were struck with astonishment, but did not molest him. Thence he went to St. Mary's Church to support his brother in his last appeal to their Alma Mater. Wesley's discourse was heard with profound attention. The assembly was large, being much increased by the races.

"In his journal of that day John Wesley says, 'I preached, I suppose, the last time at St. Mary's! Be it so. I am now clear of the blood of those men. I have fully delivered my own soul.' Such was the treatment he received from the University, to which he has given more historical importance than any other graduate of his own or subsequent times, and more perhaps than any other one ever will give it."

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#### BICENTENARY HYMN.

One song of praise, one song of prayer,  
Around, above, below;  
Ye winds and waves the burthen bear:  
"Two hundred years ago."

"Two hundred years ago!" What then?  
There rose the world to bless,  
A little band of faithful men,  
A cloud of witnesses.

It looked but like a human hand;  
Few welcomed it, none feared;  
Yet as it opened o'er the land,  
The hand of God appeared.

The Lord made bare His holy arm,  
In sight of earth and hell,

Fiends fled before it with alarm,  
And alien armies fell.

God gave the Word, and great hath been  
The preachers' company;  
What wonders have our fathers seen!  
What signs their children see!

One song of praise for mercies past,  
Through all our courts resound;  
One voice of prayer that to the last,  
Grace may much more abound.

All hail "two hundred years ago!"  
And when our lips are dumb,  
Be millions heard rejoicing so,  
Two hundred years to come.

## WESLEY'S DEATH-BED.

BY THE REV. MARK TRAFTON, D.D.

Tread softly ! He is dying, on his pillow worn and pale ;  
 His weary feet are treading now alone death's shadowed vale ;  
 His fondest wish is granted—that heaven might please to give  
 His servant this last boon, at once to cease to work and live.

Speak low ! His busy thoughts are now with all the varied past,  
 As from life's well-exhausted glass the sands are slipping fast.  
 List ! His pale lips are moving as he murmurs faint yet free,  
 " Yes, I the chief of sinners am, but Jesus died for me ! "

He moves ; he lifts his withered hands, his eyes catch heaven's own rays,  
 He summons all his failing powers for one last burst of praise.  
 " Now, thanks," he cries, " for all His gifts ; but this of all the best,  
 Is, God is with us ! Fare ye well ! " he enters into rest.

No warrior ever dropped at once his sword, and lance, and shield,  
 And sinking down in death at last upon the well-fought field,  
 Has left a name that shall outlive his own there silent laid,  
 Who never called retreat, or halt, or sheathed his trenchant blade.

The silver cord is loosened, and the golden bowl is crushed,  
 The magic tones of that sweet voice for evermore are hushed ;  
 Yet still its cadences shall ring and spread from pole to pole,  
 While human hearts shall swell with hope, and time's swift tide shall roll.

Cold are those lips ; those eyes are closed—loved hands upon them laid—  
 Whose flash could quell the savage heart, whose tones the torrent stayed ;  
 The eyes that caught the vision of the Gospel triumph clear,  
 With faith that grasped the promise, and brought the triumph near.

The savour of that deathless name fills all the ambient air ;  
 Wherever human tones are heard, lo ! Wesley's voice is there ;  
 This " brand " plucked from the burning lodge of Epworth feeds the flame  
 To kindle which upon the earth the great Redeemer came.

For such a man no limits were of diocese or kirk ;  
 " My parish is the world," he cries, " and life my day for work ;  
 My call is to humanity, now crushed and cursed by sin ;  
 My mission to the outcast poor, for Christ the lost to win . "

Oh, what to him were effete forms of cope, or stole, or beads—  
 Dead substitutes for Christ-like life and loving, Christ-like deeds !  
 His life by deeds vicarious, for men to live and die,  
 Not honour here he sought, or rest—his recompense on high.

Dead for a century, still he speaks, and shall while yet is time ;  
 That life shall prove a potent force in every land and clime ;  
 And unborn millions cheerful give all honour to his name,  
 While souls redeemed in heaven above shall swell the joyous strain.

—*Zion's Herald.*

## JOHN WESLEY—AN APPRECIATION.\*

BY AUGUSTINE BIRRELL.



JOHN WESLEY AND BEAU NASH.

Preaching at Bath in 1739, Wesley had Beau Nash and other fashionable people among his audience. Nash accused Wesley of frightening the people out of their wits by his preaching. "I desire to know what this people come here for," asked the dandy. "Leave him to me," cried an old woman. "You, Mr. Nash, take care of your body; we take care of our souls; and for the food of our souls we come here." He walked away without saying a word.



JOHN WESLEY, born as he was in 1703, and dying as he did in 1791, covers as nearly as mortal man may the whole of the eighteenth century, of which he was one of the most typical and certainly the most strenuous figure. He began his published journal on

October, 14, 1735, and its last entry is under date of Sunday, October

24, 1790, when in the morning he explained to a numerous congrega-

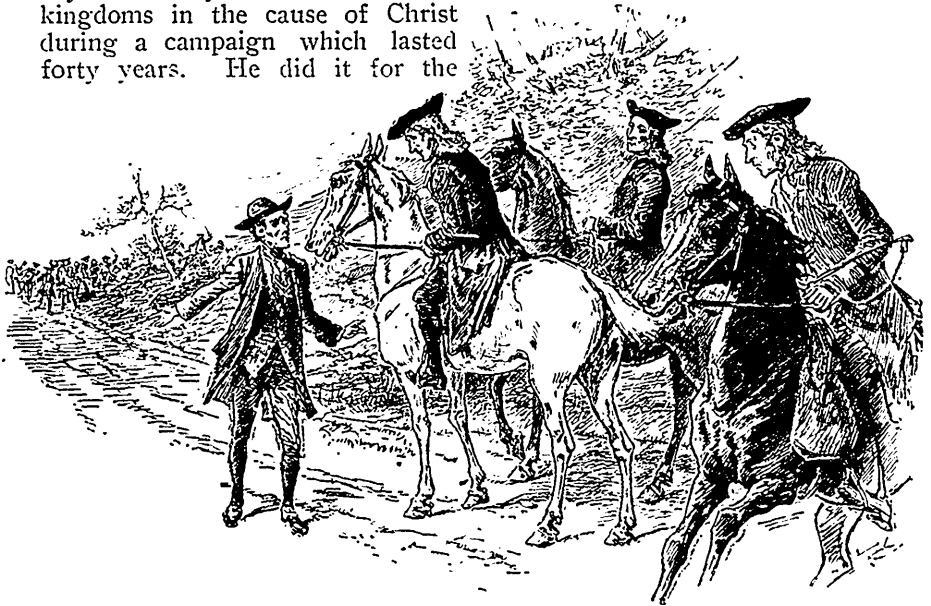
\* It is a very gratifying recognition of the great work accomplished by the founder of Methodism—"the most amazing record," Mr. Birrell says, "of human exertion ever penned or endured"—that a great secular monthly has published a ten-pag. article in unstinted eulogy of the man and his work, by a writer not himself a Methodist. We have pleasure in abridging from the striking article in *Scriveners' Magazine* the following appreciation of John Wesley. It appears more fully in "The Heart of Wesley's Journal," reviewed elsewhere in this magazine.—Ed.

tion in Spitalfields Church "The Whole Armour of God," and in the afternoon enforced to a still larger audience in St. Paul's, Shadwell, the great truth, "One thing is needful," the last words of the journal being, "I hope many even then resolved to choose the better part."

Between these two Octobers there lies the most amazing record of human exertion ever penned or endured.

John Wesley contested the three kingdoms in the cause of Christ during a campaign which lasted forty years. He did it for the

land—places which to-day lie far removed even from the searcher after the picturesque. In 1899, when the map of England looks like a gridiron of railways, none but the sturdiest of pedestrians, the most determined of cyclists can retrace the steps of Wesley and his horse and stand by the rocks and the natural amphitheatres in Cornwall and Northumberland, in Lancashire and Berkshire, where he preached



WARNED OF A MOB: "TURN BACK, I BEG."

most part on horseback. He paid more turnpikes than any other man who ever bestrode a beast. Eight thousand miles was his annual record for many a long year, during each of which he seldom preached less frequently than five thousand times. And throughout it all he never knew what depression of spirits meant—though he had much to try him, suits in chancery and a jealous wife.

In the course of this unparalleled contest Wesley visited again and again the most out-of-the-way districts—the remotest corners of Eng-

his Gospel to the heathen. Exertion so prolonged, enthusiasm so sustained, argues a remarkable man, while the organization he created, the system he founded, the view of life he promulgated, is still a great fact among us.

No other name than Wesley's lies embalmed as his does. Yet he is not a popular figure. Our standard historians have dismissed him curtly. The fact is, Wesley puts your ordinary historian out of conceit with himself. How much easier to weave into your page the gossip of Horace Walpole, to en-

liven it with a heartless jest of George Selwyn's, to make it blush with sad stories of the extravagance of Fox, to enbroider it with the rhetoric of Burke, to humanize it with the talk of Johnston, to discuss the rise and fall of administrations, the growth and decay of the Con-

who has not read his Journal. Southey's life is a dull, almost a stupid, book, which happily there is no need to read. Read the Journal, which is a book full of plots and plays and novels, which quivers with life and is crammed full of character.



IN FAIR OR FOUL WEATHER.

stitution, than to follow John Wesley into the streets of Bristol, or on to the bleak moors near Burslem, when he met, face to face in all their violence, all their ignorance, and all their generosity, the living men, women, and children who made up the nation.

Let no one deny charm to Wesley

John Wesley came of a stock which had been much harassed and put about by our unhappy religious difficulties. John Wesley's great-grandfather and grandfather were both ejected from their livings in 1662, and the grandfather was so bullied and oppressed by the Five Mile Act that he early gave up the

ghost. Whereupon his remains were refused what is called Christian burial, though a holier and more primitive man never drew breath. This poor, persecuted spirit left two sons according to the flesh, Matthew and Samuel; and Samuel it was who in his turn became the father of John and Charles Wesley.

In 1685 he entered himself as a poor scholar at Exeter College, Oxford. He brought £2 6s. with him, and as for prospects, he had none. During the eighteenth century our two universities, famous despite their faults, were always open to the poor scholar who was ready to subscribe, not to boat clubs or cricket clubs, but to the Thirty-nine Articles. Three archbishops of Canterbury during the eighteenth century were the sons of small tradesmen. Samuel Wesley was allowed to remain at Oxford, where he supported himself by devices known to his tribe. He soon obtained a curacy in London and married a daughter of the well-known ejected clergyman, Dr. Annesley.

The mother of the Wesleys was a remarkable woman, though cast in a mould not much to our minds nowadays. She had nineteen children, and greatly prided herself on having taught them, one after another, by frequent chastisements, to,—what do you think?—to cry softly.



THROUGH WINTRY STORM.



JOHN WESLEY AT A BOOK STALL.

She had theories of education and strength of will, and of arm, too, to carry them out. She knew Latin and Greek, and was successful in winning and retaining not only the respect but the affection of such of her huge family as lived to grow up. But out of the nineteen, thirteen early succumbed. Infant mortality was one of the great facts of the eighteenth century, whose Rachels had to learn to cry softly over their dead babes.

The revolution of 1688 threatened to disturb the early married life of Samuel Wesley and his spouse. The husband wrote a pamphlet in which he defended revolution principles, but the wife secretly adhered to the old cause; nor was it until a year before Dutch William's death that the rector made the discovery that the wife of his bosom, who had sworn to obey him and regard him as her over-lord, was not in the habit of saying amen to his fervent prayers on behalf of his suffering sovereign. An explanation was demanded and the truth extracted, namely, that in the opinion of the rector's wife her true king lived over the water. The rector at once refused to live with Mrs. Wesley

any longer until she recanted. This she refused to do, and for a twelve-month the couple dwelt apart, when William III. having the good sense to die, a reconciliation became possible. The story of the fire at Epworth Rectory and the miraculous escape of the infant John, was once a tale as well known as Alfred in the neat-herd's hut, and pictures of it still hang up in many a collier's home.

of the world, he must have earned for himself place, fame, and fortune.

Coming, however, as he did of a theological stock, having a saint for a father and a notable devout woman for a mother, Wesley from his early days learned to regard religion as the business of his life. After a good deal of heart-searching and theological talk with his mother, Wesley was ordained a deacon by



A BELATED TRAVELLER.

John Wesley received a sound classical education at Charterhouse and Christ Church, and remained all his life very much the scholar and the gentleman. No company was too good for John Wesley, and nobody knew better than he did that had he cared to carry his powerful intelligence, his flawless constitution, and his infinite capacity for taking pains into any of the markets

the excellent Potter, afterward Primate, but then (1725) Bishop of Oxford. In the following year Wesley was elected a Fellow of Lincoln, to the great delight of his father. "Whatever I am," said the good old man, "my Jack is Fellow of Lincoln."

Wesley's motive never eludes us. In his early manhood, after being greatly affected by Jeremy Taylor's

“Holy Living and Dying,” and the “Imitatio Christi,” and by Law’s “Serious Call” and “Christian Perfection,” he met “a serious man,” who said to him, “Sir, you wish to serve God and go to heaven. Remember you cannot serve Him alone. You must therefore find companions or make them. The Bible knows nothing of solitary religion.” He was very confident, this serious man, and Wesley never forgot his message. “You must find companions or make them.

“Languor was not in his heart,  
Weakness not in his word,  
Weariness not on his brow.”

If you ask what is the impression left upon the reader of the Journals as to the condition of England question, the answer will vary very much with the tenderness of the reader’s conscience and with the extent of his acquaintance with the general behaviour of mankind at all times and in all places. Wesley himself is no alarmist, no sentimentalist, he never gushes, seldom ex-



“JOHN WESLEY THE BETTER MOUNTED OF THE TWO.”

The Bible knows nothing of solitary religion.” These words for ever sounded in Wesley’s ears, determining his theology, which rejected the stern individualism of Calvin, and fashioned his whole polity, his famous class-meetings and generally gregarious methods.

“Therefore to him it was given,  
Many to save with himself.”

We may continue the quotation and apply to Wesley the words of Mr. Arnold’s memorial to his father:

“enlarges, and always writes on an easy level.

Wesley’s humour is of the species donnish, and his modes and methods quietly persistent.

“On Thursday, the 20th May (1742), I set out. The next afternoon I stopped a little at Newport-Pagnell and then rode on till I overtook a serious man with whom I immediately fell into conversation. He presently gave me to know what his opinions were, therefore I said nothing to contradict them. But that did not content him. He was quite uneasy to know ‘whether I held the doctrines of the de-



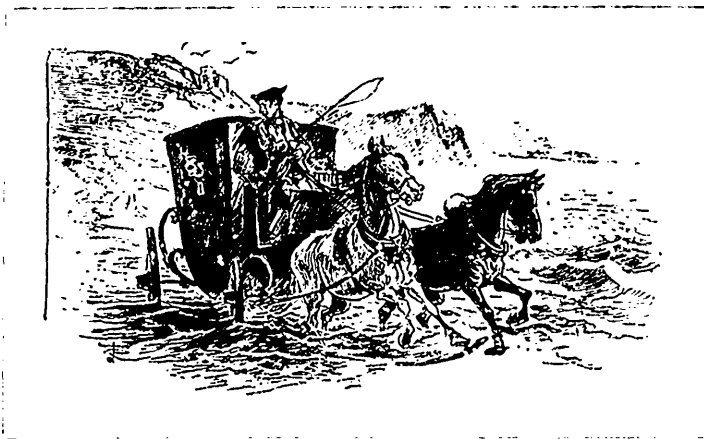
crees as he did ;' but I told him over and over, 'We had better keep to practical things lest we should be angry at one another.' And so we did for two miles, till he caught me unawares and dragged me into the dispute before I knew where I was. He then grew warmer and warmer ; told me I was rotten at heart, and supposed I was one of John Wesley's followers. I told him 'No. I am John Wesley myself.' Upon which

*Improvisum aspris veluti qui sentibus  
anquem  
Presset—*

he would gladly have run away outright. But being the better mounted of the two I kept close to his side and endeavoured to show him his heart till we came into the street of Northampton."

mians, Necessitarians, Anabaptists, Quakers, nascent heresies, and slow-dying delusions. Villages were divided into rival groups which fiercely argued the nicest points in the aptest language. Nowadays in one's rambles a man is as likely to encounter a grey badger as a black Calvinist.

The clergy of the Established Church were jealous of Wesley's interference in their parishes, nor was this unnatural—he was not a Nonconformist but a brother churchman. What right had he to be so peripatetic? But Wesley seldom records any instance of



CAUGHT BY THE TIDE : "PETER, FEAR NOT ; THOU SHALT NOT SINK."

What a picture have we here of a fine May morning in 1742, the unhappy Calvinist trying to shake off the Arminian Wesley! But he cannot do it! *John Wesley is the better mounted of the two*, and so they scamper together into Northampton.

The England described in the Journal is an England still full of theology ; all kinds of queer folk abound ; strange subjects are discussed in odd places. There was drunkenness and cock-fighting, no doubt, but there were also Deists, Mystics, Swedenborgians, Antino-

gross clerical misconduct. Of one drunken parson he does indeed tell us, and he speaks disapprovingly of another whom he found one very hot day consuming a pot of beer in a lone ale-house.

When Wesley, with that dauntless courage of his, a courage which never forsook him, which he wore on every occasion with the delightful ease of a soldier, pushed his way into fierce districts, amid rough miners dwelling in their own village communities almost outside the law, what most strikes one with admiration, not less in Wesley's Journal



IN THE FENS IN FLOOD TIME.

"I procured a boat full twice as large as a kneading-trough."

than in George Fox's (a kindred though earlier volume), is the essential fitness for freedom of our rudest populations. They were coarse and brutal and savage, but rarely did they fail to recognize the high character and lofty motives of the dignified mortal who had travelled so far to speak to them. Wesley was occasionally hustled, and once or twice pelted with mud and stones, but at no time were his sufferings at the hands of the mob to be compared with the indignities it was long the fashion to heap upon the heads of parliamentary candidates. The mob knew and appreciated the difference between a Bubb Dodington and a John Wesley.

Where the reader of the Journal will be shocked is when his attention is called to the public side of the country—to the state of the gaols—to Newgate, to Bethlehem, to the criminal code—to the brutality of so many of the judges, and the harshness of the magistrates, to the supineness of the bishops, to the extinction in high places of the

missionary spirit—in short, to the heavy slumber of humanity.

Wesley was full of compassion, of a compassion wholly free from hysterics and like exaltative. In public affairs his was the composed zeal of a Howard. His efforts to penetrate the dark places were long in vain. He says in his dry way: "They won't let me go to Bedlam because they say I make the inmates mad, or into Newgate because I make them wicked." The reader of the Journal will be at no loss to see what these sapient magistrates meant. Wesley was a terribly exciting preacher, quiet though his manner was. He pushed matters home without flinching. He made people cry out and fall down, nor did it surprise him that they should. You will find some strange biographies in the Journal. Consider that of John Lancaster for a moment. He was a young fellow who fell into bad company, stole some velvet and was sentenced to death, and lay for awhile in Newgate awaiting his hour. A good Methodist woman, Sarah Peters, obtained per-



DR. HAMILTON, JOHN WESLEY, AND  
JOSEPH COLL, EDINBURGH, IN 1790.

mission to visit him, though the fever was raging in the prison at the time. Lancaster had no difficulty in collecting six or seven other prisoners, all like himself awaiting to be strangled, and Sarah

Peters prayed with them and sang hymns, the clergy of the diocese being otherwise occupied. When the eve of their execution arrived the poor creatures begged that Sarah Peters might be allowed to remain with them, to continue her exhortations, but this could not be. When the bellman came round at midnight to tell them, "Remember you are to die to-day," they cried out, "Welcome news! welcome news!"

If you want get into the eighteenth century, to feel its pulses throb beneath your finger, ride up and down the country with the greatest force of the eighteenth century in England. No man lived nearer the centre than John Wesley. Neither Clive nor Pitt, neither Mansfield nor Johnson. You cannot cut him out of our national life. No single figure influenced so many minds, no single voice touched so many hearts. No other man did such a life's work for England. As a writer he has not achieved distinction. He was no Athanasius, no Augustine, he was ever a preacher and an organizer, a labourer in the service of humanity; but happily for us his Journals remain, and from them we can learn better than from anywhere else what manner of man he was, and the character of the times during which he lived and moved and had his being.

### THE PILGRIM'S LOT.

BY JOHN WESLEY.

How happy is the pilgrim's lot,  
How free from every anxious thought,  
From worldly hope and fear!  
Confined to neither court nor cell,  
His soul disdains on earth to dwell,  
He only sojourns here.

This happiness in part is mine,  
Already saved from low design,  
From every creature-love;  
Blest with the scorn of finite good,  
My soul is lightened of its load,  
And seeks the things above.

There is my house and portion fair;  
My treasure and my heart are there,  
And my abiding home;  
For me my elder brethren stay,  
And angels beckon me away,  
And Jesus bids me come.

"I come," Thy servant, Lord, replies,  
"I come to meet Thee in the skies,  
And claim my heavenly rest!  
Now let the pilgrim's journey end;  
Now, O my Saviour, Brother, Friend,  
Receive me to Thy breast!"

## REVIVAL AND THE BICENTENARY CELEBRATION.

BY THE REV. DR. CARMAN,

General Superintendent of the Methodist Church.



UNITY is multiplicity; identity is diversity; centralization is dispersion; focalization is dissemination; intensity is immensity; a point is the whole luminous sphere; weakness is strength; poverty is riches; ignorance is wisdom; abandonment is possession; renouncing is obtaining; humiliation is exaltation; defeat is triumph; suffering is felicity; sacrifice is abundant restitution; diminution is enlargement; death is life: these are some of the paradoxes of the Wesleyan revival. And they are paradoxes only because people see but the surface of things; their vision does not penetrate to fundamental principles and the essence of things. They live on what appears to heedless view, not on the irresistible, invisible forces. It is the stupid stare of the flesh, not the flashing eye of the spirit. They are the Wesleyan paradoxes, and they are also the Pauline paradoxes, giving a primitive, spiritual, and Scriptural attestation to the Wesleyan revival; the very paradoxes that enlarged the heart of the holy apostle and poured forth upon the Corinthians the burning words of his apostleship: "By honour and dishonour: by evil report and good report: as deceivers and yet true: as unknown and yet well known: as dying and behold we live: as chastened and not killed: as sorrowful, yet always rejoicing: as poor, yet making many rich: as having nothing, and yet possessing all things."

All this is but the old battle of

flesh against spirit. It is the blindness of the carnal mind resisting the entrance of the spiritual rays. This is what makes revival of true religion necessary. This is the very reason for preaching the Gospel and maintaining a Gospel ministry. The Gospel minister must deal with the hidden and spiritual forces, or he is not a Gospel minister. He may be a lecturer, a teacher, a theorizer, an entertainer, a hireling, an adventurer; but without these deep things of God, he is not a Gospel minister: "While we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen; for the things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal." "Therefore speak I unto them in parables," said our Lord, "because they seeing, see not, and hearing they hear not, neither do they understand."

In the very nature of things, as this world is, revival of true religion must be paradoxical and contradict the maxims, positions, and axioms of the world and the flesh. The people's heart waxes gross and they cannot see with their eyes, or hear with their ears, or understand with their heart. "This I say, therefore, and testify in the Lord, that ye henceforth walk not as other Gentiles walk in the vanity of their minds, having the understanding darkened, being alienated from the life of God through the ignorance that is in them because of the blindness of their heart."

There is the whole trouble, the blindness of the heart, the insensibility of the spiritual nature, the dullness and deadness of conscience, the lack of seeing, hearing, knowing the great verities and great

ideas of God and humanity ; of sin, judgment, and retribution ; of regeneration and immortality. Heedless, thoughtless, living on the surface, self-centred, and sense-impelled, why should they not give themselves over to lasciviousness, to work all uncleanness with greediness ? Why should they not be swept down the raging currents to the second death ? "They that are after the flesh mind the things of the flesh."

The paradoxes of spiritual power and eternal life jut out in the expanses of Scriptural revelation more prominently than the rocky headlands into the tides of the ocean. The Saviour is for ever declaring them ; He must declare them, to be faithful to His heavenly mission. These divine energies resisting the course of this world, imperceptible to the carnal mind, yet transforming the human heart and the human race and the very substance of the revelation of God in Christ and of the life and immortality brought to light in the Gospel. They are the hidden wisdom which God ordained before the world unto our glory, which eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath entered into the heart of man, but God hath revealed them unto us by His Spirit. They are the supernatural element indispensable to the Christian religion, not the product of the wisdom of this world, nor of the princes of this world, but obtained, possessed, and enjoyed only by the faith that stands not in the wisdom of men, but in the power of God.

We must distinguish betwixt things that are farther apart than the poles. Stupid sense and worldliness cannot do it ; neither can boasting learning and philosophy. Here is the realm in which trust and obedience, not science and wealth, are omnipotent. "Ye will not come to me that ye might have life" explains the whole mystery. How incomprehensible to flesh and

sense this announcement : "He that loveth his life shall lose it, and he that hateth his life in this world shall keep it unto life eternal." How dull and blind we must be not to learn from forests and fields : "Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone ; but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit!" How is it that we do not understand ? "He that findeth his life shall lose it, and he that loseth his life for my sake shall find it." "Whosoever will save his life shall lose it, but whosoever will lose his life for my sake, the same shall find it." "He that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live ; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die."

Why have we not an agony of soul to show men the deep things of God ? Such an agony and such an ability are by the Holy Spirit the genius, the condition, the pledge and the assurance of genuine revival. This apprehension and enforcement of spiritual touch, of the doctrines of Biblical revelation, of the deep things of God, of the supernaturalism and the divine elements and components of the Christian faith, originated and sustained the Wesleyan evangelistic movement. This is what made John Wesley and filled his sermons with baptismal fire. This is what made Charles Wesley and breathed through his hymns with seraphic flame. This is revival and nothing else is.

John Wesley, under God, came to this intensity and vigour of soul by study of the Holy Scriptures in simple faith. What better can the minister of God do to-day ? What do we need of the airy speculations and vain discussions, darkening counsel with words ? What weakness and wanderings these foolish conceits and haughty assumptions have brought upon the Church of God ! They say they bring us light, and lead us away into darkness.

They say they bring us knowledge, and engulf us in ignorance. They say they bring us certainties, and entangle us in mazes of speculation, indifference, and doubt. They say they bring us strength, and leave us in impotence and fear. Immeasurably the most important consideration in the celebration of the bicentenary of John Wesley's birth is the promotion of a genuine revival of religion after the best types of the best times, the mighty and irresistible vindication of revelation and regeneration, the salvation of the souls of men as the most devout of all the ages have been saved.

We can with profit give some attention to history and to biography and to ecclesiastical polity and growth, to church institutions, enterprise, and finance. But we can do all that, and sorrowfully and shamefully fail of revival. Some say we have done it before and might do it again. But if we are to have a Wesleyan revival, an Apostolic revival, a Christian revival, we must deal with the Holy Scriptures, the Word of God, as Christ dealt with what He had in His time, and as the prophets and apostles dealt with it and as Wesley and Whitefield and Ashbury dealt with it. We must turn a deaf ear to the men who weaken its hold on the soul by their conjectures and vain excursions; we must accept it, as did Reformers and Martyrs and Fathers, for what it professes to be, the revelation of God to man; we must learn it and know it in its deep verities, its spiritual energies and imperishable glory; we must obey it in its absolute authority and apply it to the consciences of men in all the fidelity of holy living and with all the efficiency of the Holy Ghost sent down from Heaven. This would be a bicentenary celebration worth our while and time, demanding more of our prayer, sacrifice, and service, and calling for less of our talk and display.

So come our paradoxes, the unmistakable contrasts betwixt God's way and the world's way, God's thought and the world's thought, God's revelation and the world's opinions and conclusions. The fact is, we must get wholly out of the world in the moral and spiritual sense and wholly into God. So we have it, "Unity is multiplicity." John Wesley clearly proved and illustrated: one man is a host; one labourer brings a concourse of toilers; one valiant soldier is a vast army. Alone Christ bore the burden of the world, and now millions are resilient to the moral pressure. He trod the wine-press alone and the juices flow to all peoples through all times and climes. John Wesley began single-handed, surely a little band. He did not wait for the thousands, but the thousands came. He started in the field he had with the material he had; the sowing was feeble, but the reaping is like the shaking of Lebanon. He did his own duty in his own time and place, and millions are the product.

Surely by the grace of God and in the order of Providence the multiplicity was in the unity, in the deep and prolific unity of the spiritual life. This is not after the seeing of the eye or the hearing of the ear, but it is the spiritual perception of the living, underflowing current of truth we must touch, apprehend, preach, and practise if we do God's work, if we have a Pentecostal, a Wesleyan revival—and any other is of little use.

Identity is diversity. It is the identity of life that produces the diversity of phenomena, the identity of principle that gives the diversity of application, the identity of element the diversity of the compound. The identity of the regeneration liberates the individuality, the personality, and the freeman is himself; and no two men in their constitution, temperament, power, and disposition are

alike. Let masses of men be sunken in sin and you have a sad and a sullen uniformity. Give them the spiritual life and the regenerated soul manifests its aptitudes and peculiarities. What a sameness in an African tribe! What dissimilarities in civilized races. It is life, life of some kind that does it; not what is working on the surface, but the invisible energies within.

There is nothing more uniform than death, nothing more like a dead stone than another dead stone. "Nonconformists," they call us; "Methodists," because of the orderly process of life; but, ah! what a cold, stark, uninteresting thing is the outward uniformity, the general conformity, devoid of the deeper, inner spiritual life, with its origin in one and the same source, and its growth and fruitage in the million-sided diversities of consecrated and sanctified souls. After the law of nature all about us, the handiwork of God, we seek an identity and unity that cannot be seen, while we have a manifold and infinite diversity that is open to the common sight. But the diversity is not the revival power, it is the life hid with Christ in God.

Centralization is dissemination; intensity is immensity; not after the ordinary thought, plan or effort of men, as the eye seeth or ear heareth; yet the whole explanation of Wesley's irresistible progress and glorious career. It was not merely the strenuous life and high purpose of an earthly or temporal ambition, but the ceaseless and invincible energy of the divine life and presence in the soul. A man more decidedly of one work than John Wesley never lived; never was any one more intense in his aim and high resolves. He stood with Paul the Apostle: "This one thing I do." The unseen forces were everything to him. How little he says about the politics or science or fine art or

literature or common events of the times in which he lived. If he could make them subservient to his own work, he laid his hands on them; but alas! they were formed and scattered for the gaping crowd; only the deep moral and religious forces made any appeal to him for saving the soul, arousing the Church, and awakening the nation. Men were degraded and he must lift them up. They were vicious and must be reformed. They were wicked and must be converted. They were ignorant and must be instructed. They were plunging in mad career hellward and must be by God's help turned heavenward. His soul was all on fire for this business. It did not make any difference who helped or who hindered, if he stood alone he was aflame with this desire. Day and night, winter and summer, in the swamps of Georgia and the cities of England, this was his intensity. Has it not become an immensity? Look around the world and see what God by him hath wrought. Was not that centralization and power in one man the prolific and exhaustless dissemination of holy doctrine and experimental righteousness throughout the earth?

And so it is undeniably true: if we would have Wesleyan revival we must come by God's grace to Wesleyan and Pentecostal lines of action. We must touch the invisible springs; we must give over the superficial, sensuous, glaring, apparent forces and find the inner, unseen, yet discoverable, omnipotent life. That life has conquered all foes, has prevailed against all opposition, and can do it now. We must find out the Christian secrets and worldly paradoxes; weakness is strength; poverty is riches; ignorance is wisdom; abandonment is possession; humiliation is exaltation; defeat is triumph; sacrifice is abundant restitution; death is life. Unless we learn these things it is

vain to shout Wesley! Wesley! or Paul! Paul! or Christ! Christ! We may cry aloud and cut ourselves with stones. No divine fire will come down upon the altar and consume the paraded sacrifice unless we make the sacrifice in death to sin and life to God.

We hope, of course, for many blessings from this Bicentennial celebration. We seek for a quicken-

ing of ministry and membership. We seek for converting power in Churches, Sabbath-schools, and Epworth Leagues. We seek for largely increased activity, enterprise, and liberality in all departments of church work. But we shall fail of all unless we find the living springs of the life and truth and power of God. These were Wesley's sources of supply.

## WESLEY AS AN EDUCATOR.

BY THE REV. N. BURWASH, S.T.D., LL.D., F.R.S.C.,  
Chancellor of Victoria University.



**I**n treating of education there is a narrow and technical sense in which the word may be used, dealing only with the work of the schools. There is also a broader view which includes all the forces which combine to enlarge and perfect the intellectual life of a people. In both of these senses John Wesley occupies an important place in the history of a large body of the Anglo-Saxon people during the last two centuries.

Wesley was himself an educator in the professional sense of the term. Trained in the University, he for several years discharged the duties of tutor in Greek and logic. In after years he devoted much time and care to the education of his preachers, preparing text-books for their use as well as directing their studies, and for nearly a century the entire training of these men was conducted according to this method. He was also the founder of a number of schools for the children of his preachers and for orphans; and for these also he prepared a number of educational works.

But these were but incidental to his great central evangelistic work, and their true importance can only be estimated as indicating and forming part of a method and aim which he followed from the beginning to the end of his career, and the full results of which are only manifest in our own time. His work was not only a great moral and religious force reconstructing the character of a large section of the nation, but it was also an intellectual impulse which lifted the regenerated people to a position of intelligence and social respectability corresponding to their high Christian character. If to-day the followers of John Wesley are found in the British House of Commons, on the Judges' Bench, or in the Privy Council of the King, if they are found on the Committee for the Revision of the English Bible, and in the foremost learned societies of England, it is not because a few families of higher rank have accidentally joined them, but because Mr. Wesley's work has lifted the whole body of his people to a high place in the scale of Anglo-Saxon civilization.

To understand the processes and forces by which this has been accomplished, as well as Mr. Wes-



ley's relation to them, we must form a clear conception of the condition of the people to whom in the providence of God his mission was directed. Four centres of population will help us to understand this, the masses of London, as Moorfields and St. Giles; the miners and peasants of Cornwall, Devon, and Bristol; the operatives of Yorkshire, and the colliers of Newcastle.

It will doubtless be misleading to compare the masses to whom John Wesley carried the Gospel to the lapsed masses of the East London of to-day. The men who formed his material were not outlaws. They were largely, if not altogether, people who earned their living by honest, if severe, toil. They were doubtless very poor, for the wage of labour at that time was the most miserable pittance. But they possessed the physical and moral substratum of constitution, if not of character, which comes from honest toil, and which is the strength and glory of English manhood. They were thus a good soil for the Divine seed of truth, which it was his mission to plant and water. But it was a soil utterly uncultivated and all overgrown with thorns and thistles.

The innate energies of these great brawny men were being wasted on brutal sports, drunkenness and revel, quarrelling and fighting, and by ignorance and brutality they were reduced to almost savage degradation. Labour, which is so great a force in the development of the spiritual as well as of the physical life, was with them the most routine of all mere physical effort, the swinging of a pick or a mattock, or the lifting of boxes and bales, giving a maximum development of muscle with a minimum exercise of skill.

For the disadvantages of this mode of life there were few, if any, compensations. The schools of the time were the chance provision of

voluntary effort or of voluntary charity; the one almost impossible, and the other exceedingly precarious in an age when it was thought to be wise to keep the masses of the labouring population in ignorance. The few schools which were established by private enterprise, or by the churches, or by private beneficence, were of the most rudimentary and unsatisfactory character, being without any proper system, supervision, or equipment. The schools thus did exceedingly little for the masses of the people.

The same was true of the press. Books and newspapers, like good schools, were for the middle and upper classes, and were almost inaccessible to the masses of the labouring people, either on account of the expense or of their inability to read. Carvosso, an early Cornish Methodist, learned to read and write after he had reached sixty. The writer remembers an old Cornish Methodist, who, apprenticed to a farmer when seven years old, was held by the terms on which he was "bound out" without any education till he was a grown man. He then married, and for years supported himself, his wife, and two children on seven shillings a week, or, as he used to say, a penny a meal for three meals a day seven days of the week for each of the four, and nothing for clothes, schooling, books, or sickness or rent.

Nor was there anything in the political life of the time to awaken even a spark of intellectual life in these down-trodden masses of humanity. Politics were the exclusive right of the middle and upper classes, and the country was still a long way from the Reform Bill and the wider franchise, and the day when the governing classes of England began to find it necessary to "educate their masters."

There were two things which brought some small alleviation to

the toilsome, monotonous life of these masses of the people. They had a rich share of the English domestic feeling, and the little joys and sorrows of their home-life were their greatest wealth. They had also a full share of the Teutonic religious nature, and while infidelity was widespread among the upper classes, they still held fast their simple, if crude, faith in religious verities.

But the influence of those sources of a higher and better life was also seriously weakened by opposing forces. Strong drink and the village taproom were then, as now, the deadly foes of the home. Religion, too, lacked the vital force of deep and sincere feeling, which constitutes its strongest appeal to the common people. In an age when the upper classes, including the clergy, regarded anything like strong emotion in religion as the reverse of respectable, and even denounced it as fanaticism, if not insanity, when sermons had degenerated into very mild moral essays, and when the staple of the religious teaching offered to the masses might be summed up in the words of the Catechism: "To honour and obey the King, and all that are put in authority under him: To submit myself to all my governors, teachers, spiritual pastors, and masters: To order myself lowly and reverently to all my betters: To hurt nobody by word or deed: To be true and just in all my dealings: To bear no malice nor hatred in my heart: To keep my hands from picking and stealing, and my tongue from evil speaking, lying, and slandering: To keep my body in temperance, soberness and chastity: Not to covet nor desire other men's goods; but to learn and labour truly to get mine own living, and to do my duty in that state of life unto which it shall please God to call me," it is not matter of sur-

prise that religion, however excellent its moral code, failed to stir deeply the life of the common people.

The result of this combination of influences and circumstances is thus set before us by eminent historians who have made a careful study of the inner life of the people at the beginning and middle of the eighteenth century. Lecky, after describing the drinking habits of the people, the enormous manufacture of beer—12,400,000 barrels a year for 5,000,000 people, and the legal encouragement of distilleries, says:

"These measures laid the foundation of the great extension of the English manufacture of spirits, but it was not till about 1724 that the passion for gin-drinking appears to have infected the masses of the population, and it spread with the rapidity and violence of an epidemic. Small as is the place which this fact occupies in English history, it was probably, if we consider all the consequences that have flowed from it, the most momentous in that of the eighteenth century—incomparably more so than any event in the purely political or military annals of the country. The fatal passion for drink was at once and irrevocably planted in the nation. The average of British spirits distilled . . . had risen in 1755 to 5,394,000 gallons. Physicians declared that in excessive gin-drinking a new and terrible source of mortality had been opened for the poor. The grand jury of Middlesex, in a powerful presentment, declared that much the greater part of the poverty, the murders, the robberies of London might be traced to this single cause."

The brutality of the age may be illustrated by two sentences from the same author. Speaking of cock-fighting as the universal amusement of the people, even of schoolboys, he says:

"In this game as many as sixteen cocks were sometimes matched against each other at each side, and they fought until all on one side were killed. The victors were then divided and fought, and the process was repeated till but a single cock remained."

Another historian of this period, speaking of the education of the masses, says :

“That some of the most absurd superstitions and prejudices lasted throughout the eighteenth century can scarcely be a matter of surprise when we consider how entirely the instruction of the lower classes was neglected. It was neglected on principle. It was not Squire Booby or Parson Trulliber only who believed that to educate the bulk of the people was to destroy the distinctions of rank. Great writers held the same opinion. Swift, discoursing of the wisdom of the institutions of Lilliput, says, ‘The cottagers and labourers keep their children at home, their business being only to till and cultivate the earth, and therefore their education is of little consequence to the public.’”

Of the popular pulpit teaching of the age Lecky again gives the following account :

“The more doctrinal aspects of religion were softened down or suffered silently to recede, and, before the eighteenth century had much advanced, sermons had very generally become mere moral essays, characterized chiefly by cold good sense, and appealing almost exclusively to prudential motives. The essay-writers, whose works consisted in great measure of short moral dissertations, set the literary taste of the age; and they had a powerful effect on the pulpit. The popularity of the sermons of Secker greatly strengthened this tendency, and it was only towards the close of the century that the influence of the Methodist movement, extending gradually through the Established Church, introduced a more emotional and at the same time a more dogmatic type of preaching.”

Such was the intellectual, moral, and religious condition of those neglected masses of the people, among whom John Wesley was called to labour. They were people with all the strong capacity of the English race, a people of great possibilities, but without any vital force which could awaken those possibilities into a better life. Wesley's work was at once to supply and to direct and utilize the forces

for a new and higher life, and to do that was truly to educate.

He did not, however, approach his work in the form of an educator. His first work was that of the evangelist rather than the teacher. It was not the temporal, but the eternal well-being of the people that he sought. But to build rightly for eternity is to build surely for all time. The true evangel calls men to the true life, both for time and eternity.

Was the new life to which Wesley called men the highest and best life, the right life for humanity? There have been few men whose work has been subjected to more relentless criticism than that of John Wesley. Probably no one of his followers to-day would claim for him that his ideal of Christianity was absolutely faultless, “the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ.” But we doubt if any man since the days of Paul and John has approached it more nearly. The fruits of that ideal in the lives of his converts were, without doubt, marked by many imperfections. But both in the ideal which he preached and in its fruits, we have, certainly, the great essential elements of true spiritual life, the unity of the religious with the ethical.

The awakening of this spiritual life in the hearts of men was Wesley's special mission, and at first probably his sole concern. The crisis of this life was “conversion,” and to the conversion of sinners he devoted himself. But this conversion was in itself the awakening of the whole man to a new spiritual life. It set men thinking, and gave them subject for the highest and best thought. It set them reading their Bibles, and led large numbers for the first time to acquire the ability to read for this very purpose. It awakened men to the cognizance and examination of their own

thoughts, a process which lies at the foundation of all philosophy. It cleared and strengthened the moral judgment ; giving men definite and accurate ideas of right and wrong ; and sound moral principles for the exercise of moral judgments.

The work of Wesley's preachers was thus as truly an intellectual *renaissance* as was the great Reformation in the days of Luther. It aroused a vast number of men who were passing their lives in a stupid round of toil and sensual indulgence to a new life of thinking, questioning and searching for the true and the good. It is unnecessary to say that this is the highest and the truest education.

But Mr. Wesley was very far from resting in this collateral result of his great evangelistic work. He very soon organized means for the direction and perfecting of this new spiritual life, which were in themselves centres of educational influence. The class-meeting was one of the most powerful agencies of the great Methodist revival, and the class-meeting was everywhere a school of the highest and best learning. It brought the men who were questioning their own souls, and thinking of the great moral and religious problems of human life, together for the interchange of thought. This was at once a school of expression and a means of awakening new thought. It placed these bands under the direction of the most competent and experienced members, men who could help their fellow-members, at least, up to their own level.

This work of pastoral care and teaching was itself educative. The leaders themselves improved in their gift of prayer and of exhortation and instruction. They were besides under the guidance of the itinerant assistants of Mr. Wesley, and finally of Mr. Wesley himself, who, meeting the leaders once a month, and the classes once a quar-

ter, were instructors of the leaders and models to them in the discharge of their duties.

There thus grew up a vast organization of societies, essentially religious in their aim and work, but collaterally intellectual, and educative on a great body of people who, by reason of their rapidly improving moral and religious, as well as mental and social life, were rising to a position of influence and respectability in England and America. At the time of Mr. Wesley's death there were over 120,000 members in these societies, and he was assisted by 515 preachers in the higher work of their direction and instruction.

But the educational work of Wesley was very far from terminating with the religious instruction of these members of his societies. Methodism has from the beginning been distinguished by its success in the development of native talent, and this constitutes a new and more advanced department of its educational work. We have already seen that the class-leader was not only a teacher, but also a pupil of a higher school, advancing in knowledge and gifts of usefulness. In this higher school, Wesley soon established a gradation leading up to the highest position in his evangelistic work. Class-leaders, prayer-leaders, exhorters, local preachers, and assistants, as his itinerants were simply called, represented so many steps in the progress of this work.

Over all Mr. Wesley was himself the most efficient general superintendent that our modern age has known. The progress of every man in knowledge, skill, and the efficient discharge of his duties was subject to his keen and ever-vigilant scrutiny. "Change improper leaders," was his standing order. "Have they gifts, graces, and fruits?" was his universal test. Promotion came to merit, without partiality, respect

of persons, or fear of man. That a man should in the course of a single life call out and train for efficient service over six hundred preachers of the Gospel, educating them without schools, and by these processes of his own devising, often from material found in the humblest walks of life, is a work of education almost without parallel. But when we remember that a population of over half a million, no insignificant part of the English nation a hundred years ago, was at the same time being uplifted and educated, and that the preachers were but one in a thousand of those whose intellectual life he was influencing, we begin to form some conception of the extent of his educational work.

But in tracing Wesley's work along these purely religious lines we have by no means exhausted its forms of educational influence. The more secular side of his organization, its legislation and the management of its temporalities, was scarcely less efficient as an educative force. The working of the institutions of organized society on the principles of free self-government is the noblest of all training-schools of humanity. This has been more fully demonstrated in the Anglo-Saxon race than in any other people of ancient or modern times. Its evolution begins far back in English or in Saxon history, and it early developed that greatest of all schools of masterly ability, the British Parliament.

But the production of that one greatest of political institutions seemed for a long time to have exhausted the productive capacity of the race, and at the time when Wesley began his work England was by no means as rich in free organized and self-governing institutions as she is to-day. The aristocracy passed as mere boys from the university to parliament, but the common people never dreamed of

reaching that goal. There was no ascending series of local and municipal institutions by which they could be trained for the highest places of executive and legislative function. When, then, John Wesley brought free institutions of organized self-government down among the masses of the people in the humble Methodist chapel, he took a step far in advance of his times. He gave the humblest artisan or miner who possessed character and ability an opportunity to take his place in a council of free-men, to learn how to maintain his position in a deliberative body with skill and good temper, how to be governed by rules of parliamentary order, to put the records and proceedings of the body to which he belonged in proper legal form, and to understand something of the duties of public trusteeship. All this was new to this class of men in that age, and was easily the stepping-stone to temporal advancement. The skill with which Wesley organized this part of his work and called into existence forms of procedure and precedents, which the official bodies of his societies should follow, evinced a gift of statesmanship which has been fully acknowledged by the ablest writers of the last century.

The effect of these educative processes upon the nation at large is attested by thoughtful historians. Says Southey, in one of his critical moods :

“Perhaps the manner in which Methodism has familiarized the lower classes to the work of combining in associations, making rules for their own governance, raising funds, and communicating from one part of the kingdom to another, may be reckoned among the incidental evils which have resulted from it”!!!

Jephson, in deeper sympathy with modern progress in constitutional liberty, adds :

“Thus, when some years later, the

great political movement embodied in the Platform began, a considerable portion of the people were already familiarized with the Platform by their religious experiences and training, and were ready to adopt as the organ and instrument of their political aspirations and desires the agent which they had found so well adapted to the needs and circumstances of their religious life."

On another phase of Wesley's work he says :

"In the earlier half of the eighteenth century, however, an event occurred, which, though not actually originating the political Platform, had a most powerful influence in its direction. This was the religious revival led by Wesley and Whitefield. This great movement, with its impressive meetings and its thrilling addresses, awoke in the people what can only be described as a new sense. It was then for the first time in our history that great orators came into direct contact with large masses of the people, and stirred some of the intensest and most passionate feelings of human nature to their very depths. Then, too, for the first time the people felt the deep charm, the fascination of the spoken word, and learned the mighty power of earnest speech. Then, too, for the first time great masses came together, and in coming together had revealed to them the community of interest which bound them to their fellow-countrymen. Perhaps, too, as wave after wave of emotion swept over the assembled thousands, some may have discerned, dimly and indistinctly, the enormous latent power of the people. These were experiences never to be forgotten—confined then to the sphere of religious teaching and enthusiasm, but affording a suggestion, if not an example and a precedent, for similar action in the sphere of politics."

Again, Mr. Wesley gave to this whole process of *renaissance* a higher intellectual character through his immense literary work. We have before us Green's "Wesley Bibliography," in which the separate works of John and Charles Wesley are catalogued and enumerated at four hundred and seventeen. Of course we cannot expect to find in so large a product of two pens either great originality or pro-

fundity of scientific or philosophical investigation. In every one of this vast collection of writings the aim was practical. Wesley wrote for the needed instruction of the people. The subjects on which he wrote were dictated by their wants. The books were published at prices which they could afford, largely from a penny to a shilling. They were brief, and so suited to people whose time for reading was limited. They were written in a plain style for plain people. But they were models of the noblest English prose, chaste, perspicuous, forceful, and melodious, without the slightest appearance of rhetorical artifice. Such a style was in itself at once a model for his preachers and an educator of his readers.

The contents were of the most varied character; hymns, practical divinity, devotional manuals, biography, commentary, controversial theology. Methodist apologetics, regulations for his societies, tracts, treatises on logic, Greek and Hebrew grammar, natural philosophy, and even physic, are all included in the number of the four hundred volumes, and if they do not conform to the scientific standards of our age, they were at least as good as their own age furnished, and they brought the thought of the age within the reach of the common people, when, as yet, it might be truly said that no man had cared for their souls. To his people, from the humblest cottager to the itinerant preacher, Mr. Wesley's writings were thus a priceless boon. They were the indispensable accompaniment of the spiritual life which he had awakened.

At the distance of one hundred and twelve years from Mr. Wesley's death we are able to form not a final, but at least a truthful estimate of the results of his work. In that time the half-million of his followers have multiplied to nearly thirty millions. They are no longer

the lower classes of the community. In both hemispheres many of them rank with the most intelligent and prosperous people of the land. As an entire community they rank above the average of the country in independence of thought as well as in ability to present their thoughts to the public. They have never lost touch with the common people, or with those great movements which have in the century lifted the common people to the full rights of citizenship. Some of them, like Joseph Arch and Thomas Cooper, have even been leaders in the most radical of those movements.

At the same time they have created for themselves literature, theology, and schools of the highest learning. They have produced commentators like Benson, Clarke, Beet, and Moulton; theologians like Watson, Treffry, Pope, and Miley; philosophers like Bledsoe and Bowne; ecclesiastical legislators like Bunting, Fowler, and

Warren. They have given religious depth to the best thought of George Eliot, moral fibre to Kipling, and have even touched the heart of Tennyson. They have taken their seat in the British House of Commons, and on the bench of the highest courts of justice and in the Congress of the United States. They have entered the Privy Council of the Sovereign of England, and have sat in the chair of state of the great American Republic. In fine, to-day they hold their own as one of the five great organized bodies of Protestantism on whom depends the moral and religious, and thereby the intellectual, future of the world. The greatness of this result is due not to the fact that Wesley was a great professional teacher, or founder of schools or colleges, but that he so touched the springs of human life as to set in motion those mighty spiritual forces which create all these things.

#### THE ORGANIST IN HEAVEN.\*

BY T. E. BROWN.

When Wesley died, the Angelic orders,  
To see him at the state,  
Pressed so incontinent that the warders  
Forgot to shut the gate.  
So I, that hitherto had followed  
As one with grief o'creast,  
Where for the doors a space was hollowed,  
Crept in, and heard what passed.

And God said: "Seeing thou hast given  
Thy life to My great sounds,  
Choose thou through all the cirque of Heaven  
What most of bliss redounds."  
Then Wesley said: "I hear the thunder  
Low growling from Thy seat—  
Grant me that I may bind it under  
The trampling of my feet."

And Wesley said: "See, lightning quivers  
Upon the presence walls—  
Lord, give me of it four great rivers,  
To be my manuals."  
And then I saw the thunder chidden  
As slave to his desire;

And then I saw the space bestridden  
With four great bands of fire;

And stage by stage, stop, stop subtending  
Each lever strong and true,  
One shape inextricable blending,  
The awful organ grew.  
Then certain angels clad the Master  
In very marvelous wise,  
Till clouds of rose and alabaster  
Concealed him from mine eyes.

And likest to a dove soft brooding,  
The innocent figure ran;  
So breathed the breath of his prelude,  
And then the fugue began—  
Began; but, to his office turning,  
The porter swung his key;  
Wherefore, although my heart was yearning,  
I had to go; but he  
Played on; and, as I downward clomb,  
I heard the mighty bars  
Of thunder-gusts, that shook heaven's dome,  
And moved the balanced stars.

\*To understand this somewhat fantastic poem, which seems to refer to Charles Wesley, the sweet singer, not to John Wesley, the great preacher and organizer, we must remember that music was a rare gift in his family. His son became organist in the royal chapel of George III., and often the demented old king was soothed to almost sanity by his sweet playing. Another descendant of Charles Wesley is the organist of City Road Chapel and with wonderful skill conducts the musical services. We have seldom heard such exquisite organ-playing as his.—ED.

## WESLEY AND THE REUNION OF THE CHURCHES.

BY THE REV. A. H. REYNAR, LL.D.,

President of the Bay of Quinte Conference.



IN the interest now awakened by the Wesleyan Bicentenary we cannot forget the great questions and duties of the present day, and we naturally ask ourselves, What is the bearing of Wesley and his work on the present and the future? One of the growing interests of the Church in our day is that of the Reunion of the Churches. Already we are entering upon a practical reunion by co-operating in the extension of the kingdom of God by domestic and foreign missions, and there is a growing conviction that this will lead, and ought to lead, to a union closer still of all those who are one in the great Catholic Unity of the Spirit.

What was Wesley's teaching as to this Unity and Catholicity? What has been and what is now the attitude of his followers towards this movement for reunion? These questions are of particular importance, considering the numbers and influence of the Methodists in this country, where we have, to all appearance, the best opportunity of leading the whole Church of Christ to a realization of the duty and the privilege of those who are one in Him.

To a superficial observer Wesley and his work brought about division in the Church even more than existed before his time. It is quite true, as we are reminded with wearisome iteration by some of our Anglican friends, that Wesley never left the Church of England, and that he advised his people not to separate themselves from it. He refused to lead them into the position of an independent Church, though

he admitted that he could not meet the arguments of those who wished him so to do. At the same time he took such liberties with the order and discipline of the Church as would break down all church order if generally followed, and he so prepared the way for his people that they might, after his death, take whatever course seemed best to them. When the time came, it did seem best to them to organize as an independent Church, and not merely as a society within a Church. So far, therefore, it might appear that Wesley and his followers brought greater division than existed before.

Let us, however, look closer and deeper into this matter. And we inquire, first, What was Wesley's view of the Unity of the Church, and how does he agree or disagree with an influential school of Anglicans who now have so much to say about the one Catholic Church, and who would have us believe, and seem, indeed, themselves to believe, that he thought as they think on the subject of the Unity of the Church?

Now Wesley's idea and their idea on this subject are wide as the poles apart. The oneness of the Church, according to the sacerdotal conception, rests upon the apostolical succession and the divine right of bishops as an order distinct from that of presbyters or priests.

Wesley repudiates both of these theories, and with them must fall the whole fabric built upon them. He declares of the supposed Apostolical Succession, "I could never see it proved, and I am persuaded I never shall," (Works III., p. 44-5), and as to the distinct order of bishops and its divine obligation on the Church he holds "that Bishops and Presbyters are the same order, and



consequently have the same right to ordain." (Works XIII., p. 251.)

We have learned so far what Wesley's idea of the Unity of the Church was not, and that it was not the sacerdotal idea in favour with some Anglicans as well as with Roman Catholics. It remains for us to learn what his idea of the one Holy Catholic Church really was, and we may learn it in his own words:

"What is the Church? The Catholic or Universal Church is all persons in the universe whom God hath so called out of the world as to entitle them to the preceding character; as to be one body; united by one spirit; having one faith, one hope, one baptism; one God and Father of all, who is above all and through all and in them all.

"That part of this great body of the Universal Church which inhabits any one kingdom or nation, one may properly term a national Church, as the Church of France, the Church of England, the Church of Scotland. A smaller part of the Universal Church are Christians that inhabit one city or town, as the Church of Ephesus, and the rest of the Seven Churches mentioned in the Revelation. Two or three Christian believers united together are a Church in the narrowest sense of the word.

"This account is exactly agreeable to the Nineteenth Article of our Church, the Church of England (only the Article includes a little more than the apostle has expressed).

"What is the Church of England?"  
'It is that part, those members of the Universal Church who are inhabitants of England.'

"But the definition of the Church, laid down in the Article, includes not only this, but much more, by that remarkable addition, 'In which the pure Word of God is preached, and the sacraments duly administered.'

"I will not undertake to defend the accuracy of this definition. I dare not exclude from the Church Catholic all those congregations in which any unscriptural doctrines, which cannot be affirmed to be the 'pure Word of God,' are sometimes, yea, frequently, preached; neither all those congregations in which the sacraments are not duly administered.

"Whoever they are that have one spirit, one hope, one Lord, one faith, one God and Father of all. I can easily

bear with their holding wrong opinions, yea, and superstitious modes of worship; nor would I on these accounts scruple to include them within the pale of the Catholic Church. neither would I have any objection to receive them, if they desired it, as members of the Church of England." (See Works VI., pp. 395, etc.)

We do not undertake at present to defend these broad views of the Catholic Church. We only state them and declare that they are the views still held by Methodists throughout the world. Our present aim is the explanation of Wesley's tenacious adherence to the Church of England. And the explanation is contained in what is quoted above as to his view of national churches. Just as there is in each country one civil organization, with its chief rulers and courts legislative and executive, so he held there should be in each country or nation one ecclesiastical organization and one set of spiritual rulers to whom all the people of the nation should be subject.

This was no new theory. It was held by worthy men before Wesley's time, and there are some who hold it still. A beautiful theory from some points of view it may be, but it is only a theory; it has no divine right, and it is sometimes quite irreconcilable with the divine expediency required to meet the logic of facts and the care of souls. Wesley was really divided between two different, and sometimes opposing, principles of action in matters ecclesiastical. The first or spiritual and truly catholic and apostolic principle is stated in the first quotation given above, and the second, or the political and national principle, is stated in the second quotation and again in the fourth. According to the first, he would say with St. Paul, "If any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ, let him be anathema," but "Grace be with all them that love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity." According to the second principle he would have

only one church organization in a country, just as he would have only one parliament. This was the High-Churchism of John Wesley,—a devotion to a political and not a sacerdotal theory of church organization.

This view was never held by the Methodist people even in Wesley's time. They yielded to his wishes, sometimes under strong protest, during his lifetime, but after his death they took with full deliberation the step that consolidated the societies and set them free to prosecute as an independent Church the great work that God had given them to do.

The question remains: Were the Methodists right in thus undertaking the mission and work of an independent Church? Would it not have been better for them to have continued their work as a society in the bosom of the State Church? It is, of course, impossible to say positively what might have been had the Methodists been so treated that they could have accepted the standing of a society within the National Church, but the Methodist people of to-day have no misgivings as to the wisdom and righteousness of the course taken by their fathers. They followed their best leading, they were led of God, though it was by a way the end of which they knew not.

Even as it affected the Unity of the Church they are satisfied of this. Had the Methodists remained in the State Church, the probability is that the State or National principle of Church Unity would have overgrown and possibly suppressed the spiritual and catholic principle. The teachings of Wesley would perhaps have been smothered in the Church as were the teachings of Wycliffe, and Huss, and Pascal, and Savonarola, and other reformers. It was well that the new wine was put into new bottles.

But is there still in Methodism so far as Church Unity is concerned

nothing better than another church or group of churches, though numbering more adherents than any other church of English-speaking Protestants? Yes, thank God, there is a better result and a still better prospect—even that of the grandest reunion that has ever taken place since the beginning of the unhappy divisions.

In the work of Wesley and his helpers and followers the emphasis of Christian teaching is changed back again from creeds and theories to the faith and hope and love of primitive Christianity, and this very spiritual life has become once more, as in apostolic times, the strong principle of the Unity of the Church. Sheltered in the newly-organized Methodist Church, the new spirit has been strengthened and extended till it has become the power by which the brethren so long divided are being drawn together as members of one family. The Presbyterians and the Methodists of Canada are not identical in their theological opinions, or in methods of church organization and discipline, but they are taking each other by the hand and saying, "We are one on the essential things, one in spiritual life and purpose, and we ought to work together in these things and leave all possible liberty in things non-essential."

This attractive power—this power of the love of Christ and of the brethren is becoming rapidly so strong that it must ere long overcome the scruples and objections of inveterate theologians and disciplinarians and bring together these two great Churches and, perhaps, others also, as *The United Church of Canada*. God speed the day when this shall take place, and when the Churches of all lands shall send greetings to our Church and say, "Behold how good and pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity!"

## WESLEY THE REFORMER.

BY THE RIGHT REVEREND GEORGE BRYCE, D.D., LL.D.,

Moderator of the General Assembly.



NO doubt it is as the official representative of the Presbyterian Church in Canada that the writer is asked to give an appreciation of "John Wesley and his work."

The writer has a typical formula, which he frequently uses in speaking of men who have lived as "present-day men" in their respective ages and countries, viz., "Luther, Calvin, Knox, and Wesley."

These leading exponents of the doctrines of grace in Germany, France, Scotland, and England, are the cornerstones of a mighty quadrilateral of truth. Blot out these names and what of Supreme Manhood, Love of Liberty, Adherence to Principle, and Evangelical Fervour would be lost to the world!

Men all of them were of highest education and training, of dominating personality: and men who, under the impulse of the Spirit of the Living God, were given strength of intellect and soul to break forth from the shackles of a deadening and oppressive sacerdotalism. All of them, born to trouble and persecution, knew what it meant to suffer.

"Only those are crowned and sainted,  
Who with grief have been acquainted,  
Making nations nobler, freer."

John Wesley was the latest of them. The former three we call Reformers, but though Wesley died more than two centuries after the last of the lordly trio, yet he fully deserves the name of the Reformer, who led the

movement known as the "Second Puritanism," in a Deistical and irreligious age. Wesley's spiritual deliverance, through the influence of the ardent Moravian, Peter Bohler, when in 1738, after being ten years an ordained priest of the Church of England he was converted, was, of course, the very crisis of his personal history, and of the religious movement which he led. Conviction and conversion have been the watchwords of John Wesley and his followers from that day to this, just as "justification by faith," and "regeneration," kindred ideas, were the *prima capitula* of the doctrines of grace of the older Reformers. Wesley's strong grasp in his new life of three great conceptions explains his outlook and his movement. These are:

I. *Supernaturalism.*

After his conversion imagination, intellect, heart, and conscience were all consecrated to the Supreme One. With child-like—his critics say, superstitious—confidence he took God's leading. As has been said, "He lived in a world of wonders and divine interpositions. It was a miracle if the rain stopped and allowed him to set forward on a journey." With simple trust his daily conduct and especially the great crises of his life were led by his taking guidance from the text of Scripture to which his Bible opened."

The wise and prudent of the world may smile at this, but on an "implicit faith" he and hundreds of thousands of his followers have lived and accomplished great spiritual exploits.

### 2. *Evangelism.*

It is very interesting to note that Wesley was only gradually delivered from the trammels of his former High Church training. His practical mind, set on fire with its new zeal, longed for the conversion of his native country. Just as John Knox had said in the extremity of his soul, "Give me Scotland, or I die," so Wesley believed he had "a forgotten gospel to preach." How was this to be done? His great contemporary, George Whitefield, had led the way in taking the Gospel to the masses, in evangelistic services, yet "Wesley could not at first reconcile himself to that strange way." But he did break loose from all conventionality, and the pulpit and the class-room became his main instrument. Instead of Wesley, the decorous ritualist, it was now Wesley, the "foolish" evangelist.

### 3. *Organization.*

But Wesley and his movement have always been characterized by "saving common-sense." "Enthusiasts, emotionalists, fanatics," the superficial eye of the world might see them, but they were calm

in counsel, cautious, industrious, and wise. In business shrewdness, in ability of organization, and completeness in mastering details, Methodism has not been surpassed.

The movement in England, and all its offshoots, notably those in the United States and Canada, have always had inscribed upon their banners the three characteristics of its founder—"Supernaturalism, Evangelism, Organization." "*His signis vincimus.*"

A last word. Should it be found that Presbyterianism, and her younger, though large-grown, sister, Methodism, have stood for virtually the same things in Church government, in belief in and advocacy of the doctrines of grace, in missionary and evangelistic enterprises, and in support of all great moral and social reforms, who shall say that these common features may not, under the leading of God's Good Spirit, lead these two great members of the body of Christ into still more hearty co-operation in doing the Lord's work, and even into the oneness of an Organic Union!

Winnipeg, Man.

## DEAN FARRAR.

BY R. BOAL.

His glorious work is done,  
His splendid race is run!  
Nobly he served, and grand acceptance found!  
Ever to Truth and Light high witness bore;  
And though his long and studious hour is o'er,  
His laboured work well wrought,  
His final battle fought,  
And every victory won;  
Still on the wings of thought his power will move,  
His noble work a benison will prove  
To all who read, and act, and comprehend.  
O may some touch of his pure spirit descend  
To quicken this arm-chair life of sleepy ease,  
And bring the empty formalist to his knees.  
The Neronian chariot, and Rome's belt of fire,  
With artist touch, drew forth his righteous ire  
Paul's mighty mission and the Man Divine  
In clearer vision now before us shine!

## JOHN WESLEY.

BY JOHN CHARLTON, M.P.



FEW men have exercised greater influence for good upon their fellow men than John Wesley, and few names deserve a more honoured place upon the page of history than does that of this great apostle and religious reformer of the eighteenth century.

Wide and far-reaching have been the influences exerted by his teaching. The circle of that influence is constantly widening, and its force is steadily augmenting. Born in the Church of England, and for years a curate and priest of that Church, influences outside of its communion tended to deepen his religious life, and broaden his Christian sympathies, and when forty years of age he reached the belief that there was free salvation for all men through simple faith in Jesus Christ. A contemporary of, and an associate with Whitefield, he was the leading figure in a religious movement, the effect of which has been felt wherever the English language is spoken. He was the founder of the Methodist Church, the communion of which embraces millions of professing Christians, a Church which is the leading Protestant denomination in the United States and in Canada. Its foundations in America were laid amid difficulties and privations. Its devoted ministers faced the perils of the wilderness, and carried the Gospel to the confines of civilization with heroic zeal and courage. It is a Church which has made history and exerted a controlling influence in shaping the destiny of nations.

At the first Wesley's object was to effect a revival within the Church of England. He was soon, however, subjected to persecutions and bitter attacks through journals and

pamphlets representing the views of conservative churchmen, and was forced out of the fold of the Established Church. It was the will of God that he should found a separate communion, and freely furnish the bread of life to neglected and destitute regions. In 1770 preachers were sent to America, and almost immediately upon the securing of the independence of the colonies a Church organization was founded upon this side of the Atlantic. It is needless to tell of the achievements of the devoted messengers of the Cross who have laboured in connection with the Methodist Church. Much diligence, courage, enterprise, and grasp of conditions have characterized their efforts, and the harvest has been an abundant one.

Wesley possessed great organizing powers. He exerted extraordinary control over men. He was a man of almost unparalleled diligence. He was engaged in the ministry for sixty-five years, and during that time travelled 270,000 miles, chiefly on horseback, and preached 40,000 sermons, besides addresses and exhortations. His style of preaching was fluent, clear, and persuasive. He was a voluminous writer, and his works cover a wide range, including theology, philosophy, poetry, and polemics. The first collection of his works consisted of thirty-two volumes. This remarkable man was born June 17th, 1703, and died March 2nd, 1791, having reached the ripe age of nearly eighty-eight years. All branches of the evangelical Church will readily and heartily unite in doing honour to the name of this great leader, who, under God, was enabled to bestow such priceless and abundant blessings upon his fellow-men, and whose name may fittingly be enshrined with those of Martin Luther and John Knox.

## JOHN WESLEY IN RELATION TO THE THOUGHT OF HIS AGE.

BY DAVID ALLISON, LL.D.,

President of Mount Allison College, Sackville, N.B.



THE long span of John Wesley's life accounts for the narrow interval which separates the Centenary of his death, celebrated in 1891, from the Bicentenary of his birth, about to be celebrated in this current year of grace. At the Centenary celebration, held in Halifax,

Nova Scotia,\* I had the honour of presenting an estimate, subsequently published in *The Canadian Methodist Magazine*, of the influence which he exerted on the intellectual, social, and religious development of the eighteenth century. By the substance of what I then wrote I still stand. Further reading and reflection may have convinced me that on some points I went beyond the mark, whether in the way of eulogy or apology, yet their general effect has been to intensify my appreciation of Wesley's worth both as a man and as a leader of men.

The fact is that the inestimable value to England and mankind of Wesley's unique and fruitful career is one of the most unquestioned conclusions of modern historical criticisms.

Wesley's personality and the

\* "June 30th, 1788.

"My Dear Brother,—I am greatly concerned for the work of God in Nova Scotia. It seems some way to lie nearer my heart than even that in the United States. . . . I look upon those (brethren) in the northern provinces to be younger and tender children, and consequently to stand in need of our utmost care."—*Extract from a letter of Wesley addressed to Rev. John Mann, one of his missionaries in Nova Scotia.*

secret of his hold on his generation are items of perennial and inexhaustible interest. The idealized Wesley of the standard Methodist tradition which prevailed well down the nineteenth century was indeed a noble figure—statuesque, impressive, practically flawless. But its cold and rigid outlines suggested no theory adequate to account for the phenomena, for they excited awe rather than evoked love.

Let us be thankful that the tradition, yielding to repeated blows, has been hopelessly shattered. The real Wesley of history, Dr. Riggs' "living Wesley," a man of "like passions with ourselves," and not a conceptional aggregation of all conceivable perfections except human sympathy, is one of the most interesting and fascinating characters that historical research has ever brought to life. The more closely we come into contact with this Wesley, the less difficulty have we in understanding the work which God called on him to undertake and enabled him to accomplish.

At the approaching Bicentenary, within the Methodist circle at any rate, attention will be chiefly, though, of course, not exclusively, directed to the providential element in Wesley's career, and to those supernaturally imparted qualifications which constituted him a veritable prophet and apostle for the nations. Still it is not wise to disparage, or even to overlook, the human factors which co-operated with divine forces in producing what Sir Leslie Stephen calls "the most important phenomenon of the eighteenth century."

As for these factors, those underlying conditions of Wesley's achievements which inhered in his own personality, nowhere are they analyzed and exposed with greater lucidity and skill than in Sir Leslie's own well-known work, "English Thought in the Eighteenth Century." Now to place John Wesley in the category of *thinkers* would be a primary impulse on the part of but few. "Thought" suggests the abstract, the speculative, the metaphysical. A thinker is one who constructs systems of ideal truth; who solves, or attempts to solve, the mysteries of the soul, the universe and God; who stands in the line along which is passed the torch of transcendental speculation. Much, perhaps I should say most, of English thought in the eighteenth century is written with this connotation of the term uppermost in the writer's mind. Its entire scope, however, is determined by a more elastic and popular application of the title. Not simply philosophers, like Berkeley and Hume, or philosophic theologians and moralists, like Butler and Paley, but statesmen and economists, novelists and essayists, poets, and preachers, are brought into discussion as contributors to eighteenth century thought.

John Wesley was not, as has been intimated, a thinker in the technical philosophic sense. He established no system, he founded no school. He had neither time nor inclination to brood over the mysterious problem of being and non-being, of substance and essence, of attribute and mode. Like his great fellow-countrymen and contemporaries, Samuel Johnson and Edmund Burke, he had a deep abhorrence of metaphysical speculation. His mind was of a thoroughly practical cast. As Stephen puts it, "his feet were on the solid earth." He had as con-

temporary philosophers of the highest renown, men whose names and writings will last as long as philosophy itself, Berkeley, Hume, Priestly, Reid; but save for a contemptuous sneer or two at Hume, we would not be led to infer from his voluminous works that he had any knowledge of these men or of the historical controversies with which their names are associated. He lived in another world.

Sir Leslie Stephen truly observes that it is "to the pulpit we should look for the most characteristic indications of contemporary thought." "Thought" here means opinion; not merely what subjects men are thinking about, but what they are thinking about certain subjects. John Wesley was the greatest preacher of his age, and so he was the most influential director of its thinking in the moral and religious spheres, if not even in a yet wider circle. According to Stephen, the power of Wesley's preaching lay in the fact that "his arguments represent real thought upon questions of the deepest interest to himself and his hearers."

And he set other people to thinking on these questions, and for that the English nation should hold his name in undying memory. To him more than to any other man was it due that an age of sapless formalism in professedly religious circles, with vice and irreligion everywhere else triumphant, was succeeded by an era of earnest piety, practical virtue, and apostolic propagandism.

Wesley affected the thought of his age by his writings even more than by his sermons. He wrote more voluminously than any of his contemporaries, and he generally wrote to the purpose. He had definite opinions and he let every one know just what those opinions were. In his sermons, his tracts, his controversial essays, his corre-

spondence, every sentence bears the impress of a perfect mastery of expression. "He remains on the plane of terse, vigorous sense," and never attempts "any more rhetoric than may be found in a vigorous leading article."

Much that he wrote was for the eighteenth century, and perished with it, or soon after it—who reads now his "Appeals to Men of Reason and Religion?"

His treatise on "Primitive Physic" is a literary curio. The "Notes on the New Testament," though displaying an exegetical power much in advance of the times in which they were written, and his published sermons, which, though of unequal merit, possess great literary charm as well as reveal deep spiritual insight, will secure attention as long as they remain accepted standards of doctrine for influential churches;

otherwise they are surely, even though slowly, wending their way to the shelves of classic oblivion.

His beautiful versions of German hymns are destined for a longer life, and as long as Watts' "Divine Songs" are sung, their finest verses will attest the skill of Wesley as a critic and reviser.

But he has written one work which will endure—the incomparable "Journals." Neither Pepys in his immortal Diary, nor Gibbon in his celebrated Autobiography, has left a more vivid portrait of his personality than has Wesley of his in this truly delightful book. Others of his works were written for his own time, this was written for the future, that to the end of time men might know what manner of man he was who saved eighteenth century England from spiritual atrophy and moral ruin.

## THE INFLUENCE OF JOHN WESLEY ON THE RELIGIOUS LIFE OF THE WORLD.

BY THE REV. B. D. THOMAS, D.D.,

Pastor of the Jarvis Street Baptist Church, Toronto.



THE Bicentenary of John Wesley is an event of interest to the whole Christian world. He was the founder of Methodism, but he exerted an influence which could not be confined by any denominational limitations. He moved in a clearly defined orbit, but the effulgence that emanated from his personality and work filled the whole horizon of religious thought and life. He gave himself with a devotion and ability which were sublime to promote the moral and

spiritual well-being of humanity, and the harvest of his sowing has astonished the world. He served his age in such a transcendent fashion that the ages have been enriched thereby. He set currents of influence in operation which have multiplied in volume until they have become rivers that no plummet can fathom. The Methodism of our day is a monumental eulogy of the man who braved obloquy and scorn for Christ's sake and placed his rare gifts upon the altar of a service that has not been surpassed save in one single instance in the history of the Christian Church.

I desire in the small space



allotted to me to recognize the influence of this great Spirit-filled man, not as it manifests itself in the mighty hosts that bear his name and that carry out his cherished ideals, but as it has operated in the other Christian bodies that have had a contemporaneous history. John Wesley has achieved an immortality which is practically uncircumscribed. He belongs to the universal Christian Church. The harvests of his planting have overrun all denominational fences. Doctrines which were antipodal to those which he promulgated have felt the moulding touch of his invisible fingers. Methods of Christian activity, which were antiquated and stereotyped, have given place to others more in accord with the exigencies of the needy world, through the silent action of the religious life of which he was largely the inspiration.

We do not assert that the fundamental teaching and methods which Wesley gave to the world were ideal, but we concede without hesitancy that they have been beneficent and corrective. The extreme Calvinism of the eighteenth century is no longer countenanced by any considerable branch of the Christian Church. While the sovereignty of God is still strongly emphasized as the essential background of theological belief, the fatalistic quality which formerly permeated it has been eliminated. The Gospel message is now freely proclaimed, and sinners urgently invited to accept its gracious overtures in well-nigh all the pulpits of Christendom.

Time was when in many quarters aggressive Christian work and soul-kindling evangelistic effort were held in check as an infringement of the divine prerogative, but it is not so to-day. Time was when the bare thought of a mission-

ary propaganda taking in the most degraded and benighted of humanity was considered by large sections of the Christian Church as fanatically impious, but those times have passed, and the whole conception of religious obligation has changed. There is a large measure of unity in the popular religious sentiment of the present day in these regards. The thought and life of the Churches have come into an amalgam in which the distinguishing quality of each is scarcely discernible.

To what extent Methodism has contributed to this result only eternity can determine, but it has certainly played an important part in giving to the religious life the glow of an experimental reality, and in rescuing it from the withering blight of formalism and doctrinal inertness. It may be fairly claimed that early Methodism largely re-located the throne of religious imperialism and made the heart rather than the head the converging and radiating centre of its operations. Wesley's whole theory of religion was a burning flame of love enkindled at the Cross and consuming sin in its all-mastering conflagration.

If the future of the great Methodist Church is to be worthy of her past, then there will need to be, not a departure from, but a closer drawing to, the fundamental principles laid down by John Wesley himself. Her distinguishing glory and her essential potency must in the future, as in the past, be found, not in her magnificent temples and her accumulating wealth, but in the fervour and devotion manifested and propagated by her illustrious founder. Only in the measure that she stands true to the ideals that gave her birth will she hold her lofty place in influencing the religious life of the world.

## THE GREATEST ENGLISHMAN OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

BY JOHN CAMERON.

Postmaster, London, Ont.



HOW is John Wesley to be accounted for? That is the natural inquiry in the case of any great man? Sometimes the answer is sought in heredity; but there are too few men of genius whose parents also were geniuses, too few men of genius who have numbered geniuses among their descendants, and too few families all of whose members are geniuses, to permit acceptance of heredity as an answer all-sufficing. Lord Rosebery, in his book on Napoleon, trying to account for the meteoric Corsican, swings finally to the theory that Napoleon and his career are inexplicable from any purely human viewpoint. He evidently considers the most satisfying accounting to be that Providence saw fit, for necessary ends, to use him as the Scourge of Europe; and until his work was done, he was allowed to go to his Providential limit, and then was swiftly withdrawn.

The largest view of John Wesley is likeliest to be truest, namely, that he was a special gift of God to England, and not to England only; and that he was sent for special ends, at a time when specially needed.

Great men not often come at once to their legitimate fame. Of authors and persons familiar by name, the valuation constantly changes. Shakespeare shines on, a star ever brightening. As between Scott and Burns, the latter goes up. Byron moves down. Browning, after neglect, comes to his own. Carlyle eventually sets the maligned

Cromwell on a pedestal of enduring honour. And so it goes. Of the fame of John Wesley it may be said, never stood it higher than to-day, two hundred years from the time of his birth. His work and career defy any disabling touch; while of the influences of which he was the chosen vehicle, "their echoes flow from soul to soul, for ever and for ever." To-day throughout the world the Methodist body, combining both membership and adherents, numbers over twenty millions. More truly to-day than when he said it, the world is John Wesley's parish.

Of Wesley's characteristics his courage is outstanding. He had to fight an age of formalism, indifference, and laxity. Ecclesiastical conventionality treated him at first with neglectful scorn; plying him next with reproaches for disturbing the order of things established, like the lotus-eaters, crying, "Let us alone"; and finally resenting him with brickbats and missiles unsavoury, thus giving him what Beecher said every preacher was the better for—namely, a course of mobs! Refused admission to the pulpits of the Established Church, Wesley preached much in fields and streets. He went after the people; it is noteworthy how Christian bodies in modern times are again finding out the necessity for street preaching to those who do not, or will not, come into the churches to listen.

Wesley must have been what is called a magnetic speaker. More than once he spoke in the open air to as many as 10,000 and 20,000 persons at a time, those at the out-

skirts of the crowd hearing him distinctly. Quite beyond the common were his powers of organization; busy, busy, ever busy, commissioning preachers, founding societies, opening churches, administering discipline, and raising funds for chapels and charities. His bodily endurance must thus have been all but miraculous. Equally phenomenal was his mental energy. Mental energy and physical energy do not go always together, as witness Mrs. Browning, a life-long invalid, yet full of mental and spiritual energy. Wesley possessed both energies to a degree passing the understanding of the modern man or woman. He read every work of note as it appeared, often reading as he sat his horse, allowing the trusty steed to take charge of the journey. The surprising statement is made that he wrote or edited more than two hundred volumes, including commentaries, grammars of the Hebrew, Greek, Latin, and French languages; works on logic and philosophy, controversial treatises, sermons, and journals!

Of the Wesley brothers, Charles, as we know, was the singer; but John Wesley always recognized to the full the power of sacred song. Some one says the Methodist Church stands among other excellent things for feeling and fire, zeal and zest in the Christian life. This certainly applies to its always effective congregational praise service; undoubtedly it is the denomination most efficient from the standpoint of singing by all the people.

Was John Wesley a genius? Yes, if St. Paul also was a genius. At all events, John Wesley was the really most potent man of the eighteenth century in England, as is now seen, doing for Great Britain a needed work of value inestimable.

Methodist polity and doctrine to-day are not much different from what they were two hundred years ago. By the way, not always is it remembered there were even in Wesley's time a substantial sprinkling of those known as Calvinistic Methodists, though the mass no doubt entertained the Arminian view. We hear little of these discussions in later days. The fact is, such discussions, after all, must necessarily be to a considerable degree discussion in the air. As to where man's free will ends or begins, or where God's sovereignty, or where election, begins or ends, who can dogmatize? The tendency of modern Methodists and present-day Presbyterians is to get together, particularly in practical Christian work. Than some future federal union between Methodists and Presbyterians, the example being set by Canada, there are many things more unlikely.

To commemorate the two hundredth anniversary of the birth of the illustrious founder of a great Church, Methodism may well be excused for enthusiastically relighting its campfires. Those of us who are keen admirers of John Wesley, though not of his immediate communion, may content ourselves with warming both hands before the cheerful blaze.

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Nature

Counts nothing that she meets with base,  
But lives and loves in every place.

—*Tennyson.*

## JOHN WESLEY—1703-1903.

BY H. H. FUDGER.



ALTHOUGH the emotional is fast giving place to the practical in Methodism, the least sentimental among us may well say: Let the spikenard of a reverent and devout remembrance fill the homes of all the people called Methodists in commemoration of

Wesley's birth two hundred years ago. I was in some such spirit one day recently in the city of Washington. Included in the programme was a visit to the library of Congress. Among the quotations and mottoes interweaving the mural and ceiling decorations in somewhat overwhelming profusion, this from Carlyle stood conspicuous:

"In books lies the soul of the whole past time."

I thought, Let me, this bicentennial year, choose a book of Wesley's time. The book was John Wesley's sermon on Ezekiel i. 16, "containing some account of the late work of God in North America." In the silence of the magnificent rotunda, the holy place of that temple, shrine, and monument of literature, worthy a great and progressive nation, I read that in the years preceding the War of Independence the trade, wealth, and plenty of the colonists had been increasing at a prodigious rate. These prosperous conditions had begotten and nourished pride, luxury, sloth, and wantonness, so that the results of the work of grace begun in 1736 had almost wholly disappeared. The sermon filled a twenty-page tract "Sold at the Foundry in Moorfields." It was however, the disas-

trous result of prosperity that chiefly arrested my attention.

The most obscure follower of Wesley engaging in such a quiet little celebration of the anniversary might claim the Methodist privilege of *this* practical application expressed interrogatively after the manner of our illustrious founder himself. What will safeguard the progress in trade and wealth which Methodists in Canada are making to-day?

(1) *A Sense of Stewardship.*

Using wealth not for selfish and vulgar display, but for the service and uplift of our fellows. Especially in helping the hundreds of thousands of new settlers that will yearly be added to the population of this country, assisting them to kindle the altar fires of a simple, spiritual worship in their western homes. Thus may Methodism continue the hardy pioneer work which for a hundred years has been her chief strength and glory on this continent.

(2) *Co-operation Rather Than Competition*

ought to mark the regirding of our strength as we begin the third century since Wesley's birth. Let individual churches cultivate the spirit of it. May it spread and grow, and at length prevail where it is so much needed from the standpoint of economy, as well as of brotherly love—in our home missions and pioneer work. Methodists will find that the truths Wesley emphasized—specific conversion, assurance, and sanctification—have permeated the whole lump of evangelical Christendom. New men in Christ Jesus are everywhere serving

God with full purpose of heart. They may describe their experience by other means than ours, or, haply, may let it be known by fruit rather than by definition. Shall we not co-operate with them for the advancement of the Kingdom, rather than compete with them? Here are two verses from Wesley's hymn on Catholic Love. It is curious—and is it not significant?—that this hymn is not in use in any Methodist hymn-book :

“ My brethren, friends, and kinsmen these  
Who do my Heavenly Father's will ;  
Who aim at perfect holiness  
And all Thy counsels to fulfil,  
Athirst to be whate'er Thou art,  
And love their God with all their heart.

“ For these how'er in flesh disjoint'd,  
Where'er dispersed o'er earth abroad,  
Unfeigned, unbounded love I find,  
And constant as the life of God :  
Fountain of life from thence it sprung,  
As pure, as even, and as strong.”

### (3) *An Educated Ministry.*

The sermon was “ by the Rev. John Wesley, M.A., sometime fellow of Lincoln College, Oxford.” Methodist preachers in the nine-

teenth century have been as a rule the peers or superiors of the people to whom they ministered. To their spiritual children they often became united in bonds of close and lasting friendship. Canadians who grow rich give their sons and daughters the best education obtainable. Methodist children, cultured and refined, will be more surely held in the Church and influenced by the pulpit if from their college associates and friends come the candidates for the Methodist ministry. If a generous share of increasing wealth be consecrated to higher education, the preachers of the future—converted, capable, and cultured—will not be less influential for good in the pulpit and in Methodist homes than those we have known and revered, and the name of John Wesley, gentleman, scholar, poet, prophet, reformer, philanthropist, preacher, founder, and law-giver, will be a perpetual fragrance as of ointment poured forth.

Toronto.

## JOHN WESLEY—A RECOGNITION.

BY SADIE E. SPRINGER.

“ **L**IKE a star, unshining, unresting,” John Wesley made his luminous way across the dark night of an age when vital religion was almost dead ; and still the light of his life and work shines on with wondrous thousand-fold illumination, vivifying every branch of that new evangelism which he was born to proclaim. He was a voice from the unseen Heaven interpreting and unfolding the inner spirit of the Word, calling mankind to repentance, faith, and holiness.

And what a life was his, great and altogether beautiful ! The grave, sedate child, enjoying the sweet home-life at Epworth, the young collegian with “ the finest classical taste and the most liberal and manly sentiments,” the university man with his larger views of men and books and affairs, the open-souled, fearless legislator, reformer, and preacher of righteousness—a radiant personality in whatever light we view him.

The secret of the immense labours which marked John Wesley's long life of almost tragic earnestness, was his profound sense of the value of time. He was wont to say,

“Leisure and I have parted company.” One would need to go through the long list of his writings to realize the wonderful mental as well as bodily energy of the man. At the age of eighty-six we find him exclaiming :

“Man was not born in shades to lie !  
Let us work now, we shall rest by and by.”

Not the least of his labours was the opening of the long-disused portal into that wide pathway of blessed opportunities for the employment of womanly activities. Wesley went back to the days of primitive Christianity when the Order of Deaconesses formed so important an element in the life of the Church. With far-sighted vision he saw that the organization of women as an ecclesiastical force must always lead to the largest success in the evangelization of the people.

As the great Methodist movement advanced, the conviction steadily grew in Wesley's mind that woman's gifts might be put to service beyond even that of visitors of the sick and needy, class-leaders and prayer-meeting exhorters. The irresistible eloquence of women like Mary Fletcher and Dinah Evans compelled their recognition as lay preachers. Many of these consecrated women itinerated throughout the country and became Wesley's right hand by active co-operation in almost every phase of the work. A gentleman “to the manner born” and possessed of great delicacy of feeling, he could not fail in a just and sympathetic appreciation of wo-

men ; no doubt the influence of his mother's life went far to create his lofty ideal of Christian womanhood.

What a fair picture comes up before us with the name of Susannah Wesley : A being all sweetness and light, of whom one said Solomon must have seen her from afar when he drew the portrait of the perfect woman. How touching the eagerness with which Mrs. Wesley followed the life-work of her boy “Jacky,” encouraging and counseling him with rare tact and wisdom at every crisis of his career ! Well might Isaac Taylor say, “The mother of the Wesleys was the mother of Methodism.”

Christianity emancipated woman : John Wesley gave to her the sublime vision of her possibilities. While the women of Methodism gratefully join in the paean of praise which now encircling the earth for the gift to the world of this Christ-absorbed life, may their hearts be stirred and thrilled with the same consuming passion for souls that are everywhere going out into the dark.

In the face of the ignorance, misery, and degradation in the world to-day, Methodism needs a fresh baptism of power by that Eternal Spirit who inspired the peerless soul of her beloved Founder. Far up the heights his deathless voice sounds down to us the warning cry, “The night cometh when no man can work,” changing again to that final note of victory, “The best of all is, God is with us.”

Methodist Deaconess Institute,  
Toronto.

The lives that make the world so sweet  
Are shy, and hide like the humble flowers,  
We pass them by with our careless feet,  
Nor dream 'tis their fragrance fills the bower,  
And cheers and comforts us, hour by hour.

—J. R. Miller, D.D.

## THE LEAVEN OF METHODISM.

BY THE EDITOR.

In estimating the character and work of Wesley we must take into account the environment in which he lived. Few periods of English history have been less favourable to religious revival than that eighteenth century, whose most prominent figure John Wesley was. Spiritual religion seems to have almost died out of the land. The Established Church is described by Archbishop Leighton as "a fair carcass without spirit." Even the clergy who came up for examination for holy orders were often deplorably ignorant of the very essentials of religion. A cold deism or a blank atheism pervaded the higher ranks of society. In the rural districts the utmost ignorance and indifference were rife. Hodge and Giles were considered to have fulfilled their religious duties if they "ordered themselves humbly and lowly toward their betters." Between the squirearchy and the hierarchy the few Dissenters of the period were ground as between the upper and the nether millstone. In London and the larger towns the condition was even worse. The popular amusements were coarse, and vile, and cruel. Drunkenness was the prevailing vice." The habit of profane swearing was frightfully common. The judge swore on the bench; the lawyer swore at the bar; fine ladies swore over their cards; and it is said that even the parson swore over his wine. "The nation," says Mackenzie, "was clothed with cursing as with a garment."

Amid these deplorable conditions the Wesleys and Whitefield and their fellow-helpers began to preach everywhere the glad evangel of salvation by faith. And the nation, dull, sodden, and insensate, heard that cry. Deep down in the souls of men a yearning for pardon and purity, happiness and heaven, responded to the touch. The divine spirit was abundantly poured out, and many were transformed by the power of grace from the condition of beasts to the dignity of men and to the fellowship of saints. They gathered by thousands on the moorfields of Middlesex, at Gweanap-pit in Cornwall, on the Yorkshire wolds, and at village fairs, to hear the words of life. The trembling plumes of weeping court dames and the tear-washed furrows on

the dusky faces of the Durham miners alike attested the power of the message.

The Methodist revival was a providential antidote to the current scepticism of the times and to the invasion of French atheism and anarchism. It is due to its influence more than to anything else that Great Britain was saved from a social and political cataclysm like that which in France overthrew the throne and altar in the dust, which shore off the heads of the loftiest in the realm, which raised the vilest of men to heights of power and deluged the country with blood. More than this, it was the providential preparation for withstanding the materialistic scepticism of the present day and for resisting the destructive assaults which are made upon the Word of God. If the old evidences of Christianity, the arguments of Paley and Whately have failed, it furnishes a new apologetic and its conscious experience of salvation is a perpetual evidence that cannot be gainsaid. Amid the driftings from the old creeds this furnishes an anchor for the soul, both sure and steadfast, entering into that within the veil, and that anchor holds. Amid the shakings of the old foundations the things that cannot be shaken remain.

## ITS ADAPTATION.

Nothing is more remarkable in the genius of John Wesley than the facility with which he laid hold of every agency which could be employed for the advancement of the cause of God, and the welfare of his fellowmen. He was really the absolute pioneer in the way of cheap printing, and in circulating good literature, not for the leisured few who could afford costly volumes, but for the toiling masses who had neither time nor money to devote to books. Hence he condensed whole commentaries and large volumes into pamphlets and tracts. He was one of the first who recognized the importance of the great Sunday-school organization—that lever of more than Archimedean power to lift the world up nearer to the heart of God. Indeed, forty years before Robert Raikes gathered the children into Sunday-schools in Bristol, John Wesley had gathered a catechetical class on Sunday afternoons in the parish church at Savannah, Georgia.

In few things was Wesley's sound judgment so strikingly in advance of his day as in his relations to temperance reform. No one ever brought a more tremendous indictment against the liquor traffic than did he. No one ever more strongly rebuked the agents of that traffic in burning words which echo across the country. How marvelous that one brought up in the ascetic traditions and stereotyped principles of the High Church of the day should exhibit such flexibility in adapting varied means to advance this new evangel of the word of God. His adoption of field preaching, his co-operation with lay helpers, his appointment of women as leaders, his ordination of preachers and American superintendents, are striking examples of the boldness with which he broke away from all the traditions of his early life. Indeed, if the Methodist Church throughout the past century had maintained this flexibility of character and adaptation to circumstances which he did, it would doubtless have been spared many of those divisions which constitute one of the most painful chapters in its history. "With charity to all, with malice to none" (the phrase used by John Wesley long before it was made historic by Abraham Lincoln), we may look upon the progress of other Churches with appreciation of their merits and of their presentation of important aspects of divine truth. We may also feel that God has given Methodism a mission to accomplish, and has blessed her efforts in its accomplishment. One hundred and forty years ago it came to this continent poor, despised, almost unknown. It has grown with the years, till it is now the predominant form of belief from Mexico to Hudson Bay, from Newfoundland to Puget Sound.

#### METHODISM IN CANADA.

Nowhere has Methodism made greater progress relatively than in the Dominion of Canada, and especially in the Province of Ontario. It is just one hundred and twelve years since the organization of Methodism in this land. Notwithstanding the solid Roman Catholic population of Quebec of nearly one million and a half, one-fifth

of the population of the Dominion is identified with Methodism, and one-third of the most prosperous and wealthy Province of Ontario is similarly identified. It is moulding the community in this Dominion for the higher civilization of the future more widely than any other agency. The Methodist pioneers laid the foundations of empire broad and deep in those principles of righteousness and truth which are the pledge of the stability of our institutions, and which are the corner-stone of our national greatness. Wherever the ring of the woodman's axe or the crack of the hunter's fire was heard the pioneer preacher, with his Bible and hymn-book in his saddle-bags, followed the adventurous settler to preach the word of life to those who were perishing for lack of knowledge.

The seal of the divine approval has been signally stamped upon the union of the Methodist Churches of this land. The increase of the last seven years has been thirty-eight per cent. In the Methodist Episcopal Church alone for the last one hundred years churches have been erected for the worship of God at the rate of one and a half every day, and at the present time they are being erected at the rate of four churches for every day in the year. We rejoice at the adaptation of Methodism to the most advanced culture and highest civilization of the times. Few things would have pleased more the heart and mind of John Wesley than the organization, to use the words of Bishop Newman, "of the young life and the young blood of Methodism" in the Epworth Leagues which are everywhere springing up. As these derive their name, they also derive their spirit from the old Epworth rectory in Lincolnshire, where Susannah Wesley trained up in piety and virtue the children whom God had given her: that was the first, the ideal Epworth League. Let us, in the broad-minded spirit of John Wesley, form a league and covenant with every soldier of our Lord Jesus Christ. Let us join hands and hearts in loving rivalry as to who most shall promote the glory of God and the salvation of souls.

Trust thou thy love: if she be proud, is she not sweet?

Trust thou thy love: if she be mute, is she not pure?

Lay thou thy soul full in her hands, low at her feet;

Fail, Sun and Breath! yet, for thy peace she shall endure.

—*Ruskin.*



## TRIBUTES TO JOHN WESLEY.

THE LATE HUGH PRICE HUGHES.

"All modern religious history is summed up in the two momentous facts that Ignatius Loyola has captured the Catholic churches, and that John Wesley has captured the Evangelical churches. Jesuitism and Methodism—these are the two ultimate forms of intense, logical, thoroughgoing, ardent Christianity. Absolute subjection to the Church, or absolute subjection to the Christ—there is no other alternative for the enthusiastic 'out-and-out' Christian of the twentieth century. Absolute subjection to a creed is no longer possible."

So far, however, are people in general from recognizing the justice of Mr. Hughes' claims, that he tells us that Mark Pattison, the Rector of Lincoln, had to be told three times that there were twenty million Methodists in the world before he would believe it. He suggested that Mr. Hughes meant twenty thousand. "I had not the faintest conception," said Mark Pattison, positively gasping, "that there were so many Methodists." Mr. Hughes speaks with even more authority than if the twenty million Methodists were speaking through his pen. For instance, he says that John Wesley killed Calvinism.

"Wesley and his helpers were the first Christian missionaries since 'the coming of the Friars,' who reached the masses of the people. The Reformation was essentially a middle-class movement. It never gained either the upper classes or the poor. Evangelical Christianity had not yet reached the upper classes, but the poor are now saturated by it, thanks to the evangel of Wesley."

Again, quoting the authority of Dean Stanley, in order to justify his claim that John Wesley was the founder of the Broad Church party, Mr. Hughes points out that John Wesley always asserted that all sincere men who had never heard of Christ were accepted by God. He thought Mohammedanism was probably an improvement on Oriental Christianity, and admired Ignatius Loyola as one of the greatest of men. It is a pity that so much of Wesley's loving and tolerant spirit seems to have evaporated in the last hundred years.

THE LATE DEAN FARRAR'S  
TRIBUTE.!

Dean Farrar wrote on Wesley in *The Contemporary Review*. His paper was very appreciative, and he did not spare the clergy of his own Church for the way in which they treated the Apostle of the Eighteenth Century.

"His vast success was owing," says the writer, "first and foremost, to his inspiring conviction that he was doing the work to which God had called him, and doing it with God's visible benediction. But no small part of the supreme impression which he made upon his age was due to the character which has left to all time a luminous example. They who would beat down the hundred-headed hydra of inveterate evils must use the same Hercules-club of moral conviction and absolute self-sacrifice. The most simple, the most innocent, the most generous of men, he was called a smuggler, a liar, an immoral and designing intriguer, a pope, a Jesuit, a swindler, the most notorious hypocrite living. The clergy, I grieve to say, led the way. Rowland Hill called Wesley 'a lying apostle, a designing wolf, a dealer in stolen wares'; and said that he was 'as unprincipled as a rook, and as silly as a jackdaw, first pilfering his neighbour's plumage, and then going proudly forth to display it to a laughing world.' The revival of religion had to make its way among hostile bishops, furious controversialists, jibing and libellous newspapers, angry men of the world, prejudiced juries, and brutal lies. And yet it prevailed, because 'one with God is always in a majority.'"

### — OUTSIDE VIEWS OF METHODISM.

In the editorial department of *The Methodist Review*, under the title, "Some Recent Outside Views of Methodism," there appears the following:

"Recently Goldwin Smith has been saying that against the disintegrating antichristian forces of the eighteenth century 'the religious crusade of John Wesley' was among the strongest apologetic and defensive forces, being a practical vindication of Christianity because a demonstration of its power ;

and that Wesley's Church had the advantage of being 'born, not like the other Protestant bodies, in doctrinal controversy, but in evangelical reaction against the impiety and vice of the age.' He also says that in the nineteenth century, when German philosophy and criticism of the Bible invaded England, and Milman's 'History of the Jews' appeared, minimizing miracles and treating Old Testament history and personages in the same spirit as if they were ordinary and merely secular, then the English Evangelicals (chief among whom were the Wesleyans), with their 'inward persuasion of conversion and spiritual union with the Saviour,' as well as the Quakers with their inner light, were really beyond the reach of the critics, the secularizing historians, and the rationalizing philosophers. The foundations of the evangelical faith, Goldwin Smith clearly perceives, were too deep to be affected by any form of outside sceptical assault; the forces of disintegration could not touch them, never will be able to reach them; they are deeply buried in the soul and rest upon the Rock of Ages. Professor Smith further says that 'the main support of orthodox Protestantism in the United States now is Methodism, which, by the perfection of its organization, combining strong ministerial authority with a democratic participation of all members in the active service of the Church, has so far not only held its own, but enlarged its borders and increased its power; though he forecasts the diminution of its spiritual influence if 'the time comes when the fire of enthusiasm grows cold and class-meetings lose their fervour.'"

The Spectator of London, practically a representative of the Established Church, contains a full-page editorial upon John Wesley and the Wesleyan Church, from which we quote:

"A most interesting point connected with the Wesleyan Church is the truly democratic spirit that pervades it.

Wesleyans indulge very little in the cant of democracy, and make no parade of windy phrases about liberty and equality, but the true democratic spirit is there, and though no church can altogether escape the charge of being a respecter of persons, no church is, in truth, less open to the charge than that of John Wesley. The system of the society distinctly favours the recognition of spiritual gifts in the poorest and humblest, and the making use of those gifts in the service of God. . . . The Roman Church has been called the Church of the poor, but that title of honour belongs with quite as much, if not with a better, right to the Wesleyan body. There is yet another aspect of Wesleyanism which deserves to be noted, and for which it deserves our special respect. The Wesleyans are, and always have been, among the greatest and best of educators, and, what is more, of educators of the spirit. . . . Wesley seems, indeed, to have been able to impress upon his often rude and unlettered followers from the very beginning something of his own fine temperament. Wesley, whatever may have been the defects of his natural temperament, was always and at all times a scholar and a gentleman, and the essentials of those characteristics have clung to the body he founded. A temper of sweetness and light, of wideness and yet earnestness, such as must always mark the scholar and the gentleman, belongs to the best Wesleyans, and to the society as a whole. . . . We have no cause and no right to regret Wesleyan activity and vitality, but rather great cause to glory in it and be thankful for it. Truly England's debt to Wesleyanism is a great one, not merely spiritually and morally, but even politically—for it was well said that but for John Wesley we should hardly have escaped the contagion of the French Revolution. In the present and in the future, as in the past, we may thank God for John Wesley."

#### THE OLD HOME.

To one forespent with stress of trade  
And schemes of gain in city marts,  
There comes a breath of country hay  
Wafted from passing carts.

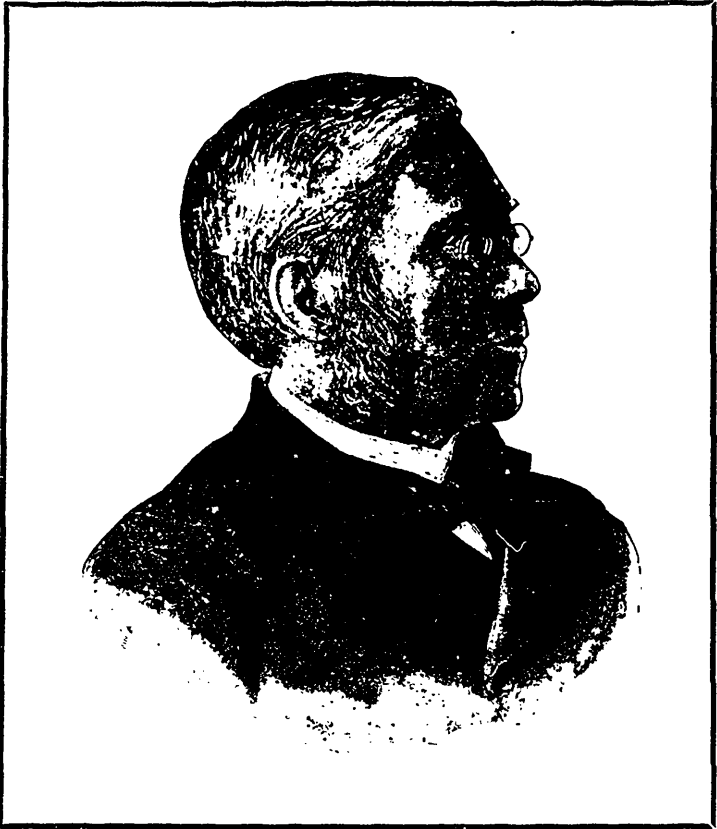
Fades the long line of brick and stone,  
The street's rude tumult dies away,  
From money-getting for a space  
His soul cries holiday.

And with him down the orchard path,  
Past spring-house and the pasture wall,  
Her spirit walks who taught her child  
Of the Love that is o'er all. . . .

The vision vanishes, and straight  
The street's rude tumult in his ears;  
But in his heart a heavenly strain,  
And in his eyes, sweet tears.

—Charles Francis Saunders, in *Harper's Magazine*.

## SIR OLIVER MOWAT.



THE LATE SIR OLIVER MOWAT, K.C.M.G.,  
Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario.

"With long life will I satisfy him and show him my salvation." These words of holy promise have been signally fulfilled in the life of the Christian statesman whom God has called from labour to reward. It was a beautifully rounded, an ideally completed, Christian life. It was full of strenuous toil, for Sir Oliver Mowat scarcely knew an idle hour from his youth up. But it was toil ennobled and dignified by lofty principle, untarnished honour, and noble achievement. He served his generation by the will of God and has fallen on sleep.

Sir Oliver was a great constitutional lawyer, an upright judge, an able postmaster-general. He was a wise and far-seeing statesman, one of the fathers and founders of the Federation

of this broad Dominion, and in hearty sympathy with the wider federation of the Empire. He was for twenty-four years the first minister of the premier province of Canada. He saw it under his guiding hand grow in prosperity and strength and wealth and population. He guarded its interests, he maintained its rights, he secured the large inheritance of that New Ontario which is so full of promise for the future.

Above all, and best of all, he was an earnest, sincere, and humble Christian. No statesman in the British Empire—we doubt if any statesman in the world—ever for so long a period enjoyed the confidence of the electorate. In his mellow old age he received the highest gift his country could bestow, and as

Lieutenant-Governor of his native province represented his sovereign, dispensed a graceful hospitality, and lived in the good-will of his fellow citizens of all political parties. And so, surrounded by love, obedience, troops of friends, he ended his long, useful, and happy life.

In the fierce light that beats on high public office, his character was unasspersed, his knightly shield was unstained. Like Britain's blameless king—

“ He spoke no slander, no, nor listened to it ;  
He revered his conscience as his king,  
He wore the white flower of a blameless life  
Through all this tract of years.”

His was a singularly genial personality. The love of the people was shown in the affectionate names they gave him—“ the Little Premier ” and “ Sir Ollie.” Courteous, cultured, and affable, he made every one feel at ease in his presence. We crossed the ocean once in his company and greatly enjoyed the pleasure of his society. There was a good deal of gambling on board. One unfortunate Frenchman lost eight hundred dollars. The incident was the subject of considerable comment. “ I never gambled but once,” said Sir Oliver. “ That was in

my youth, when I lost ten dollars, and gave up the practice for ever.”

“ How fortunate it was, Sir Oliver, that you lost,” we remarked. “ If you had had the misfortune to win ten dollars it might have been your ruin,” to which, with a sage smile, he gravely assented.

The very last interview we had with the distinguished statesman was at a dinner at the Government House. He spoke freely of his long life, of his growing infirmities, and gratefully of the goodness of God. He expressed the strong wish to publish a new and revised edition of his book on the “ Evidences of Christianity,” prepared for the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavour. This task he was not permitted to accomplish, but the incident shows that up to the very last he was in sympathy with the progressive young people's movement of the times, that his faith was founded on the “ impregnable rock of Holy Scripture,” that he was eager, in an age of doubt and questioning, to establish the minds of others on that Foundation, other than which no man can lay.

Seldom has our country seen such a funeral as that which passed through the sympathizing thousands in our streets as the mortal remains of a great Christian statesman were borne to their last long resting-place.

#### THE LATE HON DAVID MILLS.

Within a month after the death of his lifelong friend and colleague, Sir Oliver Mowat, the Hon. Justice Mills, his successor as Minister of Justice, has passed from labour to reward. He had reached the ripe old age of seventy-three and had a long and honourable career in Canadian public life. A man of culture and refinement, of literary ability and scholastic tastes, and an upright judge, he has faithfully served his generation. He was above all a patriotic Canadian, maintaining by voice and pen the rights of his native country. For ten years a law lecturer in Toronto University, he was offered the principalship of McGill University, which, for public and private reasons, he was unable to accept, and was at the time of his death a judge of the Supreme Court of Canada.



THE LATE HON. DAVID MILLS, K.C., P.C.

## MR. JUSTICE MACLAREN.



JUDGE MACLAREN, LL.D.

Judge Maclaren ought to be a good man bearing, as he does, the names of the two apostles, John and James. And so he is. Few men stand higher in public esteem, in the good will of the Churches, and especially of the Methodist Church, of which he is such a distinguished ornament. Few men have rendered such faithful and devoted service to the cause of public morality. He has devoted much time and toil to the great cause of temperance reform, with which he has been very closely identified for many years. But especially in the service of the Church of his choice have his distinguished abilities been faithfully employed. No layman has given more time and thought, and earnest effort and eloquent speech to its various courts of administration. He has been, we believe, a member, and a very active member, of every General Conference and taken his full share of work in committees and in public debate. The same is true of its lesser courts, the Annual Conferences, District Meetings, Quarterly and Trustee Boards and the like.

If there is any department of church work to which he is especially devoted it is that of the Missionary Board. Of this he is one of the most faithful and assiduous members, from, we think, the date of the organization of our Church. He finds time in his busy life to advo-

cate its interests on the platform and in the pulpit. In the Court of Appeal his legal knowledge has given him a position of commanding influence. As a member of the Senate of Toronto University and of the Senate, Board of Regents, and Executive of Victoria University, he is in touch with the important problems of higher education in the country and in the Methodist Church. He is always a wise counsellor, and however he might have repudiated the phrase in politics—though he is out of politics now—has been, in educational matters, a consistent "Liberal Conservative."

In his personal relations to church life and church work he is also abundant in labours. He has for many years conducted first a young ladies' and now a young men's Bible-class on Sunday afternoon, the members of which have derived great profit from his teaching. When his place in the weekly class or social services of the Church is unfilled you may be pretty sure that Judge Maclaren is either out of town or sick in bed. The latter has been so seldom the case that if every one were as hale as he the doctors would have to go out of practice. He is a master of financial detail, and as the treasurer of the Metropolitan Church, has brought its finances to a very high degree of efficiency. He is a strong friend of the class-meeting and the chief organizer of the Class-Leaders' Association of Ontario, with its semi-annual conventions.

It was he who introduced from Montreal to Toronto the annual New Year's Sunday-school Rally, which for several years has filled Massey Hall to overflowing and has led to similar organizations in other cities of the Dominion. He has been an official member and active worker in the Ontario Sunday-school Association, whose meetings he seldom fails to attend. If there is any other sort of church work on foot it will be a strange thing if Judge Maclaren is not well to the fore. This is not from self-assertion, for he is one of the most retiring and modest of men, but he simply cannot resist the appeal to help every cause that needs assistance. The marvel is how in his busy life he can find so much time to devote to these great objects.

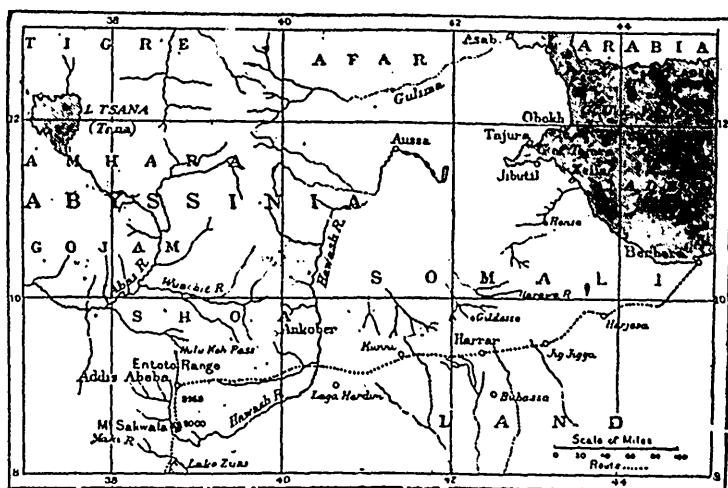
The following is a brief resume from Morgan's "Men of the Times" of Judge Maclaren's personal and professional record :

John James Maclaren, K.C., born at

Lachute, P.Q., July 1st, 1842, was educated at Huntingdon Academy and Victoria University, Cobourg (B.A., and Prince of Wales gold medal, 1862), M.A., 1866; LL.B., 1868; I.L.D., 1888, and graduated B.C.L. at McGill University 1868 (D.C.L., in course 1888). He was called to the Quebec bar in the year 1868, and to the Ontario bar in 1884. In the same year he moved to Toronto, where he succeeded Mr. Justice Rose in the firm of Rose, Macdonald, Merritt &

Shepley. He was secretary of the British and American Joint Commission on Hudson Bay claims, 1867-69; and was appointed a member of the Commission on the Code of Civil Procedure of Quebec, 1887. Judge MacLaren has also found time in his busy life for the authorship of "Roman Law in English Jurisprudence," "Bills, Notes, and Cheques," and "Banks and Banking."

## Current Topics and Events.



MAP OF SOMALILAND AND VICINITY.

### BRITAIN'S MISSION IN AFRICA.

John Bull is the big, burly policeman of the waste places of the earth. His special mission is to carry law and order and civilization to the regions lying in barbarism. In this mission he has to receive as well as give some hard knocks, but his work essentially is one of peace and beneficence. Of this his record in Egypt, in the Soudan, in the Zulu and Kaffir country, and in Somaliland are amplest demonstration. Somaliland is the vast and comparatively unknown region shown in our map, for the most part a wild, unbroken jungle. It has been for some years a huge British protectorate, the control of which is necessary to guard Britain's route to India, and to suppress the nefarious slave trade. A writer in Harper's Weekly summarizes recent events: To assert and define the limits of British control Colonel Swayne set forth some time ago, with

one of those composite forces which so remarkably demonstrate the British genius for organization, unequalled since the Romans. He had built up an army of about four thousand natives, with only a score of British officers; Colonel Swayne represented the advance of civilization; he found himself confronted by "the Mad Mullah," one of those martial enthusiasts that Islam has produced so abundantly. This native general had some three thousand men armed with modern rifles, and trained by an Austrian adventurer, and, in addition, a much larger contingent of native horsemen and spearmen. This formidable host caught the British force in a thick forest, and compelled their retreat with loss of a couple of guns and a camel corps. Reinforcements are already pouring into Berbera from Aden and Bombay.

The serious reverse by which Colonel

Plunkett's detachment of two hundred men was surrounded by two thousand of the Mad Mullah's horsemen and ten thousand spearmen exhibits the traditional heroism of a British square against overwhelming odds. They held out till their ammunition was exhausted, but were overwhelmed by weight of numbers. All the officers and one hundred and seventy men were killed. It is estimated two thousand of the Somalis were slain. There is nothing for it but to defeat the Mad Mullah as completely as the Mahdi was defeated. His forces are reported to aggregate three to four thousand cavalry and eighty thousand spearmen—a fierce, ferocious, fanatical body of Moslems. The result, though costly in life and treasure, must be the supremacy of British arms, law, order, and liberty. The same transformation from savagery to civilization will follow in Somaliland as has in the Soudan, as Kipling says, where almost before the conflict ceased the children were gathered into school.

The usual perfidy of Russia is shown in her deliberate violation of her pledge to evacuate Man'churia, and the demand that China shall practically yield her the sovereignty of that country, and the exclusion of all other nations. "Her assurance," says Public Opinion, "is enough to take one's breath away." The press of both hemispheres denounces the outrage. Russia will continue to hedge and lie and steal unless these protests take more practical form. If Great Britain,

Japan, and the United States unite to maintain the open door and the integrity of China there might be some hope of success. But will they?

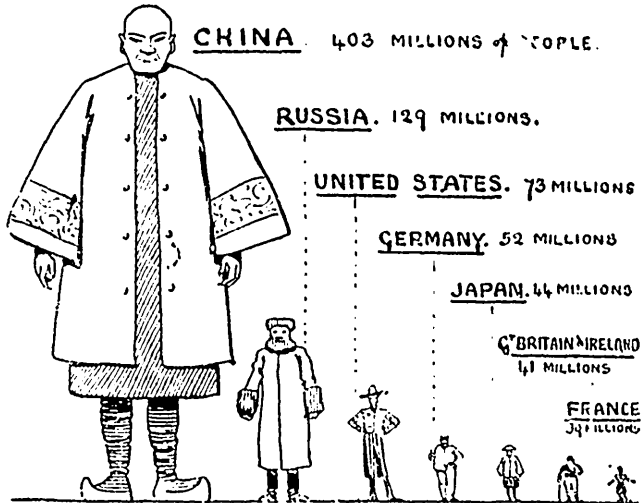
King Edward VII. is not a "roi faineant." His personal influence is seen in the generous terms to the Boers, the pacification of Ireland, the royal diplomacy of his visits to Portugal, Italy, and France. He has won golden opinions of all sorts of people. Even in Paris, which but recently howled itself hoarse with cries of "Fashoda!" "Vive Kruger!" and "A bas Angleterre!" the King was acclaimed with enthusiasm. Important results are expected that will help to maintain the world's peace and prosperity.

The condition of affairs in the Balkans is one of tragic significance. A reign of terror prevails throughout Macedonia. Between the upper and nether millstones of the Bulgarian outlaws on the one side and the Albanian bandits on the other, its unfortunate people are ground to powder. The Turkish atrocities rival those of the dark days of the Armenian and Bulgarian massacres which roused all Europe. We have personally traversed these disturbed regions from end to end, and in the next number of this Magazine will have a special article collating information from missionary and other authorities, elucidating the dark problem which confronts civilization in the south-eastern principalities of Europe.



THE STORM CENTRE OF EUROPE.

## Religious Intelligence.



A COMPARISON IN NUMBERS.

### WESLEY SOUVENIR.

It is with no ordinary pleasure that we submit to our readers this John Wesley memorial number of *The Methodist Magazine*. We are specially gratified at the generous tribute paid to this great man by writers who are not of the Methodist Church. These friendly greetings show that far above all denominational lines is recognized the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace. We hoped to have had similar greetings from other branches of the Christian Church. The Rev. Dr. Sheraton, Principal of Wycliffe College, eleven years ago contributed a very generous tribute to the character of John Wesley, and would have done so again, but the pressure of important college duties at this season of the year rendered that impossible. A distinguished layman of the Anglican Church would also have done the same but for similar reasons. Contributions were expected also from the Congregational Church, but were not received in time for this issue.

While it is right and proper to thank God for blessings vouchsafed to our Church and to the Church of our fathers, it is also proper to remember that we form only a part of the hosts of Christendom, of the great army of

the living God. We should remember that there are old historic Churches which had an heroic history before Methodism was born, to which Methodism owes much, and upon which in return she has conferred great religious influence and inspiration.

It is, therefore, proper that we should seek the Christian fellowship of these Churches in our rejoicings and thanksgivings. We regard it as a happy concurrence that in the pages of our connexional magazine we are able to present so numerous and kind fraternal greetings from the representatives of other Christian Churches of this land. Some of the most distinguished men in our country—members of these Churches—have joined to pay their tribute of respect to the memory of John Wesley, and of appreciation of the services of Methodism in this land.

The greatest missionary problem in the world is the Chinese problem. Our cut from "World Wide" sets this forth in a very striking manner. The enormous bulk of China as compared with Great Britain brings this fact home with startling vividness. Yet the "tight little island" is moulding the destinies of the world, while China, in a condition of arrested development, is an obstruction in the path of civiliza-





**THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE OF THE MISSION BOARD DISCUSSING THE PLAN OF THE WESLEY BICENTENARY CELEBRATION.**

*Standing, from left to right*—Rev. James Allen, M.A., Rev. John McHougall, Dr. F. C. Stevenson, Rev. O. Darwin, Rev. T. C. Buchanan, Rev. J. H. White.

*Sitting, outer circle*—Mr. J. N. Shannon, Rev. Dr. Scott, Rev. Dr. Briggs, Mr. J. W. Flavell, Rev. Dr. Wakefield, Rev. Dr. Woodsworth.

*Sitting around table*—Rev. Dr. Sutherland, Rev. Dr. Henderson, Rev. A. L. Russell, M.A., B.D., Mr. W. J. Ferguson, Mr. John Mann, Judge MacLaren, LL.D., Rev. Dr. Reynard, Rev. Robert Steinhauser, Rev. Dr. Carman, Rev. Egerton B. Steinhauser, Mr. Richard Brown, Mr. N. W. Rowell, K.C., Rev. Dr. Gundy, Rev. Dr. Williamson, Dr. A. E. Malory, Rev. T. A. Moore.

tion. The question of the future is whether the Slav or the Teuton is to control the world. Britain's unselfish policy of the "open door," her missionary zeal, and her maintenance of liberty beneath the red-cross flag, make her dominant influence a blessing to the world. Russia's selfish commercial policy, shutting out all other nations from her sphere of influence; her religious intolerance, persecuting the Finns, the Doukhobors, the Stundists, the Jews, and her bureaucratic autocracy make her the menace of civilization.

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#### THE WESLEY BICENTENARY.

The bicentenary celebration of the birth of John Wesley, which is to be observed throughout universal Methodism, is to be made an occasion, not for the glorifying of an individual, even of one so God-honoured and influential as our venerated founder, but for the glorifying of God and the increase of the Church's spiritual life and practical service. This end it is proposed to promote by recalling to the minds of our people the great personality of Wesley, his utter devotion, his absolute unselfishness, his extraordinary industry, his wonderful life-work, and the far-reaching developments which, by God's blessing, have followed from the Wesleyan revival of the eighteenth century. The essential spirit of Methodism, and its combined and mutually interdependent co-operation Godward, and manward upreach and outreach, will be brought before public attention in the pulpit and through all the branches of the connexional press.

The main emphasis of the movement, however, will be directed to the promotion of a genuine revival of personal religion on the part of those already members of the Church, as well as of those who, while adherents of Methodism, are unhappily indifferent or undecided on the great question of their individual relationship to God in Christ. Special evangelistic services will be held with this end in view, and all over the world the Methodist people will be on their knees before God for a baptism of the Holy Ghost. In our own branch of Methodism, there will be put before our people, in addition to and as an outcome of the awakening of deeper religious life and interest, the proposition to raise the sum of Two Hundred and Fifty Thousand Dollars as a Bicentenary Fund, to be

devoted entirely to the extension of the missionary work of the Church.

The Executive decided as follows: That Sunday, June 28th, the Bicentenary of Wesley's birth, be signalized by devotional and thanksgiving services on all the circuits of the Connexion. That the month of October be taken for a revival effort for the deepening of spiritual life in the Church and the salvation of the unconverted, and that the financial effort be made on Sunday, October 25th. Thus the great connexional scheme is put before the Church. God give us grace and wisdom, every one, to aid it by our prayers, our gifts, and our personal consecration.—Guardian.

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As we go to press comes the sad intelligence of the double bereavement of the Methodist Episcopal Church by the death of two of its most loved and honoured leaders, Bishop Foster and Bishop Hurst. The first of these, the St. John of Methodism, at the venerable age of eighty-three, after long lingering in the *Æulahland* of Perfect Love, entered into rest May 4th. He was a great and good man, a sage philosopher and seer, whose writings will bless the Church long after his departure.

Bishop Hurst, who died at Washington, D.C., two days after his episcopal colleague, was the inspiration of the great Methodist University at Washington, for which, chiefly through his efforts, \$3,000,000 have been already secured. He was an example of thorough-going scholarship, as shown by his "History of Rationalism" and many other books of learned research, concluding with a monumental "History of Methodism," which is laid under tribute in this memorial number.

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Another of the old landmarks of Toronto has passed away in the death of the revered and honoured Emerson Coatsworth. Only five days before his death he celebrated his thirtieth anniversary as City Commissioner, and true to his purpose of working to the last, he signed the city pay-rolls on that day. He was a grand old man, revered and honoured more and more as the years passed by. Throughout his long and strenuous life of seventy-eight years he was diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord. He was one of the most effective local preachers we ever knew. a

strong and sturdy type of old-fashioned Methodism. For thirty years he conducted a Saturday-night and Sunday-morning class, and till his last illness was never without a class in Sunday-school. For few private citizens would the city flags fly at half-mast and such general expressions of regret be heard as for honest, upright, God-fearing Emerson Coatsworth. To his children and his children's children his name is a heritage of honour. The funeral services at Berkeley Street

Church, in which he has held every office possible for a layman, was a scene of singular impressiveness. Thank God for such lives and labours as his.

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On account of the pressure on our space by Wesley memorial articles we are compelled to omit from this number the instalment of Bullen's story, "The Apostles of the South-East."

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## Book Notices.

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"Beyond Death." By Hugh Johnston, D.D. New York: Eaton & Mains. Cincinnati: Jennings & Pye. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 330. Price, \$1.25.

Very many friends in Canada of the Rev. Dr. Hugh Johnston, we are sure, will read with great delight and profit this most important book which has proceeded from his pen. It is the result of years of thought and study and preaching on the greatest problems of human life and destiny. "Though in the whirr and dust of a transition period," says Dr. Johnston, "our age is entering with earnestness and intensity into the study of eschatology, and some of the views presented are startling and disconcerting. There is a general tendency," he says, "towards extreme latitudinarianism. A new theology is growing into form, and some are predicting an entire reconstruction of the present teaching of last things."

The writer believes that "the long-held Credenda of our holy faith can be relatively and conservatively maintained amid the fierce light of critical and scholarly research." It is to such defence that he sets himself. He discusses the doctrine of immortality as set forth in the Old Testament and the New, and the teaching of Scripture as to the consummation of Christ's kingdom, of the second advent of our Lord as opposed to the literal chiliasm which seems born of spiritual pessimism. The sublime subject of the resurrection, the end of the world, the general judgment, the eternal destiny of the righteous and the wicked, are treated with reverence, with tenderness, with fidelity. He

vigorously combats the dictum of the late Dean Farrar: "According to the views of orthodoxy the last must include the vast majority of mankind." "Many," said our Saviour, "shall come from the east and the west and shall sit down with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob in the kingdom of God." What are the many, the author asks, of the divine arithmetic? "When we think of the myriads of the race who die in infancy, the countless millions who live and die in heathen lands in a state of spiritual infancy, and that it is said, 'Whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved,' we feel that in proportion to the saved in the eternal world the number of the lost who have consciously and willfully rejected the offers of salvation will be as the inmates of our penitentiaries to the rest of the population."

The words "lost" and "saved" are used as if they referred not to the character and state of the soul, but to condition and environment. But character is the one essential thing which each personality carries into the coming life. God's holy displeasure at sin denotes His attitude towards wilful and persistent transgression. The book is one of wise exegesis, of solemn admonition, of tender comfort and consolation. It is written in Dr. Johnston's lucid and luminous style, is enriched by apt quotation from the best literature of our language. It is striking to note how the poets—those true sages and seers of our race—from Thomas of Celano to Robert Browning, are full of inspiration and confidence in the doctrine of immortality, and the just and righteous judgments of God.

"The Heart of John Wesley's Journal."

Bicentenary Edition, with an introduction by Hugh Price Hughes, M.A., and an appreciation of the Journal, by Augustine Birrell, K.C. Edited by Percy Livingstone Parker. New York, Chicago, Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Company. Pp. xxxii+vi2. Price, \$1.50 net.

The Wesley Bicentenary calls attention afresh to one of the most remarkable books in the language, a book to be classed, says Price Hughes, with Fox's Journal and Newman's Apologia. "It is a book," says Birrell, "full of plots and plays and novels, which quivers with life, and is crammed full of character." It gives us the picture of the very man himself, and vivid glimpses of his wonderful work. "If you want to get into the last century," says Birrell, "to feel its pulses throb beneath your finger and ride up and down the country with the greatest force of the eighteenth century in England," you must read these Journals. We quote elsewhere more fully Birrell's remarkable appreciation of this great man. Everybody knows that Wesley traversed England from Land's End to Caithness, but we are not so familiar with the fact that he travelled also largely in Europe. In his eightieth year he traversed Holland, Germany, Belgium, seeing the men and places best worth knowing in those lands. The book is illustrated with numerous portraits and engravings, and is an admirable souvenir of the Bicentenary.

"The Pauline Epistles." Introductory and Expository Studies. By the Rev. R. D. Shaw, M.A., B.D. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. x-508. Price, 8s. net.

This book is particularly timely, as the twenty million scholars and teachers of Christendom are now studying the life and letters of the great apostle. No writings have so profoundly influenced the thought and mind of Christendom as those of the apostle Paul. Hence the intense and earnest study of which in every age there has been the subject. Never was such study more needful than now when they are made the battlefields of destructive criticism, which claims that they are "entirely pseudonymous, or so riddled and shattered by interpolation and other literary handling

as to be almost beyond recognition." This negative criticism Dr. Shaw declines to admit. He discusses the leading questions of literary criticism, but his special aim is "to deal with the Epistles in the historical spirit; that is, to set them as vividly as possible in their original environment, to show their relation to the life of the man who wrote them, and also the needs and circumstances of the readers to whom they were addressed." This is undoubtedly "one of the most helpful services that can in these days be rendered to students of the books of Scripture." The historical setting is very fully and ably, even brilliantly, illustrated. The prevailing slavery and other evils, the condition of pagan Rome, of Ephesus, Corinth, and that ancient society which the Gospels and Epistles were to purify and recreate, are set forth with a wealth of learning and grace of diction that are worthy of the theme. The vigour of thought and cogent argument of the author's biblical criticism are not less keen and strong, and much more sane, we judge, than that of his opponents. It is gratifying to note the testimony of Dr. Harris at the Preachers' Meeting in Toronto, that the best work on the Epistle to the Ephesians is that by a Methodist scholar, Findlay.

"Florence." By Augustus J. C. Hare. Fifth edition. London: George Allen. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 343. Price, 3s.

Next to Venice, Florence, "the flower of cities and the city of flowers," captures the imagination. It was here the Arethusan fount of art and learning sprang again from earth. Its art galleries are unsurpassed, if equalled, in Europe. Memories of Dante and Savonarola, of the Medici, and many other makers of history, and of Giotto, Fra Angelico, and many other creators in art haunt its narrow streets and crowded galleries. A mere list of its palaces and churches fills four columns. There is no more memorable square in Europe than the Piazza della Signoria, where the martyr monk of San Marco glorified God in the flames. All these historic memories Mr. Hare records in his admirable book, and describes excursions to Fiesole and Vallombrosa, whose names resound in Milton's lofty line. The book has a coloured map and twenty-six engravings.

"Swords and Plowshares." By Ernest Crosby. Author of "Captain Jinks, Hero," etc. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 126. Price, \$1.00 net.

This book is an earnest protest against all war and its attendant evils. With this we heartily agree. The Boer war should certainly never have occurred. All the greater condemnation for Paul Kruger's guilt in precipitating a conflict with the nation that above all things desired peace. There is tremendous vigour in these poems, but they lack discrimination, and some of the Walt Whitman stanzas are fearfully and wonderfully made. The writer loves paradoxes, as when he says, "I love my country too well to be a patriot." Not so with the old Jews whose passionate devotion to their country throbs through the Psalms and prophecies.

"The Creation of Matter, or Material Elements, Evolution, and Creation." By Rev. W. Profeit, M.A.. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. xi-176. Price, 2s. net.

The purpose of this book is to meet in an effective way the theological objections to the doctrine of evolution, which have troubled many minds, by studying the elements of the universe as they are revealed in their various evolutions, and showing that their operations are everywhere guided by mind, and that they are so richly and exquisitely endowed and ordered that their existence must be due to divine origin. In the true scientific spirit he devotes chapters to Atoms, Molecules, Light and Ether, Sound and Music, Cells and their Organizations, and the Evolution of Species. It is a highly condensed but eminently satisfactory discussion of the subject.

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This number of the *METHODIST MAGAZINE AND REVIEW* will reach many persons who have not before made its acquaintance. We hope they will become permanent subscribers. For \$1 the fifty-eighth volume, from July to December, will be sent to any address, or for 88 cents if *Guardian* or *Wesleyan* is already taken. A glance at our index will show the character of Vol. LVII. The next six months will embrace important illustrated articles on "Canadian Men of Mark," "Canada by the Sea," "Canada's Inheritance and Destiny," "With the Fur Traders," and other patriotic papers; also "Rome Revisited," "Footprints of St. Paul," "Through Bulgaria," "Methodism in Mexico," "The British House of Lords and House of Commons," "Through Norway," "Spanish Vistas," "With the Newfoundland Fisherfolk," "Romance of the Railway," "With the Sponge Fishers," "The Underground Railway, from Slavery to Canada," and many other illustrated articles. Also "Distinguished People I Have Met," by Mrs. M. E. Lauder; "Ruskin's Message to his Generation," "A Puritan's Wife," "The Romance of Margaret Baxter," "Wagner and his Work," "The Gospel according to Tolstoi," "Social Life in Germany," serial and short stories, and many other articles on social, religious, and missionary topics, character studies, and papers on popular science.

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