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REPRESENTATIVE
WOMEN OF METHODISM

BY

CHARLES WESLEY BUOY, D.D.

Show us how divine a thing
A woman can be made.—*Wordsworth.*



NEW YORK: HUNT & EATON
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1898

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WARREN

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NEW YORK

TO
MRS. ELLEN H. SIMPSON,
WHOSE MINISTRY OF BENEVOLENCE AND LOVE IN CHURCH AND
SOCIETY IS BUT ANOTHER EXPRESSION OF THE GOSPEL
AS PREACHED BY HER HONORED HUSBAND,
THE LATE BISHOP SIMPSON,
THIS BOOK IS
Affectionately Dedicated.

178035

INTRODUCTION.

A SERIES of Lectures on Representative Women of Methodism, delivered in the autumn of 1891, in the hall of the Young Men's Christian Association of Philadelphia, for the benefit of the Endowment Fund of the Methodist Episcopal Orphanage, became the origin of this book.

Two thoughts filled the mind of the author in their preparation—the aid of a noble charity and a desire to make known the beautiful lives of those who wrought so efficiently for the building up of Methodism.

Many testimonies of their helpfulness and urgent solicitations for their publication have been received from those who heard them, and in deference to their judgment they are now printed.

If a wider knowledge of the lives portrayed shall be an inspiration to lead others to a kindred devotion to Christ and his Church the author will be thankful.

CHARLES WESLEY BUOY.

PHILADELPHIA, *October*, 1892.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

SUSANNAH, MOTHER OF THE WESLEYS.

	PAGE
Woman in the Hebrew Church.....	4
Woman in Christianity.....	5
Lineage and training.....	10
Influence of dissent in England.....	12
Her marriage.....	13
Samuel Wesley, his scholarship.....	16
Epworth parish.....	20
The rectory.....	22
Home life and education.....	24
Childhood of the Wesleys.....	27
Rare scholarship of Mrs. Wesley.....	29
Genius of her children.....	31
Religious convictions.....	35
Lecky on John Wesley's conversion.....	37
Her service in the rectory.....	38
Its wonderful success.....	39
Restoration of prophetic office to women.....	42
Her advocacy of lay preaching.....	44
Deeper religious life.....	55
Samuel Wesley, Jr.....	57
His opinion of Methodism.....	57
John Wesley expelled from the Establishment.....	59
His position as an Anglican.....	61
Macaulay's estimate of his work.....	65
Cardinal Manning's estimate of his work.....	65
Condition of Church and society.....	67

	PAGE
Thackeray on Wesley and Whitefield.....	68
Methodism primitive Christianity.....	70
Mrs. Wesley's doubt and struggles.....	74
Methodism the ultimate faith.....	77
Döllinger on Wesley.....	79
Mrs. Wesley's letters.....	80
Death, character, and fame.....	81
Influence of educated women.....	84
An ideal woman in the parsonage.....	85
Thomas Guard's tribute to her worth.....	86

CHAPTER II.

METHODISM AT THE COURT OF ST. JAMES IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY—SELINA, COUNTESS OF HUNTINGDON.

Character of the membership of the first Methodist society.....	91
Royal ancestry of Lady Huntingdon.....	92
Influence in court society.....	94
Sickness and conversion.....	98
Union with the Methodists.....	99
Her conversion a sensation among the nobility.....	100
Bishop Warburton.....	101
Her entire consecration.....	103
Picture of court life in Europe.....	105
The Church in England.....	109
Her homes opened to Methodist preaching.....	117
Her hospitality.....	117
Converted nobility.....	119
Lord Dartmouth, Earl of Buchan, Duke of Argyle. ...	119
Countess of Chesterfield converted.....	120
Houses of nobility preaching places.....	123
The Church in the house.....	124
Duchess of Marlborough.....	128
Frederic, Prince of Wales.....	131
Ball in Lambeth Palace.....	133

CONTENTS.

ix

	PAGE
Persecution.....	135
Her field of work.....	139
Catholicity of Methodism.....	146
Founding a college.....	148
Evangelistic work.....	149
Her generosity.....	151
Her ministry for America.....	154
Orphanage in Georgia.....	154
Aid to Princeton College.....	155
Correspondence with Washington.....	156
The salon of the new Reformation.....	159
Spiritual ministry.....	161
Her death.....	166
One of England's noblest names.....	167

CHAPTER III.

THE FIRST METHODIST DEACONESS—MARY BOSANQUET
FLETCHER.

Home and early life.....	173
Expulsion on account of her religion.....	177
Heroism of her youth.....	180
Opening an orphanage.....	182
Nature of the first Methodist orphanage.....	185
Hospitality.....	190
Her call to preach.....	192
Woman a prophetess.....	194
Success in preaching.....	197
Courage.....	200
Inhuman persecution of early Methodists.....	203
Wonderful answers in prayer.....	211
Benevolence.....	217
Financial perplexity.....	219
Romance in marriage.....	221
John Fletcher.....	222
Rare gifts and lofty character.....	226

	PAGE
Francis Newman's estimate.....	227
An ideal marriage.....	229
Wesley's estimate of Fletcher.....	231
Holiness attractive.....	235
Lady Maxwell.....	236
Lady Fitzgerald.....	236
Mrs. Fletcher's definition of holiness.....	236
Age and death.....	237
Burder's estimate of Mrs. Fletcher.....	237
A Christly life.....	239

CHAPTER IV.

METHODISM IN THE HIGHER SOCIETY OF THE AMERICAN
COLONIES—KATHARINE LIVINGSTON GARRETTSON.

Barbara Heck.....	243
Influence of Methodism on the German mind.....	244
First society of Methodists in America.....	245
Family of Judge Livingston.....	245
Margaret Beekman.....	246
Conversion of Katharine Livingston.....	248
Position of family in the colonies.....	250
Missionary zeal.....	252
Character of early American Methodism.....	253
Homes of Bishop Asbury.....	254
Value of converted leadership.....	257
General Richard Montgomery.....	259
Religious intolerance in New York.....	260
Hospitality of colonial Methodism.....	261
Governor Van Cortland.....	262
President W. H. Harrison.....	264
United States Senator Richard Bassett.....	265
Conversion and service to Methodism.....	266
Harry and Prudence Gough.....	267
Perry Hall.....	267
Organization of the Methodist Episcopal Church.....	269

CONTENTS.

xi

	PAGE
High culture of the leaders of Methodism.....	269
Apostolic character of the Christmas Conference.....	270
Tribute of General Conference to Harry Gough.....	273
Carrolls of Carrollton and Methodism.....	273
Bancroft on organizers of American Church.....	275
Judge White.....	276
Providence of God in the beginnings of Methodism.....	277
Catholicity of Methodism.....	279
Father Boehm on the Church.....	280
Marriage of Katharine Livingston to Freeborn Garrettsen.....	282
Adaptation of Methodism to democracy.....	284
Contemporary rise of Methodism and the republic.....	284
Conversion and sacrifice of Garrettsen.....	286
Wonderful zeal of Bishop Coke.....	287
Dissoluteness of colonial life.....	289
Persecution of early itinerants.....	291
Pentecost in the wilderness of the New World.....	296
Courage and devotion of itinerants.....	297
Jesuit missionaries.....	301
Debt due to pioneers of Methodism.....	303
Home of Katharine Livingston Garrettsen.....	305
Conversion of Chancellor Livingston.....	306
Edward Livingston.....	307
Mrs. Edward Livingston.....	307
General Russell.....	308
Governor Tiffin.....	309
Drawing room of Mrs. Garrettsen's father.....	311
Personal ministry.....	312
Estimate of President Olin.....	313
Olden time courtesy.....	317
Garrettsen the Fletcher of the American Church.....	318
Wesley's desire—death defeated.....	319
Age and death of Mrs. Garrettsen.....	320
Estimate of Rev. Dr. Buckley.....	322
Galaxy of social leaders in early Methodism.....	323

CHAPTER V.

EDUCATIONAL WORK OF METHODIST WOMEN—ELIZA GARRETT.

	PAGE
Expulsion of Methodist students from Oxford.....	337
First college of Methodism.....	339
Lady Maxwell's gift to Kingswood School.....	340
John Fletcher an ideal college president.....	341
Methodism an intellectual revival.....	342
Benevolence of Mrs. Garrett.....	343
Purpose of her benefaction.....	344
Birth and training.....	345
Scholarship of early Methodism.....	346
Burning of the first college of American Methodism....	348
Women's College of Baltimore.....	350
Methodism an intellectual faith.....	351
Educational foundations laid by women.....	354
Hannah Ball.....	356
Woman's work in foreign and home missions.....	357
First college for women in America founded by Method- ism.....	362
Leadership of educated womanhood in the republic....	364
Mary Somerville and George Eliot.....	366
Fruit of higher training of woman.....	367
Training of clergy.....	369
Culture of pioneer preachers.....	372
Bishop Clarke's estimate of Mrs. Garrett.....	374
Holiness of character.....	376
Bereavement.....	377
Garrett Biblical Institute.....	378
Steven's estimate of Mrs. Garrett.....	379
Chautauqua Assembly.....	379
Intellectual premiership of Methodism in America.....	382
Benefactors of Methodism.....	383
Religion in college.....	386
Immortality of truth.....	389

CONTENTS.

xiii

	PAGE
American University.....	392
Woman its first contributor.....	392
Difference between the American and Catholic univer- sity.....	393
Dr. Lord's estimate of women.....	396
Methodism's ideal woman.....	398
Influence of Mrs. Garrett's life on the Church.....	402

CHAPTER VI.

METHODISM IN THE WHITE HOUSE AT WASHINGTON—LUCY
WEBB HAYES.

Oliver Wendell Holmes's greeting to Mrs. Hayes.....	405
Nineteenth century woman.....	406
Revolutionary ancestry.....	408
Her father's philanthropy.....	409
College training.....	410
Fruit of higher training of women.....	412
Graduation and marriage.....	414
Civil war and life in camp.....	416
Her patriotism and ministry.....	419
General Hayes.....	424
Life at the executive mansion in Columbus.....	425
Her humanity.....	426
Home at the White House.....	427
Reverence.....	429
New type of womanhood.....	429
Her predecessors in the White House.....	430
Rule of the first college-bred woman in the White House.....	432
Her hospitality.....	434
Exclusion of wine from the banquet.....	436
Independence of action.....	438
Corrupt social life at Washington.....	439
Noble example of total abstinence.....	441
Her moral scepter.....	442

	PAGE
True glory of a nation.....	443
Her home ideal in purity and courtesy.....	445
Her religious life.....	446
High character of early Methodism in Ohio.....	446
Influence of Methodism on Washington.....	448
His hospitality to Bishops Coke and Asbury.....	448
Methodist chaplains of Congress.....	449
Methodists as rulers in the highest seats of the republic.	450
Influence of Methodism on President Jackson.....	450
Conversion of President William H. Harrison.....	451
Justice McLean, of the United States Supreme Court...	452
Conversion and membership of President J. K. Polk....	453
Conversion of President F. Pierce.....	453
Influence of Bishop Simpson on President Lincoln....	454
General Grant's devotion and service to Methodism....	455
Lincoln's encomium on Methodism.....	457
Humility and thoughtfulness of Mrs. Hayes.....	459
Her kindness to the Methodist clergy.....	461
Sabbath evening in the White House.....	462
Service to the Church.....	463
Presidency of Woman's Home Missionary Society.....	464
Her public addresses in its behalf.....	464
Fidelity to her Church.....	468
Beautiful life.....	471
Sudden death.....	472
Funeral.....	473
Honors paid to her memory.....	474
Her place in American society.....	475

Susannah, Mother of the Wesleys.

"I HAVE been acquainted with many pious females ; I have read the lives of others, but such a woman, take her for all in all, I have not heard of, I have not read of, nor with her equal have I been acquainted. In adopting Solomon's words I can say, ' Many daughters have done virtuously, but Susannah Wesley has excelled them all.'"—*Adam Clarke, LL.D.*

"BEFORE the eye of purified reverence neither the giants of force nor the recluses of saintly austerity stand on so high a pedestal as the devoted benefactors of mankind. The heroes of honor are great, but the heroes of service greater.

"Great souls care only for what is great, and to the spirit which hovers in sight of the Infinite any sort of artifice seems a disgraceful puerility.

"The ideal which the wife and mother makes for herself, the manner in which she understands duty and life, contain the fate of the community. Her faith becomes the star of the conjugal ship, and her love the animating principle that fashions the future of all belonging to her."—*Aniel.*

"THE Evangelicals whom my brother so unhappily despised seem, with Unitarians, Quakers, and others, doing a work which will change the aspect of the world. We are in the beginning only. The awakening of womanhood is the dawn of a new era, equivalent to the making of Christian purity the goal of our civilization."—*Early History of Cardinal Newman, by Francis Newman.*

"THIS is life to come,
Which martyred men have made more glorious
For us who strive to follow.
May I reach that purest heaven, be to other souls
The cup of strength in some great agony ;
So shall I join the choir invisible,
Whose music is in the gladness of the world."

—*George Eliot.*

SUSANNAH WESLEY.

WHEN Oliver Cromwell was sitting for his portrait he said to the artist, young Lely, "Paint me as I am. If you leave out the scars and wrinkles I will not pay you a shilling."

In portraying the character of Susannah Wesley you will not see scars and wrinkles, for she is one of those rare natures in whom the elements are so perfectly blended that we only see what is true, beautiful, and good. Many pens have given an etching of this quiet woman of Epworth Rectory. Poets have sung her praises; orators have thrilled human hearts by a delineation of her graces; painters have thrown on the enduring canvas her beautiful face, while historians of opposite faith and prejudice have united to yield to her the highest meed of praise; so if an hour spent in her company is without profit the fault will not be in the subject, for no more winning name appears in the galaxy of English women than that of Susannah Annesley. Her life is an

4 SUSANNAH, MOTHER OF THE WESLEYS.

exquisite poem of godly sacrifice and motherly devotion set to music that now swells and again gladdens the heart, and by its rhythmic cadences of joy and sorrow ever must arouse men and women to holy endeavor; for the story of a noble life is an inspiration to virtue and godliness. The example of those who have wrought well for humanity, in whatever sphere they have toiled, is ever helpful to those who struggle for purity and faith.

Christianity created a new sphere for woman, and Methodism is the only Church which perfectly fills it. It is a return to primitive Christianity in the place it yields to her, which was only carrying over into the new faith the lofty and exceptional privileges she enjoyed in the Hebrew Church; for the woman of Israel was not the isolated, illiterate woman of paganism, but intelligent and cultivated; not the slave, but the peer and companion of her brother. The Christian Church in its conquest of the nations, adapting itself to their own social condition, surrendered some positions to gain others.

Woman's position, that high estate into which Christ had called her, was surrendered,

and for eighteen centuries, with the exception of the Society of Friends, she has been held in social bonds. She plighted her troth under the bridal blossoms and heard her lover say with all his worldly goods he endowed her, when she knew that from that moment she gave all her property to him. She accepted the ring and knew that it meant simply to "serve and obey." In the ceremony of marriage she lost her name and property, and the historic Church gave its benediction to her servitude. Methodism has expunged the servile terms in her marriage covenant, proclaiming a return to social equality, and Wesley, arising through his mother, gives to woman a position never attained since Christ attracted her to his ministry on the Galilean hills. His concession of religious rights has simply put her where Christ called her. The attempt to place the Christian woman of to-day on a level with the Greek women of the times of St. Paul, who would not keep quiet during service, is simply a case of religious reversion.

Wesley, like the divine Master, attracted women. They listened to him and surrounded

6 SUSANNAH, MOTHER OF THE WESLEYS.

him with their loving ministry. He allured to his side, with equal ease, the lowly and women of honorable estate, peasantry and nobility, maidservants and daughters of kings; and all delighted to hear him. They accepted his truth, gave their time and money, following him in devoted ministry that closed only with his life. Nothing is more significant in the Wesleyan reformation than the interest it aroused in the hearts of English women.

The earlier reforms had their heroines that made successful the freedom of religious thought—royalty itself, as Queen Elizabeth, taking up the Protestant cause and shielding the earlier faiths that were being destroyed by the hatred of Rome; but the earlier battles of faith were so mingled with political aims and ends that we do not see clearly the position of woman.

In the sixteenth century reformation women were not as elevated as at the time of the Anglo-Saxon revival. The release of intellect that coordinated with the release of soul by Luther had not yet borne its fruit in the culture that women were to share. Her inferior position in the Roman Church made her

strong in domestic virtues, but her intellect remained dormant. Inferior in position, she received an inferior equipment, for woman's sphere will ever determine her training.

If society teaches, with Plato, that "she was created to do the same work as man but not as well," then she will be held to servile work. If, as the King of Sweden said to his accomplished wife, "I married you to bear children and not to give counsel," then she will simply be degraded. Her position will determine her training, and her training will again determine the position of her children.

No one can study the life most potent in molding the lives of John and Charles Wesley and not see a mother's influence at every step of the great revival called Methodism. Susannah Wesley's thought and judgment created some of its most efficient agencies, opening up new scope for religious energy, new fields of usefulness and noblest companionship. From his earliest childhood to mature years she was John Wesley's constant guide and counselor.

If she prepared him to enter Charter House School at eleven she also kept close to him at

8 SUSANNAH, MOTHER OF THE WESLEYS.

Oxford, and was his most trusted confidant until death. Wesley ever confessed that he found in his mother what most men find in their wives, their safest counselor and friend full of sympathy. To her he turned at the crucial points of life, and her wisdom saved him from many an error. Her favorite child, she held him close to God in reverent consecration, and the answered prayer in his hallowed life kept her closer to him all her life. In her companionship at home and through her letters addressed to him while at college we can trace a strong mind of true and resolute purpose, anticipating the difficulties of faith that so early beset his inquiring and expanding mind, resolving his doubts, cultivating the weak places of his faith, and adding her own clear-cut convictions to the wavering decisions of her honored son. Providence had fitted Susannah Wesley by her peculiar training for the position of helper in the new religious movement. She could lead in dark places, for she had been through them. She had been tempted in her earlier years, passing through the struggle that comes to almost every thoughtful mind when faith as a tradition

must yield to natural conviction. The intense controversies of Dissent had shaken her faith only to make it take deeper root in Christ. In the struggle of Dissent many Churches had lost their moorings and been drifted into Unitarianism. The grand old convictions which had made martyrs for Dissent were almost pulverized, and the Presbyterian Churches, dropping the Westminster Confession, were being lost in Christian negation. In the battle of creeds that raged around her home mental inertia was impossible. People thought, and when they think they will have convictions. An earnest study of the faith of her father caused her in her thirteenth year to decide for the faith of her forefathers, and Susannah Annesley, the daughter of a rigid Dissenter, enters the very Church which had driven out her grandfather and forsakes the altar at which her own father ministers. Her change of Church fellowship evinces surely a strong if not a rational judgment, and also a tolerant spirit in her father not resisting her purpose; for it was a great step backward from Nonconformity to Anglicanism, since between the national Church and Dissent there was no more

intercourse than between the Jews and Samaritans.

To the modern Protestant mind her course seems reactionary; but may there not have been a deeper providence in leading this young girl through the mazes of doubt into the communion of the Anglican Church? Her confirmation in St. Paul's declares her strong character and her thoughtfulness, and while we cannot analyze the motives prompting the step we may be assured they were sufficient to her own mind.

Miss Annesley was well born, and carried in her beautiful form and carriage the bearing which comes of gentle birth and good training. She was of clerical birth and of noble antecedents, her lineage running into the nobility, her father being the first cousin of the Marquis of Anglesea. Her family on both sides were honored and educated. The men were strong, the women beautiful. The pencil of the artist has left on canvas a picture of her beautiful sister, who was noted for her charms and grace of form. She was favored in her ancestry. It was intensely religious. Her grandfathers on both sides sat in that memorable Assembly

which gave the Church the Westminster Confession—a source of contention and strife from that hour unto this. One of her grandfathers was member of Parliament and opposed Charles I. It was this lineage that made Charles say in anger to his daughter, who would not believe in the divine right of kings, “I protest the rebel blood of some of your ancestors runs in your veins.” This grandfather was a Puritan, but he hated Cromwell. He called the execution of Charles I horrid murder and Cromwell the arrantest hypocrite the Church of Christ was pestered with.

Miss Annesley’s father was an Oxford graduate, and, like Huss and Carlyle, walked to college with only forty shillings in his pocket; but with that practical wisdom so eminent in later branches of the family came away with his head filled with knowledge and a purse five times as well filled as when he entered. His zeal was missionary and soon found the zealot’s reward. “His first parish was the prison, his own charity his patron presenting it, and his work his wages.” He was made of stern stuff, and, like Knox, did not fear the face of man or devil. He would preach and write unpalatable

truth, nor would he silence his convictions for a bishop's seat or prelate's gown. He had the Puritan fire in his veins, and it came out in all his actions. He was one of that class of brave men who would be loyal to conviction at all hazards; one of that Dissenting ministry whom the Earl of Chatham, defending, said, "They are represented as men of close ambition; they are so, my lords, and their ambition is to keep near the college of fishermen, not of cardinals; to the doctrine of inspired apostles, not to the decrees of interested and approving bishops. They contend for a scriptural creed and a spiritual worship; we have a Calvinistic creed, a popish liturgy, and an Arminian clergy."

Miss Annesley was fortunate in her environment. The daughter of a scholarly clergyman, and reared under the refining influences of a model parsonage, she reveals in her life the rare fruit of that training—a discipline that has in all ages developed a high type of womanhood. Noble lives in culture and sacrifice and service naturally come out of the surroundings and atmosphere of the minister's home in which are ever held before children the highest ideals of life. The quiet elegance, the literary activ-

ity, the aid of piety, and the saving care of others so predominant in the home has begotten a character most beautiful, adorning every walk of life from the White House to the lowly cottage.

Miss Annesley was happy in her marriage. She felicitates herself that she married a religious man, and she might well, for a man without the fear of God is ever in danger. He is like a vessel without a rudder, and may be wrecked at any time. Her husband was of a long line of scholars and gentlemen; he, too, was raised in Dissent, but took orders in the Church of England. He married, like later itinerants, and went happy to his parish on thirty pounds a year; so you can imagine the ability needed in the youthful pair to make ends meet and preserve the dignity of the new station. He was literary; Pope called him a "truly learned man." He made his first success by writing a life of Christ and dedicating it to Queen Mary; and he had the honor of dedicating verses, also, to Anne and Caroline. The prize from Queen Mary was Epworth parish, with a nominal income of two hundred pounds a year.

14 SUSANNAH, MOTHER OF THE WESLEYS.

Epworth Rectory and St. Andrew's Church, in the remote county of Lincolnshire, will ever be associated in godly minds with piety and truth; for it was in the former that John Wesley first saw the light of day and received that remarkable training which fitted him for valiant service for God; and it was from the latter that he was expelled of men to find a higher ordination—to be denied a local field and find instead “a world for his parish,” and to be excluded from its fellowship to form a true brotherhood of St. Andrew.

To Epworth, with its rectory built of wood and plaster, three-storied and five-gabled roof, thatched with straw, with hall and parlor, and beautiful garden and far-reaching fields of meadow and upland, brought the young rector his bride. The welcome was unique. Rarely has an itinerant such a home-coming as awaited Mrs. Wesley when she entered the metropolis of the Isle. What a reception! The parish had heard of the new incumbent and was out to greet him. Rustic pagans had gathered with pitchforks, sticks and stones, and all weapons of resistance to keep the man of God from ruling over them or taking possession of his home.

The queen's appointment had no more respect from them than a bishop's in the eyes of some Methodists, and the parishioners of Wesley were as impotent as modern rebels.

The saint was undaunted and calmly installed himself in his new preferment, nor did the passing years witness their' conversion; for when the little olive branches began to stand around the garden the vanquished parishioners continued their attacks, and would cry out, "Ye little devils, come out, and we will kill ye all."

All that low cunning and malice could devise was done to disturb the saint in his rest; flax was burned, harvests destroyed, food stolen, cattle mutilated, barn burned, and, last, the lawless brood destroyed the very home itself. But, strange, none of these things moved the militant, poetical, convocation-loving rector. No earthly trials can drive his muse away; she pours out her song in calm and storm with equal ease. Samuel Wesley is the typical Anglican clergyman, cultured, dogmatic, feeling the authority of his position that in turn makes him ruler in the parish and imperious at home. She was happy in her marriage, and so was Samuel. His muse has left

16 SUSANNAH, MOTHER OF THE WESLEYS.

behind a sonnet to his wife written four years after marriage; it bears the sound of a marriage bell, but the metal is a little hard for modern ears:

“ She graced my humble roof and blest my life,
Blest me by far greater name than wife;
Yet still I bear an undisputed sway,
Nor was 't her task but pleasure to obey.”

Samuel Wesley quietly pursues his way, reads his prayers and sermons, performs the offices of the Church for the living and the sweet sad offices for the dying, and cultivates his farm. The flowers bloom, fruits ripen, crops of rye and flax grow. Year after year the jessamine, honeysuckle, and roses blossom with sweeter fragrance, and cherries, apples, pears, and walnuts ripen in richer profusion. Within the olive plants multiply, until nineteen children have come, some to tarry, and some on fleet wings to hasten to the angels.

Much has been said of Wesley's father. He was a man of one work; he was a scholar and fed on books; he was a Churchman and loved the fellowship of the brethren; he was a poet and loved to scribble. Parochial duties sat lightly upon his shoulders. The zeal of the

Lord's house did not consume him as it did Fletcher of Madeley. He had a good wife at home, and he allowed her all the burdens; an obedient curate to do his work when absent; and he could write books and dedicate them to royalty and receive their smiles—and that is the supreme joy of the loyal Briton; for next to the favor of his God is the approbation of his king. He paid the tribute of all clergymen due their calling to leave some memorial of their Master. The ponderous tome called the *Life of Christ* is dead, although its subject must ever live. The little book of poems bearing the graceless title *The Maggots* finds a quiet grave in a few libraries where the collector of Methodist curios takes pleasure in showing it to his friends. He lives in the fame of his distinguished family. He held with firm hold the headship of the family. He believed in that obsolete formula, "Serve and obey," which has wisely been taken out of our church service, but he had a wife that knew her prerogatives as well as his privileges. Obedience in such a woman would never become servility. A woman that would revolt against her father's creed would not find it difficult to rebel against

her husband's politics. She would not take her creed from her father, neither would she have her husband's politics. Susannah Wesley had convictions. She was not the echo of her husband's thought; she had ideas, and they create collision. She was a strong believer in passive obedience, and would not pray for the success of the arms of Britain. Tradition narrates that she did not favor the accession of William of Orange, and when prayers were read at the family altar for the king she, unlike the women of Corinth, kept silence. The rector was intensely loyal to the king, and was one of the strongest writers favoring his accession, and when she refused to say amen he said, "Sukey, if we serve two kings we must have two beds;" and the pious Tory hies himself to London town to convocation, where he tarries until the death of the king, and then returns to his parish and study.

History passes a divided verdict on the Epworth rector. Some have read in the children's constant appeal to her judgment the supremacy of the mother. No one can study the life of John, her most illustrious child, without observing that his mother's influ-

ence exerted over him almost a sovereign sway.

In the province of faith Susannah Wesley was an extreme Protestant. Her return to Anglicanism was not facing toward Rome. Her action was the result of her nature. She had inherited an independent spirit from her father and carried it out to its full extent consistent with the law of her conscience. Freedom of thought was not lawlessness of conviction; religious liberty was not license. She followed her conscience in the light of God's word and honored it as her highest guide. In comparison with her learned husband she does not suffer. She too had a dash of Irish blood in her veins that gave her facility for scribbling and a fondness for discussion. But her mind was tinged with the deeper and more serious spirit of Puritanism that colored all her life. Her revolt against its creed was only formal, and as age advanced she found herself gradually drifting toward the faith of her ancestors, and she died in the very Dissent she had abandoned.

Puritanism is life and character more than doctrine; its want of form repelled her, but

its spirit ever held her. In spirit she was Puritan, in form of worship Anglican. We may cast off mental formulas, but we cannot get away from character. The unconscious influence of her early training followed her all through life. She brought more to the national Church than she received from it. She united in her life much that we call Methodism; for while in form it is the child of the Anglican Church it is spiritually the offspring of Puritan Dissent; without its stern form of words and doctrine it is one with it in its emphasis of the Everlasting Yea.

It is at Epworth we learn the story of this strong, helpful life. In this quiet retreat in Lincolnshire lived the woman whose mission under God was to prepare the way for the greatest reform movement that has ever quickened the spiritual life of the Anglo-Saxon race. Here was trained the youth whose stern but loving Gospel was to recreate the faith of England and her colonies; who was to fan into a flame its embers dying on its altars and call back a recreant people to its trust. Here was born the "St. John of England" whose beautiful life and noble ministry saved the Saxon when

wavering, and brought back his Church to loyalty unto its head, Christ ; for, as Liddon has truly said, " It was at this hour that Wesley, filled with the sorrows of his age and penetrated with the hopelessness of its philosophy, offered anew the truths that had sustained the suffering and broken-hearted for eighteen centuries, in a form so entrancing that it awoke the sleeping choir of a dying Church." We look back of the reformer to see his mother, for she shares to-day in the brightening luster of his ever-growing fame, and wherever evangelical Christianity is preached her name is mentioned with love and veneration. No better molding hand to guide a child was ever given than that which ruled in Epworth Rectory.

Mrs. Wesley was always with John Wesley. She led him in life, she followed him in death. The rectory was Methodism in microcosm. When John Wesley sailed for America the "rectory of Epworth and discipline of Susannah Wesley were afloat on the Atlantic." Fortunately we have not only the result of her womanly endeavor, but we can even know the genesis of Methodism as it unfolds in Epworth

Rectory. The home is open and the mother is there; here was the beginning of power. Susannah Wesley was a minister's wife, but she did not allow outside cares to interfere with her duty at home. She did not try to convert the parish and allow her children to become heathens. Home was her sanctuary. Here she was imperial. She gave her best to her children, she buried herself in their lives, and to-day finds in their widening fame a renewal of her own life and ministry.

Epworth was an ideal home; the family were the embodiment of the name of their church, St. Andrew's; for they were said to have been the most loving family in Lincolnshire.

Three ideas ruled—God, duty, and brotherhood. We can see the mother in the training of the children; she had the spirit of order and made Methodists of them all as soon, almost, as they were born. Militant in spirit, she was a veritable Jeanne d'Arc ruling her household. She educated early and continued discipline. She may not have believed that a man's education began a hundred years before his birth, but she believed it began with unconscious environment.

Let us take a peep at the nursery; its sanctity will not be profaned; it can stand the light. She was careful of foundations, knowing that the beauty of the shaft depended on the base. How methodistic that training! Their sleep was measured by rule. First, the babe was allowed to sleep three hours in the forenoon and afternoon, and gradually shortened until none was allowed in daytime. Children were put in the cradle punctually at the appointed time and with the same punctuality taken out, awake or asleep. At seven o'clock all were bathed and prepared for bed, each one tucked in, asleep or awake, and no one allowed to sit by them until Morpheus touched them into slumber. Their food was also controlled; they were brought into the dining room, and when strong allowed only three meals a day. They ate bread and drank small beer; they were not permitted to call for food but taught to whisper to the servant who waited on them. No food was allowed between meals, and if a hungry urchin was caught in the kitchen he was beaten, and if a servant fed them she was at once dismissed. They were compelled to eat all kinds of food

so that they might take medicine easily. Her discipline began early, and it was wholesome physically. When a year old the little stranger was taught the fear of the rod and to cry softly. "Massage treatment" was used in infancy and a more heroic treatment when older.

The new culture, spare the rod and spoil the child, was not yet in vogue, and hence she flogged in good old English style. She said truly that "the secret of a good education began with the subjection of the will—it must be conquered." By neglecting kindly correction children will contract a stubbornness and obstinacy which are hardly ever after conquered. She called indulgent parents cruel parents. No sinful act went unpunished; if faults were confessed pardon was granted; her authority was absolute over her children. She held the scepter of highest royalty, and never laid it aside until her hand was palsied in death. She not only educated but trained; they were not only shown the way of duty but compelled to walk in it—not only taught what was godly, but led into it and compelled to accept it. Susannah Wesley's soul would have recoiled from that treason to God and humanity which

declares, "I never influence my children." Her true soul would have spurned such maternal apostasy. By all the persuasives and coercives of love and power that mother trained her children for God, and not one of those who arrived at mature years failed to heed her instruction or deserted her Church. Holding motherhood a sacred trust, when she gave back her children in the covenant of baptism she meant what she said, and God honored the gift. There is more lying unto God among Christian mothers in modern Protestantism than ever before. Men are deserting the altars of God because mothers are recreant to their trust. They will stand before the chancel railing with an infant in their arms promising to lead and train the child for God, and when it grows up say the words of maternal blasphemy, "I never influence my children." The desertion of the boys to-day is primarily due to the neglect of mothers.

Susannah Wesley was a natural teacher, as every true mother is, and she held it her supreme duty to prepare her children for all of life's duties. Her home was a house of prayer during the week as well as a church

and house of instruction on the Sabbath. Every child took its place in the school room after its fifth birthday and was taught the alphabet. The session was six hours, and each child was expected to master it in that time. Some mastered it before this age, and she regretted it. She was a model in patience; her husband said, "You have taught that child the same thing twenty times;" she replied, "If I had stopped at nineteen I should have lost all my work."

The training of the rectory was not only intellectual but also social. They were fitted to mingle in the world, face its antagonism, and overcome its frictions by the culture of gentle manners. The rarest courtesies were observed toward one another. They had one code for equals and inferiors; the humblest servant was addressed, "Pray, give me such a thing," and the child who omitted the form was reproved. The Christian name was always united to the surname, as John Wesley. Nothing shows good breeding more than fine manners, or better prepares children for an easy pathway through life than their possession. Manners rule where wealth cannot enter in, and intel-

lect void of them is excluded. The charity that behaveth not itself unseemly, "that," as Wesley translated it, "is not ill-bred opens the way for the Christian, and it is as much his duty to observe it as to fill his mind with knowledge." We have the memoirs of but one perfect gentleman, and they are found in the New Testament; and that faultless man was a Galilean. Dean Stanley said of John Wesley he was at home equally in the rude cabins of the Irish peasantry and in the drawing rooms of London, and that charm which won Johnson and compelled the admiration of a Chesterfield and made a Methodist of his wife was created in the rectory. The little man, with attire faultless in neatness, walking swiftly but never in a hurry, received that grace of manner from that beautiful frail friend whom he ever revered as mother.

The strength of Susannah Wesley's character comes out in the spiritual training. She blended mental and spiritual discipline, knowing that, as Wellington says, "Educate men without religion, and you make them but clever devils." Nothing that neglects religion deserves the name of education; without it

culture is only another name for cunning. She used the Bible as a text-book as well as a book of devotion. The children spelled out of Genesis. They were apt; Mehetabel at eight could read the New Testament in Greek; John at eleven was prepared for Charter House School. Religion colored the whole social life. Children were taught before they could talk to invoke a blessing at meals. Their culture was rounded; they were educated privately; she had private conferences with her children on appointed days. Teaching the older children, they in turn taught the younger. At the hour appointed they would march to their private room and together they would read a chapter of the New Testament, a psalm, and have private prayer. This mode of living was kept up for thirty years. How beautiful that home! No wonder those children loved that mother and that they all clung to one another, for the highest divine love was blended with that of human love. Her religion was rugged. It was not all sweetness, like that of modern women who allow their sons to go out into the world without a protest. There was authority in it; she always ruled her children; her power

was in holding them to the truth when they came to maturity. Many women abdicate their position as rulers too soon. This woman knew her God-given prerogative and asserted it. Hear her words of authority to her son Samuel : " I exhort you as I am your faithful friend, and I command you as I am your parent, to use utmost diligence to make your calling and election sure." The very words ring with strength and compel our admiration.

Intellectual and well disciplined, she held her children far beyond the majority of women. We stand bewildered at her work for her children. Think of this woman writing a manual of doctrine, in which she discusses the existence of God, the origin of evil, the fall of man, and the themes of innate ideas ! Think of her writing a treatise on the " Evidences of Revealed Religion " before Bishop Butler wrote his *Analogy* ! Think of her writing an exposition of the Apostles' Creed ! She writes a *Mother's Conference* for her daughters of sixty quarto pages. Her literary writings all perished in the fire that destroyed her early home ; but if what was burned was of the same quality as the fragments that remain, Susannah Wesley was

30 SUSANNAH, MOTHER OF THE WESLEYS.

the De Stäel of her age, and the Church, losing her manuscripts, has met with a great loss. Her literary works have perished, but her intellectual and moral life has been preserved in her children.

In what home, ancient or modern, can you find such very clever sons and daughters? Ten grew to maturity, and there was not a stupid one among them. We may not say with another that not "a drop of Wesley blood but carried genius in it." We do say they were an extraordinary family. Samuel, the eldest, was a rare scholar, and published a volume of poems that evince high poetical talent. John was the finest scholar of all the reformers. He stands out in intellectual leadership beyond Luther, Knox, or Cranmer. The difference between John Wesley and his clerical children is entirely too great. No minister ought to be willing to bear his name that cannot read the New Testament in Greek. An illiterate minister is a parody on old-fashioned Methodism. The early itinerants traced Greek verbs to their roots by pine fagots as they tracked the pioneer in the forests of the New World, and their successors should do the same. John Wesley

opened up the rich treasure-house of German thought a generation before Carlyle, and his translated hymns are the delight of all Churches. Men know him as an itinerant in that wondrous Odyssey compassing over three hundred and twenty-five thousand miles; but there was the rarest scholarship in that itinerant's gown that no one of his sons has excelled. His wit was as sparkling as his learning profound. What keener than his reply to the boor who, walking in front of him, said, "Sir, I never make way for a fool." "I always do," said Wesley, standing aside. What more delicate than the answer to Charles in Conference? A member is talking, and Charles declares, "If that man does not cease talking I will leave." John quietly says, "Will some one be kind enough to reach him his hat?"

Genius was not only the dower of the boys but of the girls also. They were all scholarly; they were poets writing for magazines and the press; they were elocutionists, John saying of Mrs. Harper she was the finest reader of Milton he ever heard. Johnson, the philosopher, was charmed with Mrs. Hall, and wanted the bright woman to make her home

with him. She influenced him and Garrick and Burke. She could match Johnson in wit. He loved to talk to her and also her brothers.

Charles Wesley was a rare scholar; he carried the address of the convocation of his university to the king, dining with him at court one day and with the Prince of Wales the next. Oxford honored herself in honoring him. He was the poet of the new reformation, but wrote nothing immortal until after his conversion; and beginning with "O for a thousand tongues, to sing," what an outburst of song has flowed from his soul, belting the globe in sweetest minstrelsy of praise! Had not his heart been strangely warmed within him his lips would never have been touched with the coal from heaven's high altar. He set the truths of the new theology to a music that grows sweeter as it swells. The new reformation had its leader in John Wesley, its orator in Whitefield, its advocate in Fletcher, and its sweet singer in Charles Wesley, and who may say that the bard is not more potent? For the Church catholic to-day takes up his sacred lyrics and rolls his psalms upward in worship to the one God. Without this Christian song-

bird the reform would have lost much of its spell and power; for he made its great truths so poetical in form that men in catching their rhythm were caught by the truth and converted. How clear the new faith in his verse:

“The things which we have felt and seen
With confidence we tell,
And publish to the sons of men
The signs infallible.”

Over a century has passed since the harp of Oxford's sacred poet was broken, but the sound of that voice still rings. The hymns composed for a little band of Methodists are now sung all through Christendom, Roman and Protestant in varied languages taking up Charles Wesley's song to voice their faith in a living God.

Watts, himself a poet of noblest aim, calls the hymn beginning, “Lo! on a narrow neck of land,” the finest sacred lyric in the English language; while Beecher said, “I would rather be the author of Charles Wesley's ‘Jesus, Lover of my soul,’ than of all my sermons.” Many are the strains throbbing over hearts and beautiful, but that one hymn, penned after he had escaped the shower of stones, has but few equals in Christian psalmody, and if from out of

Epworth Rectory there had come no other fruit the name of Wesley would be immortal. Do we wonder that one child of his at four could compose and at six become a pupil of Handel, and at twelve become the greatest organist of England ; or that another son composed an oratorio at seven and became a great musician ? The Wesley music still lives as well as its poetry, but you hear the least of it among the people who bear their name ; but go back to the Roman and Anglican Church, and you will be as much entertained by their music as by their songs.

Wonderful the intellectual harvest of this woman's toil ; it covers the whole field of thought, theology, philosophy, art, music, poetry, history, and humanity, touching society on every side, and only to elevate and bless. Do we wonder that millions now know Epworth as a shrine for poet as well as saint, and that youth and age tread its rectory with reverent feet and walk through the nave and aisle of St. Andrew's and praise and worship, or stand in silence among the quiet dead who sleep in God's acre surrounding it ?

The quality of Mrs. Wesley's mind is dis-

cerned in her letters; they disclose her inner convictions. In an age of fine letter-writing she stands out as a model; for felicity of expression and ease of diction and high thought they suffer not by comparison with those of Lady Montague. Her letters are Addisonian in grace, a well of pure English undefiled, and will repay even at this hour a careful study. Pardon a quotation and catch the ruggedness and decision of her Christian character. She writes to her daughter: "The main thing which is now to be done is to lay a good foundation, that you may act upon principles and be always able to satisfy yourself and give a reason to others of the faith that is in you. For anyone to make a profession of religion only because it is the custom of the country in which they live or because their parents do so or their worldly interests are secured thereby or advanced will never be able to stand in the day of temptation, nor shall they ever enter into the kingdom of heaven." What grace of diction and what common sense! But Susannah Wesley was practical; she was a born rationalist and handed down the gift to her favorite son, who, even in childhood, evinced many of the same qualities that

were manifest in his mother. When a boy he was asked what he would like to eat; he replied, "I thank you, I will think about it." No wonder his mother said, "John will do nothing unless he can give a reason for it." Practical, she was intellectual; born of cultured and pious parents, we see what is often disclosed, a correlation of gifts, and strong moral convictions of the first generation becoming intellectual power in the second. Character, moral in Necker the mother, becomes intellectual in De Stäel the daughter; Macaulay the elder moral, the younger Macaulay intellectual; the Puritan root blossoming and bearing richest fruitage of intellectual harvest. In New England the old Puritan spirit, casting off its forms, has dazzled the world by its brilliancy, the children of the stern clergy of the past flinging out as poets richest garlands of poesy and as historians entrancing pages of truth. So this woman, Puritan bred and reared, adds another beauty to the charm of that old faith which, clothed in such repellent forms, hid within them such rich argosies of truth and grace.

Susannah Wesley's intellect was a blessing

to our revered Church. In her conduct as a well-educated woman we see the genesis of those peculiarities that separate Methodism from the so-called historic Church and reveal it as a form of worship of apostolic usage and tradition. Lecky, the historian of her century, writes: "The scene that took place in Aldersgate Street (when under the reading of Luther's *Preface to the Epistle of Romans* Mr. Wesley felt his heart strangely warmed) formed an epoch in English history." That scene in the kitchen of the rectory on Sabbath evenings, when Susannah Wesley held service for her family and neighbors, was an epoch in the history of Christian women. This woman's deed of kindness to the poor of Epworth parish was but the restoration of a ministry that had God's sanction in the old Church of the Hebrews and his fulfilled promise in the new; for what was Joel declaring when he said, "Your daughters shall prophesy," but a service and worship such as was held in Epworth Rectory? Many of the most efficient lines of Methodist activity are but the extension of this woman's ideas. Her lawless worship is to-day an acceptable means of

38 SUSANNAH, MOTHER OF THE WESLEYS.

service. Her unconventional conduct is now called honorable, and the place of her worship, service in the home, one of the most efficient means of converting men and women. The very causes that differentiate Methodism from other Churches are seen in her home. In her conduct of worship we see its liberty; in her use of the liturgy its form; and in her own ministry the renewal of the prophetic office that in the primitive Church was not limited to either sex. How simple the forms of worship in that obscure home, but how far-reaching! Samuel Wesley has gone to London, and a young curate is in charge of the parish. St. Andrew's is almost empty; the pews are vacant or but sparsely filled, and this noble heart, finding the people have no bread, is moved with compassion toward them. Sabbath evening comes; the curate has read his morning prayers and sermonette over the empty seats, for only twelve or twenty of the faithful went to St. Andrew's, when she calls her family and servants to worship. The servants crave the privilege, like Andrew, of calling their friends to hear her read the collects, psalms, and sermon, and they in turn beg that

others may share the service. In the absence of the rector the curate drones his prayers to diminishing audiences while the church in the house is filling up until more than a hundred and fifty of the villagers, men that never enter church and women who know nothing of the Gospel, throng hall and door and window to hear the woman's words. The illiterate and cultivated Churchmen and Dissenters are there, begging only to stand and hear the words of worship. The village is stirred and Sabbath evening finds the church empty and the rectory turned into a conventicle indeed. The young curate is stirred, and he writes to the rector about his wife's service; and then comes out this little woman's independence that seems to live to-day among Methodist women. The curate and a few parishioners have complained of the rectory worship. It is uncanonical; it is a violation of Church orders, and it must be stopped. It is nothing that the people have heard the Gospel gladly; that men have reformed; that women have been encouraged; that homes have been purified; that evil habits have been destroyed and new moral life created in the village. It is a service outside

of St. Andrew's; it is a woman's voice, and it must cease. Shall a rubric be broken that a soul may be saved? Are men not more than measures and the Gospel of greater value than Church canons? You may spike a cannon, but you cannot hush lips once touched by the coals from heaven's altar. Letters fly to and fro from London to Epworth. The husband writes, the wife answers. He knows her work and also the canon of the Church; she knows the highest law of God, which Church canons have often made of none effect; she has but two tribunals, her husband's word and God's decision. How loyal and true that nature comes out! She writes: "There is one thing of which I am dissatisfied—that is, their being present at family prayer. Last Sunday I would fain have dismissed them before prayers, but they begged so earnestly to stay that I durst not deny them." In the meantime the curate has waxed wroth because the people will hear the word of God from a woman's lips. He writes again, and there comes out the answer that is simply heroic: "If you after all do think fit to dissolve this assembly do not tell me you desire to do it, for that will not sat-

isfy my conscience ; but send me your positive command in such full and expressed terms as may absolve me from all guilt and punishment for neglecting the opportunity of doing good when you and I shall stand before the great and awful tribunal of our Lord Jesus Christ."

In this conflict of authority we can see her views of human and divine obedience. She acknowledged her duty to her husband, but still held herself as under obligation in his absence. She writes: "As I am a woman so also am I mistress of a large family, and although the superior charge lies upon you as the head of the family and as their minister, yet in your absence I look upon every soul as a talent committed unto me."

We can see the model woman in this line of conduct—a high sense of loyalty to husband, but a higher allegiance to divine law. In her conduct the old adage is verified, "An ounce of mother is worth a pound of clergy." That service was the entering wedge that widened a narrow Church and the renewal of a form of worship that is apostolic and Hebraic. That service was the beginning of Methodism, which holds all places sacred and all voices of

purity conducting worship as canonical. The simplicity is apostolic ; add the mutual pledge of honesty and purity and the common meal partaken, and you have the early morning service of the Church, as Pliny, proconsul to Bithynia, reported it officially to his imperial master, Trajan. That form of service, so bitterly opposed by the Anglican Church, was but a return to apostolic usage, and has been the means blessed of God in winning millions of souls to the cause of Christ. In that woman's independence and revolt against Church traditions came out the true place of woman, and in the exercise of her rare gifts of intellect and heart woman's highest privilege. She was God's curate in gown and bands, not by the imposition of human hands, but by divine ordination.

Susannah Wesley was not only an agent in yielding to the Christian Church a new sphere for her sisters, breaking the silence of the ages, loosening her tongue to pour out the Gospel truth in sweet soft tones of persuasion and establishing the Church again in the sanctity of the home, but unconsciously she gave apostolic breadth to the ministry. She held home

WASSEL

TO ADVENT

1840

a Church, and whoever was anointed of God by gift and graces was a minister.

Somehow this Churchwoman learned that there was a higher consecration than that of human hands; that the manifestation of the Holy Spirit was the Church primeval that made man the minister of God, and that where this was revealed by its fruits man dare not oppose. It is remarkable that an arm of service which has been so efficient in building up modern Christianity was first recognized by a woman. It was reserved for Susannah Wesley and Lady Huntingdon to compel the use of laymen in the Church of God. It is no credit to John Wesley that he created the order of lay minister. He was shocked at the intrusion of laymen into the sacred office. His High Church ideas were wounded; but woman's wit and insight were more than man's reason, and what he would not do his mother compelled him. He heard at Bristol that a young man named Thomas Maxfield had taken to preaching, and forthwith he mounted his horse and returned to London to silence the lawless prophet who had usurped the sacred office. He was angry, and when his mother said, "Why?" he warmly

replied, "Thomas Maxfield has turned preacher, I find." His mother looked at him seriously, and replied, "John, you know what my sentiments have been; you cannot suspect me of favoring readily anything of this kind; but take care what you do with respect to this young man, for he is as surely called of God to preach as you are. Examine what have been the fruits of his preaching and hear him also yourself."

Lady Huntingdon wrote to Wesley: "I have never mentioned to you I have seen Maxfield. He is raised from the stones to sit among the princes of the people; his power in prayer is extraordinary."

What a marvelous reader of God's order, and what an iconoclast in the Church of her nation!

By a simple service she asserts the apostolic position of woman, and by a simple word of counsel gives the mightiest blow to sacerdotal prerogatives ever received by any band of erring men. In her decision we have the doctrine of the priesthood of the people. In the recognition of Maxfield's right to preach she taught the suppressed doctrine of the inner

call as the highest authority for preaching, one which, logically carried out, is utterly subversive of all priestly assumptions. Her decision was no innovation; it was a revival. Early Christianity was democratic. The endowments of the Spirit were the privilege of all. The ministry was a vocation, not a profession; the highest authority was not outward, but inward—the Holy Spirit, and not the fallible society called the Church.

Methodism honors this woman for her rare judgment and discernment. The local ministry revere her as their patron saint. She leads with Lady Huntingdon in the revival of a lost arm of service that in early days laid great foundations for the spread of the Church, and called into service her most gifted sons and daughters. We may not catalogue the giants in the local ranks of other days; but some names of that class Philadelphia Methodism should never let die. Methodism was founded in this city by a local preacher. Captain Webb, who, fighting for Merrie England, drew the sword of the Spirit in a more noble warfare, planted the seed that has grown up into a mighty plant—a preacher whom John Adams

said "was one of the most eloquent men he had ever heard." The most eminent man in wealth, social position, and culture ever worshipping at our altars in the Philadelphia Conference, Governor of Delaware, signer of the Constitution, United States senator and United States judge, Richard Bassett, was a local preacher. He was but one of many eminent men that filled the ranks that now are filling up with men that are not honoring their calling. A great need of our Church is the revival of the local ministry. We want the word of the merchant prince more than his money; we want the work of our governors, like Bassett and Tiffin and others, whose eminent services to the nation were equaled by kindred devotion to their Church. Mercantilism and politics are sapping our Church rights. Money cannot take the place of service. We do not want less than millions for missions, but we must have a ministry for the millions. Methodism needs a widening of service. We must broaden our Church and fill up again the form that God has honored, for that new voice bursting out at a woman's command was a *vox Dei*, and where it sounded the glad tidings is

the *vera Ecclesia* of God. Carlyle has forcibly said, "It stood preaching in its bare pulpit, with nothing but the Bible in its hand; nay, a man preaching from his earnest soul into the earnest souls of men; is not this virtually the essence of all Churches whatsoever?"

History is slowly recognizing the beneficent influence of this woman over her son, and through him upon the whole evangelical movement called Methodism. She rebuked his asceticism, fast leading him to mediævalism, and broke the spell that held him in Moravianism. His plastic faith found consistency in her molding hand. She led him out of the bondage of ecclesiasticism. He grew broader under her benign influence, until the narrow Anglican priest became the evangelical minister, and, shells of bigotry breaking, he emerged into a new and noble life. Wonderful the advance John Wesley made under the guidance of his mother and of the Holy Spirit! We see the young bigot, who would rebaptize the Dissenter, going entirely away from the dogma of baptismal regeneration; he that would not commune with others proclaiming a "league offensive and defensive with every follower of Christ;"

48 SUSANNAH, MOTHER OF THE WESLEYS.

and he that would not read the burial service over a person dying out of his Church teaching that God's Spirit guided Socrates through his demon, and that God's grace would save a heathen following obediently the light he received.

The outer influence of that strong nature flowed from her deep spiritual devotion. She was preeminently religious; she walked and talked with God, and the joy of the Lord was her strength. The deeper we penetrate into that life the more winning it becomes. Not only in the home and ministry to that rude people do we see character, but in the hidden recesses of the closet. Her life was hid with Christ in God, and the secret spring of power so radiant in her life was derived from it. She dwelt in the secret place of the Most High and abode under the shadow of the Almighty. Two hours every day she shut the door of her closet and communed with God. Fifteen minutes before service she would spend in prayer for a blessing on the public worship, and fifteen minutes after, that God might bless it. She was deeply reverential, saying, "If some earthly king or prince were to visit you, would

you not be careful of your apparel?" Think of this woman, burdened with the care of a large family, punctually leaving her secular duties to spend two hours with God! We can easily see how she retained the mastery over her children as long as she lived, for she had power with God, and they who have power with God have power with men.

Prayer was her life, and it was well she had God as a friend, for she had many perplexities; sickness often visited her and kept her a prisoner in bed; disease entered the little flock, and five of her children were down at one time with the smallpox; death entered at short intervals and snatched away nine of the nineteen children whom God had given her. Poverty, common guest of many a minister's home, loitered round her door, and hunger soon entered. Pathetic indeed is her reply to Bishop Sharpe: "Tell me, Mrs. Wesley, whether you have really ever want'd bread." "My lord, I will freely answer that, strictly speaking, I never did want bread; but then I had so much care to get it before it was eat and to pay for it after as have often made it very unpleasant to me." Debts increased as crops failed and family multiplied,

until at last, coming out of the church, her husband's servant demanded a payment, and, not having the amount, the scholarly rector was banished to jail. Here came out the woman's tenderest love; she sent him her jewels and wedding ring, which he would not sell, to convert into money to be released. We know not which to admire the more, the wife's loving devotion in parting with her jewels or his manly refusal to convert sentiment into gold. Samuel was a stoic as well as a Christian, or he would never have left this picture of life behind the bars: "Now I am at rest, for I have come to a haven where I long expected to be. A jail is a paradise compared with the life I led before I came hither. I am getting acquainted with my brother jail-birds as fast as I can." Three months in an old grim castle he stayed, like Bunyan, preaching to the spirits in prison. Heavy indeed was the burden this godly woman carried in those dark days. Peril surrounded her; cattle were mutilated; crops were burned; children insulted; evil men grew bold and visited their iniquities upon the head of this innocent woman until, swift death removing one, she felt God had interfered.

The torch was a favorite means to annoy this family, destroying flax, barn, and at last the rectory itself. The family escaped the peril of a great tragedy the memory of which is associated with her most honored son. Art has thrown on canvas this midnight scene of awful danger. The hand of malice has applied the torch to the old thatched home, and almost in an instant it is wrapped in flames. Little forms are sleeping in the nursery unconscious of the awful danger, when quickly the maid calls, clasps the youngest in her arms, and, with four others following, the little feet rush down the stairs. Parental love holds father and mother back to see that all are safe, and pressing down over burning steps they at last burst through the flame and escape, only to find one child has been forgotten. Wave after wave of flame rushes up the stairway; once rushes forward the father, and twice and thrice, but only to find the sea of flame hiding the form of the imprisoned child. In the meantime the village is at the rectory, and in agony of helpless tones the parent on the ground commends his child to God, and while he prays the light floods the upper room; the

child awakes, and, thinking the morning has come, calls for the servant to take him up. Hearing no response he peeps his little head out of the curtains and sees streaks of fire running along the top of the room. He runs to the door, but a sea of fire drives him back. Standing on a chest he climbs to the window, and a dozen eyes at once are on him and a dozen hands outstretched to rescue. "I will bring a ladder," cries one. "It will be too late," cries another. "Here is a shorter way," cries a third; and with athletic strength one man plants himself quickly against the wall, and with gymnastic speed a lighter form leaps to his shoulders, and, stretching forth his hands, John Wesley is rescued as a brand from the burning. The prayer of commendation for the dying has become a psalm of thanksgiving for the living, and in that rescue is saved to the world one of its greatest reformers—a man who, walking along eternity in his sixth year, walked near eternity all his days. Susannah Wesley ever considered John a special child and gave him her special care; not that we would say he was her favorite, for in many respects her eldest son Samuel had that position;

but in the after years her life was more controlled by John than by any other child, and he in turn more influenced by her than his brothers. His counselor in youth, she seemed to have shared all his ambitions. He followed her, she followed him, and coming late in life to a kindred experience the new life led her to accept the new theology.

Her experience of the doctrines of John were not her possession in her earlier years. She was a dutiful and godly woman, but, like some of the early disciples, did not know if there be any Holy Ghost by an experience of his presence. The central doctrine of Methodism was an unknown province of faith to her until late in life. She had scarcely heard such a thing mentioned as having God's Spirit bear witness with our spirit; much less did she imagine that this was the common privilege of all true believers. She said, therefore, "I never durst ask it for myself. But two or three weeks ago, while my son Hall was pronouncing the words the 'blood of the Lord Jesus Christ,' they struck through my heart, and I knew God for Christ's sake had forgiven all my sins." What her son found in read-

ing Luther's *Preface to Romans* this mother found in the sacrament; both Scripture and sacrament became propædeutic, leading them into an immediate knowledge of Christ. She came to the ultimate faith, receiving a new canon of truth and the inward contents of the Gospel. Her worship was the highest; it was now intuitional, emotional, and intellectual. In the immediate contact of her soul with the divine soul Susannah Wesley became essentially a Methodist. The direct revelation to her soul was in perfect harmony with God's written word. Consciousness and Scripture were the canons by which she tested her faith. She based it not on the Church, with its accretions of thought held as infallible testimony, nor upon her own emotions and individual judgment; God and the Scriptures were her highest authority, and she followed them even though they led her out of the Church she had chosen.

Susannah Wesley was not converted when she was in advancing years. There is a difference between saving faith and the assurance of faith. Many men have saving faith that have not been led into that highest experience. In some minds the absence of the wit-

ness of the Spirit is accepted as an evidence that a person is not converted. We cannot put Susannah Wesley in that class. We may not say that she was a formal Christian, nor was her knowledge of divine things merely secondary; she was a religious woman, and while her faith as a working theory for life did not give her assurance it did give her peace. The hour of her entrance into the highest spiritual life was clear and distinct, but the earlier crisis of conversion was unknown. She does not record it, nor does she relate the time or circumstances; she emphasizes the fact. When Charles was converted, as he styles it, and he wrote to her about it, her practical sense was shocked. It was rather a reflection on this goodly woman's training that he should have been trained under her care and be in the ministry and unconverted, and she writes the son: "I do not judge it necessary to know the precise time of your conversion. There is no uniform law in the kingdom of grace." Some clergymen in our own Church who declare a man is not converted unless he can define the time and place should take a lesson in true theology from Susannah Wesley.

From the hour that faith flowed into assurance, and her creed became a life, Susannah Wesley was out of her Church. The center of authority in religion now within was a contradiction to a Church that held authority in outward ordinances in Church and clergy. With her keen intellect and practical knowledge of life she knew it and accepted it, and Susannah Wesley became a Methodist. Her attachment to her son's movement, that was stirring England and thrilling with a new religious life the American colonies, soon brought opposition. The erratic course of the brothers John and Charles was bitterly opposed by their eldest brother. The scholarly but bigoted Churchman Samuel could see no Gospel in their prophecy, only schism in their movement. It was heretical for them to pray without the book and to preach outside the Church. Like former prophets they were without honor in their own homes, and their most bitter foes were of their own household. Poor Samuel! His righteous soul was vexed when John and Charles went wandering round the country to preach the Gospel, but the climax of indignation was reached when they gained over his

mother to their lawless conduct and erring creed. He could keep silence no longer. The fire burned; and listen how he addresses that mother. He uses the plain language; he turns prophet of sarcasm, and writes: "John and Charles are now become so notorious the world will be curious to know when and how they were born, what schools bred at, what colleges of in Oxford, and when matriculated, what degrees, and where and by whom ordained, what books they have written or published. I wish they may spare so much time as to vouchsafe a little of their story. For my own part I had rather much have them picking stones within the university walls than preaching in the area of Moorfields. It was with exceeding concern and grief I heard you had countenanced a spreading delusion so far as to be one of Jack's congregation. Is it not enough that I am bereft of my brothers, but must my mother follow too? I earnestly beseech the Almighty to preserve you from joining in a schism at the close of your life, as you were unfortunately engaged in one at the beginning of it. It will cost you many a protest should you retain your integrity, as I hope to

God you will. They boast of you already as one of their disciples; they are already forbid all the pulpits in London, and to preach in that diocese is actual schism. In all likelihood it will come to the same all over England if the bishops have courage enough. They leave off the liturgy in the fields; though Mr. Whitefield expresses his value for it he never once reads it to his tatterdemalions on a common." What a bigot's blast against Methodism, and what a delightful epistle for a son to send to his mother! How delicious is the frankness with which he taunts her for her early faith, and what a graceful compliment to the great crowds that, hungry and perishing, his brothers sought after, and gave them Christ, the Bread of Life. Samuel was narrow and high. We honor his humanity in founding St. George's Hospital, but we pity the blindness of eye that could not see in his brother's work the salvation of England. We commend his kindness to his younger brother, but condemn his attitude to his mother. We admire the poet in Toplady, but despise the fierce intolerance of the preacher. We love the scholar in Cardinal Newman, but condemn the preacher

with his face toward the past. And so of Samuel Wesley, we dismiss the High Churchman and bigot, but retain the brother and scholar.

Samuel's letter gives us John Wesley's position in the national Church. He did not leave it, but *was expelled from it*. In 1738, "when his heart was strangely warmed," the crisis was passed which put Wesley out of the Establishment. From that hour the seat of authority was changed; instead of resting faith in Church and sacraments, now it was on the word of God; before, apostolic succession was accepted; now he "calls it a fable;" before, he held to three orders in the ministry—bishops, presbyters, and deacons; now he declares that bishops and presbyters are one; before, ordination came through imposition of hands; now it comes with or without them, the Holy Ghost making valid the order; before, he taught the sacraments as alone saturated with grace; now as only symbols and pledges; before, communion was limited to the Anglican Church; now he shares the sacrament with all who love Christ; before, he would not baptize the child of a Dissenter or read the burial service of the Church over those dying outside of the

national Church ; now the sweet, sad offices are given unto all ; before, he would not preach outside of consecrated churches ; now the commons are his sanctuaries, and he preaches wherever he can get people to hear him ; before, he would not recognize any minister not receiving episcopal ordination ; now he holds fellowship with Presbyterian and Independent ; before, he would allow no layman to preach ; now he creates his own ministers and crowns his loyalty to the Establishment in good apostolic form by setting up a new episcopacy, not like that of Henry Tudor, the founder of the Church of England, allied to the state and a part of the civil service, but a presbyterial episcopate, a reestablishment of the primitive order before the usurpations of the Roman Church, a succession with Christ as its head, the Holy Ghost as its ordination, and free from all alliance of state—not beneath it as the Anglican, nor above it as the Roman, but free, a spiritual rule without prelacy or royalty.

John Wesley held the national Church as a political institution and claimed its privileges as a citizen, but in doctrine, in tradition, and in form of worship and in spirit he was the

most unrelenting iconoclast that ever administered at its altars. He trampled with impunity upon its most hallowed traditions, rejecting its dogmas of episcopacy, tactual succession, infant regeneration, and all other figments of faith so dear to the Anglican saint.

Samuel knew his brother's position when "he was forbid the churches." He was as much of an Anglican as Luther was a Roman Catholic, for the first reformer did not go further from Rome than Wesley did from the Establishment. Each would have remained gladly in his own Church, but a higher power drove them out, and erring men but carried out God's purpose. He was an Ishmaelite in his Church, and his children are the same to-day.

The Protestant Episcopal Church is not as near John Wesley to-day as was its mother a hundred years ago, and for the good Churchman to call John Wesley a good Anglican is about as true as to call John Knox a good Romanist.

If a loyal Churchman is a saint that tramples under foot all canons and condemns all traditions, John Wesley was loyal. "By their fruits shall ye know them." Let us judge. He opened his pulpit to Presbyterians and other

Dissenters; the Protestant Episcopal pulpit is closed to all but its own clergy. Wesley shared the sacrament with other Churches; the Protestant Episcopalian eats his bread alone, obeying the canon that "no one is entitled to the communion except he be confirmed or desires to be." The Church of the British Isles stands alone, and its American child shares its isolation. Receiving its doctrine and liturgical forms from the Church of Luther, it has even sundered the maternal bond and denied its origin; instead of standing with the Reformed Churches, as in the times of Elizabeth, it has closed the door on them, and, facing toward Rome, is spurned by the latter and has no fellowship with the former.

Wesley was an Anglican of the sixteenth century because apostolic in faith, but he was no more in accord with his Church in the eighteenth century than Methodism is to-day in sympathy with it, either in the little islands of Britain or in America. Wesley was the reformer creating what Buckle calls "England's second spiritual reformation," and while his ministry saved England from moral apostasy and gave a new life to the Establishment it

also produced a new Church that in its tolerance and holiness and missionary zeal has led the Anglo-Saxon race in noblest moral endeavor; a Church that, realizing most fully the thought of the reformer, also incarnates most completely the purpose of its divine Head—a free Church, a kingdom not of this world.

In vain the deluded Episcopalians may quote Wesley a good Churchman as a reason why his followers should return to the Anglican fold, but these would consider it profanation to enter a Church that silenced its noblest teacher, counts as laymen its ministers who led their parents to Christ and gave them the sacred offices of the Church, and closes its communion to all who will not subscribe to its narrow creed. Honored as no Church in leading men to Christ, the children of Wesley would feel it were disloyalty to God to desert a standard that has inscribed on it the most marvelous victories of the century, and follow a Church that, leading a hundred years ago in this new land, is to-day far in the rear of the armies of the Church militant. Methodism believes apostolic deeds declare the only apostolic succession, counting of but little value historic Churches or empty forms of

ecclesiasticism, holding ever as its ministry what John Wesley wrote to Charles: "If, as my Lady Huntingdon says, 'all outward establishments are Babel,' so is the Establishment. Let it stand for me, I neither set it up nor pull it down. But let you and me build up the Church of God."

Methodism has a forward step, an upward look, and has no time to look back. It holds as saints of the Church catholic Anglicans like Dean Stanley and many others of the mother Church, who could see beyond their pale and in sweet charity pray for their prosperity; but for men of the stamp of Samuel Wesley it has a smile of pity and the prayer, "From all such good Lord deliver us." Samuel could not see the marvelous work God was doing for his Church and nation through his brother's earnest ministry. He could not recognize the quickening of the spiritual life and the reformation of the people. He was outside. Rarely do kindred see genius in their own family or members recognize reformers in their own Church. Dean Stanley, as pure in heart as keen in intellect, was one of the few Anglicans to recognize the value of

Methodism and yield a correct estimate of the genius of the great reformer; but the majority of Englishmen have no eye to see the greatness of the movement or intellect to comprehend the genius of its leader. Their great historian, Macaulay, may say, "Wesley had the genius of a Richelieu in administration and the zeal of a Loyola;" their greater historian, Lecky, may say that the reform saved throne and altar from being overthrown as on the Continent; Manning, the highest Roman prelate in England, may say that "England would have sunk into heathenism if it had not been for the work of the brothers Wesley;" but the men and their message have no value to the English Church. The work is their commendation, and no weak men could have arrested the Anglo-Saxon from his revolt against the cross or have purified a nation so grossly corrupted.

Strange the darkness which covered the mind of Samuel Wesley, Jr., for he must have known England. The sad memories of Epworth parish itself were but a chapter of England's religious history. Epworth was but rural England in miniature; the wickedness of its people was but an illustration of the immoral tone

of the whole nation, and St. Andrew's, with its score of saints and bigots, but an evidence of the condition of religion all through the country. Epworth was not the black country, but it was dark enough, and well needed a missionary spirit to arouse it from its lethargy of sin and change its condition. The hour was ripe for reformation, for into what a condition had England fallen! Society was corrupted, the poor were uneducated and neglected, they reveled in debasing sports and sensuous pleasures, whole communities would be drunken, the roads were infested with robbers, cruel and evil cunning wrought violence everywhere; there were laws, but they did not protect; penalties, but they did not deter from crime. What are just laws without a moral basis, or penalties to men in whose hearts there is no fear of God?

Property was not safe, nor person. Capital punishment was visited upon men for the most trivial crimes, the offenses punished with death running into scores. The rich robbed the poor, the savage peasant stole from the noble. Forms of law covered the land, but violence and wild license continued.

In the Church we see the same condition. The people were without shepherds or served by hirelings who took the tithes and drank. Four thousand eight hundred and nine parishes had no parsonages, telling the amount of absenteeism in the Church. The rural clergy read their prayers, while some waited until death had reaped a monthly harvest and then read one service for all who had been called to their reward. The city rector hung around high places, and, like Sydney Smith, was the lapdog of nobility in menial service, and with low wit dragged down the sacred office. Religion was simply a form of words. When any one in the higher circles "talked of Christianity," said the French historian Montesquieu, "everybody laughed." There was form and ceremony, but virtue and morality were wanting. Christianity was a doctrine, not a life—a set of propositions, not a mode of living; each one had his creed; men were not irreligious, but grossly immoral. The fine lady would bow at the sacred communion, pressing to her lips the chalice of the grapes of God, and in the evening sit at the gaming table, pouring out from the same lips the most terri-

ble oaths. The Sabbath, a rest of God, was not a holy day but holiday. The times were full of religious controversy. Dean Swift tells us that "even cats and dogs discussed religion, while fine ladies became such violent partisans of High and Low Church parties as to have no time to say their prayers. Even profanity had its worshipers and the devil his professed followers, who publicly offered him prayers and drank his health." England never saw a darker hour than that dissolute and backslidden eighteenth century. No wonder, as Thackeray declares, "that Whitefield cried out in the wilderness, that Wesley quitted the insulted temple of God to pray on the hillside." There was not room for Christ in the temple, and these heroic men, pushed out beneath the long-drawn aisle and far-reaching naves of God's first temple, and beneath its starlit dome, gave again to Britons the winged words of the Gospel.

Epworth was England, and what John Wesley wrought under God for England was but the enlargement of his mother's work. The great reform that swept over Great Britain and her colonies began in this obscure parish. Out

of this Nazareth of England came the hand and heart that were to call back an apostate Church to its high calling and a dissolute nation to its true allegiance to God. That woman's voice in reverent prayer in her own house—that simple service holding her own family and drawing to it the illiterate and immoral, the poor and neglected of Epworth—was only a revival of apostolic usage. That conventicle in the rectory filled to overflowing with men and women begging to hear of Jesus, pleading that they may hear that woman's sweet voice, made sweeter by the Spirit of Jesus, is but an evidence of the attractive power of the Gospel, for it is ever "glad tidings of great joy," and whenever announced will draw the people.

Susannah Wesley is almost universally credited by Methodist writers as the founder of the great revival. She planted its germs at Epworth and prepared by her own service some of its most efficient agencies. Those cottage meetings must have influenced a bright boy of nine years, and no doubt had their effect in his use of woman's agency, for which Methodism is especially noted. We have no data, but we will affirm in the discussion of their

propriety that John Wesley was on the side of his mother, and that his ministry was unconsciously controlled by her example. Her place in the great reformation is an honored one, but she is not the mother of Methodism. It antedates the Wesleyan revival or the Anglican Church; it is only another name for primitive Christianity; its teachings are those of Christ, and its spirit the same that crystallized into organic life at Pentecost. Methodism is the apostolic Church, latent in the historic Churches, once more asserting itself. It was not created by John Wesley; it had always existed. John Wesley but removed the barriers that had bound it. Its truths were not new, its doctrines were not new, its mode of living not new. They are in the New Testament if not in Church traditions. His own definition is true: "Methodism is the old religion, the religion of the Bible, the religion of the primitive Church." Its truths were all in the apostolic Church if not in later communions. They were suppressed and pronounced heretical, and their advocates punished with death. The doctrines taught by the new theology were the same that Wyclif and his itiner-

ant Lollards had preached in England, that Huss and Jerome had preached in Bohemia, that Tauler and Luther had taught in Germany. A careful study of the salient points of these reformers will find them in accord with many of the teachings of Wesley. The supremacy of the Scriptures over the Church as the seat of authority, their recognition of the inner voice as the ultimate ground of faith in the word, and their rejection of outward forms as essential, put Wesley in accord with the great reformers who, within the historic Churches and without, have wrought noblest for God. Methodism was the spiritual life asserting itself, and blossoming even though all things were against it. Wesley but voiced the suppressed cries of the spiritual in all ages who will not be satisfied until they know God in their hearts. No student with the shaded eye can avoid detecting in the success of Wesley's teachings the victory of truths that had struggled in vain for ages, namely, the sublime truth that "Christianity is not a set of opinions but a life, that the heart and not the intellect is primary, and that the inward voice and not the outward authority is highest."

Mrs. Wesley inspired the love of her children by her devotion and held their intellect by her cleverness. She grew with her children in mental stature, keeping abreast with them and filling them with enthusiasm. When in missionary zeal John and Charles sailed the great sea, although a widow and dependent on them for support, she said, "If I had twenty sons they should be given to missionary work." Her inner convictions only expressed themselves in earnest zeal for the rescue of others. Her faith was missionary; her piety was not ascetic. She did not, like the mystic, sit in silence watching her spiritual pulse to know her spiritual health, but when once convinced forgot in her work that she had any disease. Deeper experience broadened her nature; her faith, growing stronger, did not become narrow, nor did her religious privilege beget intolerance. Her life made known can bear the focal light of any age, and the more light we turn on the more charming it appears. The inner life of this woman is known as that of few women. The mothers of the earlier reformers came of humble antecedents, and their names are lost in the glory of their sons. We see the mother

of Huss in poverty walking with her boy to Prague, carrying as a present to the teacher a goose, that escapes on the way. We see the miner's wife and humble toiler guarding the young life of the great German reformer, Luther; but the mist of oblivion hides the form that gave him life. Susannah Wesley, filling a social sphere above many of the mothers of great men, is known wherever English Protestantism is planted. "Her soul was like a star, and dwelt apart" as well as in her children—a model in home, in church, and in society. She was the best fruit of the Puritan training which has ever recognized the higher nature of woman and developed her for companionship rather than for service. In Susannah Wesley we look beyond the work of man and see the guiding hand of God. None may trace this marvelous life, perfected through suffering, without feeling that our heavenly Father led her better than she knew. She is a complex character, the resultant of many social forces that unconsciously made her what she was. The child of a proud Dissenter, born and reared among strong men and women who believed and suffered for their faith, the

word of the persecutor touched her soul and made her unflinching in loyalty to truth. A student and inquirer seeking to know the foundations of faith, she plunged into the sea of speculation until convictions were almost drowned in the sea of doubt ; but, rescued from skepticism, she came out strong to shelter the weak and tolerant to help the wavering.

Tennyson, the laureate, describes the struggles of Susannah Wesley when he sings :

“ Perplexed in faith but pure in deeds,
At last he beats his music out,
There lives more faith in honest doubt—
Believe me—than in half the creeds.

“ He fought his doubts and gathered strength,
He would not make his judgment blind ;
He faced the specters of the mind
And laid them : thus he came at length

“ To find a stronger faith his own,
And power was with him in the night
Which makes the darkness and the light,
And dwells not in the light alone.”

Following her convictions she abandoned her father's creed and Church and allied herself to the very Church that had persecuted her ancestry and made Ishmaelites of those she loved. She brought to it, not the pervert's zeal,

running to extreme submission that would show its sincerity by intense bigotry, but carried over into it all the aspirations and ideals of her early training; as to-day the children of Methodism entering the Anglican faith only remain to foster dissent or make schism. Susannah Wesley was never a genuine Churchman; she was in heart and sympathy a Dissenter, and only in form an Anglican. All her letters and actions reveal her the broad Churchman. The middle way between Rome and Geneva was not the faith of her soul. A compromise creed she would not endure; she was a Protestant. The Puritan movement in which she had been reared went with her into the Church of England. She entered it a Puritan, and that stern heroic faith, softened by the grace of God, held her all her life. There was a providence leading this woman back to Anglicanism as plain as that which led the mother of Moses back to the court of Egypt, and she, like Jochebed, had her ministry, to train a child who should set the people free.

The hour had come for another reformation, for a new gift to the Church of God, a gift the highest and best, that, lost in Eden, was given

back at Pentecost—the gift of the Holy Spirit and the privilege of a personal relation to God. To make that gift winning he embodies it in the fairest form of beauty and loveliness ; and through Susannah Wesley's son the beauty of holiness is made possible and the world sees in her son's life and hears from his lips that man can know God and be a partaker of his nature. John Wesley's gift to the Church is the ultimate faith, and the means to attain it. The highest need of Christian faith is a personal consciousness of Christ. Methodism is the perfected fruit of which the German reformation was the flower. Arrested for a time it finds its completion in the Anglican reform of the eighteenth century. The Lutheran revolt was an outward, but that of Wesley an inward, protest ; the former made clear our formal, but the latter our spiritual, relation to God. Luther emphasizes what God does for man ; Wesley what God does in man. In Luther it was justification by faith, man made righteous ; in Wesley it was regeneration by the Spirit, and man made holy. Luther pleaded for freedom of the soul and an open Bible ; Wesley for the liberty

of the Spirit and its divine witness in the heart. When the divine Spirit attests his presence in the human soul then the end of all religion has been reached ; then the last witness has been received and the highest attestation given. This is but Hermon with its sweet voice of attestation repeated, " My beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." There may be fuller communion, but the last fellowship has been entered ; there may be fuller testimony, but the same witness ; clearer tones, but the same voice. God immanent in the soul and man knowing him is the ultimate faith. Neither Church nor Scripture nor sacraments are ultimate, but a personal God. The former are but channels to lead the soul to God, and to know him and Jesus Christ, whom he hath sent ; this is eternal life. The divine Father, apprehended by the human consciousness, is the special message that Wesley gave to the world ; that message which burned in his heart, strangely warming it, marks the highest point of development in the Protestant reformation and is the only message that can answer the inquiry of this age, " Can a man know God ? " Not a new truth, but the oldest ; not a new religion, but simply a

republication of man's earliest message. This message is the need of the hour ; for many forms of Christian faith are but simply religious agnosticism ; they lead men to Church and the Scriptures, but not to immediate and personal contact and communion with God ; and that is what humanity craves in its plaint, "O that I knew where I might find Him." Methodism is not a new creed, but the oldest faith ; not a new mode of living, but the recovery of an old path—yea, of primitive Christianity ; for what Wesley felt and we witness to is the same Presence that burned the hearts of the disciples on the way to Emmaus, and set them shouting at Pentecost, and to-day is the glad experience of many who through the Church and word have been led by the Spirit into the same truth.

Susannah Wesley's name is associated with the latest reformation, and must share the growing influence of its grace. Her name will rise above that of Monica, the mother of the great Augustine, because his system has had its day and will never control thought in the future as in the past. Her name will live after the Genevan reformer's name has sunk into

obscurity, for the doctrinal fetters imposed by the youthful Calvin are being loosened and the Churches bound by his Institutes are slipping from his grasp. Döllinger calls Baxter and Wesley the greatest theologians England has produced; and the judgment of the great German historian is already becoming the decision of Protestant Christianity. A century of earnest thought has passed, and that creed has suffered no revision; and it is significant that all the changes in the creeds of the older Churches are in the direction of the same tolerant catholic faith that Wesley advocated over a hundred years ago. The omissions desired in the Calvinistic formulas are to bring those Churches nearer to the creed of Wesley. The agitations of Church unity are in the line of a catholicity that Wesley ever taught and practiced.

Susannah Wesley wrought her noblest work in the training of her gifted sons, and although suffering many sorrows and afflictions lived long enough to share in the glory that even in life crowned their labors; for the very communities that before mobbed them now rejoiced to have them their guests; cities that repelled

80 SUSANNAH, MOTHER OF THE WESLEYS.

them at first at last offered them their freedom; and the name that was mentioned only to curse was breathed in benediction as none other over the British Isles. Age found her beneath the protecting care of her most illustrious son. Death touched her eldest son, and how beautiful her words to Charles: "Your brother was exceedingly dear to me in this life, and perhaps I have erred in loving him too much. I once thought it impossible to bear his loss, but none know what they can bear until they are tried. As your good old grandfather used to say; 'That is surely an affliction that God makes an affliction.' He is now at rest and would not return to earth to gain a world, and why should I mourn? He hath reached the haven before me, but I shall soon follow him. He must not return to me, but I shall go to him never more to part." The English language has no more tender and exquisite elegy than is expressed in this mother's lament over the death of her eldest son. How opposite from the cruel letters Samuel wrote to her! Her own death was Christlike, and her command to her children after she had conquered must not be forgotten,

“Children, after I am gone sing a psalm of thanksgiving.” After death, praise! John and five sisters stand around the vacant temple, and it is a psalm of praise. We, too, may pause over such a consecrated life and offer praise. Strange the transitions of faith through which Susannah Wesley passed! She began her life in schism, as her bigoted son declared, and ended it in the same way. She was born a Dissenter and reared at its altar; she gave the greater part of her life in reverent service to the Anglican Church, and died in the first Methodist parsonage.

Methodism holds her in honor for the training she gave her sons; Christian women hold her in honor for restoring to the Church the lost gift of prophecy by women; and the laity in all Churches honor her for the recognition of the priesthood of the people and of their rights to preach and to pray. Methodism claims her as one of its earliest members and gladly recognizes in her special training God’s hand molding the character of him whom we honor as our foremost leader. In Susannah Wesley we have a model wife and mother; in her a pattern for every minister’s home; in her

an example for every Christian mother who would train her family for God ; and in her a signal illustration of what a godly woman can do for home, Church, and society. She stands by common consent first of that band of godly women who surrounded her son in the great task of reforming an apostate Church and a corrupted nation. Without her counsel John Wesley would never have accomplished what he did. It was her soft but potent voice that never failed him when men reviled and opposed. She was his guide when erring decisions would have led him astray ; she was his friend when his family turned against him. Her charity never failed, but with woman's wit and patience she stood by him, urging him onward by faith and prayer "until sight dimmed in the shadow of death and ears were muffled by his silent touch."

We can but faintly sketch this lovely and accomplished woman, but we can see enough of her work to entitle her to a place among the noble women who have in all ages ministered unto Christ and been benefactors of his Church and people. Many equal, but we see none surpassing her ; she takes her place with

Mary, Monica, Paula, and Blandina. She shares with her son in a ministry that caused Lecky to write: "That although the career of Pitt, and the splendid victories by land and sea were dazzling episodes in the reign of George III, yet they must yield in real importance to the religious revolution which had begun under the Wesleys and Whitefield in England"—a reformation so ennobling in results as to win for its leader the appellation of "St. John of England."

In her life we see the elevating influence of a pure and educated woman over men. Woman has always influenced man, and will ever continue so to do. Even in the days of her deepest degradation she would rise superior to her environments and control by her genius. She has by her subtle intuitions, by her modesty, and by her love drawn out that which is best in youth and noblest in manhood. And so of Susannah Wesley, she was a counselor in manhood, and her control of her sons but exemplifies the beneficent power of godly women over men.

Epworth presents a model for young women. No example could be more helpful and stimu-

lating; as cultivated as Lady Jane Grey, she too pursued the severer studies that mature into a strong and rich womanhood. Her training was justified in its results. The smile of contempt may rise as her attainments in Greek and Latin and modern languages are made known. Men may sneer at Puritanism and Methodism, but the purest womanhood and the highest manhood have been developed at these altars. The Churches of a living faith, based on a personal communion with God, have been the seed plot of rarest virtues. The nations in which such a faith prevails are today the leaders in all moral reforms; homes like the Epworth Rectory, Sabbaths like the evening service in this house, and instruction such as this woman gave are at the base of all social progress.

Susannah Wesley, the educated woman, is a model as a mother. This type of womanhood keeps the respect as well as the love of children. Her children revered her; she ruled as natural sovereign; she never abdicated her place or resigned her prerogatives.

She was a model minister's wife, true to the varying and perplexing obligations that grow

out of that high position. What a distance between this woman and many that fill the same sphere! What a distance from the modern clergyman who, ignorant of Greek, boasts of his old-fashioned Methodism! The average of our ministers have not reached up to where this woman in her first parsonage stood. She was ideal in service; she could control her refractory parishioners better than her husband, and draw a larger audience in her kitchen for worship than the curate could in the parish church. She lived for her family, her parish, and her God, discharging every duty and carrying every burden. Her life was symmetrical, and we know not which to value higher, her service in one vocation or in another. She wisely kept in touch with all things concerning her home and Church. She had many gifts, and laid them all in reverent service upon the altar of God, and in that ministry was honored and blessed as few women, coming out day by day, as thought, word, and deed flow into character, into the similitude and likeness of the Master, and, dying, lives in a wider sphere and is lifted up to a still more exalted station.

Thomas Guard, whose silvery voice, entranc-

ing two continents, was stilled too soon, pays this beautiful tribute to Susannah Wesley :

“ Wesley’s mother eclipses the fame of his father. The daughter of a Puritan clergyman distinguished for his learning, his pulpit power, and his profound piety, she herself evinced the possession of a spirit unyielding in its loyalty to duty, and of an intellect fit to grapple with the problems of theology, such as might have become one of the giants of the Church in her own or in other ages. The mother of nineteen children and wife of an underpaid clergyman, she trained her children in the principles of piety, in the elements of learning, and in the habits of firm self-reliance and mutual helpfulness, with an unfaltering purpose and an unmurmuring assiduity ; combining firmness with gentleness and freedom with order in her administration so as to command the esteem, confidence, and admiration of her sons and daughters and secure for her memory a sacred enshrinement in their affections amid the vicissitudes of their strangely checkered lives.

“ Beautiful in person and queenly in manner, she was a counselor of her boys when students at the university, and an adviser of her illus-

trious son in circumstances of novelty and perplexity. With a heart as tender as clear, quick to interpret character, and prompt in her apprehension of the will and ways of Providence, calm amid scenes of perturbation and firm in her adherence to the dictates of a finely educated conscience, never forgetting her duties as a wife, and never ignoring her responsibilities to her own soul, she lived beloved, she died honored; and although sainthood would no halo round her brow, yet in the halls erected to perpetuate the fame of all those who served their species well by the will of God no holier niche is filled with spotless marble than that wherein reposes the dust of Susannah, the mother of the Wesleys."

The portrait is finished; the impression is yours.

Methodism at the Court of St. James
in the Eighteenth Century.

"IN our country, if a noble lady is moved by more than ordinary zeal for the propagation of religion, the chance is that though she may disapprove of no doctrine or ceremony of the Established Church she will end by giving her name to a new schism. No line of action is traced out for her ; and it is well if the ordinary does not complain of her intrusion and if the bishop does not shake his head at such irregular benevolence. At Rome the Countess of Huntingdon would have a place in the calendar as St. Selina."—*Lord Macaulay's Essays.*

" HIS rule of justice, order, peace,
Made possible the world's release ;
Taught prince and serf that power is but a trust,
And rule, alone which serves the ruled, is just.

" The generous feeling pure and warm
Which owns the right of all divine,
The pitying heart, the helping arm,
The prompt self-sacrifice are thine."—*Whittier.*

" THE love of Jesus is noble, and spurs on to do great things, and excites us to desire always things more perfect."—*Imitation of Christ.*

" AND all is well, though faith and form
Be sundered in the night of fear ;
Well roars the storm to those that hear
A deeper voice across the storm."—*In Memoriam.*

" IT is not to taste sweet things, but to do noble and true things and vindicate himself under God's heaven as a God-made man, that the poorest son of Adam dimly longs."—*Carlyle's Hero Worship.*

LADY HUNTINGDON.

METHODISM is an illustration of the power of the Gospel to save all classes. Its catholicity, attracting all men, is but an evidence of its apostolicity. In it we see the doctrines of Christ adorned in high places as well as beautified in humble station. It brings its glad message to the palace hall as well as to the peasant gate, and with facile ease allures the noble and the peasant, the learned and unlearned to its communion. Its first society, formed in Fetter Lane, London, in 1738, is representative of what is ever a true Church of Christ. Among its members were men carrying the badge of Oxford's finest culture, the Wesleys and Whitefield and Ingham. The gentry of England were represented in Sir John Phillips and in Sir John Thorold, and the nobility in the Earl and Countess of Huntingdon, the latter of whom became a member of the society, and in her long and illustrious life held faithfully to its teachings. The beginning of a movement often determines its success. In

the first society of Methodists were united the leadership of culture, wealth, and high lineage, together with the devotion of God's lowly but elect children. No society in England, either in the national Church or among the Nonconformists, excelled it in all the elements that make up the Church of God. Its worship recalls Pentecost in devotion; for in that plain but venerable building in Nevil's Court its members would spend whole nights in prayer, and the power of the Holy Ghost was so manifest that the shout burst from the lips, and men and women were overcome by its power. The baptism fell upon the earnest student, and it also found a response in the court and drew to its support many of the most honored families of England. Among the nobility of England and Scotland who gathered around Wesley and Whitefield, and aided the new reformation, the most illustrious name is that of Lady Selina Shirley, Countess of Huntingdon, a member of one of England's most ancient families, a descendant of royalty and connected on both sides of her house with families that ran back to the Norman Conquest. The house of Shirley was noted for its brave men

and its beautiful women, one of the latter, Lady Frances, being one of the reigning belles of the court of George I, through whom her niece Selina was introduced at court. It was she whom the witty and wicked Walpole called in derision "Saint Frances," saying she has turned Methodist and took this way of bestowing the dregs of her beauty. Pope has described her wondrous beauty in the stanza :

"Yes, I beheld the Athenian queen
Descend in all her sober charms."

In early life her niece Selina was given in marriage to the Earl of Huntingdon, of the house of Hastings—a marriage productive of sweetest conjugal joy, but soon broken by her honored husband's untimely death. Her life after marriage was filled up in discharge of home duties and in yielding to the demands of her social position. Her time was occupied in society and in politics. A member of the aristocracy, she took part in the civil strife that was going on at the polls, and kept in touch with the issues of England that were being settled abroad at the end of the sword. Her education and station, and her marriage with one of the peers of the realm, kept her in close

sympathy with all the political interests that concerned her husband. The political arena, with its keen strife of tongue, had a charm for her, as it always has for a bright and strong-minded woman. She belonged to what was called the "Prince of Wales set," her husband being a leader in the court of Frederick, the heir apparent to the throne. An incident in her life will show her character as a society woman. In 1738 a stormy debate took place in the House of Lords on the Spanish depredations. Lord Huntingdon taking a part in it, she intimated she would like to hear the discussion. At a previous discussion of the subject it was decided to allow no auditors but the House of Commons; consequently the noble wives were excluded from the galleries. Notwithstanding, a tribe of royal dames resolved they would hear the debate on this occasion and assert their prerogatives in spite of men, resolutions, and laws. These pioneer heroines were Countess of Huntingdon, Duchess of Queensbury, Lady Ancaster, and others whose names have been preserved by Lady Montague, who says: "For I looked upon them to be the boldest asserters and most resigned sufferers for liberty I

ever read of. At nine in the morning they were in their places at the door of the House of Lords, when Sir William Saunderson said the chancellor had given orders not to admit them. The Duchess of Queensbury pished at the ill-breeding of a mere lawyer and begged Sir William to let them into the gallery privately. After several refusals her grace answered, 'We will come in, in spite of the chancellor and the whole House.' This being reported to the peers, it was resolved to stand them out, and orders were given not to open the doors until they had raised the siege. These Amazons now showed themselves qualified even for foot-soldiers. They stood," she says, "until five o'clock without any food, continually applying volleys of kicks and thumps and raps with so much violence against the door that the speakers in the House were scarce heard. After a siege of this character for over nine hours, and the Lords would not be conquered, they changed their tactics, and the duchess commanded a perfect silence for a half hour, and the innocent chancellor, accepting the silence as certain proof that they had retreated, and knowing the eagerness of the

Commoners to enter, gave orders for the door to be opened, when lo ! the heroic dames rushed in pellmell, pushing aside the Commoners and all opposers, and took possession of all the front seats of the gallery." She says, "They celebrated their victory by smiles and loud laughter and noisy comments, interrupting the speakers, and continued it until eleven o'clock, when the House adjourned." They were simply the advance guard of the woman's rights movement, while the noted Methodist women, Ladies Huntingdon and Ancaster, are only the ancestry *Ecclesiæ* of the class who have been knocking at the door of the General Conference, and of course will continue and verify again the adage when "she will, she will."

We can understand the kind of Christians such women would make were they to be filled with the spirit of Christ ; for that native strength and daring, that persistent audacity, when transferred into new channels of godliness, would make heroism and noblest sacrifice ; and this it proved when Selina Hastings renounced the world and became a Methodist. It was through her husband's family that she was led to an experimental knowledge of Christ.

From motives of curiosity her sisters-in-law were led to attend Methodist preaching, and Lady Margaret Hastings was the first to accept the new theology. Filled with the spirit of love and zeal, she coveted for others the same joy that filled her heart, and at once became interested in the souls of her family and kindred. Conversing with her one day, Lady Huntingdon was exceedingly struck with this sentiment that she uttered, "That since she had known and believed in Jesus Christ for life and salvation she had been as happy as an angel." To any such emotion of joy Lady Huntingdon was an entire stranger. She lived in an opposite world of faith and feeling, and had no conception of the new life into which Lady Margaret had entered. She was naturally thoughtful. The sight of a child's funeral at an early age had tinged with sadness her spirit, and the haunting memories of that scene did not leave her. Like all well-bred children she was given to God in baptism, and later in confirmation became a member of the Church; but confirmation was not conversion, and the outward imposition of hands did not change the heart and give peace. A dangerous illness

having brought her to the brink of the grave, the fear of death fell terribly upon her, and her conscience was greatly distressed. Lifting her heart in agony and prayer, and casting herself wholly on Christ for life and salvation, she said immediately all distress and fear were removed, and peace and joy filled her heart in believing. Perfect faith brought full redemption; divine processes hastened. Disease of body was rebuked, and the soul sick of sin was restored to health, and Selina Hastings came back from the verge of eternity a converted woman. It was not a sick-bed conversion, one which was taken in fear of death only to be broken in health, but it was clear, decided, lasting. It was radical, quickening her intellectual nature, producing a new disposition and controlling her will; it brought all her released powers into the service of God. The pure heart soon began to burn, for holiness is passionate, and she was not satisfied until others tasted the blessing she had received. Her conversion was instantaneous; it was genuine. Her own words, proven by a wonderful ministry, describe the result. From the moment when God set her soul free she had a passionate thirst for souls,

comparing herself to "a ship in full sail before the wind, carried on by such a divine influence that she could not describe."

Immediately on her recovery she sent for John and Charles Wesley, cordially wishing them Godspeed and assuring them of her determined purpose to live to Him who had died for her. The conversion of this eminent woman soon became a topic for gossip at court and among the nobility, and soon the sneer became the expression and contempt the word concerning her. The fashionable circle in which she moved and ruled (for she was by nature a gifted and most attractive woman) poured torrents of reproach upon her profession of faith. Her name was the theme at court, as her worldly companions made it the target for their cruel taunts. Some smiled, others mocked. Southey, the poet-laureate, said, "It was an expression of insanity that ran through the Shirley blood." Some, indignant, demanded that Lord Huntingdon should interpose his authority and check the fanaticism of his noble wife. Society was aroused; the court circles were excited and the Church rebuked. At last a compromise was made, and

the archbishop was sent for to convince her ladyship of the unnecessary strictness of her sentiments and conduct. But, like every converted person, she was able to give a reason for the faith within her. She quoted so much Scripture and argued so forcibly from the Articles and Homilies that he rose up in anger, lamenting that he had ever laid hands on Whitefield, whom he blamed for her conversion. She replied, "My lord, mark my words, when you are on your dying bed that will be one of the few ordinations you will reflect upon with complacency." Strange her prophecy was verified, for when Bishop Benson was on his dying bed he sent for Whitefield and begged the acceptance of fifteen guineas for his work, and besought that he would remember him in his prayers. Lady Huntingdon was resolute; she had been converted, and when a soul has been touched by the infinite Soul the separation is not easy. It is an impossible task to pluck a soul out of the hand of the Almighty. A man himself may desert God, but when once converted rarely retreats. Many go out again from the Church who have never been converted, for

“Whoso hath felt the power of the Highest
Cannot confound or doubt him, or deny;
Though with one voice, O world, thou him deniest,
Stand thou on that side, for on this am I.”

Her conversion was not a passing emotion, but a reasonable conviction based upon the word of God. This was evident in the efforts made by the Church to lead her to deny her faith. Bishops like Warburton rallied her on her new-found faith and called her an incurable enthusiast. They crossed intellectual swords with her, going to the very foundations of the Christian faith. He said, “Bishops, priests, deacons, and baptisms, and communion by sacerdotal administration make up the Church of God and the Christian.” She replied, “He that believeth on the Lord Jesus Christ hath the witness in himself; the word of God verified in the human consciousness makes the Christian.” He made faith outward, but she inward; he put first tradition, she experience; to him all personal experience of a divine witness by the Holy Spirit in the heart was rankest enthusiasm; and this to Lady Huntingdon was the very essence of Christianity. She went back of Church and priest and found “salvation,” as Kant puts it, “an

inward subjective experience of the heart." Spiritual truth was a revelation, a flash, as the gifted Bushnell said when he awoke and said, "I have seen the Gospel." This woman had the best of the argument, and her faith, based on the word of God and upon the certitude of consciousness, was simply ultimate. Well might the bishops hold back this convert, for the new theology was simply revolutionary. Once admit that the inner witness is highest, and the whole fabric of sacerdotalism falls to the ground. It was the old struggle between the authority of the Church and private judgment, and the latter prevailed. Her conversion began to bear fruit in the high circles in which she moved. Her zeal was missionary; she had come out from the world in confession of Christ, and now she separated herself in conduct and life. The divine life flowed out in beneficent activity; she did not flee society like the recluse, and abandon a world she could not convert, but at once accepted the social demands that rested upon her. There was nothing of the ascetic in her religion; her religion never took that form. She would not flee the world, like Paula of Rome, because of its corruption.

Her conversion had not changed her estimate of the court or of the nobility. God's love reigning in her heart gave a still higher value to human souls, and while she saw in every human soul a foe to Christ she also discerned in the enemy a brother who must be won to him. That is a coward faith which flees society and shuts itself in convent cell to sing and pray. That is an ignoble faith which spends its strength to save men far away and neglects home. The disciples began at Jerusalem. Lady Huntingdon began at court, and many of the most beautiful lives that adorn Methodist history or any Church history were converted at court. She carried over into her new life all the dignity, grace, and love which she had bestowed upon society. Positive and strong before conversion, grace made her still stronger. Possessing the strong self-reliant spirit of her race, she embodied it in all her plans. Her conversion was providential; she was a chosen vessel to carry the Gospel in high places. Her whole life in its manifold activities reveals a higher guiding hand than that of man. Every life is a ministry, and every Christian has his sphere of service. Social position

and wealth are nothing in God's sight, and woe in the last day to the women of honorable estate that bear the name of Christ and mingle among the highest and never use their position for him. The question that every converted spirit asks, "What wilt thou have me to do?" was soon answered, and the door to enter soon opened. It needed not that she should step out of London, nay, even out of her own circle, to find a harvest for her toil. The golden harvest was in the court circles, and men and women all around her were being corrupted and lost. England was mission ground, and London a field that needed a very Caleb to scale the mountains of society and win its higher life to God; and this hardest field, Caleb-like, she coveted and entered. But what a task! Whose arm herculean can conquer the evil one intrenched in court and state and even in Church? What Titan hand can lift up that whole society sinking day by day in darker sin and shame? What reformer's skill can break the Circean charm that works in awful darkness, transforming men and women from angels into demons? Intemperance reigned at the capital, every sixth house in London being a

gin-shop. It permeated all ranks, even to the highest. Walpole's administration was ignobly called the drunken administration. It was a dark and dissolute age that eighteenth century. On the Continent a Frederick and a Louis ruled, but silently their thrones were being undermined. The cultivated atheism of a Voltaire was trickling down the philosopher's lips to the common people, soon to be actualized in the awful tragedy that subverted altar and throne in France and made Germany suffer for her treason to God. The courts of Protestant and Catholic Europe were filled with profligate men and women. The natural leaders of society abdicated their sacred trust to those beneath, and lived simply a life of pleasure. Appearances were substituted for reality, gold lace and genuflections and ceremonies for virtue in women and honor among men. In England the German kings had brought over high ideas of royalty but none of service. The advent of the Georges did not make a bright era. We wonder how England tolerated them; but a divinity hedged them round in the political faith of the divine right of kings. This made their persons sacred. The death of Charles I

had not yet shattered the Briton's faith in that political delusion; indeed, it had reacted until his name became a synonym of martyrdom, and sincere prayer was offered up for his troubled spirit. They held that royalty was a law unto itself and kings were not amenable to the people. Kings were absolute. Royalty was at its height. Subjects were property, and soldiers were sold to be killed with the same ease with which the Southern slaveholder sold his Negroes to replenish his purse. It was well that faith in royalty was strong; it helped these kings to keep their seats. Historians and satirists have turned on the light, and the court life of that century dispels many an illusion and confirms the poet's words, "Distance lends enchantment to the view." The royal actors in the scene were but clay, and very common clay at that. When we peep behind the pomp and ceremony we see little to commend. Nobility cannot bear the microscope. We elevate those royal dames and nobles on a high pedestal, but our powdered gentlemen and painted ladies of the old school disappear most quickly when we draw near. Instead of lordly men,

honoring their positions by deeds of lofty virtue, we see only a gaming, drinking set, fit ancestry for the present Prince of Wales, who has improved on his forefathers by peddling his cards and becoming an itinerant gambler. Instead of the woman of pure lips we have the profane duchess and lady punctuating her talk with oaths, and uttering language you would not hear. Nobility could not work; it could not deign to enter law or medicine or soil its dainty hands at trade. War was its only vocation and the profession of arms its only pursuit. Pleasure was the end of life. They danced and gambled and drank and sang. Gaming was a passion, and the card-table everywhere. Bishops played and clergymen, Anglican and Dissenters; it is said even Epworth had its table. It was so much in vogue that ignorance of cards stamped one as low-bred and not fit for conversation. Books were nowhere, cards everywhere. Hateful old Sarah Marlborough would say, "The only books I know are men and cards." George II would rage if you talked books.

The higher we ascend the faster disappears the fine lady and old school gentleman. The

court of St. James is open, and instead of high-minded kings only coarse Germans, and these eating sauerkraut, sausages, and drinking horrid beer. The appearance is royal, and ceremony awe-inspiring. Kings' servants are royalty; only the highest blood could carry their candles, change their garments, and serve their food. No plebeian friends could stand and serve these royal men and women; but it is all hollow. Court language is only plain speaking. The inner life of the court was in keeping with the outer; royalty and nobility would drink and swear together. The king and his set would sit around the table together, tipping their elbows and playing their cards. When wanting a diversion his majesty would pull the chairs from under his friends and let them be seated before him. Royal dames would follow his example, and soon little adipose George II, with equal grace or disgrace, was sitting on the floor. A jolly set were these Germans. The Britons made fun of them and they laughed at them in return.

Their religion was like their manners, stately, formal, and ceremonial. The court was religious, but not pious. "The queen's chap-

lains mumbled through their morning office in the anteroom, under the picture of the great Venus, with the door opened into an adjoining room, where the queen is dressing, talking scandal to Lady Hervey or uttering sneers at Lady Suffolk, who is kneeling with the basin at her mistress's side." The higher clergy would preach and the careless king would chatter, and, instead of thrusting the flaming rebuke like a Knox, the servile chaplains would cry because the frivolous king would disturb the meeting. The old fire that flamed in the soul of a Ridley or a Latimer had died out upon the altars. Voices of warning were now accents of flattery, and royalty, reading the lie in the eyes of the false prophet, mocked when it should have worshiped, and profaned instead of repented.

The court was not only corrupt, but the Churches were dead. "A converted clergyman was as rare as a comet." Its ministry was corrupted, its sacred places profaned. Lambeth Palace became under Cornwallis a social rival to St. James. The worldly wife of the archbishop set up a social circle, and the place hallowed by most sacred traditions

echoed to the songs of wild revelry and mirth. The palace of the primate of the Anglican Church was turned into a ballroom, and fashionable routs and banquets were given there. Christ was betrayed in his own house, and the followers who did it were those he most honored. The age was not irreligious; there was pomp and zeal, but the latter was directed against those who would redeem men and inspire England with a holier life. There were discussions but no revivals. High Church and Low Church were rending the seamless garment of Christ, yet as for spiritual teaching there was but little. Some, like Bishop Butler, directed the pen against the cultivated infidelity that was fast sapping the foundations of faith, but in the conflict erring intellect gained the advantage and won England's best and most cultivated minds away from Christ. Society was corrupted and its natural leaders were disloyal to God, and the result was misery and sin everywhere. Said the sneering Walpole, "Show me some good person about that court; find me among the selfish courtiers, these dissolute gay people, some one being that I can love and regard."

Royalty, a law unto itself, suspended in its conduct the most sacred precepts of morality that are the security of its throne. Nobility followed the court and gave to the common people an example of moral corruption, while the clergy, sharing the smile of king and noble, with courtier grace in cassock and gown pared down the truth to please the royal sinners, praising them in life for virtues they did not possess, and, when gone, by fulsome eulogies flattered in vain the "dull cold ear of death." Sin abounded and brought forth crimes in all classes. The dark waves of wickedness surged higher every year, swallowing its victims from the lowest society unto the highest nobility. Punishments were increased, but crime was not repressed. The fear of God was banished, and no dread of human or divine sanctions kept back noble and peasant as they sank in the excesses of sin.

Such was England when this high-born lady, touched by the Spirit of God, entered upon the work of arresting vice and immorality. Into such a Sodom can Christian virtue enter and rescue the perishing? Can Methodism, with its stern and almost Hebraic severity, call

back recreant kings to their highest allegiance, and nobility to its duty of service? Can its lofty ideal of holiness unto the Lord make way in palace and court? It would seem that a doctrine so positive and a working theory of life so lofty would find no response in the place where even the lowest virtues of the Gospel were rejected; but humanity is one, and the grace of Christ enters with equal power to save the royal sinner, like David, or the lowest criminal on the cross. Christ is the need of all men and their only satisfaction; and the sorrows of the soul that often drive men to God are more keenly felt in palace and court than in cottage and in cell. The new life, kindled at Oxford University, was flowing out in rarest streams of beneficence. One branch was sweeping onward toward Cæsar's household; another toward Cornwall; and another back to the national Church. Lady Huntingdon, arrested by the grace of God, gave the revival an impulse in the highest circles that touched even to the throne. She began her work in woman's highest spheres, at home and in society; for it is she that gives color and tone to these. She can control social

forces that in turn can change Church and State. Uniting herself to Wesley and Whitefield, she began at one circle while they wrought in another; she preached Christ among the highest.

Methodism has ever worked at both extremes in society. A faith that cannot save all classes is not Christian. Methodism followed the form of the early Church, saving the common people, and of honorable men and women not a few. On both sides of the water it quickly drew to its altars the natural leaders of society, and gave to wealth and culture a ministry befitting their place. Methodism is not a class Church. Like its divine Head, it is no respecter of persons, but gives a glad welcome to all men. Any Church that draws a line, inviting one class and excluding another, is not of Christ. Any Church that cannot reach the highest as well as the lowest is not of Christ. Humanity is a seamless garment, and none may in the name of Christ rend it.

The peril of Methodism is in its neglect of the natural leadership of society. Among its erring clergy it is taught that we have no ministry for the refined and cultivated and those

of high birth. Such ministers betray Christ under the form of an agrarian Gospel and find their proper place in the Salvation Army, with all its blessings and perversions of the Gospel of truth.

Lady Huntingdon proved the sincerity of her conversion by her missionary work. It was not long before the field opened and she entered, and right loyally did she do her work. It needed no seer's vision to discern the field. She would be out of her sphere at court, and yet her life had been spent there. She had been bred in England's highest society, and by gentle birth and training was fitted to shine among its brightest social stars. She knew the court; had shone in its light and sat in silence beneath its shadows; for that high society had its tragedies that wounded many a child of fortune.

Passion, war, and pleasure had snatched many who were brave and high born, and they were gone, leaving behind dishonored names. Her field was home; her drawing room, before the center of wit, refinement, and fashion, now became the center of religion. Hither came Wesley and Whitefield. Here conferences are

held about the great revival that is quickening into new life the pulse of England's religious life now ebbing so low, and they find in her a friend that is at one with them in all plans to give back to the people the Gospel of Christ.

She began with her own class. She would not abandon the natural place God had assigned her, but felt she was called to work in the class of which she was a member. Lady Huntingdon's decision reveals the splendid courage of her convictions and also the means by which strong character is formed. Certain religious virtues ripen in solitude, but for a full rounded character you must have society. The soldier of Christ needs the battle and baptisms of blood to develop heroism. Her method was apostolic; Andrew sought first those of nearest relation and led them to Jesus; Lady Huntingdon did the same. She took up the fallen scepter of the Christ until the highest should see in him a King unto whom all owed allegiance. She wasted no time in schemes of fancy, but in practical work honors her Master. That same audacity which made her a leader in the world now pushed her to the front in the

new movement. She entered court now, not to please and be pleased, but to lead men and women to Christ. The high position was held only as a means to lead the highest unto Christ. All the beauty of form, the charming wit, and indefinable grace that come of gentle birth and good breeding were held as dower to advance the new faith. She realized the true idea of life, that "no man liveth unto himself." Her conversion only brought out the true nobility that is latent in all men; and her life is but an illustration of that new nobility which allies high birth to reverent service; yea, that honors all gifts as stewardship and lovingly yields them to the Christ. She would not use her wealth and position as her own. Her social ideas were of the Gospel. She says, "For when I gave myself to the Lord I likewise devoted to him all my fortune, with this reserve, that I would take with a sparing hand what might be necessary for my food and raiment and for the support of my children, should they be reduced." She would have considered herself a thief had she used her wealth as her own. She was high and lifted up, but she used her position only to elevate others.

Every power was consecrated so that by "all means she might save some."

Her first ministry was among her peers, and at once the new faith was evident. Such a radical change as came over her life would naturally be noticed. Her home was changed; the new faith brought new duties and opened new channels of activity. Her home became a house of God; a Bethel in which he is honored, it became a Bethlehem where the bread of heaven was found. Her house in London was opened to God's servants, and prayer and preaching were heard in its spacious halls. Her country houses were opened and the Cross was preached in the house. At Donnington Park and Chelsea she dispensed a refined hospitality. In London she entertained the whole Wesleyan Conference. Her delight was in God's servants, and they found in her home a prophet's chamber ever open to them, and gracious hospitality accorded unto them.

Now opens a beautiful page of that life. She has position, she has wealth, she has social prestige, and she does what such a woman ought to do but rarely does—she uses all these for Christ. Wealth does not make her exclu-

sive, high lineage does not drive her away from God's less favored children. Her station claims no exemptions from service. She turns her home into a house of prayer and invites the nobility to come and hear the word of God. She does not get away from her former associates, but draws nearer; she forsakes not her worldly friends, but sups with the Pharisees and sinners, and invites them to sup with her.

It is hard to keep pure and holy in the world, but that is the converted woman's place. Lady Huntingdon did not drop a former friend nor lessen, but increased, her interest in them. She would open her drawing room, and the flower of England's nobility would enter; she would send letters to her peers and then invite Wesley and Whitefield to preach, and they would preach and sinners were converted. The Gospel which was preached at Rome under Paul, and found a lodgment in Cæsar's household, winning to the despised faith the families of the Gracchi and Bruti, was also the power of God unto salvation at the Saxon court.

The prayers of this modern Paula were answered, and many men and women of honorable

estate were converted. Her husband's sisters, Lady Elizabeth and Lady Margaret Hastings, had already accepted the new faith. The Earl of Dartmouth and his wife had been touched by the grace of God and professed faith in Christ. The Earl of Buchan finds Christ and dies happy in the Lord. Lady Fitzgerald, granddaughter of the Earl of Bristol and lady of the bedchamber to Princess Amelia Sophia, turns from court life to find in Christ a satisfaction for her faith. She unites with Wesley's societies, and, after a long life of holiness and good deeds, ascends in a chariot of fire to meet her Lord. When lingering in agony from having been burned the aged saint calmly said, "I might as well go home this way as any other." Her body sleeps in City Road Chapel Cemetery beside those she so tenderly loved in life. One noble family after another is swept into the new movement until the higher life of England is being purified. The revival wave sweeps beyond the Tweed, and through the Methodists at the English court the nobility of Scotland are converted. Among the highest are the Duke of Argyle, the Earl of Aberdeen, and Lady Glenorchy, who has been called the

Selina Huntingdon of Scotland. So strong was the influence of Lady Huntingdon and her friends that nobility coming to court were converted. Lady Maxwell left her home in Edinburgh for London to be presented at court, and she was converted. The friend and correspondent of Wesley, a beautiful pattern of holiness, a benefactress to the Church, she died the oldest member at the time of the Wesleyan Society. Wonderful the influence of this godly woman, and most signal the power of God to save to the uttermost all who call upon him. Even royalty came to the drawing room at Donnington Park to hear the Gospel, and the daughters of the king were convicted and converted. Among the most devoted Methodist women of that day were the Countess, wife of the Earl of Chesterfield, and her sister, the Countess Delitze, both daughters of George I. The former came to court in plain raiment befitting a Christian, arresting the attention of the queen, who said, "I know who chose that dress for you, Mr. Whitefield, and I hear that you have attended a year and a half on his ministry." "Yes," said the countess, "and I like him very well."

Not more wonderful was the revival among the masses of the people than among the nobility. The same fruits abounded everywhere. The ladies in waiting at court and men in high positions lived the same lives of purity as the miners of Cornwall and those of lowest estate. Men and women of title and fortune became evangelists of the new theology, opened their houses for worship, and themselves conducted the service.

A prominent feature of the new reformation was its ministry in the homes. It is true Churches were largely closed. Not only were clergymen like Mr. Wesley forbidden the pulpits of the national Church, nobility also had the doors closed on it. Anglicanism was no respecter of persons in the treatment of the new enthusiasm, and women like the Countess of Huntingdon and men like the Earl of Dartmouth were excluded from the parish churches as quickly as the minister of humble fame.

But this exclusion proved one of the most successful means to advance the cause of truth. The clergy close the churches, the nobility open their houses. The palatial homes of the nobility swung open, and men and ministers,

denied the Church, found in the home a better means to convert men. The oldest houses of England became preaching places. Lord Dartmouth opened his home, as did Lady Hotham; the Earl of Chesterfield, himself a skeptic, yielded to his wife's demand, and their home was opened. Then followed her sister, the Countess Delitze, until at last all over England the closed church found a substitute in the home. In Scotland Lady Glenorchy followed the example of the English nobility, while Lady Maxwell not only opened her house, but herself conducted service, dismissed her chaplain, and used the money saved to increase her work of charity that lives even unto this day. How strange God's providence! God's greater temple undefiled is open to the thousands that gather beneath its starlit dome, and the private house for those of repute—multitudes at dawn of day rushing out to hear Whitefield and Wesley, and in the evening the *élite* of English society waiting at Lady Huntingdon's home or at one of her friends. Methodism began with the church in the home, and her faith, a knowable personal God, is best fitted for its privacy. In God's thought all places are holy and none

more hallowed than the home consecrated to God. Coincident with house preaching was lay preaching. Laymen of highest rank expounded the Scriptures. Women of the nobility not only opened their parlors but held Bible readings. They even went further and led in prayer, and without a prayer book! Lady Huntingdon stood modestly before a large congregation in her drawing room, and commended her worshipers unto God. Her ardent soul, filled with the love of God, needed no earthly teacher to instruct her to talk to God. She was familiar with his presence, and talked as sweetly and reverentially as an angel. She had her chaplains, even the eloquent Whitefield, but she prayed and even talked. We will not say where the reform was most beneficial, in touching the great mass of the people sunk into materialism and corruption, or in arousing the leaders of a nation to their duty unto God. No nation can be quickened and blessed when only one class is redeemed. The yoke of sin is a double yoke and binds him who enslaves as well as his victim; and the conversion of England's nobility was as blessed in results to the nation as that of the com-

mon people who received the Gospel so gladly. Methodism has ever loved the home ; it is a home religion ; it is of the heart ; it is personal ; not depreciating the outward ordinances, it still holds Christian fellowship highest. It has been perpetuated by these home temples. From the days of Lady Huntingdon to those of Phœbe Palmer the highest life of our Church has been fed by the worship of God in the drawing room. Hither came to Lady Huntingdon's home in London, to Lady Maxwell's home in Edinburgh, to Phœbe Palmer's home in New York city, men and women who would know more perfectly the way of salvation. Hither came the timid saint, hungering for a feast it knew was before it, but not attained. Hither came those in high places, like Joseph of Arimathea, to know in private what Christ delights to give. Hither came the high born and the lowly to find the blessings of the upper room were not exhausted. Sad indeed will that day be for our loved Church when only in the public temple shall God be known and served. An imperative need to-day throughout all our large cities is just such meetings as Lady Huntingdon started in Lon-

don. There are palatial homes in all cities that should be devoted not only to good cheer but also to hallowed worship. Methodism will not advance on the higher lines of life if it does not return to its earlier forms of worship. Some godly woman, unto whom has been given wealth, culture, and position, should open her parlor doors and have worship. In Philadelphia a holy woman * for years made her parlor a Bethesda, and gathered, like the good countess, God's servants around her and preached the word of God. When age drew on, and her earthly ministry closed, her noble daughter † took up the work, and in perpetuating a mother's work continued the Master's love. God speaks to-day to the Methodist sisterhood of Philadelphia to continue that work so nobly done; and we know that no one would aid more efficiently than she who sits in the silence of her great sorrow—a grief fresh and piercing, but made enduring by the memory of a noble husband's life and an anticipation of a glorious immortality.

Lady Huntingdon aroused as much spiritual life in high places as was awakened in the

* Mrs. James Longacre.

† Mrs. John F. Keen.

lower classes, and noble men and women were as zealous as those having less of earth to bind them. The conversation of the court was changed. Women caught the spirit of the new evangel and bore witness for Christ everywhere. Lady Huntingdon, often at court, was always talking religion. A new theme held these high-born souls, and, filled with the Spirit, they delighted to witness for Jesus.

But the millennium had not yet come, nor were these men and women exempt from the offense of the Cross. Satan had too strong a hold on these German sultans and their wicked followers to surrender at once. Violence was not used, but ridicule and the sneer, to decry the new faith. Walpole, ever on the alert to impale saint or sinner, calls Lady Huntingdon the "Queen of the Methodists." He says: "Lord Littleton has chosen this way of sacrificing the dregs of all those various characters he had borne." His keenest shaft is aimed at Lady Townsend, who, he says, "goes armed with every viaticum, the Church of England in one hand, Methodism in the other, and the Host in her mouth." At last he gives it up and writes to Sir Horace

Mann, "You must prepare yourself with Methodism. I really believe by that time it will be necessary; this sect is increasing as fast as almost any religious nonsense ever did."

Walpole, witty and wicked, was not snared by the despised creed. He resisted, as many others did. Evidently Whitefield and Wesley held up the Gospel mirror and did not compromise it, or it would not have had such opposite effects: the Countess of Suffolk, a court favorite, attends, and she sees herself an outcast before God, and goes away outraged that Whitefield pilloried her before men; the Duchess of Buckingham accepts Lady Huntingdon's invitation, and is among the high-born sinners that came to hear the word of God. Listen to what she writes; it is fresh: "I thank you, Lady Huntingdon, for the information concerning the Methodist preachers. Their doctrines are most repulsive in perpetually endeavoring to level all ranks and do away with all distinctions. It is monstrous to be told that you have a heart as sinful as the common wretches that crawl on the earth. This is highly offensive and insulting, and I cannot but wonder that your ladyship should relish any

sentiment so much at variance with high birth and good breeding."

Another historic character, the Duchess of Marlborough, appears in the ministry of Lady Huntingdon—one of a family well known through an American woman notoriously bearing its famous name. Sarah Jennings was a character, an intensely worldly if not a wicked woman, but, like many of England's highest families, she felt the attractive charm of Lady Huntingdon, who tried to convert her grace and failed. The hardest subject for Christly endeavor is a worldly society woman; and Sarah, who had ruled the Iron Duke and Queen Anne, and trampled upon lower stations, found it hard to bow before the Cross. She was invited to hear Whitefield, and writes: "God knows we all need mending, none more than myself. I have lived to see great changes in the world; have acted a conspicuous part myself, and now hope in my old days to obtain mercy from my God, as I never expect it at the hands of my fellow-creatures." Again she writes: "I have no comfort in my own family. In fact, I always feel more happy and more contented after an hour's conversation with

you than after a whole week's round of amusements. When alone my reflections almost kill me, and I am forced to fly to the society of those I detest. Now, there is Lady Frances Saunderson's great rout to-morrow night. All the world will be there, and I must go. I do hate that woman as much as I hate a physician, but I must go, if for no other reason than to mortify and spite her. This is very wicked, but I confess all my little peccadilloes to you." What a picture of a worldly woman, painted by herself! It may not suffer from comparison with the portrait of her granddaughter, which she painted black and wrote beneath it, "It is not half as black without as it is within." This richest woman in England revealed her vigor in her late surrender of life, and her fight and victory over grim death forms one of the most delightful reminiscences of her life. She lingered beyond her allotted years, to the grief of her kindred, who wanted her estate. As she lay in her bed with eyes closed the doctors said, "Friends, it will be of no use, but we will blister her and give her some pills." Heroic soul, she opened her eyes and said, "I will not be blistered, nor take your pills, nor

die!" and she kept her word. None would chide the good countess if she failed to lead her grace to the Cross, but all must commend that wondrous charm that could draw even Sarah Jennings to her side. How wise this godly woman, and how constant her ministry in high places! How true to her position! She would influence leadership for Christ, and talk religion to those who stood highest in social life. It is as much the duty of the Christian to convert the noble as the ignoble—to save the high born as well as the low born. Sinners in brown-stone houses need Christ as well as sinners in the cottages. Early Methodism, while seeking the common people, set its heart upon the highest, and among its most worthy names are those of highest estate, whose noble birth was made still nobler by the holiness of their lives. Capture leadership for Christ was the command of Bishop Simpson, and wiser words were never spoken. Eternity only will reveal the wealth of service rendered by Lady Huntingdon.

Although the sneer followed, and always will follow when men earnestly do the work of Christ, yet none can do Christ's work without

finding recognition. Christ's work is its own best reward, and that is enough for all Christians; but words of approval all appreciate, and Lady Huntingdon, sneered at and called a hypocrite, still had among those highest in position her friends. Her name was discussed at court and her absence noted. In early life she had attended frequently the court of Frederick, Prince of Wales, and one day the prince inquired of Lady Charlotte Edwin where was Lady Huntingdon, that she so seldom visited the circle. The lady of fashion replied with a sneer, "I suppose down praying with her beggars." The Prince of Wales turned and, shaking his head, said, "Lady Charlotte, when I am dying I think I shall be happy to seize the skirt of Lady Huntingdon's mantle to lift me up into heaven." Edward, Duke of York, felt the spell of her influence, and when, in a discussion, a sermon was called Methodistical, he replied, "You are fastidious indeed. I thought it was excellent. I have the honor of being of the same opinion as Lady Huntingdon, and I rather fancy that she is better versed in theology than any of us."

Her influence over the highest circles of

132 METHODISM AT THE COURT OF ST. JAMES.

England increased every day from her consecration. Diligent in the Master's business, every means was used to draw men and women out of sin. We wonder how she could stem the tide of open wickedness that surged round the court of the Georges, when kings were social outlaws, setting at naught the laws they imposed on their subjects and mocking the rule of the King of kings, and when queens were infidels, or only Christians in outward worship, and impure in secret. But this woman wore the soldier's raiment under the saint's cassock. Her religion was intensely militant. It was healthy; it had in it the grit of her race. It was sentiment high and lofty; not that light, frivolous faith that flows out in such ditties as "O, to be nothing" or "Come, angel band, and bear me away safely on your snowy wings." Her faith was a holier impulse, that made every fiber tingle with life and aroused every activity for Christ. The Briton's valor never shone out more clearly than in this woman's life. In a holier war she kept up that splendid daring which has ever made the little island conspicuous in history. There was the old prophetic fire in her words, and its protest

in her conduct. Profane history has no rarer scene of courage than that of this holy woman facing a recreant bishop and demanding in the name of his Church that he conduct himself as a minister and command his household. The wife of his grace the Archbishop of Canterbury gave several large balls and convivial routs at Lambeth Palace. She eclipsed everybody by the magnificence of her entertainments. Men and women ate and drank until the hallowed place was a revolting scene. Society was scandalized ; religion was profaned at such unheard-of conduct in the head of the Church, and Lady Huntingdon protested. She went to the palace and protested against the desecration of the holy place and unfitness of their conduct. And what a reception ! “ Who,” said the wife aspiring to social leadership, “ made you a regulator of morals ? ” The husband, Dr. Cornwallis, forgot the dignity of his office and ridiculed, stigmatizing her as a hypocrite and Methodist. Many a woman would have withered before such treatment and wept in silence ; but not Lady Huntingdon. She was made of sterner stuff, and left, telling them they

should yet observe the proprieties of religion. See her again as she stands in the palace of the king. She has strengthened her position by taking two leading Methodists, Lady Ancaster and Lord Dartmouth. It was the first delegation of Methodists to protest against sin in high places—the establishment of a precedent that has ever since been carried out at St. James and the White House, and with most beneficial effect. The king listened, and said, “Madam, the feelings you have discussed and the conduct you have adopted on this occasion are highly creditable to you.” It need only be said that no more balls were given in the bishop’s palace and that Lord Cornwallis never afterward was seen at court.

The Gospel is something more than mere example. It is a militant spirit; it means judicial rights. Christianity is a great protest against wickedness in all places, and if it be a bishop or king it dares to say, “Thou shalt not.” Lady Huntingdon suffered, for she was a refined, educated woman, feeling most keenly the respect of her sex and position, and it required no little courage for a woman in private position to dare what she did. But she never

flinched in what to her was duty. She showed rarest wisdom in taking her position, and then never retreated. The judicial sense was strongly developed in her, and came out on many occasions. She would defraud no one and would allow no one to defraud her. She held oppression in abomination and rebuked it. She was the defender of a new theology, and the helpless Methodist found in her a staunch friend. When a judge did an iniquitous deed she compelled a retraction; when a bishop slandered her chaplains she made him apologize; when a poor man was sent to Newgate unjustly she would get his release; she would personally visit the prison, find who were imprisoned for small debts, pay the same, and send the men home. When magistrates would illegally imprison Methodists she would champion them and have them discharged and the rulers rebuked. She had the courage of a Knox, and would face a king as easily as a peasant. There is something almost sublime in this noble woman standing between a little band of godly people and a great national Church that stamped everything spiritual as enthusiasm and condemned all reforms as

fanaticism and democracy, now confronting bishops who despise and clergy who persecute, and again standing before civil authorities and saving helpless men from being haled to prison. Lady Huntingdon was a representative Methodist. She had the superb audacity that comes from the consciousness of an indwelling God, the stern conviction of justice that comes through justification by faith in Christ, and that sublime charity which flows out of a heart filled with the love of God.

Persecution never intimidated, and, strange for a woman, ridicule fell harmless on her heart. She writes: "Many secret and shameful enemies of the Gospel by His will appear. The particulars would amuse you, and, blessed be God, they rejoice me, as good must follow from it. They called out in the open streets for me, saying if they had me they would tear me to pieces; but, alas! this does not prove that it is the Lord that offends them, and so must he continue to the unregenerate heart." The mob were at her feet howling, and a dissolute nobility at her head. Bishops that should have rejoiced at the new revival which was to save the Church and give it a new lease

of life were most severe against her. Women in high places, whose dearest interests were being ruined by the social confusion, and were suffering the penalties of lawlessness, instead of rallying to her were ever at work to disparage her. Strange that her defense in highest place came from royalty. Bishops persecuted, but royalty protected; noble women sneered, but kings and princes commended. The German kings, while great sinners, saw plainly this woman's good work, and always defended her at their courts. When the king commanded the Archbishop of Canterbury to stop his balls in Lambeth Palace, and to remember his sacred office and honor it, society's "four hundred" raised up their hands in holy horror, and the poor countess was the subject of severest comments. One day, at court, her name was discussed, and a lady of rank said, "She must be deranged in intellect." The king, who had listened, replied in great quickness, "Deranged, madam, did you say?" "Yes, please your majesty, for no one in sane mind could have had the impertinence to preach to his grace the archbishop." The king laughed heartily, and wanted to know what his grace had said;

if he had given Lady Huntingdon his blessing. "His blessing!" said the marchioness, "no, indeed, please your majesty." At last the king said, "Pray, madam, are you acquainted with her?" "No," replied she. "Have you ever been in company with her?" "Never," replied the astonished marchioness. Then said the king, "Never form your opinion from the ill-natured remarks and censures of others. Judge for yourself, and you have my permission at least to tell everybody how highly I think of Lady Huntingdon."

Lady Huntingdon quietly withdrew from court. Like the Countess of Chesterfield, Countess Delitze, and others, she had not only seen the hollowness of fashion but had tasted the joys of a higher life. She abandoned court, but not the royal sinners. Her faith was stern and uncompromising, and she impressed it upon all around her. After her husband's death, when the rule of her home fell upon her, she commanded her household, saying for them, "We will serve the Lord." She had no social ambitions to gain a high place here and lose the soul. What a lesson for American women, who will sell their daughters for a title and sacrifice

their religion to enter court, is the conduct of this Spartan mother, who withdrew her daughter from court! Walpole with a sneer cried out, "Lady Huntingdon, the queen of the Methodists, named her daughter for lady of the bed-chamber to the princess, but it is all off again, as she will not let her play cards on the Sabbath." Her conduct may seem puritanical, but that woman was right; she held her child's spiritual life of utmost value and would not consent to imperil it at any cost. She would not lead in her family a dual life, or, like many so-called Christian parents, herself worship God and allow her children all the wicked diversions of society. She did not worship God and in sweet charity allow children to seek their own altar. I admire this strong-principled woman, and if more homes were consecrated as her home more children would rise up to call their parents blessed.

Lady Huntingdon revealed eminent wisdom in the field of her work. It was among those nearest to her. We are obligated to our class, and a wise man will take advantage of that for Christ. Wesley, converted, reached Oxford students because of his intel-

lectual sympathy with them. Lady Huntingdon gained over the nobility because of the bond of social sympathy. The converted nobleman was set to work to convert his brother. Mr. Moody has in an eminent degree carried out in our day the same method, by making the converted policeman an evangelist to his class, and by this rule has won many to Christ. This woman wrought a work among the nobility that cannot be estimated. Through her, Wesley, and Whitefield the social life of the nobility was simply revolutionized. Ancient houses, famed for a hospitality that ended in dissolute living, now became houses of prayer. Where before the wine-cup was filled in libations to Bacchus, now in loving loyalty to Christ was poured out "the chalice of the grapes of God." Homes of pleasure became houses of worship. Lady Huntingdon's home is the cathedral house of the new faith, and here her chaplains preach to those who will not attend the church. The divine chrism falls upon laymen, and men tell the story of Christ. The Holy Spirit gives his own ordination, and woman's sweet voice is heard in prayer. Her spacious homes are

thronged, and at her call come nobility and kings' sons and daughters. To her conventicle come bishops even to hear the chaplain Whitefield. Behind the screen in the "Nicodemus corner" sit the highest in Church and State to hear the word of God, and not without effect. The world has never seen a picture like that which followed the Wesleyan revival. In all ages of the Christian Church we see nothing like this gathering of the higher life of a nation around the Cross. In the earlier reformation nobility drew the sword and was at one with Luther, Calvin, and Knox. The lofty faith of a Gustavus Adolphus degenerated to a political ambition, dimming the brightest star of the Middle Ages; but here only a divine Christ and a spiritual faith draw together men and women. No political compacts mingle; no political rewards allure; the attractive grace is the Gospel of Christ, and it runs and is glorified. To her spacious homes come in glad welcome the ministers of God. Fletcher, purest saint of Britian, writes to the daughter of the king, "Good Lady Huntingdon goes on acting the part of a good mother in Israel more and more. For a day

or two she has had five clergymen under her roof, which makes her ladyship look like a good archbishop with his chaplains around him. Her house is a Bethel to us in the ministry. It looks like a college. We have the sacrament every morning. This is the life at court indeed." Well may Fletcher say, "It is court life indeed;" for in its beauty and culture, its refinement and spirituality, and its good cheer and fellowship it would seem to be a very antepast of our Father's house, the court of heaven.

Lady Huntingdon's efforts were not confined to one class. Christianity is not a caste religion, it has no class distinctions. Her ministry began in a natural way with those of her own station and immediate relation. But soon new opportunities came as the religious movement spread. Her nature widened in all directions; there was a symmetrical unfolding of her Christian life; she was not narrow and strong, but broad and deep. The touch of Christ had put her in loving sympathy with all men. Nothing belonging to humanity was alien to her. In her every good cause found a friend and every good man a sister. Very quickly she

drifted beyond her station, not abandoning it, but enlarging it. Of most exclusive family, she would honor the lowest. Spiritual insight revealed to her that beneath all fictions of place rested true manhood. Conversion is a wondrous uplift. In the regeneration no man is common, and she recognized it. Her condescension is a fine trait, for social lines were most closely drawn and nobility was hedged around as by a wall. There was but little recognition of the common people; the shop-keeper would stand, hat in hand, before my lord. A smile from royalty would make the wife of a commoner nervous with delight, so rarely were the courtesies exchanged between the classes. The proud noble would not condescend to greet on equal footing one of lowly birth; but this woman of royal lineage honored all men. Christianity is not a leveler, but an exalter. Methodism is a foe to all caste, and in its noblest disciples has ever taught that all men are equal before God. Presbyterianism is the political faith of republics; but Methodism is the spiritual creed of democracy. This woman's break with false social traditions was the natural fruit of her faith, which taught

that Christ died for all men. Redeemed of God, the conventional distinctions became secondary; the rank is but the guinea stamp; the "man's a man for a' that." In her condescension to the poor we see true nobility; for there is no better mark of gentle breeding than thoughtfulness of God's poor. She had a message for the highest in her home and a message and ministry for the lowest. She would talk with her servants, and on week days her kitchen was open that the poor might be instructed. She used all opportunities to talk about Jesus. She once talked to a carpenter mending her garden wall, pressing him to give some care for his soul. Some time after she addressed another on the same subject, saying, "Thomas, I fear you never pray nor look to Christ for salvation." "Your ladyship is mistaken. I heard what took place between you and James, and it took effect on me." "How did you hear it?" "I heard it on the other side through a hole in the wall." No service was too humble for this high-born lady. What a ministering angel unto the poor and afflicted! To-day her carriage stands by Newgate and she pays the fine of the poor convict

imprisoned for debt ; to-morrow by the mansion of nobility leading earls and knights to Christ. No duty was evaded, no opportunity was denied, no disease could frighten. We see her a sister of charity by the bedside of Mrs. Charles Wesley. The loathsome smallpox does not prevent her, but love speeds her to the side of her friend. Suffering and sorrow, sin and misery, met her on every hand ; but instead of fleeing the sight she nerved herself single-handed to fight, and did it most bravely. She counted not her life dear unto herself, but became fully absorbed in the sacred ministries of the new reformation that was sweeping over England. Most Christly the path of this woman ; she gave herself to work for Christ, and in so doing gave a new ideal to women of favored position. She created by her life a new order of nobility, in which high birth yields reverent service unto God. She visited hospitals to reform them ; lingered among the schools of the poor to aid them. Like an angel of mercy she went hither and thither until men were startled at her work. Endowed with robust physical vigor, and having leisure and means, with increasing ardor and diligence she

labored until her name was revered in the three kingdoms.

Lady Huntingdon was a representative Methodist in her catholicity. She had strong convictions, but was tolerant; she could recognize the saint in the Churchman and also in the Dissenter. Her tolerance came of deeper knowledge. Bigotry is but another name for intolerance, and spiritual ignorance is only a name for both. Her religion was of the highest, for she attracted all men. Her drawing room was not the center of a sect, but a place for all serious men to assemble. Her gracious benignity allured as well as her faith; she was many-sided and could touch, as but few persons, people of opposite faith and aspiration. We look in vain for that hidden power which drew to her so many men of opposite ideas. She received homage from saints and admiration from sinners. High Church and Low Church, Anglican and Presbyterian, Calvinist and Arminian, all gathered around her hospitable board and united with her in worship. Her drawing room had all the brilliancy of a French salon with the high morality of a Puritan home, and was as noted for its wit and music and all

that make up charming society as it was for its lofty piety. Her drawing room was filled with clergymen of different shades of opinion, but all were welcome. Her catholicity came out in her educational work. As the reformation spread not only were the Methodists expelled from the national Church and its ordained clergy denied its pulpits, but clerical malice completed its work by closing the universities against them. At one time six young men were expelled from Oxford. It was not for disorder or neglect of study; it was because they had prayed without the book and had visited the jail to tell the story of Christ. It seems hardly credible that men of culture (for culture tends to tolerance) could have acted such a base part. It was not for their uncanonical conduct, but because they had found out their antecedents and they were humble. To-day the Methodist revival has conquered its place, and the children of the persecuting Church enjoy the new life which it gave to the Anglican Church; but we know not what privations the early leaders in this movement suffered when the churches and schools were closed. The proud dons of Oxford, the majority of them

charity students themselves and educated at others' expense, could not endure the tradesman's son, but as always, in God's providence, a way was opened. Again comes this woman to the front, rents a castle, opens a school at her own expense, and her benefaction continues until young men are found in all parts of the world. educated by her generosity. Here comes out again her broad, Christly spirit. She educates young men for the ministry, but includes in her charity students for the Anglican pulpit as well as for the Dissenting Churches. How beautifully she repays the intolerance of her mother Church! She opens her school with no credal convictions or tests; she excludes no Christian Church, but gladly welcomes members of all. We know not which to commend the more, the work of education, planting schools and a college, or her planting of chapels; both are complimentary, but one grows out of another. Her zeal leads her into evangelistic work, and we see this woman of highest rank driving through England with the clergy, waiting on the field preacher as he draws thousands. She does not preach, but stands by the preachers; she

begs for churches, but they are closed; she pleads for a home for the new converts in the half empty parish houses, but rectors and curates forbid their hungry souls the bread of life. She enters the waste places where the sweet sound of the Gospel is but a memory, and the lawless miner and toiler gladly hear it. You can trace her footsteps and those of her ministers by the change that has come over society; you can see it in the gin houses emptied and in chapels filled; you can read it in the soft accents of converted motherhood and in strong and pure manhood. Whole villages, after she has wrought in their midst, have felt the power of the new religion in altered lives. Where before was blasphemy, now praise; where drunkenness, now sobriety; where cruelty, now kindness. The pall of spiritual darkness resting over England and Wales is being lifted; it is the dawn of a new day, the promised day of Israel. She is happy, and she might well be, for the harvest of precious souls increases until tens of thousands are turning to God. Her zeal finds sweetest reward. As the sheaves multiply her soul exults. She writes in exuberance of joy to Dr. Doddridge:

“O, how many prophets and religious men have desired to see these days and have not seen them! Great, great is the power of the Lord, and forever glorified be his name!”

Her success is wonderful, but it brings difficulties that only develop more fully this saint of God. Thousands have been converted, but they are homeless children. The churches of the nation, their right as well as that of the clergy, are closed, and the poor creatures, neglected by rector and curate in their sins, are now driven away because of their conversion. Wesley's and Whitefield's converts had no thought of leaving the Church; they were simply driven out. Lady Huntingdon and her associates wanted, like Luther and Calvin, to remain in the mother Church; but they were simply driven out.

If we praise her catholicity, then we honor her generosity; chapels must be built; they are built. She pours her money out like water, now thousands, now tens of thousands. To build chapels she sells her country homes; then her equipages go under the hammer; at last her jewel-case, with its treasures, amounting to thirty-five hundred dollars. Personal

expenses are cut down, only necessities are allowed her. God's work was her passion ; and did ever in the ages the historian pen such a life as this? Her liberality knew no bounds. Her surrender did not leave out her purse, but literally all was given to Christ. There were no exemptions in that consecration ; time and fortune were given unto God. She was always in need because she was always pouring out her money, until her friends kept back cases of necessity. Can anything be more touching than when she hears of a case refused? She says to Captain Scott, her almoner, she could not have thought it of him, and then bursting into tears, exclaims : " I have never taken anything ill at your hands, but this I think is very unkind." She gave the person one hundred pounds. Like all who have wrought for God, she too had her tokens of answered prayer, and her extremity was God's opportunity for rewarding her faith. A man calls to advise her to stop building a chapel, as her funds are exhausted, and while he is counseling her a servant enters and hands her an envelope containing a check for five hundred pounds, the exact amount

needed to build it ; at once she said, " Thomas, take it, and be no more faithless, but believing." At another time her funds were entirely exhausted, and Lady Erskine, who lived with her, received an envelope containing five hundred pounds. She thought it a mistake, when a lady simply said, " Honor the Lord with the first fruits of all thy increase ;" and the problem was solved. She gave, friends gave, and the Lord gave. The revival was spreading over England, and increasing needs came every day, and diligently this woman responded to them. The Church had no welcome for new converts, and she stood in place of the nation, opening up her purse until over sixty chapels were built almost entirely by her kindness. These she would hand over to the Church, but the conditions were not accepted, and she turned, as it were, bishop herself. She superintended her home ; she put godly men in her own living ; she consulted Wesley and Whitefield as to ministers to fill her chapels. We are lost in astonishment at how she could accomplish so much ; but she had grace and diligence, and did wonders. She herself turned itinerant and was found in England and Wales

planting churches and fostering schools. Her benefactions ran into hundreds of thousands; over a half a million of dollars were given by this woman, and the fruit of her beneficence was seen in chapels multiplied, schools, hospitals, orphanages, and a college. Her superintendency of these shows a mind of great capacity and a heart broad and full of sweetest charity. Call her a bishop, as the king did, and you really describe her work at this time. A prelate called on his majesty, complaining of some of her ladyship's preachers. "Make bishops of them, make bishops of them," said the king. "But," replied the bishop, "we cannot make a bishop of Lady Huntingdon, please your majesty." "Well, well," said the king, "see if you cannot imitate the zeal of those men. As for her ladyship, you cannot make a bishop of her, it is true; it would be a lucky circumstance if you could, for she puts you all to shame." His lordship made some reply which did not please the king, and he said with some warmth, "I wish there was a Lady Huntingdon in every diocese of the kingdom." Versatile and accomplished, she used all her talents to serve God, and at last she found a

recognition in all classes. Reformation of morals followed wherever this woman and her ministers went, and a pure life began to be seen from the homes of England's highest to those of the lowest. Lady Huntingdon's activities increased until her benevolence blessed two continents. As the new revival swept over the sea, creating a new spiritual life in the American colonies, she entered America. Wesley and Whitefield and Tennent had been along the Atlantic coast, and the neglected Anglicans and Presbyterians in the wilderness had been quickened into new life by these John the Baptists. Thousands of lapsed Christians had been recalled, and many never knowing Christ had joyfully found him. The whole Atlantic coast had been aroused, and this woman must share in the work. She educates young men; has them ordained and sent to the New World. Georgia receives her preacher Whitefield; she builds there an orphanage, and sinks thirty thousand dollars in it—or, rather, the revolt of the colonies took place, and her property was unjustly confiscated. She showed her noble nature toward an unjust republic. It confiscated her property in Georgia; she ap-

pealed, but it was not restored. Laurens, President of the American Congress, was captured by the British, imprisoned in the Tower of London, and this woman secured his freedom. That deed has on it the stamp of Christian nobility. America lay near her heart and Americans always received a kind hospitality at her home. She kept in touch with all its movements, social, political, and religious. Her love knew no bounds, and she gave as freely to America as to England. Her home was the center for Americans, and they all felt the subtle power of her life. Franklin was a personal friend and appointed by her trustee of the orphanage fund which the government stole. She was the generous patron of the University of Pennsylvania, and through Whitefield made the academy possible out of which it sprung. She gave to the Log College, now Princeton University. She begged her friends to aid it. President Burr was her correspondent, and also Governor Belcher, of New Jersey. Princeton was founded by the liberal wing of the Calvinists, being the outgrowth of the revival. What would Dickinson and Tennent think if, coming back, they were to find a school they had

planted in protest against Calvinism to-day, under its scholarly president, the defender of its extremest dogma? How far the separation in thought from President Davies, the friend and correspondent of Wesley! Her money aided Dartmouth, the college in the wilderness; and through her instrumentality its founder and patron, Lord Dartmouth, was brought to Christ, and lived and died a Methodist. Her hand was ready for every good work.

She was deeply interested in American politics and was the counselor and correspondent of Washington. She had plans for Indian missions, to educate and do for them what our government a hundred years after began; but the war of the colonies frustrated her design. When the long war was over, and the colonies were a separate nation, she accepted the inevitable, and instead of harboring hate, like her nation, this woman changed her plan and moved on the nation. History has nothing like her project of capturing a new continent for Christ. The colonies, by the arbitrament of the sword, are free and the States are sovereign. She sees the opportunity across the sea and prepares a

circular letter addressed to each governor of the States, providing a way to Christianize the inhabitants, white, Indian, and Negro. Hear an extract from her letters to Washington, written in 1784, the year our Church was organized. It is on the subject of missions; she wanted her orphanage funds to go to missions, and writes our first President as follows: "I have therefore taken the liberty of sending you with this a copy of my circular to the governor of each State, together with a plan, or rather an outline of a plan thrown together to convey some of my views. Again, any degree of consideration for the nearest wishes of my heart that stand connected with services to the Indian nations eminently demands my ardent thanks. No compliments can be accepted of you; the wise providence of God having called you to, and so honored you in, a situation far above your fellows, and, as one mark of his favor to his servant of old, given the nations to your sword and as the driven stubble to your bow. Allow me then to follow that comparison till that character shall as eminently belong unto you, he was called the friend of God." Read in that letter the courteous

grace and statesman's foresight, for it conveys both qualities. Wonderful woman, touching in influence and blessing the court of England on the one hand and the highest in rule in America on the other—the beneficence of one woman spanning two continents.

Her missionary zeal flamed brighter as age stole upon her. Age brought no respite from work, but larger plans and holier charities; not only the gift of money, but of self also as service. With the seer's vision she says: "Some very great work is intended by the Lord among the heathen. Should this appear I should rejoice to go myself to establish a college among the Indian nations. I can't help thinking the Lord will have me there, if only to make coats and garments for the poor Indians." Lady Huntingdon's personal life was as beautiful as her official life was beneficent. Contact with the world, the frictions of creed, perplexities of church-building, and intimacy with Christians and sinners did not take away that finer grace of holiness which is more in God's sight than our greatest labor. The equipoise of her faith was undisturbed amid the heated discussions that temporarily separated

Wesley and Whitefield. Her charity never failed amid all the bitterness of the old Calvinistic and Arminian contest that made foes of firmest friends. She was the healer, and reconciled Wesley and Whitefield, whose hearts were always one but whose intellects were divided. Her faith was pillared, not on man's testimony, but on the word of God and the inward witness. The testimony of consciousness was the deeper faith all had in common, and she put Augustine, Calvin, and Cranmer, all, back of Christ, and united men to him. She was mighty in counsel. Wesley submitted his journals to her before giving them to the public, and her wisdom saved Charles from joining the Moravians. The agents of Princeton University submitted their plans to her for building. Men highest in state in England and America delighted to have her judgment. Her drawing room was the salon of a new reformation. Hither nobility turned, men and women of England's most ancient houses. Here royalty came openly and secretly to hear, like Nicodemus, the Gospel of Christ; beautiful women, witty and bright, and brave men with scars and medals; men of most opposite creeds

—from Zinzendorf, the prince and Moravian, to Potter, the archbishop and Anglican ; men of highest culture as well as of highest piety, like Wesley, Benson, and Fletcher ; orators like Whitefield and Pitt ; courtiers like Chesterfield and Nash ; wits like Walpole and Bolingbroke ; historians like Hume ; actors like Garrick ; poets sacred like Charles Wesley, the sweet psalmist of the new theology ; and Cowper, sweet and sad ; and Toplady, whose poetry is as sweet as the honeycomb and prose as bitter as gall ; Pope, profane, and crooked in form and face ; Doddridge, pure and full of rhythmic truth, and Watts, full of life and sweetness, strength and grace ; statesmen like Dartmouth and Worth ; nobility of Scotland, like the dukes of Argyle and Aberdeen ; and earls like Buchan and Maxwell ; and the uncrowned nobility of America in Franklin, the philosopher, and Henry Laurens, the statesman. In her drawing room was found largely the moral light that was rising over Britain, and from it flowed out the influence that was protesting in Wilberforce against slavery and in America against cruelty to Indians. In the center of that home, known over three kingdoms, and in highest

repute beyond the sea, stood Selina of Huntingdon, one of the most remarkable women of any age and the finest flowering of English womanhood. Sharing in kinship the blood of Marie Stuart of Scotland, she had a still rarer beauty than the unfortunate queen's; not the beauty of form and speech, but that higher beauty of holiness. Kindred in lineage with good Queen Bess, whose name England reveres for her political might, and whom all Protestants revere for her defense of their faith, yet this woman's power, as far extended, was nobler than that of Elizabeth; for hers was the ascendancy of the sword and rule of force; but that of Lady Huntingdon was the sway of charity and the higher rule of Gospel truth. As brilliant as De Stäel, alluring bright men and women by the charm of her conversation, yet she held her gifts as a sacred trust and her wealth as a hallowed stewardship for Christ. Christ was the center, and every person who crossed her threshold was made to feel the attractive grace of a life naturally winning, but made more attractive by the love and grace of God. Her spiritual ministry was in harmony with all her life; her works praise her in the

gates; her name is as ointment poured forth. She was strong and benevolent, and she was holy. Early Methodism was character as well as achievement. Piety was the common jewel that adorned the brow of nobility and peasantry. Holiness was not only a profession but a possession. The love of Christ was enthroned in that heart so completely that her whole life was a ministry of blessing. Consecrated fully to Christ, she received a fullness of joy that is rarely bestowed. Perfect love yielded perfect enjoyment. We see the soul surrendered and full of contentment. She wrote to Wesley concerning perfect love, "This doctrine I hope to live and die by; it is absolutely the most complete thing I know."

Lady Huntingdon was sanctified but not sanctimonious. It is a lofty tribute to the beauty of holiness in her character that so many, from the king to the noble, honored her, and the highest praise of her piety that in life she influenced so many of the nobility for Christ and that in dying so many coveted her prayers. Noblemen passed over their chaplains and begged this sainted woman's supplications, counting her simple faith of more value than

priestly office and sacrament. Death came, and those of high estate met the king of terrors with as great joy as the humble peasant. Noble Methodists die well.

In early womanhood her own daughter yielded the battle, crying in triumph, "Happy, happy, happy!" Her sister-in-law, Lady Margaret Ingham, passed away saying, "Thanks be to God, the moment is come, the day is dawning!" She bowed at the bedside of the Earl of Buchan, and, converted, he exclaimed, in dying, "Had I strength of body I would not be ashamed before men and angels to tell what the Lord Jesus hath done for my soul." Lord and Lady Sutherland were converted through her ministry, and death suddenly arrested them. Lord Oxford sent for her, and, through her faith, laid hold on God and was saved. She had power with God as well as with men, and witnessed many of England's highest families brought to a saving knowledge of Christ. Her name in the United Kingdom was the synonym of Christly power, and hundreds breathed it in gratitude. Her influence touched all classes as no English woman. Even bishops felt the power of her life, for Archbishop Potter, the highest prelate

in England, wrote to her the last letter of his life, and in it says, "Pray for me until we meet in that place where our joy shall be complete." How pure and beneficent that life must have been to have compelled the respect of that dissolute age, and how potent for Christ that sweet voice which allured so many men and women out of that sinful society and planted them in Christ. She lived in one of the darkest periods of English history, when its Church was apostate in duty, its State corrupted, its court profaned, and its people debased. She lived under the reign of the four Georges, and, while her life and teachings were a constant rebuke to their evil conduct, they all respected and honored her, and recognized in her work and that of her associates the means by which England was saved and her political and religious life revived, all accepting as true what George III said to Charles Wesley, Jr., "To your uncle, Mr. Wesley, and your father, and to George Whitefield and the Countess of Huntingdon the Church in this realm is more indebted than all others."

We need not ask how she died. The end was in harmony with her whole career. She entered

into life 1707 and entered into eternal rest 1791, lingering over fourscore years.

She entered life four years after John Wesley was born and finished her ministry in his last year, the former closing that wondrous Odyssey in March, while the new life was dawning and the spring flowers budding, and his friend in June, when the flowers were distilling their sweetest fragrance. Both continued their ministry of love until the end, and "ceased at once to work and live." Age advancing dealt kindly with them, and made of life's evening a golden sunset. Both were permitted to see the harvest of their toil and sacrifice, outliving the sneers and persecutions. They found in their work accomplished and the good-will of men a sweet compensation for all they had suffered. With faculties undimmed they wrought for Christ until the day of their departure.

Like Wesley, whose last letter was to Wilberforce, pleading release for the African slaves, so Lady Huntingdon's last thought, on the day before death, was of the heathen—Wesley for Africa, Lady Huntingdon for the isles of the sea. Her plan for the conversion of the Sandwich Islanders and Wesley's purpose for

Africa were the same. Wesley, in laying down his ministry, said, "God buries his workmen, but the work goes on;" and Lady Huntingdon, in finishing her stewardship, said, "My work is done. I have nothing to do but to go to my Father."

Countess Selina of Huntingdon, friend, missionary, saint! In what niche shall we place this noble woman of Britain? In lineage she shared the blood of England's oldest nobility, her associates were the first in wealth and birth and culture of the United Kingdom and its fairest colony. In her lofty position she made all things bend to the one King, Christ. High birth, riches, and position were *noblesse oblige*. Position was used only to lift up the cause of Christ, riches administered that he might be honored, and culture consecrated that he might be exalted; and for this reverent service her name will ever be held in memory.

In English history no name of proudest Norman blood may be mentioned with her's. But one woman, Paula of Rome, may be compared to this finest flower of the Saxon family. She was descended from Rome's proudest patrician families, the Gracchi and Bruti. She,

like Lady Huntingdon, was born to wealth and position, and early left a widow. Her home in Rome and its surroundings were the resort of Christ's ministers. Her friendship with Jerome recalls that of Lady Huntingdon with Whitefield and Wesley.

The missionary service and beneficence of the Roman matron find a parallel in the itinerancy and charity of the English mother; but the latter, living in a higher field and girded by a more intelligent faith, wrought more nobly, making two continents the recipients of her winning love and Christly endeavor.

Britain has no name that sheds more luster upon the cause of Christ than this Methodist woman of noble birth, who, trampling on a coronet, took up the cross of the Nazarene. Marie Stuart, of kindred blood, wins by her beauty and the sad tragedy of her early death. Elizabeth wins the meed of commendation for her political services to her nation and for her defense of Protestantism; but this woman holds us closer because of the scepter of spiritual power, winning men and women from sin.

Among her peers she stands alone, and no woman at the court of the Georges may be

compared to her in brilliancy of intellect, uprightness of conduct, and consecration of heart. She was contemporary with the Duchess of Marlborough, who was honored with her friendship and counsel. Both were natural leaders and had position and influence, but the duchess used her power over queens and generals for private aggrandizement. One was gentle and kind, the other arrogant and avaricious. One was the politician, the other the philanthropist. The duchess would swear like a soldier, the countess pray like an angel. The former, in social triumph, ruled the court and Queen Anne, and age found her dethroned, her ambitions ruined, and herself in social exile; to the latter increasing years brought added honors, and from the highest. The society leader died the wealthiest woman in England, without a regret from friends or family; the religious leader died the most benevolent, while pulpits were draped and the sacred offices of the Church were used to hallow her name. The former trembled at the thought of a wasted life, while the other rejoiced at the reward that is promised to God's faithful disciples.

Selina, Countess of Huntingdon, will ever

be remembered as one of the new nobility that honored high position by doing reverent and loving service for God and humanity. Methodism honors her for her devotion to its most hallowed teachings, revealing in her life the beauty of holiness and in her work the example of Christ, who said, "Whosoever will be great among you shall be your minister, and whosoever of you will be the chiefest shall be the servant of all."

Her own sublime and beautiful hymn declares the deepest meaning of life :

"When thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come
To take thy ransomed people home,
Shall I among them stand?
Shall such a worthless worm as I,
Who sometimes am afraid to die,
Be found at thy right hand?"

"I love to meet thy people now,
Before thy feet with them to bow,
Though vilest of them all;
But, can I bear the piercing thought,
What if my name should be left out,
When thou for them shalt call?"

"O Lord, prevent it by thy grace;
Be thou my only hiding-place,
In this the accepted day;
Thy pardoning voice O let me hear
To still my unbelieving fear,
Nor let me fall, I pray.

170 METHODISM AT THE COURT OF ST. JAMES.

“ Among thy saints let me be found,
Whene'er the archangel's trump shall sound,
To see thy smiling face ;
Then loudest of the throng I'll sing,
While heaven's resounding mansions ring
With shouts of sovereign grace.”

The First Methodist Deaconess.

" BLESSED is the soul which hears *within* the Lord speaking, and receives from his mouth the word of consolation.

" Blessed are they who dive into things eternal, and strive day by day through spiritual exercises to gain a deeper capacity for receiving heavenly secrets."—*Of the Imitation of Christ*.

" THE soul once brought into *inner* and *immediate* contact with a divine power is never left to itself."—*Diman*.

" NEVER perhaps, since the rise of Christianity, has the mind which was in Christ Jesus been more faithfully copied than it was in the Vicar of Madeley. To say that he was a good Christian is saying too little. He was more than Christian—he was Christlike. It is said that Voltaire, when challenged to produce a character as perfect as that of Jesus Christ, at once mentioned Fletcher of Madeley."—*Overton*.

" IF liberty is to be saved it will not be by the doubters, the men of science, or the materialists ; it will be by religious convictions, by the faith of individuals who believe that God wills man to be free but also pure; it will be by the seekers after holiness, by those old-fashioned pious persons who speak of immortality and eternal life and prefer the soul to the whole world ; it will be by the enfranchised children of the ancient faith of the human race."—*Amiel's Journal*.

MARY FLETCHER.

IT is one of England's beautiful homes, surrounded with far-reaching fields and forests, bright with flowers of rare beauty and fragrance, threaded with walks amid jessamine and roses and drives upon which move fleet-footed coursers or tread the feet of men. All its environments are those of gentility, wealth, and refinement. The hour is memorable. The family carriage stands at the doorway. The whole retinue of servants stands in the hall bathed in tears as there trips out with firm but reluctant feet a beautiful young woman twenty-one years of age, with her maid following after. The door of the carriage shuts, horses speed away, and Mary Bosanquet is expelled from her father's house because she is a Methodist. The die has been cast, the crisis has ended, and the awful struggle in that young heart between parental authority and divine rule has been decided, and Mary Bosanquet willingly forsakes father and mother for the sake of Christ.

“ She puts from her person the trappings of pride,
And passes from home with the joy of a bride ;
Nor wept at the threshold as onward she moved,
For her heart was on fire in the cause she approved.”

Her humble and unpretending abode was soon reached. We can imagine the emotions of that hour. In a moment transferred from a home of plenty to two unfurnished rooms without carpet, candle, chair, or table, she closed the door and bolted it, saying, “ I am but young, only entered into my twenty-second year. I am cast out of my father’s house. I know the heart of a stranger.” Her maid arranged her house and prepared the scant meal of bread, rank butter, and water ; but she ate (as she writes) her meal with gladness and singleness of heart. A bed on the floor and the quiet stars in sentinel beauty watching through the windows, and the child of wealth began her new life in deprivation but rich in tenderest love for God. Natural affections rose and tears flowed as the darker shadows of evening stole in and the hour of retirement arrived ; for love to Christ does not destroy but increases human affection, and in no Christian is this more beautifully shown than in the life

of this young woman. Indeed, it was this strong fraternal love which caused her expulsion. She had found Christ through a humble servant, and she, like Andrew, would lead her brothers to Jesus. She felt that the claims of her own kindred were first upon her, and she besought them to be converted; and for this cause parental displeasure was incurred, and she was expelled from her home.

Miss Bosanquet's conversion was genuine. There was no truce to Satan, and at once the fruit began to appear. I need not say that her parents were scandalized at the thought of their daughter becoming a Methodist. They at once dismissed the maid who was the lowly evangel, burnt all the Methodist books she had read, and took the young miss to London, that amid the whirl of fashion and society they might destroy the impressions of the Spirit; but the faith of the young convert was not the passing emotion of the hour; not merely an intellectual assent to the new faith; not only a quickening of the religious consciousness, but a regeneration of desire, thought, and purpose; a new life thrilling and rejoicing the heart which nothing of earthly pleasure could

satisfy. The London society she preferred was that of the obscure Christians called Methodists. Her parents compelled her presence at the ball and card table, but her heart was not there. She, in filial honor bound, acceded to all of her parents' demands while in her minority, and as far as her conscience would allow; but when she arrived at legal age she followed her own rule of life. Her father forbade her to make converts of her younger brothers, and said to her, "My daughter, there is a particular promise which I require of you—that is, that you will never on any occasion, either now or hereafter, attempt to make Christians of your brothers." She replied, looking to the Lord, "I think, sir, I dare not consent to that." "Then you force me to put you out of my house." "Yes, sir," she replied; "according to your view of things I acknowledge it, and if I may but have your approval no situation will be disagreeable." Her answers breathe the same spirit that animated the Hebrew youths who preferred God in the furnace to the gift of life and disloyalty to him. A touch of paternal love flows from her father's heart, and the pang of the suffer-

ing child was somewhat softened by his words: "We shall be glad to see you next Tuesday at dinner." Her mother was severe to obduracy. She gave the final order, saying, day after day, "You must go to your lodgings to-night." It is difficult to understand this mother's unnatural attitude, for of all kindred she is most loyal to love's demands; but her mother was a worldly society woman, and the profession of a new faith by her daughter was most odious. Of all heartless creatures the most unnatural is the worldly society woman. Nothing destroys the finer endowments that crown her nature sooner than worldly society. The social ambitions of this mother were dashed to pieces by the conversion of her child, and, heartless, her presence became intolerable, and she hastened to carry out a decision that makes the mother as much the object of contempt as the daughter one of commendation. Miss Bosanquet was naturally religious. There was an hereditary vein of piety running through her blood that may account for her early devotion to God; for not only are vicious tendencies transmitted, but virtuous also. Her grandfather, a godly man, esteemed it a reproach for a man to die rich,

saying, "It is too plain a mark he has not made a good use of his money."

May we not see ancestral virtues blossoming out in her character? From a child she was serious, and preferred the joys of religion to the pleasures of the world. The early development of her piety was remarkable. When four years of age she was convinced that God answered her prayer; at five she became concerned for her salvation. This frail child, like Samuel, inquired early the way of the Lord. When eight years of age she was converted, exclaiming in her youthful joy, "I do, I do rely on Christ!" At ten, under the influence of temptation, she thought, like Wesley, that she had sinned against the Holy Ghost. Her life was austere even in childhood. Her favorite resort for prayer was a grove in her father's garden, where the young heart would pour out its thoughts unto God. She early drew to the Methodists. When but a child, with her parents at Bath, the Newport of England, she said if she knew where to find the Methodists she would tear off all her fine things and run through fire to them. At thirteen she was confirmed in St. Paul's, and at sixteen gave

up dancing. When at home she was never allowed to go out except in a carriage, but in London this delicate girl walked miles that she might worship with the people whom she loved. In the child we see the woman. The radiant joy of Christ, the stern renunciation of the world, the calm judgment discriminating between pure and sinful pleasures, evince not only a strong but deeply pious nature. Her life was like that of many who have served God efficiently. It was the morning sacrifice; for noble and reverent service unto God we must have the early consecration. Those whom God would gird for his highest ministry must not go out into the world to corrupt and be corrupted, but must, like Joseph, lead a stainless life. The flower of a pure youth bears richest fruitage in mature years, and this child of wealth and refinement, quickened early by the Spirit of God, was permitted to do much for the Master whom she served. Miss Bosanquet felt keenly her changed position. The iron entered into her soul; but she found her sphere of duty, and when that is found and duty done there is supreme happiness. She visited her old home, saying, "Yet I was not

without my cross, for every time I went to see my dear parents what I felt, when toward night I rose to go away, cannot be imagined." Friends upbraided, saying, "You will soon find the difference between your father's house and such poking holes as you will live in. There you will not have one inch but the common street, whereas you have been used to large and fine gardens; and how tired you will be of such trash as you provide instead of the bountiful provision of your father's table!"

Miss Bosanquet was heroic; in her soul flamed the old fire that has ever consumed the desire for worldly pleasure. It required a strong and resolute faith in God for a young woman at her age to leave her beautiful home and the highest social advantages and live in obscurity and contempt. And yet out of just such lives come the royal souls that elevate the race. Only by such discipline are we often prepared for the higher knowledge that yields blessings unto others; yea, our capacity to receive such discipline is God's evidence of our fitness for his service. She came from the social heights, and her position was only used to lift up the fallen; she came with

wealth only to enrich others, and with a home to shelter the homeless. Providence soon opened the door and she entered in. She had an advantage; while she was compelled to leave home and disinherited, she had money in her own right, and this, with what the Lord would send, would enable her to do some good. The hour of her expulsion from home was an exciting one in England, and the rejected faith that she espoused was the theme on almost every lip. Already the glad sound of the Gospel was ringing through the land, and at its call many women of honorable estate had responded and were doing the very work that Miss Bosanquet had planned. In London Lady Huntingdon was planning chapels, schools, and orphanages; in Edinburgh Lady Glenorchy and Lady Maxwell were leading society to see in the poor and homeless God's own neglected children and their kindred. Money was poured out, chapels were built, schools for the destitute and homes for the orphan planted, and society was being blessed. She had not long been among the Methodists without making her faith produce works. She did not spend her time in talking

of Jesus, but in working for him. Early Methodism, deeply spiritual, was intensely humanitarian. Souls had value, and so had bodies. The Gospel was not hearing the truth, but doing it. She joined the new nobility that had on it the stamp of holiness and service. She did not have that far-away faith that sees the stranger saved but has no salvation for the heathen around the door. Nor did she, in her strife for heaven, forget this world, nor in the claims of the spirit count of no use those of the body. She determined to return to Laytonstone, her home. She began where Christ did, in service to the body. She turned one of her houses into an orphanage and a school for destitute children; and from that humble beginning flowed out a stream of blessing that quickens the faith of every child of God who would win a crown of rejoicing. How marvelous the career of this young woman! We see her as a Priscilla bearing messages for the servants of God; as a Phœbe ministering like the deaconesses of the early Church in word and charity unto the people; and as a Dorcas making garments for the destitute and cheering by kind words those in dis-

ress. In this young life fully consecrated are all the qualities that make the office and ministry of the diaconate of the primitive Church. Her method was ideal. She did not flee society and immure herself in convent walls, only to come out in protest of garb and ministry against it. She entered no order like those of the Church of Rome, in which the highest ties of nature are cruelly sundered; she founded no order like the Grey Sisters of Berlin, or the deaconesses of Kaiserswerth. She simply took one of her houses, opened her doors to the neglected and orphans, and made its work its consecration. There was nothing of the ascetic in her, fleeing the corruptions of a society fast drifting into a state of moral confusion; nothing of the recluse shorn of sympathy and love, which can only be fostered by fellowship with men and women. Her piety was healthy; it had the robust glow of humanity in it, and shuddered at the thought of convent cell and celibate spirit. She would remain in the world but not of it, and so we find her at home in society revealing in all places the Master's spirit and doing his work.

Miss Bosanquet went out single and alone

to inaugurate a work that to-day finds a recognition in our own revered Church. She was its pioneer gentlewoman who opened the way that to-day so many Christian women are treading. It was before the day of deaconesses in our Church when she did the work of such a sisterhood; it was before the day of training schools for nurses and of medical colleges for women, where educated women can accomplish so much good, that she, with a physician's skill and nursing care, bent over the pallet of the lonely and sick and administered healing. What to her was a holy vocation is now a profession in which women of best family are proud to be enrolled. She anticipated that increasing class of women of gentle birth, wealth, and culture who to-day, touched by the power of our holy religion, turn aside from the frivolous pleasures of society to minister to beds of suffering and pain. She opened the path since trod by Florence Nightingale and Dora Pattison, and gave an impulse to that movement of humanity which has changed womanly ideals, causing young women to find highest honor and respect as, filled with the

spirit of Christ, they step from high social positions to give themselves to the office of nursing the sick and helping the helpless. With rare judgment in her piety she made of her home a shelter for the homeless, until many were saved and trained through her generosity. We see this young woman as a mother standing in the midst of her increasing family, ruling with benignity and grace the house she consecrated to God. The first orphanage of Methodism is worthy of an inspection. Its beginnings were humble and its founder inexperienced. It was but a grain of mustard-seed, but it will grow. It was in her own house and she was its benefactor. She did not mean to support it all herself, nor could she do so; at last she put this inscription on an alms box in the hall, "For the maintenance of a few orphans, that they may be brought up in the fear of the Lord." It began with a little four-year-old child taken from the side of its mother's coffin. The children were all dressed in uniform; the regulation garb was purple cotton, which all wore, from the founder down to the lowest attendant. It was a real Methodist orphanage, and in its severity recalls Epworth

Rectory and Susannah Wesley's discipline. They practiced early rising, the older children rising at four and five o'clock, the younger later. At half past six worship was held, and at seven breakfast was served. All inmates sat round a large table thirty feet long in the hall, and the morning meal consisted of herb tea and milk porridge. Until eight, exercises in the garden; then school opened, continuing until twelve; then a short season of worship, dismissal, and a walk. One, dinner was served, bill of fare not given. Two, bell rang for school, the session continuing until five; then recreation until prayer. The training was technical as well as literary and spiritual. The older girls were detailed each week in turn to be taught cooking and housekeeping. The composition of the orphanage varied; some were healthy and others diseased, but all were accepted. None were received under two years of age except a little waif a month old, which was laid one night at their door, but only tarried a few days, when it was borne to the ranks of the angels, to gain there the love and care which its inhuman parents denied it here. The orphanage was decidedly religious.

We can trace the same austerity of faith running all through the economy that we see in Kingswood, founded by Wesley, and Cokesbury College, founded by Coke and Asbury. We naturally revolt against compelling young children of tender age to rise so early; it is like punching young cattle up to make them thrive. The severe regimen of our early schools has long since been relaxed, and to-day in many of them there is Methodism only in name.

The orphanage had its difficulties, and the work was crippled when she changed her position and enlarged her borders. She bought a large farm in Berkshire and called it Cross Hall—peculiar name, but richly significant of her work carried on in this new field. Laytonstone had its troubles, but Cross Hall far exceeded. The number of orphans increased until forty persons made up her family, and we do not wonder if her income was inadequate and difficulties multiplied.

Her work is the old story of faith and struggle, of discouragement and triumph. Again was it verified that no great work can be done without labor, and that God's work never fails. Her ministry widened beyond her

resources, and men like the nobility of Tekoa sneered at her folly and continually predicted disaster. She had her opposers, but what good work has not been opposed? Rarely are men ready for every good work. If they love one cause they spoil the feast of charity by their hate of another. The most noble monuments of Philadelphia Methodism, the Home for the Aged, the orphanage, in which the hearts of so many are so deeply interested, and the hospital, so long needed and now so near completion, all have been opposed. When difficulties increased because of her straitened quarters, and applicants multiplied, prophets of evil came around; and listen to their counsel; it has a quite familiar ring to some ears: "You will find in the end it is all delusion. In two or three years you will turn out all these women and children to the wild world, and you in your old age will be without the necessaries of life."

Capital was used up, and deeper into debt the orphanage was plunged, when some, always weak in faith, and weaker in judgment, said, "Let us borrow;" but alas! there was no credit, and hence no money. Then she took

her work to God in prayer, and, opening a book, she read these words: "Christ charges himself with all your temporal affairs while you charge yourself with those that relate to his glory." She continued in prayer, and before she ceased was called down to meet a stranger who had called, and he put in her hand the exact amount of money needed.

We may not follow Miss Bosanquet in her orphanage work alone. We know not the garments made and food provided out of her own purse, or what she received from her friends. We only know that she never ceased doing good until her hands were palsied and the wheels of life stood still. Her benevolent work is an illustration of God's method in dealing with his children. None may forecast the result of work for God, for none can tell unto what his work will grow. There is an expansive power in every Christian endeavor. It begins as a mustard-seed of charity and widens until it becomes a great blessing. The Christian never knows what increase is behind until he begins to use the power, and then, as when the disciples distributed the bread and fish, the great blessing flows out.

The home was not only an orphanage, but she kept a kind of "inn for the Lord's people." She was given to hospitality. Her loving compassion was not only extended to the orphans whom she reared, but she made her home a social center for Christian people. To it came helpless orphans to find in her care a mother's loving arms; to it came the poor to be fed and to hear the word of God. The clergy shared her hospitable board and gladly took counsel with her concerning the welfare of the Church. Here the weary itinerant came and always found a welcome; and hither came devout women to plan and work for the extension of God's kingdom. Mr. Wesley visited her and calls Laytonstone "One truly Christian family." And again, "O what a house of God is here! Not only for decency and order, but for the life and power of religion. I am afraid there are very few such to be found at all in the king's dominions." He calls Cross Hall, her later home, "a pattern and general blessing to the country." Over fifty years her home was open, and rich and poor enjoyed her kindly cheer. All over the country went the fame of her hospitality like the fragrance

of Bethany, made sweet and precious by the presence of Christ.

Miss Bosanquet was not only a woman of one talent, but of many. She had a heart and hand of charity, but she had personal charms that win. She was attractive, possessing the highest graces of womanhood; not the beauty of form and face alone, but of manners and character. She had a tongue of silvery sweetness that captured men and women as it articulated Christ. The rare gift of speech seasoned with grace was her possession, and she used it willingly for his service. She began as a young woman to be a mother to the motherless, and while human love widened and deepened as she enlarged her work there was still a latent gift of divine blessing that was budding into promise of good for the Church. Wesley made her a class leader, and well he might, for the gifts and calling were evident. She formed the first Methodist Society at Laytonstone. Her home was the church in which a faithful band of twenty-five men and women worshiped. She had the inward call which Methodism emphasizes, the graces that won the ear of the people and abundant fruit in the souls

converted by her teaching, and Mr. Wesley permitted her to preach. How natural her position! She shrank from the high calling, and was content to lead and instruct the little flock in the privacy of a class room, but could not go out amid the wild crowd that gathered to hear the word of God; but the Spirit's call was sounding in her soul, and she felt the vows of God pressing upon her. With true womanly modesty she would not make her judgment ultimate, neither would she hush the accents of the Spirit within; so in her perplexity she appealed to Mr. Wesley, saying she "would abide by his decision, if the Lord should so direct by his decision." Hear him. He replied that he considered it an extraordinary call; that he looked upon the whole work of Methodism as an extraordinary dispensation. "Therefore I do not wonder if several things occur therein which do not fall under ordinary rules of discipline. Paul's ordinary rule was not to permit a woman to speak in the congregation, yet, in extraordinary cases, he made a few exceptions." Wesley conceded more to Miss Bosanquet than to other women who also professed to have received the divine

call. He advised Grace Walton and Sarah Crosby, gifted women, "to pray in private and in public as much as you can. Even in public you may properly enough intermix short exhortations with prayer. But keep as far from what we call preaching as you can. Therefore, never take a text; never speak in a continued discourse without some break above four or five minutes; tell the people we shall have another prayer meeting at such a time and place." Wesley made an exception of Miss Bosanquet's position. He said, "The Methodists do not allow of women's preaching;" but to her, "I do not see that you have broken any law." Evidently Wesley shared the same perplexity that confuses his children at this hour. He forbade women taking a text, yet allowed Miss Bosanquet to deliver a regular sermon. He suggested "Do not speak continuously over four or five minutes;" and yet this woman took a text, divided it into four or five parts, preached an hour and three quarters, while crowds stood like "wax works" in rapt attention on her ministry. Wesley considered the individual and not the class. Methodism does the same. It contradicts its highest seal of authority when

it refuses to hear the voice within; for above all others is the supremacy of the Holy Spirit, and the power and fruit must determine the ordination, whether it be of God or of man. If the power of God is manifest, who shall deny the higher ordination? In the Hebrew Church woman was prophetess. Miriam and Deborah and Huldah all spake as moved by the Holy Ghost, and the truth uttered by woman's voice lacked not authority. Anna, the aged prophetess, was recognized when Christ was born. Four daughters of Philip were taught of the Spirit, and the apostolic Church accepted their gifts. The Old Testament honored woman the prophetess, but did not make her a priest; the stern and bloody functions of that office were yielded to her brother. Christ did not call a woman to be an apostle, but did not by that act mean to annul her office as a prophetess or silence her voice that had sounded so sweetly in the earlier Church. May not the truth of God be found in the distinction between prophet and priest and in the precedent established by Christ and carried out in the early Church? To take away from woman a privilege she held in the Hebrew Church is to re-

duce the Christian Church, for her, at least, to a society lower than the first communion of Israel. Moses is not rebuked by Christ and Miriam still can speak; nor is Christ opposed to Paul, for the daughters of Philip did preach, and Wesley, in the recognition of the marvelous gifts of this woman, has simply restored a lost function of the primitive Church.

Miss Bosanquet's life was exceptional, yea, providential. She, too, had the dower of a Deborah and Anna, and in it and in the fruits that followed was her authority. Neither prophetic nor apostolic succession rests upon outward traditions or impositions. They are the true successors of the apostles who show apostolic character and work; they are true prophets of God whose message brings salvation. The realities of the Spirit are primary, and imposition of hands counts nothing without the endowment of power. The higher ordination of the Spirit makes valid the work of man, and his credentials without that are but so much waste paper. This noble woman heard the voice of God; while she was musing the fire burned, and she spake with her tongue the wonderful words of life. Her treatment

was not that of the wife of a Presbyterian elder, herself the daughter of a Methodist minister. The prayer meeting was becoming a Friends' service, without many of the inner voices, when, to revive the interest, he suggested that the sisters write out their testimony at home and have one of the venerable deacons read it—an attempt, said the venerable daughter of the itinerant, to get up a Methodist meeting. Wesley cut the Gordian knot, loosened the tongue of women, and gave to the Church of Christ the sweetest voices to send out the glad tidings, and “great is the multitude of women that publish them.” Study this gifted woman as she commands and holds the ear of the public and by her winning words wins thousands to the truth. Her soul is aflame with the joyous message, and she delights to tell the old, old story. All opportunities are utilized if she may but save some. In the home, in the parlor among the highest, in the kitchen among the lowly, in the barn and chapel with those who will not come to the parish church, ringing the dinner bell on the highway to arrest some thoughtless soul, forgetting, yea, sinking herself in Christ, and so consumed by a

passion for souls that she gladly uses all means to lead people to Jesus. See this child of wealth, raised in luxury, speeding on horseback over the Berkshire hills, facing the bleak, penetrating east wind, through rain and mud, to preach Christ! Now she preaches in the barn, and multitudes of lapsed Britons throng it to hear her loving words; now, a magnificent horsewoman, she rides twenty miles to preach, and two thousand people have assembled to hear her as she stands on the top of the stone quarry and in nature's chapel proclaims the truth. At Huddersfield she stands on the horse-block, and from that humble pulpit tells to hundreds the sweet, sad tragedy of Calvary. No place too small, no people too humble, no place too great, no hearers too high. Where-soever and to whomsoever this self-denying evangel is called, there she speeds with her angel ministry. With loving hands extended the orphan is rescued and the poor relieved; with eager footsteps she wends her way on errands like a good Samaritan, while her voice has become familiar over hill and lea, in village and in barn, its accents the echo of the angels' strain, that brings, wherever

heeded, "peace on earth and good-will toward men."

Miss Bosanquet was an enthusiast in Christian work. Like all that band of English women who mingled in the great revival she was consumed in its work; her comfort was in yielding comfort unto others, and her joy in making others happy. Her work was broad, her character was womanly. The broad field which she entered did not rob her of that indefinable charm that sometimes is lacking in public women. "Her words," said Wesley, "are of fire, conveying both light and heat to the hearts of all who hear them." Her voice was smooth, easy, and natural, even when deepest thought was expressed. Her modesty was proverbial; she would call her service only a meeting; she would not enter a pulpit in church or chapel. In the chapels she built out of her own means she had a small platform built, a foot above the floor, on which she stood; but she never entered a pulpit. Advancing as far as she must, every step toward the sacred office was taken with reluctance. It required no small courage for this young woman to face a public congregation in those

days of strife and corruption. The sneer was on many lips, and the insult fell from many tongues; and she would gladly have kept silence, but she dare not. Men heard and were converted; others listened only to revile, turning away crying out, "Sure she was an impudent woman, for no modest woman could proceed thus." Her course was lawless, judged by the canons of the Church, but her position in the Gospel was natural, for in Christ Jesus there is "neither male nor female," and the gifts are without limitation, as the Spirit bloweth where it listeth. To make one erring church at Corinth a precedent for all ages, and to degrade all women to the level of a body of illiterate Greek women, is not Pauline or Christian. Her gifts were extraordinary, and may not be judged by ordinary rules. When women of such rare endowments appear, and such blessed fruits are manifest, the result is a sufficient refutation of all the charges made against her.

Miss Bosanquet's position is that of our revered Church to-day—a Church that alone of the Protestant sisterhood yields to woman her place as recognized in the Scriptures, a Church

that rings out by all voices the message of God, and not the least potent is the low, sweet voice of woman. What the future position of woman may be in the Church may not be known, nor will I venture a prophecy; but whatever new office she may fill, or new ministries she may assume, it will not be to the detriment but for the good of the Church of God, for if at her command the first miracle was wrought beneath the bridal blossoms of Cana, the water sparkling purple into wine, her word, blended with the work of Him to-day can still work a joyful transmutation.

Miss Bosanquet's position evoked criticism and provoked opposition. The press defamed her; the pulpit held her up as a Merry Andrew before the saints; on all sides odium was cast upon her name, while her good works were evil spoken of. With womanly instinct she shrank from the cruel slanders that clergy and evil men circulated. She did not take the penalty as Lady Huntingdon; she felt keenly being made an object of laughter; she was womanly and could not bear ridicule. Nor was it the result of weakness; she was strong, she could suffer. Bold as a lion, she was as gen-

tle as a lamb ; uncompromising in her convictions, she was abundant in charity ; her courage never failed her, and when in the path of duty no evil made her afraid ; she would do and she would dare. One night, when she had been preaching in her own house to a large company, the gate bell rang violently, and at once appeared in the kitchen four men with clubs. Immediately word was whispered to her that these were the ringleaders of a mob come to do them harm. But at once she cried out, "O, we do not fear mobs when we are about our Master's business ; greater is he that is for us than all who can be against us." When she ended her service she calmly walked up to them and offered each of them a copy of the General Rules of the Society, and they at once went quietly away. That was genuine heroism, and recalls Napoleon, who advanced with open breast to a regiment and said to the soldiers, "Is there one who will kill his commander?" and they surrendered. The heroic soul does not covet peace but the battle ; the noblest faith does not waste its strength in singing about Christ but doing for him. To the highest souls life is a splendid battlefield,

and souls as treasure-trove to be conquered for Christ. Such spurn ease and calm sailing over the sea of life. To them the Norse poet's words are ever true :

“The helmsman prays not for warm sun and calm sea ;
Rather does he rejoice when the wind begins to whistle in the
rigging.”

The wind indeed whistled around early Methodism. The strange noises within and the mobs without Epworth Rectory followed when the family religion became a flame of a great revival. Persecution and violence were visited upon all who would lead a holy life. Principles were soon tested and strength quickly developed. No station was too lofty for exemption ; the convert at the steps of the throne as well as the converted collier were made equally to feel the arrow of the persecutor. The beautiful Hester Ann Rogers, daughter of an English clergyman, was confined by her parents eight weeks in a private room because she attended Methodist worship ; but it only drove her closer to Christ and made her a more ardent convert. Lord and Lady Dartmouth had the church closed against them, when Whitefield took to the churchyard and made

of a tombstone a pulpit to preach the Gospel of the resurrection. The preachers were the especial objects of their attack. Newspapers published them as strolling mendicants, men with a windmill in their heads. Actors on the stage made them the subject of their plays; poets scribbled against them and clergymen preached against them. Churchmen, Dissenter, and rabble all combined against the apostles of the new faith. The clergy, finding their vocation in peril, did the most harm. They would lead the mob as with heathen brutality they assaulted the poor defenseless Methodists. One vicar always kept a drum to beat when the itinerant entered the village. Another made a proclamation to the mob, bidding "all who would fight for the Church of England to repair to the drumhead, where each man would receive a pint of ale and all other encouragements." In no nation was the offense of the Cross more grievous than among these apostatized Britons. The clergy could play at bowls and follow hunting, and no reproof was given; but let them preach conversion as well as confirmation, and the testimony of conscience as well as the witness of the

Church, and they were at once ejected and cast out of their parishes.

There was law but no protection for the evangelical rector or curate. Think of the grand jury of the city of Cork making this presentment, "We find as present Charles Wesley to be a person of ill-fame, a vagabond, and a common disturber of his majesty's peace, and pray that he be transported." We read his matchless sacred poems, and again we learn that what he gained in suffering he expressed in song. Ingham, the scholarly Oxonian and husband of Lady Margaret Hastings, was pelted with mud; Whitefield was cut in the head by a large stone while preaching Christ, and bishop and clergy standing by never so much as entered protest. They were visited with stripes and imprisonment. John Mitchell, an itinerant, was ducked seven times in the pond; then his body was painted and carried to the ale house, and then carried again to the pond, where four men seized him and tossed him into twelve feet of water, and, when sinking unconscious, unwilling to drown him, they dragged him out. We cannot understand the malice of men that would lead to such con-

duct ; as one has truly said, " What think you of a state of society when Wesley met in return for his noble and Christlike efforts slander and scurrility from the press, the ribaldry of the ballad singer, the sneer of the witling, and the curt tauntings of the play actor? When he stands up to preach the air is thick with stones and tremulous with the furious shoutings of bloodthirsty crowds ; and when he retires for shelter the house is assaulted by the same mobs, windows smashed, doors broken, roofs pulled off, friends trampled into dust and gutter, women brutally insulted, men hauled to and plunged into horse-ponds and rivers, some of his helpers compelled to enlist in the army, others shut up in jails as disturbers of the peace. Church clerks are the ringleaders, under the command of the parish rector ; towns are given up to the rioters for days, as in Cork city. The coming of a Methodist in the street is a signal for a general turnout of all the ruffianism of alley and court, hooting, yelling, and cursing as though hell had been let loose and every jail had been emptied of its scoundrelism."

Noblest heroism was born in those days of

trial. Their souls burned with the martyr's fire that no punishment could put out. Nelson was arrested, but hear him: "Gentlemen, I see there is neither law nor justice for a man that is called a Methodist;" and addressing the clergyman who had him arrested, he said: "What do you know of me that is evil? Whom have I defrauded?" "You have no visible means of getting along," was the reply. And that preacher was led off and put into the dungeon with not even a stone to stand upon. But a little hole gave a gleam of light, and from that one little spot he preached to the crowds that gathered around. Of kindred heroism was the wife, who, coming at early morn to put food through the hole, cried out, "Fear not; the cause is of God for which you are here, and he will plead it himself; therefore be not concerned about me, for he that feeds the ravens will be mindful of us. He will give you strength for your day." "What was I imprisoned for? For warning the people to flee the wrath to come; and if that be a crime I shall commit it again unless you cut my tongue out." Persecution raged on all sides as the revival increased. Converts mul-

tiplied and criminals increased with conversion. How utterly absurd the treatment to repress the new heresy! Methodists were carried by wagonloads to the magistrates, and when accused the complainers would say, "These people pray from morning to night." One man, reporting his wife, said, "Please, your honor, they have converted my wife; till she went among the Methodists she had such a tongue, but now she is as quiet as a lamb." "Carry them back," said the magistrate, "and let them convert all the scolds of the town." If opposition was created the Gospel was not repressed. Often men knocked down the minister, but the Gospel overcame the mob. Not a few were those who came to condemn and went away to commend. Mr. Gwynne, a magistrate, determined to arrest a preacher, but before proceeding resolved to hear him. He carried the riot act with him to disperse the people and arrest the man of God; but, instead, God's Spirit arrested him, and his beautiful daughter became the wife of Charles Wesley, the song bird of the new reformation. Young men of culture and high position would come, like Saul, to accuse and scoff, and,

like Paul, return overcome by the power of God. Conversions of the hardest sinners would take place, and many were the men that, coming only to sneer and condemn, went away simply converted. Take the example of Madan, the son of an eminent lawyer, and connected with the nobility; he left his comrades in the coffee-house to take off the Methodists, and entering the place of worship he heard the words "Prepare to meet thy God" fall from Wesley's lips, and the truth smote him until he was converted. He returned, and his associates said, "Well, Madan, did you take off the old Methodist?" "No, gentlemen," he replied, "but he has taken me off." Gifted and eloquent, that man entered the ministry of the despised sect, and was known and revered for his devotion even more than his brother, the Bishop of Bristol.

Miss Bosanquet was made to feel the odium that was cast upon the new reformation, but she faced resolutely every foe that came before her. The early Methodists were heroic, and it required bravery; for these men and women were gentlemen and ladies, people of wealth and even noble lineage, who were treated as

common criminals. We live in a different age, when the truth has conquered and tolerance prevails; but our truth comes from their conquest and our tolerance from their fidelity to conviction. We reap to-day the rich fruitage of their steadfast devotion to great principles, and our religious peace was purchased by their struggles. In the outward change of villages and people—in the sobriety, chastity, and honesty—we see the fruits of God's work. England was revolutionized, and from John o' Groat's to Land's End a new spiritual life was manifest. But more beautiful was the transformation going on in this woman's nature. Her work won. The great reform of which she was a part allures, but her character, ripening in storm and sunshine, compels highest admiration. She possessed that "art of saintly alchemy by which bitterness is converted into kindness, the gall of human experience into gentleness, ingratitude into benefits, insults into pardon." No malice nor bitterness remained; all was purity and charity. The hand of oppression never hardened her heart. Amid all the sad changes that came her resolve was firm and her love was sweet. Time

mellowed her family, and the exiled child found those nearest to her embracing the very faith that had caused her expulsion from the parental roof. Her kindred became her benefactors and delighted in sending her aid. In her deepest perplexity they gave financial help, while they in return received her prayers, which were of more value than silver and gold.

Prayer was converse with God as well as petition. Her faith was rugged, beating down difficulties and making a way for the Lord. She had the creative faith that sees the invisible and actualizes it in the field of sense. Her communion with God is simply inspiring; she believed in the absolute God not conditioned by his creative laws, but conditioning them. Laws were not barriers to keep away the child from the throne, but bridges to lead her into his presence. Her God was not nominally omnipotent, but all which the word contains she believed. God's promises were personal, and she accepted them as a child appropriates the word of its father. Her faith compassed the whole field of spirit and sense, not dividing the realm into nature and the supernatural, but holding the latter inclusive of the

former. In her temporal life she applied these words of Job: "If thou return to the Almighty, thou shalt be built up, thou shalt put away iniquity far from thy tabernacles. Then shalt thou lay up gold as dust, and the gold of Ophir as the stones of the brooks. Yea, the Almighty shall be thy defense, and thou shalt have plenty of silver." These words were her motto in temporal affairs, and were signally verified in her long life. She held them before the throne in fulfillment of the human conditions; the result was simply startling. Financial difficulties came in her orphanage work; she took it to God in prayer, and the answer came. Her sister-in-law sent her in time of need forty pounds. Her income was cut off, and her sister died leaving her forty pounds a year. Her uncle passed away, leaving a large estate to her brothers and nothing to her; but one of them shared his portion with her. From all quarters came relief in answer to this woman's prayers, until she wrote: "My prayer seems to have free access to the throne, and the speedy answer amazes me. I wished for a large, commodious place for the people to meet in, and though it

seemed impossible it is now accomplished. I wished for one hundred pounds to build a meetinghouse at the Bank, and, laying it before the Lord, that word was again applied, 'Thou shalt decree a thing, and it shall be established unto thee: and the light shall shine upon thy ways.' I subscribed thirty pounds, and now I have the whole sum before the ground is prepared. I feel the Almighty is my defense, and to confirm my faith in spiritual things by things temporal he does give me plenty of silver."

Kind words came with kindly deeds. How comforting this note in the box containing a guinea: "My dear child, with much pleasure I have heard of your charitable undertakings, which I pray God to bless and succeed. Be never discouraged though divine Providence should exercise you at times even with many great and alarming difficulties; for this is frequently the way in which God leads his children, in order to prove their faith and prayer." She laid everything before God in prayer, small things as well as great. She was afflicted, and speedy death would seem inevitable; she prayed and applied remedies; the tumor left her

breast and she was cured. She answered her own prayers and God answered her prayers. Her life seemed a poem of thanksgiving and petition. No wonder she wrote, "I wish I had more time to attend to my diary; such wonderful answers to prayer are given me as ought to be recorded." Evidently the secret of God's power was open unto her, and her life but declares what this faithless age should learn, that God still answers prayer for food and raiment as in the days of old. Tennyson has truthfully sung:

"More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
For what are men better than sheep and goats,
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
Both for themselves and those who call them friends!
For so the whole earth is in every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God."

Prayer was not only answered in opening up opportunities of doing good, but its subjective influence was most powerful. With the strength of faith taking hold on God came the beauty of holiness, reflecting him. Prayer continued, but the richer answer came out in her inner life. "He does not answer by sweet

comfort only, but by power over sin and purity of mind in a good degree and an almost constant act of sacrifice. I love his will, sweet or bitter, but I want him, as the bride in the Canticles, to kiss me with the kisses of his mouth, for this love is better than wine."

Humanitarian work needs great sympathy. In no work is love more necessary than in an orphanage, asylum, or hospital, and in no place do we find so much unnatural treatment. Motherhood is earth's noblest and strongest love, and yet that love, so deep and exhaustive, has its limitations. It requires a great heart to mother many children, and the celibate is often the possessor of the least of it. The occasional *exposé* of our public orphanages reveals the greatest inhumanity. Rare is the woman who can be mother unto many children. Bishop Potter said that in a London orphanage were found girls who did not know how to kiss. The heart bleeds when it thinks of the little helpless children never bathed in kisses or caressed in loving arms. The noblest tribute to this woman's broad heart of love and her discharge of her ministry is the fact that the first orphan taken to her arms remained with her as a

daughter and, repeating her ministry, continued with her until death.

Work for humanity drains human sympathy very quickly and paralyzes human love. He whose heart was a treasury of overflowing virtue was compelled to seek the shelter of the hills as a closet of prayer, that his strength might be renewed, for the tax on his heart was heavy. Christ called his disciples apart to rest awhile, and they needed it, for the world was emptying them. Yes, even Christ had to flee society and abide with God to gather back the wasted resources that were drained out by human woe. He could not bear the "sweet sad music of humanity" as it poured into his heart, but was compelled to enter the higher shrines of God's great temple and in silence beneath the stars hold on to his Father and have his strength renewed. Our little vessels of charity are soon emptied, and were it not that we can turn to Christ, the source of highest love, our work would soon become professional, our hearts would grow cold, and the spirit of the hireling would conquer.

This woman's strong nature was kept from

depletion by constant walk with God. If the first promise, "Thou shalt have plenty of silver," made successful her outward ministry, the promise, "Thou shalt walk with me in white," made beautiful her inner life. Outward prosperity is not an evidence of God's favor. The greatest riches are the wealth of the heart. God's presence is the highest evidence of God's favor. Charles Wesley has expressed the haunting desire of every Christian heart :

" Thy gifts, alas ! will not suffice,
 Unless thyself be given ;
 Thy presence makes my paradise,
 And where thou art is heaven."

Companionship with God is the heart's chief joy. To know him as an abiding friend, to walk with him in heart-purity is the highest privilege, and to this end Mary Bosanquet wrought and loved and prayed. Like Phœbe, a deaconess, she administered to the poor and helpless ; like Anna, a prophetess, she proclaimed the glad tidings ; but the sweet-voiced evangel is lost in the higher appellation of saint. Her austerity was severe even unto deprivation. It was of a nature described by Amiel : "Austerity in women is sometimes the

accompaniment of a rare power of loving, and when it is so their attachment is as strong as death, their fidelity as resisting as the diamond; they are hungry for devotion and athirst for sacrifice. Their love is piety, their tenderness a religion, and they triple the energy of love by giving to it the sanctity of duty." It was so in this devoted woman's ministry. Unequaled in diligence, she was assiduous in charity. Her benevolence was limited only by her resources. As she grew in spirituality she became more self-denying, until at last only a meager sum was spent upon herself. Her income was guarded that it might be distributed. In one year her raiment cost only nineteen shillings and sixpence. Her personal expenses never exceeded five pounds per annum, while her offerings to the poor amounted annually to nearly two hundred pounds. Heart, hand, and tongue were all consecrated unto God's service, and as deaconess and prophet and almoner she did her duty.

Allied to extreme generosity was her strong bias toward justice. Her benevolence did not destroy the judicial sense that often blinds men to the rights of others. She was conscientious

to a fault, and ever preferred to suffer deprivation rather than even seem to be unjust. A rich young lady who made her home with her bequeathed her orphanage two thousand pounds; but she would not accept it, and compelled the will to be altered, lest it might be said she unduly influenced her. Her friend did but remonstrate, saying, "Had I lived to have had my own way I should have given you much more; for I know God is with you." When her father was dying he sent for her and said he would alter his will, and she should receive her natural portion; but the disinherited child would not allow the testament to be changed, and she remained disinherited. To many minds she erred, for she was entitled to her portion; but her ideas were so lofty, her motives so pure, that she would not allow anything to be done that might cast a shadow of suspicion on her good name. Her conduct finds a kindred example in Charles Borromeo, who would not receive for the Roman Church bequests from those who left friends dependent upon them. The rapacity of the Church has often outraged the demands of family and kindred, but this woman, needing money, held

in highest sanctity the rights of others as well as the claims of her work. We cannot help admiring the spirit that would spurn to do evil or even to have the good name tarnished. But she needed money. Her work was always beyond her income, and at times greatly jeopardized. Her very success created financial demands beyond her purse ; for, like every Christian, she ventured, she trusted. She carried into her work her faith, and, although there was uncertainty and worry, somehow in God's good hour the clouds were lifted, the difficulties solved, and success assured. She only emphasized the poet's words :

“Trust! To those who trust all things prove true ;
Have faith, and faith will make thee strong,
So strong, indeed, 'twill not be long
Ere thou shalt do what thou wouldst do.”

Her difficulties evoked some amusing experiences. Men saw her plunging into debt, and would save the cargo by capturing the pilot ; but Miss Bosanquet would not give her hand to a man merely because he could pay her debts. She was not progressive, nor had she the American idea of selling herself for gold. Her financial troubles increased and also her

suitors; she attracted men of wealth, who would gladly have shared their heart and home with this woman, but she was not easily ensnared. One persistent cavalier flaunted his gold before her eyes, thinking her adversity would be his opportunity, and had the audacity to say he had the money to pay all her debts if she would only become his wife; but she preferred to carry her burden and keep her own heart. In the darkest hour, when orphanage and home were in great peril, and her faith was tested unto the utmost, quickly the perplexities were solved; money flowed in from the living and from the dead; obligations were canceled, and Mary Bosanquet entered a new and a higher relation and became the wife of Rev. John Fletcher. Nothing is more beautiful in all history than the hidden love of this earnest woman. The romance of the storied love of Dante for Beatrice vanishes when he tells us he saw his fair friend but once, and then a little girl of twelve years dressed in red calico. Her virtues were the created ideals of the poetic brain. The lawless love of Abelard and Heloise sinks before the sacred fire burning in the hearts of Miss Bosanquet and

her friend. We admire the devotion of the great scholar ; but his fire was not like the sacred flame that burnt in silence in this woman's heart. No estimate of this life would be complete without an allusion to the tender sentiment that possessed her soul. She was in love fifteen years, and her friend carried his secret seventeen years. Cupid smote lover and loved with the same dart, but they both carried the wound in silence. Love letters are always interesting, and the old story never wearies when told. She told a dear friend that "it is sometimes presented to my mind that I should be called upon to marry Mr. Fletcher." About the same time he wrote to Charles Wesley as follows : "You ask me a singular question, and I shall answer it with a smile, as I suppose you asked it. I might have remarked that for some days before I set off for Madeley I considered matrimony with a different eye to what I had done, and the person who then presented herself to my imagination was Miss Bosanquet."

The hidden fire burned in the saint's soul until, returning from a journey in Italy and other countries, he declared his love. His wife

has left us this little bit of romance: "In June, 1781, I received a letter saying for twenty-five years he had found a regard for me, while he was still as sincere as ever; and though it might have appeared odd he should write on such a subject when just returned from abroad, and more so without seeing me first, he could only say that his mind was so strongly drawn to it that he believed it to be the order of God's providence. It was amid the June roses that the lover poured out his soul, and the brief life that followed was a summer of sweetest fragrance and beauty. Fletcher had not dared to aspire to the hand of this lady of fortune, for while he was of noble lineage, and a graduate of Geneva, yet he was a stranger in England and only a rector of an obscure parish. But Cupid has little patience with a tardy lover, and Fletcher was fortunate in winning his bride; and she was to be felicitated on winning the heart of one whose gifts of intellect and heart are not surpassed in the records of any age or Church. She was a noble woman and worthy of the highest sphere, and he was also of the nobility, bearing not only the patent of earthly honor, but the stamp of

that higher society which finds its rank and character proven by heroic deeds. Fletcher was born in Switzerland and educated in the university of its capital. His ancestry were of noble family and his father a colonel in the French army. He found himself drawn to a similar vocation, but Providence had for him a different calling. Like Robertson, he had the military spirit, which he carried over into his spiritual life. A chain of marvelous incidents in childhood and strange circumstances in early manhood landed him a stranger in London, unable even to speak the English tongue. From a child he was religious, and his studies were directed toward the ministry of the Church; but, scholarly and conscientious, he revolted against the faith of Calvin, and found himself in England without a creed. The life of God remained, but there was no harmony between his intellectual convictions and his fathers' faith. He was just where thousands of Calvinists are to-day; not out of Christ, not out of Presbyterianism, but out of John Calvin's interpretation of God's word. The larger intellectual vision has caused a break with the creed; they are still loyal to Christ. His knowledge

of Methodism was gained by the wayside from a humble woman with whom he conversed. He was on his way to London with a Mr. Hill, a member of Parliament in whose family he was a tutor, and when, having overtaken the family, he spoke of the conversation, Mrs. Hill said, "I shall not wonder if our tutor does not turn Methodist by and by." "Methodist, madam?" said he; "pray what is that?" She replied, "Why, the Methodists are a people that do nothing but pray; they are praying all day and all night." "Are they?" said he; "then by the help of God I will find them out if they be above ground." He did find them out, and became a pillar of strength and beauty. He was a most remarkable man, and it may be questioned if in all the qualities that make an ideal minister any Church has produced his equal. Infidel and Christian thought have passed but one judgment upon this servant of God. I confess to a feeling of awe in the attempt to describe him. He wins by intellect and charity; but his character has in it so much of other-worldliness that, allured by it, we also seemed repelled. We lay down his works and must concur with Döllinger, "that his *Checks* are

the most important religious writings that came from the press in the eighteenth century."

We lay down his *Memoirs* and wonder if such a man really lived. He was a well-rounded man. He was a clean writer; a controversialist, keeping sweet his temper while defending his views of truth. Without bitterness he wrote strong words, laying deeply the foundation of the new faith. He was a brilliant and popular preacher, having a face so angelic and expressive that thousands followed him. He was a rare and inspiring teacher. As principal of the Trevecca College he would not only meet the students in the lecture rooms, but follow them in the closet, and, like the later German professors, take them with him, and, while filling their minds with knowledge, fill also their hearts with Christ. He was a model rector; but, alas! where in history is there a man like him? He did not accept the best place as the loudest call, but the place in which he could do most good. He rejected a parish with a two hundred pounds income, that his friend presenting it said was good pay and easy work, and exchanged it for one of eighty pounds income among a rude and half-civi-

lized community. What an ideal minister, and what a rebuke to the whole crowd of self-seekers that flock around modern altars, and if they cannot be chief will not serve; who, instead of creating new places and bringing things to pass, can only minister at altars already built and feed upon sacrifices already made! This man's *Memoirs* should be a manual of private devotion for bishops and all clergy, and if read three times a year would produce a revival in the pulpit where it is most needed.

The British Church has no saint on its calendar whose writings and character surpass those of Fletcher of Madeley. In holiness of life he has his place with McCheyne, Summerfield, Payson, and our own sainted Alfred Cookman. He was of that lofty Johannean type which rarely appears in a Christian Church. His pen thrills to-day and sweeps away errors, and his life stimulates to holy living. Fletcher was the advocate of the new movement. Trained in Geneva, he is her best gift to the new Church that was rising out of the loins of the national Church. Calvinism yielded Fletcher to Methodism, and in return

Methodism gave, in the ministry of Whitefield in America, her best gifts to Calvinism. Through his preaching all Churches were aided, but especially Presbyterian churches of America. Methodism gave to Presbyterianism one of her most eloquent speakers, and Presbyterianism gave in return Fletcher, the keen, logical writer and holy saint. Two men of most opposite faith and of rarest training have given by word and act their opinion of Fletcher. He was the man selected by John Wesley to take his place after his death, and the choice reveals the estimate of his ability. Francis Newman, the brother of the late Cardinal Newman, and his peer in intellectual endowments, has declared that the character of John Fletcher was holier than that of Christ, so lofty was the estimate put upon this man. But he forgot that all the grace which ennobled John Fletcher was derived from a copy and worship of Christ. If Christ, the creator of sainthood, had not lived, Fletcher of Madeley would not have attained to the position which he held; for Christ's perfect example and sacrifice were the nutriment that produced the character.

It was this man, the scholar, the eloquent

preacher, and the saint, unto whom Mary Bosanquet was united in marriage; and it may be doubted if in conjugal bonds two more congenial souls were ever united. They were correspondent in many ideals and actions. There was a social equality of fortune and family; there was an intellectual attraction in the training which both had received; there was a sympathy in their humane work that flowed out in the same channels; a kinship in vocation, both preaching, and not the wife making the sermons; and a fellowship of soul in the same aspirations after holiness that burned as a passion in their hearts. It was a marriage of pure but of highest sentiment, a real romance beneath the dull skies of Britain. Divine love does not destroy or absorb human love, but only refines and chastens it; and Christ's first miracle, performed at a marriage, will ever be his estimate of that high estate. Miss Bosanquet was great as a deaconess, living a celibate life; but she was greater as a wife. Celibacy is no sacrament, nor marriage either; but there is no relation that is so radiant with the virtues of heaven as that of husband and wife; and that relation was adorned by them.

Never did sentiment shine more brightly than in the hearts of this holy pair. God's love only sanctified the human love, and intimate fellowship with Christ, the Head of the Church, only made stronger the tie which made them one. They believed their match was made in heaven—a rather dangerous faith ; for if marriages are made there some get broken on the way. They made the dangerous vow that they would not limit their union to the words “until death us do part,” and they kept it. A deathless pledge is ever a perilous vow, for love is not always an act of the will, and many a pair have plighted their troth eternal and some winsome sprite has crossed their path and the marriage service has been repeated. Their life was as pure and musical as the sound of a marriage bell. Tennyson has painted it in his “In Memoriam :”

“Thrice blest whose lives are faithful prayers,
Whose loves in higher love endure ;
What souls possess themselves so pure ?
Or is there blessedness like theirs ?”

Brief bliss was their portion ; but four short years, and the silver cord was loosened and Mary Fletcher was alone again. We have lit-

tle glimpses of that life at Madeley. Marriage to Miss Bosanquet was a relief from financial perplexity, but not a release from the work she loved ; her field was changed but not her work. Cross Hall was closed and Madeley was opened. Here the same kindly aid was manifest. Chapels were built out of her private funds, schools were established, and the sick visited and relieved. The angelic ministry was soon felt ; hundreds were reformed and gathered into the Church. She did not hide her message because she was married, but still preached. She would never enter her husband's pulpit in church or chapel, but would stand among the people and tell the old, old story. Her modesty forbade the taking of her husband's place, but did not prevent her giving her message.

In her home the same generous hospitality was dispensed. It was styled an "inn" for God's people, and the good cheer of Cross Hall was repeated at Madeley. Christly fellowship supplemented Christly work, and within the beautiful home mingled Wesley and other godly men who were working to bring England back to Christ. Epworth is a beauti-

ful picture, but Madeley is still finer. Sentiment found expression, but colored by the spiritual life. Nothing shows a more beautiful blending of the spiritual and social in home than this little incident; some friends ride up to Madeley but will not dismount; whereupon the good saint sends a servant to bring out some bread and wine, and as he distributes the food he blesses it, saying, "Take, eat, this is my body." The spiritual was so blended with the temporal life that every feast became a sacrament and every meeting of his friends a fellowship of Christ. The whole atmosphere of those brief years was fragrant with holiness, and wherever Fletcher trod the spirit of Christ was manifest. Wesley said of Mary Fletcher's husband: "I was intimately acquainted with him for thirty years. I conversed with him morning, noon, and night without the least reserve during a journey of many hundred miles, and in all that time I never heard him speak an improper word or saw him do an improper action. Within fourscore years I have known many excellent men, holy in heart and life, but one equal to him I have not known; one so uniformly and deeply

devoted to God, so unblamable a man in every respect, I have not found either in America or Europe; nor do I expect to find another such on this side of eternity."

Wesley's estimate of Fletcher was of the highest and its sincerity proven by his choice of him as his successor when he must leave the societies he had formed. In a letter he describes the kind of man fitted for leadership: "Qualified to preside over both preachers and people, he must be a man of faith and love, and one that has a single eye to the advancement of the kingdom of God. He must have a clear understanding of men and things, particularly of the Methodist doctrine and discipline. He must likewise have some degree of learning, because there are many adversaries, learned as well as unlearned, whose mouths must be stopped. But has God provided one so qualified? Who is he? Thou art the man."

The venerable Wesley was not permitted to have his friend take his place as under-shepherd of the infant Church, for in 1785 he closed his ministry at Madeley. On the Sabbath of the 7th of August he gave the holy com-

munion to his people and returned to his home, and on the following Sabbath, as the first day was ending, the saint entered eternal rest. A week of agony and of ecstasy passed before the change came, the spirit half released pouring out continual praise until the voice was hushed in death. We pause before such a life ; we are silent before such a death.

Mrs. Fletcher kept fresh the memory of her sainted husband, and the anniversary of their marriage was kept sacred as a day of special prayer and worship. She believed in the communion of the saints, and did not shut out her friends because they had passed into a higher life. She believed they were ministering angels sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation. She held :

“ Ours the communion of all saints,
The Churches' faithful dead,
To cheer us when our spirits faint,
And hope and strength are fled.”

John and Mary Fletcher walked on the highest plane of Christian living, not lowering the standard of the Gospel nor walking in high places unworthily, but accepting the whole counsel of God, bowing intellect, heart, and

will, and seeking to actualize that will in a perfect obedience unto God. How perfectly these two souls walked before God we know not; but we can see in the fruit of faith wondrously beautiful lives. Holiness is attractive. He that stood on the grassy slopes of Galilee pressing with hallowed feet the fragrant flowers was so winning that men thronged in crowds unto him. The image of holiness was so attractive that men would sacrifice everything so that they might see Jesus. This nature followed Fletcher and his wife. When preaching in the city of Dublin in French, which the people could not understand, they would silently stand gazing, and the transfigured face became to them a gospel read and known.

“There’s a sweetness of sound in his talking tones,
Betraying the gentle spirit within.”

Their lives were remarkable—almost a perfect bridal of profession and character—and show us that union of word and deed which makes a true Christian. Do their sacrifice and generosity win us? then their holy walk is still more alluring, Do we see the hand of God in loving guidance removing perplexities, solving doubts, and yielding earthly blessings? Then

we see it still more evident in molding them into his own likeness. Giants in energy and sacrifice, they are still greater in holiness. Some characters are like Meissonier's paintings, you can examine them under a microscope, and find the finish and detail almost perfect; so of these two saints: placed under the focal light of this critical age they elicit the highest encomiums. They were holy; they exemplified the great doctrine of Methodism, spreading scriptural holiness throughout the land. Christ puts the highest standard before men, and if the Church would cease argument and lead men up to it there would be progress. The true leader brings the soldier up to the standard, and takes not the flag back to the rear. Christ said, "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect," and Methodism dares to lead humanity up to that command. It is a high command, but just what the Gospel demands. Christianity is a perfect revelation. Christ is a perfect pattern, and men can follow it until the God in the soul will be manifest in all they do. "Wesley," said Dean Stanley, "had a genius for holiness." The early

converts professed it. Lady Maxwell was not more noted for her deeds of charity than for her holy living. Lady Fitzgerald was a conspicuous example of holiness in high places; Mary Fletcher prayed that she might walk with God in white, and her pure life would seem to be the answer to her prayer. Methodism emphasizes life more than doctrine, and holds before humanity, as its central gift, purity. It demands first that man be pure, and that removes it from all other creeds and allies it with Calvinism and Arminianism; for heart purity is the possession of all who sincerely desire it. Character was the crown of the Wesleyan reformation. It was not only a return to apostolic teaching, but also to apostolic living. Holiness, Christ's first command, was their ideal, and they dared to declare its possibility. Mrs. Fletcher's definition of the higher life all Christians will accept: "It is to be perfectly ingrafted into the vine, to have no impediment remaining to hinder the flow of the sap; and while the soul thus abides by faith it brings forth much fruit and experimentally knows the meaning of those words of St. John, 'Whosoever abideth in him sinneth not.'"

She looked without for her standard, the word of God, but looked within for its confirmation. The higher witness was the kingdom of God within, for she held, with Wesley's father, "The inward witness, my son, the inward witness, that is the proof, the strongest proof, of Christianity."

Mary Fletcher's life was prolonged beyond that of her family and friends. Work for Christ gave increasing strength, and she lingered unto seventy-six years, doing her work of charity.

Sleep came, and with it the final sleep of death. She said to her friend in attendance, "Are you in bed?" She answered, "I am." She replied, "That is right. Now, if I can, I will rest. Let our hearts be united in prayer, and the Lord bless both thee and me." The night watch passed, and the dawn was the eternal morning.

Well may Burder, the author of *Pious Women*, say that "in the apostolic age she would have been a Priscilla and have taken her place among the presbyteresses or female confessors of the primitive Church. Had she been in the Roman Church she would probably

have been enrolled among the saints of the calendar."

We know no character in Church history like her, none so rounded and well developed spiritually as this Englishwoman. She is not Hebraic, and yet there is manifest in her the highest virtues of that old Church—the tongue of a Miriam, the leadership of a Deborah, the service of a Hannah, and the devotion of a Mary. She is not Roman, and yet we see the spirit of a Paula clear and distinct in her charity and work among helpless childhood and suffering humanity. Like St. Theresa, her soul was filled with visions of faith, but without the superstitions that clouded the creed of her Spanish sister. Like Madame Guyon, she had the witness and communion of the Holy Spirit, but her leverage of the Scriptures kept her back from error in devotion. All that is winning in the older Churches comes out in her life, and much that is holy in her self-sacrificing ministry.

History, gemmed with honored names, in whom the grace of God has been magnified, has none on her roll more beautiful than this devout woman. Fiction by the pen of George

Eliot, a genius in intellect, portrays Dinah Morris, in *Adam Bede*, called by critics the finest woman of fiction; but the idealized portrait of her Methodist aunt, the woman preacher, falls far below the strange and wondrous beauty of the actual life of Mary Fletcher. The world of moral beauty has long pointed to her noble husband as one of the purest men produced by the Church of Christ. His scholarship, winning the commendation of Catholic and Protestant alike, is surpassed by the saintliness of character that wins and holds all hearts aspiring after heart purity. But however upright that life there stood by his side in union of soul and spirit one equally pure and beneficent; one touched by the refining hand of the Master of Galilee has become representative of our own revered communion, which, teaching Christ's command, "Be ye perfect," has illustrated it in the life of this sainted woman—a woman broad and sympathetic; a deaconess full of good works, clothing the naked, feeding the hungry, and sheltering the homeless; a preacher declaring in sweet tones the glad tidings, until thousands hung in suspense upon her winged sentences; and above

all a saint reflecting in the beauty of holiness
even more than in deed the highest virtues of
the Christian life.

Mary Fletcher, pure and beautiful name!
Christ is made more alluring by thy life, and
his Church more winning by thy reverent
service.

“O, may I join the choir invisible
Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence ; live
In pulses stirred to generosity,
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
For miserable aims that end with self,
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars,
And with their mild persistence urge man's search
To vaster issues.”

Methodism in the Higher Society of the
American Colonies.

“ I have known few Christians in whose theology, experience, and daily life Christ occupied so exalted a place. He was literally the Alpha and Omega—the beginning and end—of her religion.”—*President Olin, Memorial Sermon on Katharine Livingston Garrettson.*

“ As I understand it, Christianity is above all religions, and religion is not a method, it is a life, a higher and supernatural life, mystical in its root and practical in its fruits, a communion with God, a calm and deep enthusiasm, a love which radiates, a force which acts, a happiness which overflows.”—*Amiel.*

“ Not sedentary all : there are who roam
To scatter seeds of life on barbarous shores.”—*Wordsworth.*

“ Among the coadjutors of Asbury there were none more blameless in spirit, more fervent in zeal, or more devoted in life than Freeborn Garrettson. Like his Master he went about doing good, and he did it freely. He went a warfare at his own charges, having never asked any compensation for preaching, nor ever received any unless forced upon him, and then he would on the first opportunity give it to some needy brother.

“ In preaching the Gospel, in service to the Methodist Episcopal Church, and in aiding the cause of humanity, he spent all his time, all his patrimony, and all the surplus income of the ample property of his wife.

“ Blessed be the memory of Freeborn Garrettson, the gentleman, the philanthropist, the Christian ! ”—*Asbury and His Coadjutors.*

“ Then I unbar the doors ; my paths lead out
The exodus of nations ; I disperse
Men to all shores that front the hoary main.
I, too, have arts and sorceries ;
Illusion dwells forever with the wave.
I make some coast alluring, some lone isle,
To distant men, who must go there or die.”—*Emerson.*

KATHARINE LIVINGSTON GARRETTSON.

METHODISM was introduced into the New World by the voice and hand of woman. Barbara Heck, a devout young German woman, in New York city, enters a card party, and, snatching the cards from the gamesters, throws them in the fire, and then, going to the home of Philip Embury, a Wesleyan exhorter, compels him to stir up the suppressed gift of the Spirit, and establish service for the worship of God. By common consent this young woman is honored as the founder of American Methodism. Through her exhortations Philip Embury, the German palatine, from Ireland, was quickened in faith, and Methodism was planted in the virgin soil of a new world. American Methodism and Presbyterianism derive their origin through Ireland. The island that sent Boniface to Germany sent Makemie and Mackie to plant Presbyterianism and Philip Embury to plant Methodism in America. Both Churches, as Dean Stanley has said, owe their origin to the zeal

of Irish missionaries. As Wesley learned of the young Moravian professor, Böhler, so from a little band of exiled Protestants of the palatinate came the founders of the American Church. In the persistent faith and protest of this young woman we can read the effect of the Gospel on the German heart, which naturally takes kindly to the subjective faith of Methodism. Barbara Heck's German Bible was her guide in beginning a great work, her constant companion through life, and death, summoning, found her on bended knee with its open pages still before her. No religion is more fitted for the German mind than that of our revered Church. Dogmatism finds but little favor among the Germans. A nation of thinkers, an inward religion finds a speedier welcome ; so we can understand how Methodism once rooted in the heart cannot be easily displaced. The Church, beginning in humble surroundings, soon won its way among all classes, and it was not long before it permeated with its new life the highest social station, and the most eminent families shared with the few emigrants from England and Ireland the peace and joy of a new faith. As in England the

movement flowed out into two streams encircling the court life and transforming it, and touching the lower life to purify and ennoble it, so this dual ministry was repeated in the colonies. If the first society was representative of culture, wealth, and social position in the Old World, so was it in the New. Among the contributors and adherents of the first American Church we see the most distinguished names of colonial New York: the Livingstons, Van Cortlandts, Duanes, Lispenards, and others, representing the highest and best life of its commercial center. Methodism soon entered the wealthiest family of New York and one of the most honored of the American colonies, that of Honorable Robert Livingston, a family of distinction in Scotland in the time of Marie Stuart, and of social and political prominence in the earlier life of the colonies. Judge Livingston's father was educated in Scotland, and brought back to his country the rare fruit that has ever come out of the colleges of old Scotia. Said a friend, "If I were cast upon an island and had the choice of one companion and one book I would select Judge Livingston and the Bible."

Margaret Beekman, the wife of Robert Livingston, shared the lofty spirit and nobility of her distinguished husband, possessing with him the best lineage of the colonies and its highest social life. She was a lofty type of the colonial matron, presiding with grace and dignity over her large family, and ruling by benignity and moral worth the polite world into which she entered. Sharing by inheritance the old patroon life of her ancestry that had made the banks of the Hudson memorial of a baronial life in the New World, she was broad, independent, and patriotic. One incident reveals the lofty Roman spirit of Margaret Beekman. In the revolt of the colonies from the mother-country, her country home became a scene of strife, and a wounded British officer and surgeon were nursed in her house; and when the army was approaching with torch and bayonet they said, "We will spare your house for your kindness;" but that Spartan mother would accept no favor from her country's foes. She quickly collected her family and household goods, and as she looked back in her flight she saw smoke arising from her burning home. In her humanity she would nurse the

bitterest foes, but in her patriotism would spurn the least gift at their hands. In that broad philanthropy and stern, self-denying patriotism we can see the antecedents of what has been called the most eminent family of the American colonies; one of brilliant, cultivated, and devoted daughters, and of brave and noble sons.

Robert, the eldest son, was one of the committee of five that drafted the Declaration of Independence. He administered as chancellor the oath of office to Washington when elected President of the United States. Edward, the youngest, filled successively the offices of Mayor of New York city, United States Senator, Secretary of State under Jackson, and Minister to France. He was the author of the penal code of Louisiana, a compact so humane that Sweden and Russia honored its author; that caused a German professor, when introduced to him in Germany, to clasp him and call him the "world's benefactor." No American ever stood higher abroad than this statesman whose humane spirit embodied in law is the admiration of all ages.

Katharine Livingston was first led to a

knowledge of Christ through a humble servant in the family. Her conversion was thorough, and produced the deeper fruits of peace and joy all through her honored life. Her decision made, she at once united with the people of her choice, and in a long life, reaching almost to a hundred years, was a beautiful example of holiness unto God. Her conversion at once elicited comment, as the unjust prejudices that followed our faith in the Old World were taken up on this side of the water. Even her own family were perplexed at her profession and a little mortified. Edward Eggleston tells this story to a friend,* and I must share it with you. After Miss Livingston's conversion a devoted brother, seeing the joyousness of his favorite sister's Christian life at home, took her part in the family. At the same time he took her aside and said, "Katharine, enjoy your religion here at home all you please, but for heaven's sake don't join those Methodists. Why, down here at the Ferry nobody belongs to them, and there's nothing of them only three fishermen and a Negro." Whereupon the sister, "one of the fairest flowers of our

* Rev. Dr. Hargis.

colonial life," blushed and spoke up: "Well, what if, as you say, now, nobody belongs to the Methodists? I will join them, and then you will say somebody does." She did join them, and brought to the altar and service of our revered Church a devotion and love that has made her name honored wherever its teachings are known. Her high social position did not excuse her from service among God's children. She asked no privilege on account of position, nor exemption from the claims of the Gospel. She took up the cross in high places, and taught by earnest work for Christ that true nobility consists in service, and that they who are highest born should stoop to the lowest. She did not patronize the Gospel, and, making a profession of Christ, yield no labor, but from the hour of her conversion the joy that thrilled her heart became an inspiration to holy endeavor; her tongue, touched by heaven's fire, burst out in sweetest tones of persuasion; her hands, unloosened, wrought in earnest ministry; and her feet ran in glad speed, as God's evangel, to tell the story of Christ's love.

Katharine Livingston was not a negative but a positive woman, and she brought to the

new faith all the winning qualities that made her and her accomplished sisters the circle drawing to their home the highest men and women of the republic. She was cultivated, her attainments being those of the best of the period. French was the common language of the family, and it was familiar to all its members. It was, no doubt, this bond of culture in part that made her father's house the most welcome home to Lafayette and his countrymen, who so often shared its kindly good cheer. Miss Livingston was a society woman; her social ties united her to the Warrens of Boston, to the Washingtons of Virginia, and the leading families all over the Atlantic coast. Judge Livingston's homes were in the colonies what Lady Huntingdon's were in England; and some that shared the grace and courtesy of the one also were welcome guests in the other. Miss Livingston's religious life did not remove her away from her friends. Her religion was spiritual and social. It bound her closer to her loved ones, and, while its outward profession might demand self-denial and the abandonment of certain social usages, it did not make her ascetic or morbid. Her new

life was joyous, and it flowed out in character radiant and beautiful, that all could see it. She drew the line at certain amusements; thus when she united with the Church she gave up dancing. A tradition declares that she refused even the hand of Washington at a ball; but another affirms not because of religious scruples, but because she had promised some one before him. Her faith was a deep conviction, and her conscience was as tender as that of a child. This was evident in her feelings when attending a ball given at a home in which she was a guest. In the conflict of duty between courtesy to her host and duty to conscience she yielded to her friend's wish and joined in the dance, but the remorse following the indulgence forbade her repeating the pleasure, and she ever after refused the amusement. She was kind in demeanor, dignified in conduct, and Christly in spirit. She seemed to have solved for herself one of the most perplexing questions—what should be a Christian's position in the world. It is not the noblest faith to flee the world, nor best to hedge the soul around with too many prohibitions. Give Christ to the human soul and let it judge for

itself what it shall eat and what it shall not. God alone is the law of the conscience, and no Church or society should limit its freedom. When a Church puts before its members a string of prohibitions it reduces the Gospel to Judaism. Give affirmations, not negations; yield the truth and it shall make the soul free, and it will put on its own restraints.

Katharine Livingston was an earnest Christian. The faith that has no enthusiasm is a dead tree. Methodism is a burning truth, and every heart fired by the Spirit of God will be aggressive; there will be a constant effort to save others. God only converts a man to save others. Happiness is secondary, duty is first. Early Methodism was running over with enthusiasm; it was literally God in men, and flowed out incessantly in word and deed of charity. Silent lips are often vacant hearts. The godly women at the beginning of our Church were filled with the Holy Spirit, and it was manifest. This consecrated woman used her influence in the highest places of the nation to win souls to Christ; she was a missionary in the higher families of the colonies, making her gifts tributary to the Master whom she

served. All classes need Christ. Sometimes Christians become sectarian in their endeavors. There is just as much need of Christ in the brown stone house as in the log cabin; and because men are surrounded by wealth it must not be accepted that they do not need Christ. There is just as golden a harvest in Fifth Avenue and Walnut Street as in the courts and alleys of our great cities. The gleaner will find good wheat among the tares in our highest society, and it is just as much the duty of the Church to reach the rich as the poor. God is no respecter of persons, and he has a blessing for the highest as well as the lowest. The Gospel calls no man common. It puts a premium upon humanity, and values the soul of a millionaire as well as that of a pauper. Early Methodism in this nation was more exclusive, socially, than at present. It was more conservative in form and reverent in spirit. It was more zealous. Without so much machinery there was more personal effort; all grades of converts were missionary. Men of highest position pleaded for Christ, women of honorable estate talked for Jesus. Early Methodism was aristocratic; modern, democratic.

Bishop Asbury was not only aristocratic, but he had an influence among the colonists second only to Washington. As Stevens, the historian, has said, "In most of the provinces he seems to have had peculiar success in gathering about the Methodist standard, in those days of its humiliation, devout families of the higher classes." He kept in touch with the highest social life of the nation; he shared in the leadership of the new republic, and was one of the three men whose antecedent work made possible democracy upon our shores. Professor McCloskie, of Princeton University, has justly said: "Gilbert Tennent may be named along with George Whitefield, and at a later date with Bishop Asbury, as the three men who were, above all others, used of God for the development of spiritual religion in the New World." Asbury lived among the *highest*; his home in New York was at Judge Livingston's or at Governor Van Cortlandt's, whose wife he called a "Shunammite indeed;" his home in Delaware was in the house of its most distinguished citizen, whom he led to Christ, Richard Bassett; his home in Maryland was in the most beautiful country seat in America,

Henry Gough's, whom he also led to Christ; his home in Virginia was with General Russell, whose wife was a sister of Patrick Henry, and himself a warrior of the Revolution; his home in Ohio was in the house of Governor Tiffin, its first governor, and his relative, Governor Worthington. From the St. Lawrence to the Gulf of Mexico this wonderful man journeyed and led the leaders of the new republic unto Christ. He was capturing the leadership of colonial society for Christ, while his followers were imparting unto the common people the glad message of salvation. No Church had such access to the higher life of the nation as the society of Wesley. The Anglican colonists were a divided camp, or led by men whose dissolute lives made them the synonym of contempt. In New York the members of the Anglican Church were largely Tories, and its ministry disloyal to the new republic. Even Washington turned aside in those days of trial and worshiped with the patriotic Presbyterian, whose love of liberty was so blended with faith in God that we know not which to commend the higher, his devotion to God or his love of native land. Asbury was the coun-

selor of the highest in the nation, and by his charm in the home as well as by his eloquence in the pulpit he drew the ruling minds of the new republic and molded them for Christ.

Miss Livingston caught the spirit of the spiritual leader of the new movement, as Asbury frequented her father's house, and his zeal magnetic infused itself into her nature, and she became missionary. Her faith soon crystallized in deeds of loving-kindness; her words of truth soon found a lodgment in other hearts, and the love of Christ that made her joyous became the possession of many others. Through her the Misses Rutzen, heiresses of great estates along the Hudson and of highest lineage, were converted, and their wealth increased by the abiding riches of His grace. Their money and time were given in loving service to the infant society, and to-day, in their descendants, our Church still shares of their generosity.

No Church, in the beginning of the republic, had more families of highest social standing in sympathy with it than Methodism. Other Churches were stronger in local provinces—Congregationalism in New England, Anglicanism in the North Atlantic colonies,

Presbyterianism in Pennsylvania and New Jersey—but Methodism touched all parts of the united colonies. Methodism at this early day had in it the seeds of that wonderful adaptation which made it equally acceptable to the cold Northerner as well as the burning-hearted Southerner; and it needed only to be proclaimed to be accepted.

We cannot estimate the value of converted leadership in the world, neither can we overestimate its blessings in the Church. The conversion of the masses without a spiritual change of its leaders will not do. The head, as well as the foot, belongs unto God, and the Church of Christ must include the service of both. Culture, social position, and wealth are all treasure-trove to be captured for Christ, and the Church that ignores any of them is shorn of its power. Who can estimate the worth to the Church of such women as Lady Huntingdon, Lady Maxwell, and Lady Glenorchy? Their consecration of time and talent gave a blessing unto the Anglican, Presbyterian, and Methodist Churches that is not exhausted even unto to-day. They live, not only by their charities that feed the poor and educate the

ignorant, but also in their example alluring men and women to do noble deeds. God's cause demands all hands for work. The Gospel does not patronize wealth and high lineage, but converts their possessors and uses their wealth in blessed stewardship for Christ.

Miss Livingston's position was of the highest. The home of Judge Livingston was known and honored all over the colonies as the salon where brave and bright men and brilliant and beautiful women gathered. His six daughters were all remarkable. They were social queens. Wit was their dower and charm, and the highest felt honored when they could mingle with them. They had no use for stupid people. A niece said to Mrs. General Montgomery, "Aunt, what made you so quiet?" She replied, "I cannot endure dull people; I have not been brought up among them." All of these accomplished women lent their influence to the new religion, and in turn were influenced by it. Providence led them into its deep spiritual life that they might be strengthened both to do and to suffer; for in the near future the iron was to pierce their souls, they were to endure grave trials, and their homes,

now so bright and full of good cheer, were to be closed in mourning.

They were not only passive witnesses of the great struggle that rent the colonies from the mother-land, but, sharing their brothers' and husbands' love for free America, they also shared the cost and sacrifice of the struggle. The torch of the foe soon laid in ashes their country seat, and the sword soon cut down in his prime their brother-in-law, General Richard Montgomery. He fell at Quebec, and the blow that made his wife a widow sent a thrill of sorrow through the whole land; even his foes wept over his bier, and the Governor of Quebec buried him with military honors. Bancroft says, "The whole city of Philadelphia was in tears; he was loved of all that knew him; the grief of the nascent republic and eulogies of the world." Miss Livingston felt keenly the death of her favorite brother-in-law, for she knew not how soon other members of her family would be sacrificed, as they were in the great struggle, some in councils of peace, others in conflict upon the field, but sworn to throw off the law of Britain that had now become a yoke. Equal danger confronted her

kindred at home and abroad. It required boldness to hold to the new faith and new political creed. Republicanism and Methodism were both unpopular, and both had to conquer their place. New York was no more favorable to the new faith than to the new union. Oppression in state and intolerance in religion went hand in hand. The dominant faith was as exacting and narrow as the political power. It tolerated no freedom of thought. When Makemie, the first Presbyterian missionary, preached in New York it was in the jail. When the first Methodist church was built in that city its members were compelled to put a fireplace in it, or it would have been condemned as a meeting house, and shepherd and people would have been put behind the bars. This young woman belonged to the patriotic class; she held to the new faith and the new political teachings. The leaders of the one and of the other both met in her father's house. His home was ever opened as well as those of his children to that army of Christly men that, sweeping, *fulminea legio*, all over the land, were leading men into a higher liberty, which is the basis of all political security; for moral

freedom only makes permanent political freedom.

Nothing was more beautiful in the higher life of the American colonies than its courtly hospitality. In nothing was early Methodism more winning than in its cordial welcome to the servants of God. It was given to hospitality. Methodism was a revival of the highest type of social life. It not only put an altar in the home as well as in the Church, but it also brought the priest back to the house. In old England the houses of the nobility and gentry were open and the prophet's chamber dedicated to the use of the servants of God. How courtly the hospitality of Lady Maxwell of Edinburgh, a follower of Wesley, but dispensing her good cheer to Presbyterian and Anglican, as well as those of her own society. Mrs. Fletcher called Cross Hall an inn, and it was rarely without the itinerant who counseled with that holy woman about the spread of God's work. Lady Huntingdon would always open her London house or country homes to make glad the coming of the prophet's feet. The new religion won its way in the home; for the presence of men like the scholarly

Wesley and sainted Coke must ever draw men to Christ. To be familiar with such men would be to draw nearer to Christ. Familiarity may breed contempt of unworthy men, but as the hearts of the disciples were burned by the presence of Christ, so to-day the companionship of God's servants must lead men nearer to Christ. Early Methodism caught the spirit of the English disciples, and wherever it was planted its adherents were not forgetful to entertain strangers and friends. Almost every home had its "prophet's chamber," from the courtly house of the man of wealth in the East to the pioneer's cabin in the new West.

In New York, Governor Van Cortlandt, inheriting a large estate, dispensed a prodigal hospitality. Washington, Lafayette, Franklin, and others eminent in the nation enjoyed his courtesy, but none were more welcome than Bishop Asbury and his coadjutors. He entertained over a hundred guests at a time. "His heart," said Father Boehm, "was as large as his mansion." Elected eighteen times Lieutenant Governor of New York, political preferment never changed his kindly heart. Tall and com-

manding, he stood with Joanna Livingston, his wife, the friend of Methodism, building a chapel and worshiping at its altar for almost a century, honored of the State and beloved of the Church. Cortlandt Manor vied with the elegant homes of Judge Livingston and his children in providing a sweet rest for the wearied itinerants as they traveled the Atlantic coast to plant the new Church. In Cranston, R. I., General Lippett welcomed them and built a chapel. His large house, "with its fifteen spare beds," was ever open unto them. At a later date in Lyons, western New York, Mrs. Judge Dorsey entertained the Genesee Conference three times in her own house. She was an evangelist in working for Christ and a Shunammite in her reception of his servants. In the new West we see the same spirit. Men felt honored in having these men as their guests, for they knew the coming of their feet brought only blessing, and gladly prepared "the little chamber on the wall, and set there a bed, a table, a stool, and a candlestick," that when they came they could find a home. The highest felt grieved when their hospitality was not accepted. President W. H. Harrison only

expressed the value of the itinerant when he said to Gaddis: "You have been in our neighborhood two or three times, and yet you have never called to see me. Now, you know that when men get old they do not like to be neglected. I have always kept a 'prophet's chamber on the wall,' especially for the itinerants on North Bend Circuit, and I often wonder why you do not call at my cabin." Gaddis replied, "General, you were mistaken in the person." Harrison gave him a second look and said: "I beg pardon; I thought it was Mr. H——, the junior preacher on the circuit. Well, I hope you will give him my kind regards, and tell him I shall expect a visit from him soon." The early itinerants, while cordially detested by evil doers, were most highly esteemed by those who knew them, and created a love for the ministry that failed not even at death.

Nothing more beautifully reveals the estimate of God's servant in the home than these words of a dying father: "My son, I believe I am going to heaven, but I cannot leave the world in peace unless you will make me two promises. My house, you know, has always been a home to Methodist preachers, and the

first thing I wish you to promise is that you will take care of them as I have done." The highest doors of the nation swung open to these servants of the cross, and the noblest men and women gladly received them.

In Delaware the three homes of its most honored citizen, Hon. Richard Bassett—his home in Dover, in Wilmington, and at Bohemia Manor—were the welcome retreat for all who loved God. The last place is historic in the history of Methodism. Here lived one of the most eminent men of the republic, one of the signers of the Constitution, a distinguished lawyer whose ability seems transmitted unto his descendants, the Bayard family of to-day. Richard Bassett dispensed a baronial hospitality. His farm of six thousand acres yielded an abundance for high and low, for host and guest. Honored in State, he was more honored in Church, and his name will be remembered as long as Methodism exists. Converted under Bishop Asbury, he threw the might of his social influence in favor of the struggling society. His spacious home was the resting-place of the itinerant. His great gifts were not only given to the State as one of the

makers of the republic, but also to the Church he loved. To his legal ability was added an experimental knowledge of Christ that made him a local preacher of eloquence and power. Beautiful was the kindness of this man to the wearied itinerants, who without scrip or purse pushed through forest and swamp to preach Christ. He knew their value and sacrifice, and encouraged the strong, and made comfortable the declining age of others. Who will deny that in the honor and exaltation of his children's children the kindness of Richard Bassett to God's servants has been a blessing unto them? His homes were all sacred to the servants of God, and he was blessed. He and his wife Ann lived Methodism in the highest social life of the nation, and if the creed of Wesley has changed the peninsula of Delaware and Maryland and Virginia, transforming the malarial swamps and wild forests, and making them blossom as the rose; if the chapel has been planted at almost every cross-road and village, and a beautiful and pure life been developed by the itinerant; if the highest social life still finds a satisfaction at the altar of Methodism, and controls and beauti-

fies the whole social fabric, much credit must be given to this great man whose heart and intellect, controlled by its teachings, made his position its shield, and his gifts its service. No nobler man in colonial days brought better offerings to the new faith than the total abstainer Richard Bassett, governor, United States senator, United States judge, and signer of the Constitution.

Bohemia Manor had its rival in Maryland in the home of Harry Gough, who, marrying a daughter of Governor Ridgely, was the owner of one of its most extensive estates. Perry Hall is one of the historic names of Methodism. Coke called it "the most beautiful place in Maryland;" while Black, the missionary of Nova Scotia, named it "the most elegant country seat in America." It was situated fifteen miles from Baltimore. Its owner was wealthy, his possessions running into hundreds of thousands. It was the center of Maryland's wealth and refinement, and hither assembled the *élite* of Southern society, as that of the North gathered at Livingston Manor. A feudal retinue of a hundred servants did the bidding of its chief and Prudence, his beauti-

ful and accomplished wife. Its spacious house and beautiful grounds were always open, and a true Southern hospitality dispensed by this kindly-hearted man and his Christian wife. Methodism soon entered here in the ministry of its first American bishop, and found in Harry and Prudence Gough its most ardent friends, and in their home a genuine welcome. Religion took a deep root in the heart of Mrs. Gough, while her husband, struggling with the customs of a worldly society, sometimes conquered and sometimes was overcome. They carried their new faith into their home. A church was built on the estate, and here the head of the family, in patriarchal form, led his household in worship. Here assembled every morning all who shared the bounty of that generous home, while the humblest servant as well as the most honored guest was privileged to share the devotions of the hour. The distinctions of Lady Huntingdon's home and Cross Hall in England were laid aside, and there was no separate service in parlor and kitchen. In the plain stone chapel all members of the household gathered around one common mercy-seat, and the head of the house was the priest

of God. At Christmas, in 1874, in Perry Hall, the most elegant home in the colonies, began an organization that, completed on Christmas Eve, gave to the New World the Methodist Episcopal Church; a gift to America that, bringing peace and joy, was but the Gospel again repeated that came to the world over eighteen hundred years ago at Bethlehem.

The founders of American Methodism represented the best culture and social life of their age. Coke, its first bishop, was said "by the first scholars to have spoken the purest English they had ever heard." He bore the badge of a doctor of law from Oxford, England's oldest university, but did not wear, like later bishops, his scarf to publish his title. Garrettson and Lee carried over into the new Church the cavalier spirit of the society in which they had been reared, and, whether traveling with their valet, like the gentlemen of their time, or pushing alone through forest and mountain, the stamp was on them, and they always found recognition. The character of the young men who formed the Christmas Conference was apostolic; many of them read their Bible "through each year on bended knee," and all

were heroic in love and sacrifice. The last of that noble brotherhood, Thomas Ware, has left this sketch of that council. "I have often said it was the most solemn convocation I ever saw. During the whole time of our being together in the transaction of business of the utmost magnitude there was not, I verily believe, on the Conference floor or in private, an unkind word spoken or an unbrotherly emotion felt. Christian love predominated; and under its influence 'we kindly thought and sweetly spoke the same.'"

Never came together a holier band than that Conference of sixty young men to form another branch of the Christian Church. With high spirit the noblest sons of the cavaliers are trying with the lowliest of God's messengers to build up his Church. There is the planter's son, having set his slaves free that he might preach more efficiently the free salvation of Christ, and willingly surrendering the home of ease for the saddlebags of the itinerant. There are the soldiers of the Revolution, now enlisted in a holier war. Northerner and Southerner, Englishman and American, are all there, and the spirit of Pentecost is their

baptism as they unite to conquer a new world for Christ.

There is Francis Asbury, a young man soon to be ordained by human hands to the high office of episcopacy, and prove by his apostolic sacrifice the validity of the anointing of the Holy Ghost, which alone makes an apostolic successor. There is Freeborn Garrettson, "Coke's arrow," who, obedient to his summons, hastened on horseback, over marsh and through forest and mountain, to call the young itinerants to council at Baltimore. There are gathered at Lovely Lane meeting house representatives of America's bravest and most honored families to witness the formation of a free Church in a free State; one destined to show to the older communions that the Church of Christ needs no alliance with Cæsar, either to rule it as Rome or be ruled by it as England.

To Perry Hall came Coke and Asbury to frame the form of the new Church of the republic, and under its hospitable roof they, with scores of itinerants, tarried to bring some new gift to establish the people of God, for that home was not only noted for a courtly hospitality, but for hallowed converse and Christly service.

Harry Gough was devoted, and at times occupied the pulpit as a local preacher. His wife wore plain gowns that were in vogue in the highest circles. In her lofty position she would lead in worship like the eminent women of England who went into the new movement called Methodism. After her husband's death we can see her standing in the chapel reading God's word before a hundred people, and then leading them in prayer. Not more beautiful the social life than the spiritual life of Methodism in the early days. Their only daughter was converted while singing at the piano, "Come, thou Fount of every blessing," and, running to tell her parents, the mother wept in joy and the father shouted aloud, that the promise of the Spirit had been given unto their child. The father wrote to Garrettson, to whom Miss Livingston was married, "I am, through unbounded mercy, filled with the love of God, and Sophy, my dear Sophy, whom you call the child of my affections, has a living faith in Christ; in short, Perry Hall is like a little heaven below." Asbury was at Perry Hall when his friend whom he had led to Christ was called hence, and, conducting the last sad

offices, the General Conference in session in the city of Baltimore adjourned, and the whole body followed in procession the body of Harry Gough to the edge of the city, as a tribute to the man of highest social life and greatest wealth who allied himself to the standard of their faith. The marriage of the only child to Mr. Carroll united one of the most prominent Methodist families of the colonies to the most distinguished Catholic family of America, the Carrolls of Carrollton; but this branch, following the faith of the devoted wife, continued members of the Methodist Church, and represented in their piety, wealth, and benevolence the same spirit of Christ that was found in their ancestry.

Cortlandt Manor, Rhinebeck, Bohemia Manor, and Perry Hall are four names that enshrine much that was best in our colonial life. They recall the names of those who rendered diligent service to the new republic, and are fragrant with most hallowed traditions of native land. But they also recall names still more devoted in the service of Christ, and are redolent of memories of affection and sacrifice for our revered Church that will not die.

In the genesis of the new Church that was belting already the New World in its itinerancy, there were the highest elements of earthly power baptized by the Spirit of God. The men that came out of the Established Church to rear a new communion on these western shores were the peers of any pioneers of the world's reformers, and the laity that mingled at her altars in the beginning were the flower of America's best society. Methodism controlled, in its beginning, many of the most noted families of the republic, as it does at this hour. The idea that American Methodism came up from below is utterly false. It is not higher socially to-day than it was a hundred years ago. Because the earlier Methodists were ostracized and persecuted it does not follow that they were worthy of stones, but just the opposite. Because a Church does not always point to its escutcheon it does not prove that it has none. Men that always parade their ancestry are usually those that have none, or have them buried under ground. Churches boasting most of catholicity are most intolerant; and those who talk most loudly of apostolic descent are usually without apostolic

fruit. The organizers of the Church, Bancroft tells us, were mostly young men; but they were the choice spirits of many honored families, and were as brave and courteous as any knights that ever cast a lance in the crusade of Christ—not only of the best family, but of best behavior. The sneer against their rudeness was as false as that against their training. They were a courtly class of men, and would grace, like their comrades across the sea, the parlor of the city and the cabin of the forest. Possibly our earliest bishops were too dignified and exclusive; but the stately worship of Coke, reading his prayers in a Geneva gown, is preferable to the irreverent service called old-fashioned Methodism. Asbury, “unwilling to baptize even a baby without putting his gown on,” may seem too formal for our democratic notion of worship, but infinitely better the book and the gown than the presumption of worship that is manifest to-day in some Methodist pulpits. Methodism was a revival in “gown and bands,” and the beautiful liturgy of the mother-Church, rendered by godly ministers, and the burning sermon following, held the children of the English Church, and gave

Methodism an easy conquest where the Established Church had fled the field. The early itinerants were not only strong in the pulpit, but winning in the home. They were not giants in the pulpit that needed to be corraled during the week to prevent them neutralizing the Gospel they preached. The grace of God was a refining fire, purifying the heart and burning out the dross of impure speech. Holiness means clean hands, clean lips, and clean hearts. They were strong; the lion in their nature making them fearless to speak the truth, and the lamb in them gentle to utter it in love. They conquered as much in the home by their gentility and grace as in the pulpit by their winged words of Gospel truth. Politeness and charity were the badges of their profession, good form united to good religion. They were brave men giving their lives unto Christ; and the brave heart is ever the gentle heart. Rudeness was unpardonable, and uncouthness a sin. Bishops won many of high position by personal intercourse. The best fruit was chosen in this way. Governor Bassett was visiting Judge White at Dover, Delaware, and seeing several strangers in an adjoining room he said

to his hostess, "Who are these men?" "Methodist preachers," she replied. "O, then I can't stay here to-night," and demanded his horses to be bridled; but Mrs. White persuaded him to remain. He met Bishop Asbury, invited him to be his guest, and, to his surprise, he accepted the invitation. He and his wife were converted and became the bishop's most steadfast friends. The home became the vantage ground for the convert in honorable estate, and many were the men of note that were drawn to Christ.

Many were the advantages that came to the early Church of the republic by the accession of these leading families. Their position was a shield when the itinerant's life was in peril. Their acceptance of the new faith caused men to think, and disarmed them of prejudice. The fruit of holy living in the higher walks of life unconsciously drew to it many of the leaders of the republic.

There is a natural leadership which comes of wealth and training, and God used these in planting the Church along the Atlantic coast and in the new West. It was a Providence that captured these centers of power for our

revered Church. They were fortresses of greatest strength conquered for Christ. A class Church, high or low, is an abomination to God. Churches for the masses, or mission churches, or people's churches, are all contrary to the spirit of the Gospel, which knows no man after the flesh. The Church of Christ is a seamless garment, God's raiment of holiness to make beautiful all his children, and woe unto the men who rend it! Methodism has solved the problem of holding both the rich and poor within its fold. It began with the natural leaders of society and has worked on these lines ever since. It has no special ministries. It is catholic in doctrine and catholic in practice. It gives a glad welcome to the Lazarus lying poor, diseased, at the gate, and also to a Joseph of Arimathea of professional estate. Methodism, pioneer in giving the Gospel, is not a pioneer only. It has a message for the hunter in the forest, for the slave in the cabin, and for the scholar in the college. Among its noblest trophies were those converted in the most aristocratic circles of colonial times. Without compromise or concession it brought the highest to an acceptance of its

doctrines, which were as clearly illustrated in the piety and service of the high-born as in the reverent service of the lowly. In no station of life do we see the beauty of holiness more radiant than in these leading homes of the colonies. We look in vain to find rarer Christian virtues than among these leading men of the new republic and these women ruling society by their wealth, culture, and position. The pure word of God mixed with faith was preached, and one result appeared in mistress and servant. As, when Paul preached at Rome, the Gospel, touching the oppressed classes, also made converts in Cæsar's household, so the glad tidings preached in America produced the same fruit. Had it not found an entrance into all hearts it would not have been of God. Christ testified against caste in religion. Christianity is democratic in spirit, and the republic of God includes all men. Men that would teach Methodism as a class faith are false to their commissions as Wesleyans, or as servants of Christ. When a man holds his Church to be only a hewer of wood and a drawer of water he degrades it, and his work is done. The neglect of the higher

classes by some of our clergy is a sin against God. The tendency to make of our honored Church, which has clearer notes of a true Church than any other, a sect should be opposed by every holy endeavor. In some sections we have been provincial in our service, and have given those in life's more favored stations to understand our pews were not for their presence. Father Boehm has well observed: "Some have entertained the idea that Methodism was adapted only for the low and the ignorant, for the common people; but this is a mistake. In its early days in America some of the loftiest families embraced it with joy." Early Methodism, rich in bounty to the poor, had a place also for the well-born, the cultivated, and wealthy. All property is not theft, and all poverty is not a virtue. Methodist laymen by honest efforts made large fortunes, or inherited them. An increase of wealth only broadened the sense of stewardship.

Methodist laymen have held highest positions of trust from the days of Van Cortlandt, Bassett, and Russell, and have honored God in high places. These and others were

among the makers of the republic, and their patriotism in council and war was only equaled by their holiness in character and earnestness in God's service. Miss Livingston's home was famed for its hospitality. A house of many mansions overlooking the Hudson, it also had its prophet's chamber, in which the prophet of God was always welcome. Margaret Beekman, her mother, of proudest lineage among the old patroon families, presiding over one of the best homes of the colonies, was one of the first to welcome the itinerants to her hospitable board, and among her most devoted friends was Francis Asbury, who, a frequent guest, brought grace and benediction wherever he entered. His allusions to his visits to the Livingstons are frequent in his journal. Referring to her death, he writes: "I visited her one year before her death, and spent a night at her mansion. She was sensible, conversable, and hospitable."

Among the itinerants that were introduced to that beautiful home was the missionary Freeborn Garrettson, a native of Maryland, a gentleman of good family and fortune, who, being converted, manumitted his slaves and became

an evangelist. He laid the foundations of Methodism in Nova Scotia and planted the Church in the wilderness. In journeying from the Carolinas to Nova Scotia he stopped at Dr. Tillottson's, who had married a Miss Livingston. His introduction to this family led to an acquaintance with Katharine, and, as Walpole said of Lady Margaret Hastings's marriage with the scholarly and saintly Ingham, "she threw herself away on a poor Methodist preacher." Her marriage was not a sacrifice in social position, for since the beginning of the new movement it has drawn unto its ranks the highest and humblest. From the days of Fletcher, Shirley, and Madan, of noble birth and antecedents, and from those of Garrettson, men and women of highest family have entered our ministry. To-day in our own country the children of presidents, governors, and judges are found in the ministry, and their devotion is not surpassed by those of humbler birth.

Miss Livingston's marriage was a happy union, although it had its long years of sacrifice and separation. She married an itinerant, but he did not cease from his ministry. They each

had means to build a home and enjoy private life; but this man remained in the saddle and she remained at the home. We would say it evinced rare love and heroism for a young woman of her position to consent to a union with a man whose presence at home must be like angels' visits, few and far between. The itinerancy a century ago was not the pleasant pastorate of this age. There were but few churches and no parsonages. The itinerancy meant long journeys and many privations, and men, when marrying, generally located. But Garrettsen counted the cost. He was worthy of her; he had the soldier's spirit that filled her heart. If she was a heroine in accepting her choice, he was a hero in the sublimest moral strife. While Miss Livingston's brothers and family were busy in forming laws for the new republic—some by legislation giving security, and others by the sword keeping liberty—he was forging elements still stronger to bind the colonies together. While they were binding together the scattered colonies into a new political compact, he was uniting the fragment societies of the English Church into a new communion; for the Declaration of Inde-

pendence not only separated the colonies from the mother-State, but also dissolved the Churches of the Establishment in the new country. They were building up a free State in a new land, and he a free Church in a free republic. As Bancroft says, "The acknowledged independence of the United States called suddenly into a like independence a new Episcopal Church, destined to spread its branches far and wide over the land with astonishing rapidity." Men that drew the sword and signed the Declaration and signed the Constitution were among the leaders who formed the first Episcopal Church of the republic. There is more than a coincidence in the contemporary rise of Methodism with the new nation. There was a preparation of providence in the leadership of both. In the dissolution of the Anglican Church were found the elements of power that were in the near future to be crystallized into a new ecclesiastical body—a native Church without foreign domination; an Episcopal Church without State alliance; a ministry without prelacy; a liturgy without sacerdotalism; and a Gospel without limitation. The framers of the new democracy were

giants; they knew what they meant, but they builded more wisely than they knew. No perils intimidated them though they knew their danger. Defeat meant death. As Hancock said, "If we do not hang together we shall hang apart." So of these men sweeping over the battlefield, forest, and mountain; they were making possible a political union by their work, for in every converted man there was the pledge of a law-abiding citizen. The union would have been a rope of sand if men had not been united to a higher power. Hate of England was not sufficient; the heresy of Puritan and Cavalier, of Presbyterian and Lutheran, was not sufficient; but the wave of revival sweeping along the Atlantic coast created by these uhlans of the Church militant prepared men for political rule; for self rule is the beginning of all power. Spiritual control gives political stability. Historians are beginning to recognize the power of this spiritual movement in the nation which converted the lawless soldier into a law-abiding citizen; that transformed the central West and South from a retreat of irreligious men into a compact of sturdy and manly followers of Christ.

Freeborn Garrettson was a hero in that harder battle, and never did knight of chivalry bring braver heart to God's service than the devout man who won the hand and heart of Miss Livingston. The story of his conversion recalls that of Saul, the young Cilician, for he, too, was arrested on horseback and in a moment led into the truth. He was converted in the saddle, and for fifty-three years continued a traveling preacher. The Christian Church has had but few men that have surpassed this noble man. He was called Coke's arrow from the speed with which he rode over our country, calling men to the Conference that formed the Methodist Episcopal Church. He says: "My dear Master enabled me to ride twelve hundred miles in six weeks and to preach, going and coming, constantly." We follow his travels with wonder. He would ride fifty miles a day and preach four times; would ride five thousand miles in a year. The mist is gathering over the makers of the new Church of the republic; but let us brush it away for a moment and contemplate the heroism of these men, and we shall see Edwin Arnold's words fulfilled:

“Peace hath her battlefields, where they who fight
Win more than honor, vanquish more than might,
And strive a strife against a fiercer foe
Than one who comes with battle-ax and bow.”

See Thomas Coke, our first bishop, a man of independent fortune, crossing the Atlantic twenty times in missionary zeal; threading the forests of América, undaunted by disease, storm, and persecution; pouring out fifty thousand dollars for the cause he loved; and at last, in age, braving again the tempestuous sea to find a grave in the coral groves of the Indian Ocean, whose waters in ceaseless cadence murmur his requiem over the land he loved. See Freeborn Garrettson, a man of fortune also, when converted setting his slaves free, and without any salary traveling from Nova Scotia to the Carolinas simply to tell the story of Jesus. Hear from his own lips the story of that Pauline ministry: “I have traversed the mountains and valleys frequently on foot, with my knapsack on my back, guided by Indian paths in the wilderness when it was not expedient for me to take a horse. I had often to wade through morasses half-leg deep in mud and water, frequently satisfying my hun-

ger with a piece of bread and pork from my knapsack, quenching my thirst from a brook, and resting my weary limbs on the leaves of the trees."

He had wealth and social position, but all were counted but dross so that he might save souls. How ignoble the souls that live only to seek the best pulpits, and make merchandise of their gifts to the highest bidder, compared to this man who wrought years without even a penny for his hire! How sinks the professional preacher before this man called of God, and asking only for the privilege of saving men! Can that pattern ever be duplicated, or can we ever return from self-seeking men to self-denying evangelists? We know not the sacrifices of the early pioneers of the Church. They sowed in tears, we reap in joy; they created the beautiful heritage that has rejoiced every Protestant Church. The perils and difficulties seem insurmountable. What are our Botany Bays to the malarial regions where they tarried to save men? We pause over the work of our fathers; they were heroes of the finest type, prepared for any sacrifice or toil; they showed rarest

courage in facing angry mobs, wild Indians, and wilder beasts.

Colonial life was not as dissolute as society in the United Kingdom, but it was meager in the virtues that make up a well-regulated state. Church and State were united in New York, Maryland, and Virginia, while in New England, though the Church was dominant, vital piety was rare and saints were scarce. In New England Puritanism had gone to seed, the fruit decayed, and only the barren shell remained. The social life was at the lowest. The Church had a name, but no power to reform. Skepticism in thought and immorality in conduct were everywhere. The colonial clergymen were no credit to their calling; they were winebibbers, and ministered in drunkenness at the altars of God. Imagine a funeral of a New England clergyman with this account rendered: "Fifty-one gallons of best wine consumed by the mourners;" of another at which "one barrel of wine and two barrels of cider were drunk." In the Southern States church discipline was lost, and often the men who ministered at the altar in holy things were the most dissolute. McConnell's *History of the*

Protestant Episcopal Church describes the spiritual life of all. Imagine the morality of Yale College when David Brainerd, the sainted Presbyterian, was expelled because he attended a prayer meeting; or of Harvard protesting against Whitefield because he preached without paper.

A knowledge of the spiritual leaders easily reveals the character of the people, and the reception that would be given to a spiritual religion. It required brave men to preach a pure religion, and strong men to endure the fatigue of constant travel. The itinerants would preach and thousands would fill the forest to hear the word of God, they would send out bullets of truth, and men would fall as in battle. Evil men would band in unholy compact to kill the man of God.

Garrettson's life was in constant peril; he was stoned, beaten, and fired at. Poison was prepared for him, and violence poured out upon him. In Maryland, his native State, he was knocked down senseless in the highway, and a woman passing by picked up the form and bore it to her home. His assailants, after the deed, were stricken with remorse, deeming him dead,

and when he came to consciousness his foes are bowed around him in tears, praying God to forgive them. He was imprisoned in Cambridge jail for two weeks; the damp floor his bed, and his knapsack his pillow. Cruel officers led him with a rope around his neck like the most abandoned outlaw. His persecutors were leading men, and his friends were the first and bravest of the community; but they were impotent to save him. Once a bully's blow laid him senseless at the feet of his friend, a veteran colonel of the Revolution, when the old soldier smote the coward and he lay on the ground. But how Christly Garrettson's conduct! He reprov'd, in tears, his friend that he should have used unhallowed force to protect him. He was made a spectacle in the world, and, like Paul, the Gentile Church's great evangel, could say, "Being reviled, we bless; being persecuted, we suffer it; being defamed, we entreat; we are made as the filth of the world, and are the offscouring of all things." Methodism was not easily planted in America. The offense of the cross was as grievous in the colonies as in England, and they who would preach the new faith had to con-

tend against even greater foes; for the social life had besetments on all sides. Slavery existed from New England to Georgia, but every Methodist preacher was an abolitionist. Wesley called the institution blighting the colonial life "the sum of all villainies;" and Coke and all others preached against it. They protested before legislatures; they pleaded with Washington and other leaders; they assailed it in sermons when thousands filled the forests to hear them. They were cursed, beaten, and imprisoned; but they would not hush their protest. Methodism began her crusade in the New World pleading for human rights, and if Washington and his associates had heeded her council the sad and awful tragedy of '61 would have been averted. The progress of Methodism is a marvel when the difficulties are estimated. Who can describe them? In many of the States the Churches were established by law, and to preach was a criminal offense. Asbury preached near Baltimore, and he was fined twenty-five dollars. He only received a salary of thirty, so you can see what his sermon cost him. The spirit of intolerance was as fierce in America as in England, and

lawful and lawless men, Churchmen and rowdies, all united to stamp out the new heresy that dared to call slavery a crime against God, drunkenness as unchristian, and to say that only Christ and not Church and sacrament can save.

The itinerants would travel over the new country, enduring fatigues of journey, perils of malaria, fording stream and crossing mountain. The sacrifices of the soldiers of the Revolution are but the deprivations of a few days compared with the lifelong hardships of Garrettsen and his associates. Bishop Asbury crossed the Alleghanies sixty times. He often camped after a day's journey sick and hungry, with the damp frozen earth for his bed and a wet blanket for his covering. Even this often was denied as in the forest he stood sentinel, watching the Indian and wild beast that were following his footsteps. Following the bridle path, or blazing their way through virgin forests, those heroes pushed forward—to-day in the far-off forests of Nova Scotia or the Canadas, to-morrow in the capital centers of the colonies, preaching Christ to those ruling in authority, and again down in

the rice fields of the Southland, or in the sparse settled West, telling the story of Jesus. Now thousands throng the forest, and the woods resound with their voices of pleading; now the illiterate slave hears of the highest salvation that makes him more willing to endure his earthly servitude; now, in the Indian camp, the red man learns of Christ, the Great Spirit, whom he has ignorantly worshiped. On the Atlantic coast, beyond the Alleghanies, beyond the frontier forests, into the open prairie where the bravest pioneer plants his cabin, is the itinerant to give the word of God. Armed with his gun to protect his life against panther, wolf, and bear, he is armed with the word of God, the sword of the Spirit, to slay and make alive. He shares the *menu* of the forest home, eating with equal gladness the 'possum meat, bear and venison, and chestnut and corn bread of the pioneer, or the table prepared in the city laden with choicest food. He follows after men, and the cottage in the wilderness is scarcely finished before along comes the circuit rider—his knapsack his library—carrying God's word, and his heart aflame with its precious truths. Strong men counsel against him

and he is beaten ; the wild Indian steals along his path, and the bleached form in the forest tells of the sacrifice even unto death. Hungry, the denizens of the forest assail, and he fights like Paul with beasts at Ephesus ; the poisonous malaria smites and deadly fever strives until, like Nolly, the itinerant dismounts, and on bended knee commends his wearied soul to God, while his faithful horse looks down with the vigil stars upon the form in death of one of earth's noblest heroes. No pen can write the life story of the young men that planted American Methodism ; for truth is stranger than fiction, and their history a romance of real life that finds but few equals. They had no Church but the private house or the field or forest whose sapphire dome was lit by taper stars, or made golden with the sheen of the day-star. They found a welcome and an audience in God's earlier house of worship ; for

“The groves were God's first temples. Ere man learned
To hew the shaft, and lay the architrave,
And spread the roof above them ; ere he framed
The lofty vault to gather and roll back
The sound of anthems.”

As Bancroft has truly said : “They had delight in the beauties of nature, and knew how

to extract from them all the sweetness they are capable of yielding. They stood in the mountain forests of the Alleghanies and in the plains beyond them, ready to kindle in emigrants who might come without hymn book or Bible their own vivid sense of religion."

Methodism loves nature, and ever gladly worships in the temple grove. Hebraic in fire and spirit, it loves the annual feast of tabernacles, and in its early camp meetings worshiped God and received his tenderest benediction. Methodism owes to the camp meeting its mightiest victories in the early days. It won its noblest victory in that form of worship. We read of converts added to the Church by thousands and tens of thousands. Pentecost was literally repeated in the preaching of our fathers in the wilderness; and our Church should not abandon a service that God has so wonderfully honored, and that was the most potent agency in building it up to its present strength and beauty. Mercantilism, the curse of America, should be rebuked. We do not want the worshipers of the golden calf to create our places for the worship of God, and then quote his precious word, "The earth is the

Lord's," and beneath the sacred motto place, "Lots two hundred and fifty dollars;" nor set apart a place in the grove for a free Gospel, "without money and without price," and then have the successors of Judas demand a silver offering at the gate. Methodism must not forsake its first temple. The whole trend of social life in summer is back to the country, and the multiplied homes must be followed by a return to this most blessed service.

What would the sainted Garrettsen think of a meeting managed by saints whose highest aim was not to get a dividend in souls, but in gold! Would he not, like his Master in the temple built by man's device, turn out the recreant stewards and drive them, like him, from the sacred place?

The early itinerants were men of loftiest courage and rarest devotion. As much heroism was displayed by them in facing the mobs of lawless men, wild savages, and wild beasts as was ever manifest on the field of battle; and as marvelous victories were gained in these moral battles as in the physical strife. They would preach in the forests and courthouses and on the commons, and whole regions would

assemble to hear the word of God. The sword of the Spirit would cut, and men and women would fall as dead. Science has not found out the secret power that made their words pierce like bullets, and lay myriads on the ground senseless, or shake their frames like an aspen leaf. Men of the baser sort would unite in unholy compact to do them violence, to break up the worship and disperse the evangel, when God's Spirit would take hold, and they who came to curse went away to pray. Revolutionary soldiers by the hundreds would come to the camp of the itinerant, but their tactics were of no use; they were compelled to surrender. Men of lion-like courage would become as gentle as lambs under their teaching, and evil spirits, intent on destroying God's works, were converted and became the most ardent defenders of the faith. Some of the itinerants had been soldiers of the Revolution; others, men born on the frontier; and they put the same great heart into the spiritual war that they had shown in the temporal struggle. They could use a musket with the skill of a veteran. Bascom sits at the pioneer's table in the wilderness, when a little child playing before the door

in a second disappears. The mother in agony cries, "My child! my child!" In a moment the itinerant seizes the rifle, and with unerring aim hits the panther; the beast drops at his feet with the mangled body of the child. In the solitudes of the mountain and great forests they would keep back the red men by their skill. They had the superb physical strength that comes from the journey and the camp. Out of the fatigue came new strength; the hard path made rugged natures. Sublime in sacrifice without, they were holy in sacrifice within. If they did, they also suffered.

Johannean hearts beat beneath those rugged breasts that breathed the very breath of Calvary. What more beautiful than the aged itinerant riding in Virginia to preach Christ where he has already told the story! A man of high position heard him only to scoff as the servant of God declares, "Thou art the man." Stung by the exposure, the angry man vows to punish the truth-bearer, and when at last he meets the preacher he compels him to dismount. Begging for the favor of prayer, the veteran Lee bids the general use his whip, when the Holy Spirit takes hold of the evildoer, and the

general flees trembling from the scene. But all were not Johannean, but some Petrine, who brought force to match force, and used earthly means to conquer erring men. Nothing tells the physical vigor of those men more than the brawny blacksmith's experience with one of the scouts of the army. He had whipped every preacher sent to the circuit, and when a new one passed his shop said, "You are the new preacher," and prepared to repeat his reception to former itinerants. In vain the prophet of peace protested, but could not avert the trial by might. Dismounting, the evangel's strength made prostrate the man of toil. The Michael of militant host, when he cast him on the ground, demanded he come to meeting, and as the massage treatment continued the itinerant sang, "I'm on my way to Zion," until between apostolic blows and music the blacksmith yielded. It is a forcible illustration of the judicial side of the Gospel that, rarely given, yet was sometimes the only law to prepare the way for the entrance of the Gospel of peace. Not by might of arm, but by the power of the Spirit, were these men vindicated in their ministry. They wrought wonderfully.

The Jesuit missionaries followed a kindred path and equaled them in devotion and sacrifice. They wandered westward from Canada and Louisiana, seeking the white man and Indian; but their toil bore not such sweet and strong fruit as that of the itinerant. As Döllinger, the Catholic historian, says: "No blessing ever rests on their undertakings. They build with unwearied assiduity, but a storm comes and shatters the building, or a flood breaks in and washes it away, or the worm-eaten edifice falls to pieces in their hands. Their missions in Paraguay, Japan, and among the wild North American tribes have long since gone to ruin."

How opposite the result of the Methodist missionary in the New World! Wherever the itinerant's voice was heard there arose the chapel and schoolhouse, until the lawless pioneer and wild Indian were transformed into intelligent and law-abiding citizens. The austere yet joyous faith touched the deeper springs of human nature. The Jesuit would dash the water on the brow of a white man or Indian, and then call him a Christian; the itinerant would demand the inner baptism of the Holy

Ghost. The former would plant the convert easily made in the Church and call him saved; the latter would demand a nature changed and a touch of the soul immediately with the divine soul. One was formal, the other spiritual: the former of water, producing no inward change; the latter the baptism of fire and the Holy Ghost transforming the whole nature. In opposite faith contending, Methodism wrought the greater harvest of virtue and intelligence, upon which the political state was built and made secure. Methodism is individual and personal, and brings thousands of men into a personal communion with God, which is the end of all religion. In an age when the Church was united to Cæsar in many of the colonies, and its clergy the servants of the State; when clergy of the Established Church of England folded their gowns and fled over the sea; when those remaining were dissolute, drinking, and gambling; when hundreds of parishes were without the offices of the Church; when great multitudes of the children of Anglican, Puritan, and Covenanter were rushing into the great forests of the New World—in that age rose upon these shores a new Church led by men of

apostolic grace and sacrifice, whose splendid daring and triumph in soul-saving repeated Pentecost in America, and by their fruits have shown that they are the true successors of the apostles.

The Christian Church owes a debt of gratitude to the pioneers of Methodism; for all branches have reaped the fruitage of their sacrifice. They created for all a heritage sweet with the fragrance of virtue and strong in protection of home and altar. Great provinces of our country would have been without the Gospel if these men had not carried it to them at the peril of life. Protestant in tradition and race, they were quickly influenced by the itinerants, and found in the teachings of the new Church a satisfaction for their faith, and to-day are its noblest defenders. There was no missionary spirit in the colonial Churches. They were handicapped by intemperance and slavery. In New England the life had petrified into a hard creed; in the Southern States the Church was simply neutral in morals. Here and there a Tennent would cry in the wilderness, but not until his herald voice was taken up by Wesley, Whitefield, and their flying messengers was the nation quickened into a

new life. These men, with a splendid audacity worthy of the cause, passed through the land, and wherever they tarried the republic found its most efficient aid in the new altar. The story of the Methodist itinerant has not yet been told. The gifted Eggleston, himself of the itinerant ranks, has struck the vein in his *Circuit Rider*, but the richest mine for novelist and historian still remains unexplored. Parkman and Bishop Kip have done for the Jesuit missionaries what will yet be done for the Methodist itinerant, and the glory and sacrifice of the latter will be found to be a legend of truth exceeding that of wildest romance. The unknown hillocks dotting mountain side and ocean shore, forest, prairie, and by dark bayou, tell the story of a love for Christ unto death that must not be forgotten. No bronze tablet or tapering shaft of Carrara marble records their heroism, but their names are written in the Lamb's Book of Life, and will yet be opened to the gaze of an admiring Church.

Miss Livingston gave her hand to one of the noblest men of that army, and one of the rarest of any Church. He laid aside ease and comfort and gave himself fully to the ministry.

How rare the spirit that would cause him to endure like Paul stripes and imprisonments and beatings that he might preach Christ! He had position—it did not excuse him from service, but increased it. He had money—he did not get a sore throat and locate. His was not a strife for vineyards already cultivated, but with creative spirit he sought to make a way for the Lord.

Miss Livingston married the itinerant, Freeborn Garrettson, but did not travel; nor did marriage handicap him like Charles Wesley. If any man ever had social allurements to draw him out of the ministry it was Freeborn Garrettson. He had for his companion one of the fairest and most accomplished women of the colonies—a woman that was a peer in all the exalted virtues that make an attractive womanhood. He had a beautiful home overlooking the Hudson, amid the cultivated families that made up the Livingston circle. His home was spacious, with its broad acres and fine lawn leading down to the noble river. Its capacious interior, filled with treasures of art, and library rich in books and letters of the highest in our own land; its conservatory, filled with rare

flowers, were temptations to take him out of the saddle. A noble woman was there presiding over that fireside, and a sweet, loving daughter to make gladder his welcome; but Freeborn Garrettson only rested at Rhinebeck. He called his home the "Traveler's Rest," and as he journeyed from Nova Scotia to Georgia tarried only to recruit wasted strength, to greet the loved ones at home, and then sped onward. And that tall, dignified, and holy woman, who spent so many lonely days, never murmured, but rejoiced in his work. Nay, she did not lament, but supplemented his work. He out in the forests and villages was building up the Church, and she in the homes which Providence opened unto her through the circle in which she moved. Through her our revered Church found many friends among the highest in the colonies. Her work was in a limited sphere, but not less valuable. In her own family she was beloved, and her beautiful life won most of her kindred to Christ. Her eldest brother, Robert, the chancellor, who administered the oath to Washington, was converted through her ministry, and died regretting that he could not live to lay

off his judicial robes and preach the faith that saved him. Her youngest brother found in his favorite sister's life an example that led him to Christ; and his wife, whose beauty and talents made her home one of the social centers of Washington in Jackson's administration, was also led to the same faith, and for many years was an honored member of the Methodist Church. It was of this dazzling, accomplished woman that Randolph of Roanoke said: "Dowdies! Dowdies won't do for European courts, Paris especially. There and at London the character of the minister's lady is almost as important as his own. It is the very place for her. There she would dazzle and charm, and surely the salon of Paris must have far greater attractions for her than the yahoos of Washington." She not only carried the gifts of beauty and culture to Paris, but bore them in loving service for the Church she loved.

Montgomery Place, on the Hudson, was her home for many years, and here the courtly grace and rare conversational powers which made her shine in the highest society of America were still manifest, while among those eminent in Church and State who gathered

around her table were our own Bishops Janes and Simpson and other ministers, who found in her house a prophet's retreat and in her goodness of heart a generous welcome. Family after family of her position in life was led into the new Church by her work and labor of love. Her especial work was among her own kindred, whose branches were scattered from Albany to New York, and God honored her. It was a fine field, and she had a coveted opportunity, and assiduously did she cultivate it for Christ.

Early Methodism in every class was intensely missionary. Every convert was a missionary. The man of wealth gave not only money, but time and influence. This woman did not leave her religion behind, but carried it everywhere. High places were harvest fields as well as lowly estates. The highest were most active. Statesmen, like Bassett, would personally plead with men to be converted. Harry Gough, drawing into his spacious home the *élite* of southern society, would weave into his conversation the new faith. General Russell, the statesman and warrior, was as brave in the one warfare as in the other; his home was a lighthouse of truth

where beneficent waves flowed out in blessing beyond the Alleghanies; while Governor Tiffin, astute and wise in the councils of the republic, would enter the pulpit, while the highest in Washington, from Adams, as President, to those of humbler station, sat delighted under his preaching. Why the difference in the earlier Methodists we do not know. A new movement has always more enthusiasm; but has it spent its force? Missionary collections were not as large, but the number of conversions simply astound. Methodism has not spent its force, but is depending too much on machinery. Personal effort is God's approved method, and that means every convert a missionary. It was not the impulse of a new movement, but the deeper impulse of a new nature. The deeper the baptism of the Spirit the more intense will be the desire to save men. Holiness, character, is also enthusiasm, and never was it more clearly proven than in the zeal of these men and women of high position. They lived holy lives; they not only professed conversion, but lived in conscious fellowship with the Holy Spirit; and instead of seeing how little grace they could get along

with they coveted to be filled with the Spirit. Their holy lives made them winning; their enthusiasm, that never burned out, was born of hearts filled with the love of God. They enjoyed religion, and it made them strong. They trampled under foot the compromise spirit that religion and politics should be kept out of society. They were patriotic and loved to talk of their country; they were religious and delighted to tell what God had done for their souls.

Mrs. Garrettson was criticised for the ardor of her faith, and many of her friends could not understand her devotion and her zeal. What to her was enthusiasm, God dwelling in her, was to them only fanaticism; but the fruits of her life were so rare and beautiful that society began to see in this woman, favored in birth and position, one more highly favored as the friend of God. As a minister's wife she was a model; among her kindred in high places she walked in the beauty of holiness. Her faith was aggressive; it was persistent. From the hour of the hallowed communion, when in touching the bread she felt she touched Christ; when life, before an assent to

a creed, now became a personal life—from that moment unto the end Katharine Livingston was a soul-saver. Her ministry was the same as that of her honored husband. One faith thrilled their souls; one aim aroused their holiest ambition. Both stood in perilous places, and we know not which evinced the greater heroism, the husband that endured the fatigues and dangers of forest and mob, or the wife that stood for Christ on the social heights of colonial life. Society has many pitfalls, and it requires a strong faith to stand unmoved for Christ in the court drawing rooms of the nation. All types of men gathered in her father's house, from the stern Tory, who believed in kings and bishops, to the grave Presbyterian, who hated both royalty and prelacy; the radical republican, confounding freedom in state with freedom in thought, and casting away in wild license all loyalty to God as well as to earthly power; Frenchmen like Lafayette and his brave associates who fought with our fathers. Boston's flower mingled with Virginia's chivalry, and the quiet Quaker with the high-spirited Carolinian. She shared with her sisters a rare gift of conversation, and with them kept

in touch with the great issues that were being settled by pen and sword. Intensely patriotic, she was deeply interested in its welfare. She was a young woman when the gallant Montgomery fell at Quebec, and the blow that made her eldest sister a widow threw a shadow over her own life and deepened her love for the republic for which he poured out his life. In the growth of the new nation she rejoiced, and as different members of her family were selected for highest political offices her pride did not increase, but a deeper responsibility came to her to lead them to Christ. Who shall estimate the value of this woman's life on that of her youngest brother, whose criminal code, breathing the tenderest humanity, has immortalized his name on both sides of the Atlantic? Who cannot see the gentle charity of this favorite sister all through its pages? She stamped her own personality on that gifted spirit, and upon his beautiful and attractive wife; and they shared her faith, and were blessed in the communion she loved.

Methodism in New York and along the Hudson owes very much to this brave woman and her missionary husband. Their beautiful

lives commended it to many who had no sympathy for the despised creed; they saw in them, not the fanaticism of human error, but the enthusiasm of divine love; not the wild extravagance of the bigot, but the temperance and purity of God's charity; and longing for a kindred experience their faith became another epistle of the Gospel, and studying their life and example they learned to know Christ. Katharine Livingston Garrettsen fills the same social position in the higher life of the colonies as that of Lady Huntingdon in the United Kingdom. Mingling with the makers of our republic, she, like her English Methodist sister, used pen, tongue, wealth, and position to save men and women; nor were her prayers unanswered, nor did she labor in vain. Eternity alone will unfold the fruits of her earnest work. She was what President Olin said in his eloquent memorial sermon delivered at her death, "A family intercessor." She stood amid a large circle of kindred as a divine physician, and when sickness came and death drew near this sainted woman, on bended knee, was their advocate before God. "In my frequent and protracted visits at the hospitable house,

now so desolate, I always had occasion to remark the strong interest felt by its godly mistress in the family connections to the remotest degrees of relationship; in the young as well as the old; in the gay, thoughtless boys and girls, as well as the older and more sober-minded, who delighted so much to visit their venerable aunt, as so many affectionately called her." Again he says: "Has the Church one such intercessor left? one so mighty with God? one who so loved the Saviour and blood-bought soul? one such Miriam to hold up hands that are ready to fall? If so, it will prove a vital Church."

Religion colored the social life, and made more beautiful the home as age drew on. They built their home, and it became a home for all that would tarry. The same spirit that led them to make a full consecration of their lives unto God's service led them also to dedicate their home to him. Hear her describing their removal to their new home: "Our home being nearly finished, in October, 1799, we moved into it, and the first night, in family prayer, while my blessed husband was dedicating it to the Lord, the place was filled

with His presence who in the days of old filled the temple with his glory. Every heart rejoiced and felt that God was with us of a truth. Such was our introduction into our new habitation; and had we not reason to say with Joshua, "As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord?"

Here were dispensed the amenities of the olden time hospitality that has made the patrimonial life of the Hudson and the planter's life of the South one of the most delightful pages of colonial history. This courtly woman kept open house, and was never happier than when surrounded by those who came to share the good cheer that filled her home. At their hospitable board were gathered the most distinguished statesmen, soldiers, and scholars of the time, and she, presiding with the grace and tact that came of high breeding and true goodness of heart, made all feel welcome. To the older ministry of our Church Rhinebeck is an endearing name. It was to the North what Bohemia Manor and Perry Hall were to the South. Her own heroic husband had shared the kindness of many a stranger in mansion and cabin, and his wife delighted to do unto

others what they had done for him. The prophet's chamber was rarely vacant; almost always some wearied itinerant was found beneath the hospitable roof. Herself an itinerant's wife, and knowing of the sacrifices of one she loved, she was glad, in Christ's name, to give comfort unto God's evangel. Not only were their social peers invited, and comrades in the great army of evangelists and kindred, but in that home another class was found. "All," says Dr. Olin, "who were much in the habit of visiting the house will remember to have met there from time to time some victim of oppression or misfortune, perhaps a foreign refugee waiting to obtain employment, or an invalid for the return of health; perhaps an orphan child or a bereaved family. These were, for the time, objects of chief solicitude, for whose physical comfort, and yet more for their moral well-being, the whole family movement was directed."

Much has been written in praise of the colonial life, and it is worthy of all praise. It was thoroughly American. It was hearty in its hospitality and courtly in its manners. It did not wait the caprice of the foreign de-

signer to know the shape and form of gown to wear. Madam Washington could wear a plain homespun gown and a simple kerchief around her neck, and still be honored as the chief lady of the land. Men did not take their accent from graceless men across the water, but were proud of being distinctively American. No colonial dame would invite a number of friends and then not have them introduced, but allow them to stare and comment. Such demeanor would stamp the hostess as unworthy a place in good society. The social lines were not so closely drawn, nor were the fictitious distinctions of modern society carried out. There was a place for virtue in plain garments, and intelligence and piety found a welcome. Many pens have described the baronial hospitality of colonial days. Our own Asbury and other itinerants have left the picture of that life which has passed away, and thrown a halo of romance around it that lingers at this hour. Rhinebeck remained with its kindness continued, to highborn and lowly, after the itinerant and his wife entered into eternal rest. For over half a century an only child perpetuated the beautiful home life of her parents.

In her father's house many found welcome, until death coming in age to her, the money used in life continues her father's ministry in death. Bequeathing to the Church Extension Society twenty thousand dollars, the name of Freeborn Garrettson lives, and the ministry begun by him is magnified as the thousands he gave go on building churches and saving men. It was a fitting disposition of this man's estate. He gave his life to the Church, and now, being dead, continues in his daughter's charity the work of building up the Church he so ardently loved.

Freeborn Garrettson was the Fletcher of American Methodism. Among that body of heroic young men who organized the Methodist Episcopal Church he stands out preeminent for purity of life and zeal in devotion. He had the spirit of Fletcher, that never wearied in the work of Christ, and that purity of character which wins and holds us. Their parishes were different—the one an obscure spot in England, the other the far-reaching borders of a new world. Both were born to wealth and position, and though unequal in culture were one in refinement and grace. Each possessed rare gifts of leadership that were recognized

by Wesley, who desired Fletcher for his successor in England and suggested Garrettson for superintendency in America. The death of Fletcher defeated Wesley's purpose abroad; but we know not why his hope for Garrettson was not carried out in America. In character and service none surpass him. He preached fifty-three years without salary, and adorned his profession with a grace and dignity rarely seen in the Christian Church. Methodism would have honored itself if Wesley's wish had been carried out and he had been chosen a bishop, for of all the men that had wrought nobly for the Church, and for all the qualities that make up an apostolic bishop, Freeborn Garrettson was the best. He was a holy man; he was given to hospitality; he ruled his house in the fear of God, and he was eminent in ability. He was a member of the "Great Conference," as Bancroft calls it, that formed the Methodist Episcopal Church, and of every General Conference until his death. He shared with Bishop Simpson a preference for a local episcopate, believing that better and more permanent good could be wrought for the Church by such a distribution of the episcopal juris-

diction. In 1827, in his seventy-sixth year, he surrendered his trust, one of the noblest men of any Church, a model for our own communion, a pattern for all. Death summoned him at the home of a friend in New York city, and the hour of departure was that of a victor preparing for his exaltation. Praise continued until the song of faith here yielded to the higher psalm of the Church triumphant—a fitting close of a noble life.

“One in whom persuasion and belief
Had ripened into faith, and faith become
A passionate intuition.”

Katharine Livingston, his wife, lingered far beyond her husband and kindred, dying in 1849, in her ninety-sixth year. Her character ripened with rarest beauty of holiness; widened in catholicity, strengthened in faith, and broadened in usefulness. Through her prayers she saw more eminent men and women of our earlier days brought to Christ than is often permitted to one person. Age stole on slowly, and her faculties were clear to the end. To the last her faith was aggressive, and souls were won for Christ. In her large circle of kindred, love had become reverence for this

mother in Israel, as they came to share her hospitality and hear the romantic stories of the Revolutionary days or the still more heroic legends of the itinerant missionaries. The successive changes of our social and religious life found her ready to accept the good and resolute to cling to what was right. Conservative, she yet rejoiced in all progressive changes, and reforms in Church and State found in her a stanch friend and advocate. She retained the stately courtesy of the olden time, and her faith and conduct were a rare illustration of the highest religious and social life of our nation. Her tall form, dignified bearing, and beautiful face were made more winning by the lofty faith and sweet charity that made up her Christian character. Her home during her long and useful life, as well as that of her daughter, remained a "Traveler's Rest." She touched the threshold of a hundred years, when the life making pure and holy the high places of our earlier society was crowned. At the eventide of the lengthened day the glory of her faith shone most effulgent.

What more beautiful than the close of this revered centenarian's life! It was not the close,

but an entering into life. Faith had ripened into assurance, and the long hope was blossoming into a blessed immortality. Her last intelligible utterances were made up of what made up her life—earnest prayer and triumphant assurance. “Come, Lord Jesus! Come, Lord Jesus! come quickly!” she cried, with eyes and hands raised toward heaven. Soon after, clapping her hands in holy triumph, she three times exclaimed exultingly, “He comes! he comes! he comes!”

Dr. Buckley gives this estimate of this elect lady: “Katharine Livingston, who became Mrs. Freeborn Garrettson, was perhaps the most remarkable acquisition to Methodism in this country among women, if her accomplishments, family connections, and early history be duly considered. Her refinement and genuine culture, combined with her propriety, sense, and affability, made her residence the resort of both the intelligent and refined.” In her lineage, accomplishments, high social station, and godliness she was representative of what was highest in the early social life of the American colonies. With Margaret Beekman, her Spartan mother, Mrs. Governor Van Cortlandt, called by

Bishop Asbury a "Shunammite indeed," with her accomplished sisters and her beautiful and accomplished sister-in-law, Mrs. Edward Livingston, she gave her influence and life to the Methodist Church. Her home, like that of these colonial matrons, was the resting-place of Asbury and his winged messengers as they hastened from the Canadas to the Carolinas and from the Atlantic coast to the new West to spread the Gospel of Christ. Her name in loving ministry to the itinerants is associated with the woman friends of our first bishop and his heroic associates: with Mary, wife of Judge White, of Dover; and Ann, wife of United States Senator Bassett, of Bohemia Manor; with Prudence, wife of Harry Gough, and her sister, daughters of Governor Ridgely, of Maryland; with Mrs. Russell, sister of the illustrious Patrick Henry and wife of General Russell, of Revolutionary fame in Virginia, whose daughter, Mrs. Bowen, was pronounced by General Jackson "the most remarkable woman he ever knew—her place of prayer and devotional reading the hollow of a sycamore tree;" with Mrs. Edward Tiffin, wife of the first Governor of Ohio, of whom Asbury says,

“Within sight of this beautiful mansion the residence of her brother, General Worthington, lies the dust of Mary Tiffin. It was as much as I could do to forbear weeping over her speaking grave;” and with Jane Trimble, of Ohio, Roman in virtue, bravery, and uprightness, and mother of statesmen and warriors who so impressed her character upon her children that when one of her sons was Governor of Ohio and was invited to attend certain amusements he refused, saying, “I have a most excellent Methodist mother at home whom it would afflict to know I participated in such amusements”—women of the highest station, wealth, and refinement; social leaders in the North and South and West, who gave to Christ and our revered Church, in their holy lives and loving service, an aid that, building up the Church of Christ on these shores, has made possible a secure and beneficent political rule.

On the social heights of the new republic stood these noble women, clothed in a beauty of holiness that won many of their peers to the new faith. Their beautiful homes, the fortress of America’s higher social life, were not only a welcome retreat for the missionary,

but were also temples of worship in which they led in devotion, and proved so efficient in saving souls that the courtly hospitality around the well-spread table was forgotten in the precious experimental faith that flowed out in prayer and testimony around the family altar.

Providence gave the pioneer Church of the republic access to the natural leadership of the nation, that the new faith might not be destroyed by the opposition to its teachings. He that hid Moses through the protecting love of a king's daughter made the nobility a shield for Methodism in England, and the highest families of the colonies its refuge in the new world. Entering mansion and cabin, and with equal charity breaking the bread of life, it has continued its hallowed ministry on the same apostolic lines even unto this day; and if it has led the Churches of the republic in numbers and moral power, its primacy is due to the fact that it honors all men, and has a place for the highest and lowest in its brotherhood. The pioneer Church is the primate Church in adaptation to all classes. Its doctrine of a knowable God is the only creed that will cut

away agnosticism. Its lofty standard of holiness is the only ideal that God could give, and a lower ensign would dishonor him. Its highest privilege of doctrine, that "the Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God," unites it in fellowship with the devout of all religions, who, heeding the "Spirit given unto all men to profit withal," though to-day not of this fold, shall yet become one flock of the "one Shepherd." The trammels of sacerdotalism, with its fetich of apostolic succession flowing through prelates' gowns who have committed every crime of the Decalogue; with its perversion of the holy supper from a memorial feast to that of a necromantic meal; with its limitation of communion and its intolerance, are contrary to the simple teachings of Christ, and cannot hold the intelligence of the future. Already the intellect of continental Europe has revolted against Rome, and her gifted sons are aliens to her faith. Already the Church of Cranmer has lost its hold upon the very classes that gave to England its Reformation. The modern mind will not accept the narrow limitations of Augustine; nor will the nineteenth

century bind its soul to the creed of the youthful Calvin. A free Gospel, in a free Church, in a free land, would seem to point out the teachings of Wesley as the creed of the future. The widening of the Presbyterian Confession and the revolt in the Anglican Church are all on the line that leads to the catholicity and tolerance of Wesley. The whole trend of religious thought is toward a broader liberty of thought, a more tolerant attitude toward all Christians, and a simpler creed. The Churches built upon mediæval foundations cannot bear the swift stroke of the hammer of criticism. The foundations and walls must be examined, and the weak stones in the temple of faith be replaced by new material, or the structure will fall. Methodism needs no repair; her intellectual bulwarks are strong today, and her creed needs no revision to allure men of most advanced thought. Thoroughly in spirit with the present, she changes not her gown at the dictate of Lambeth, nor forms her creed after the erring apostle who sits in his palace along the banks of the Tiber. At the front of the blue-eyed Saxon family, in number of disciples holding the moral premier-

ship, she to-day bids all men, with the shaded eye of the critic and the loving heart of a saint, examine her credentials and study her work, and by her apostolic fruit in saving humanity reveals most clearly and distinctly her origin and ministry. For over a hundred years her temple has stood, and not a weak stone can be found in it.

We look back upon the makers of American Methodism with veneration, and wonder how the noble men and godly women who allied themselves to the despised creed wrought amid ostracism and persecution to build up the Church we love. Evidently God was with them; and we see the same Spirit in the converted leadership of the colonies that has ever been present in his Church.

It was the same Spirit which led Moses, the scholar and prince, to reject the preferments of the court of Egypt and ally himself to the despised Israelites; that called Paul, the cultured Cilician, to identify himself with the new faith at Jerusalem; that arrested Clement and Paula, of Rome, and bade them yield their training and social estate to the cause of Christ; that drew, in Germany, the Prince

Elector, Frederic, to the side of Luther; and in England touched the soul of Lady Huntingdon and others of the English nobility, binding them in Christly endeavor to Wesley and Whitefield.

The method of Providence was repeated as the higher life of the colonies was purified by earnest teachings of the early evangelists of Methodism. The common people heard them gladly, and "men and women of honorable estate not a few." The true Church is ever catholic. The clearest note of apostolicity was sounded when Wesley planted the Church of Christ in America. The character of its converts reveals its divine origin. A Church that could at once attract to its altars the higher life of the nation, causing the winebibber to forsake his cups, the slaveholder to release his slaves, and the erring to abandon their evil ways; a Church that could with facile ease develop holiness out of impurity, and a noble and pure manhood out of a corrupt society, is truly apostolic. And that is what early Methodism accomplished. Entering the colonies as they were being molded into a sovereign nation, it captured many of the

choicest spirits for Christ, and created in them a desire for holiness and a missionary zeal that, crystallizing in deed, has given to America one of its strongest Churches. Methodism was holiness on fire. Its influence was not only the *siccum lumen* of the scholar, but the burning flame of the prophet.

Katharine Livingston and her saintly husband were representatives of what is highest in the Church of Christ. To the grace of social position, and to the helpful power of wealth, was added the highest grace of holiness. We read their lives, and are led back to the beginning of Christianity. We see them flushed with the glow of Pentecost, which knows no fading, and instinct with its enthusiasm, which knows no decline. The higher life of colonial Methodism was not in its social position, so elevated; not in its wealth, a sacred stewardship; not in its stately courtesy, clothing the form like a well-fitting garment; not in its hospitality, so hearty and lavish; but it was in its holiness of living. The representative homes of the new Church were ruled not only by men of honor and cavaliers, but by saints whose dignity of position, elegance of man-

ners, and social amenities were made more beautiful by the beauty of holiness. The highborn were the lowly; the highest, the holiest.

From Cortlandt Manor and Rhinebeck, on the Hudson, to Rembert Hall, in South Carolina, religion was the living theme of converse; Christ a personal friend and fact of consciousness, and holiness of heart the aim and aspiration of all. That picture of beauty will adorn any age. Men bearing the badge of Wesley governed States, legislated in the national Congress, and sat in the highest judicial seats of the nation; but their faith was not a secret conviction, nor did it sit loosely upon their shoulders. It blended in their thought and conduct, and reminded others that they had been with Jesus.

To many students the genesis and development of Methodism is an unsolved problem; there seems to be no correspondence between the causes and the results; but a deeper reading will show an adequate cause for its marvelous growth. The human agencies consecrated would naturally produce such results. The zeal of its ministry, the holiness of its

laity, and the close alliance of both in consecration were the promise that, fulfilled unto us, their children, has made the New World a coveted boon for all who seek to worship God under their own vine and fig tree.

Methodism came at the dawn of the republic, and enfranchised religion for free humanity, offering in the spiritual world what men had gained in the political strife—a freedom spiritual to coordinate with earthly freedom. The oldest rule spiritual was united to the oldest political, for monarchy and prelacy were never God's wish for any people. Both were but tolerated forms of rule, and equally opposed to God's word. The hour of the new faith was providential. The grewsome Gospel of the Puritan had chilled the soul, the lax and easy ritual of the Anglican had corrupted society, and the limitations of Calvin had created dissent, when the new altar was set up ; and the children reared in the older confessions turned unto the new and found in its teachings a satisfaction for their souls. Its love of freedom, its catholicity, its patriotism, its emphasis of conduct rather than tradition, its absence of dogmatism, its earnest protest against all evil and

oppression, its zeal and sacrifice, and its sublime ideal of a pure heart found at once a response in the American heart, and have held it until this day. Conservator of the highest liberty, it has made of political freedom the mold of spiritual freedom, and in making of men citizens of the commonwealth of God has only prepared them for nobler duties in the republic of man.

In its stern yet joyous Gospel are hidden the finest fruits that can enrich humanity, ever yielding what Wordsworth's fine thought expresses :

“Stern Lawgiver! Yet thou dost wear
The Godhead's most benignant grace;
Nor know we anything so fair
As is the smile upon thy face.
Flowers laugh before thee on their beds,
And fragrance in thy footing treads.
Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong,
And the most ancient heavens through thee are
fresh and strong.”

Educational Work of Methodist Women.

“Christianity is, as the school of Alexandria loved to represent it, a divine philosophy, and the Church its school.

“As long as we live our weakness will not allow us to be discharged from school.”—*Calvin.*

“I deeply feel, my comrades, that we must come into closer touch as toilers for humanity. No accident of birth or of material circumstance must make the smallest separation between us as enlisted in a holy war. Life is a trust, and if, by our heavenly Father's love, we possess some good gift, and are permitted to use it for him, some power that we have consecrated ‘pass it along like bread at sacrament.’ Let self be so surrendered that all we have is invested in this one absorbing enterprise of our life—the profit of humanity.”—*Lady Henry Somerset.*

“O men, that plan the stately pile
Where law and learning hold their sway,
And drive, with subterfuge and will,
Your mothers from the door away,

“Undo the doors! In God's high noon
An equal heritage have we;
Your cold exclusion's out of tune
With Nature's hospitality.”

—*Julia Ward Howe.*

ELIZA GARRETT.

THE scene is Oxford University, England, the oldest educational seat of the Anglo-Saxon race. In the drama are venerable men in gown and bands. Some are proud to be called the successors of a Galilean Carpenter, and all worship him as their Saviour. Six devout young men wait the *dénouement* in sadness and anxiety. It closes as the vice-chancellor rises and repeats, "I therefore, by my visitatorial power, do hereby pronounce them expelled." The *St. James Chronicle* on the following Monday gave to the public this charming bit of college gossip: "On Friday last, March 11th, 1768, six students belonging to St. Edmund's Hall were expelled the university, after a hearing of several hours before the vice-chancellor and some of the heads of the houses, for holding Methodistical tenets, and taking upon themselves to pray, read, and expound the Scriptures, and singing hymns in private houses."

There were no charges of immorality in

conduct—they were pure; none of mental inability—they had passed their examination with credit; none of Church disloyalty—they loved it and had subscribed to the Thirty-nine Articles. They were children of tradesmen, and had followed their parents' vocation. Their birth was their sin. They had been converted, and, the fire burning in their hearts, they had prayed without a book; and to fill up the cup of offense had taken their Bibles and expounded God's word in private houses to the poor and neglected. Their preaching was their crime. Students were drunken and blasphemous. One, in irreverence, had called the miracles of Moses and Christ only Oriental fictions; but these were the badges of gentility and accurate training. Their conduct was their vindication. The six expelled students, said the sages of the academic grove, were smuggled in by Lady Huntingdon, that through the university they "might skulk into holy orders." The last act is performed, and the expulsion of Wesley from his father's pulpit, and his followers from the national Church, and their children from the national university, complete the ostra-

cism of Methodism from Church and State, and also the measure of intolerance crushing the new faith. But Providence, with vigilant eye, is ever watching his cause and preparing new means to carry on his work; and the closed door behind becomes the open gate of a new and broader field of blessing for his children. Ever in the spiritual warfare chivalric spirits are found that, trampling on earthly coronets, win a place in a higher knighthood; and so it was, Methodism, expelled from Oxford, found in a Christian woman's heart a new home of culture. In November, 1767, a college had been planned to meet the increasing demand for ministers of the new faith, and Lady Huntingdon and other women of the nobility had united, and, buying an old castle at Trevecca, in Wales, a school had been opened. It was opened not a day too soon, for now the godly youth, who dared to talk of "inspiration, regeneration, and drawing near to God," was an enthusiast, and, like the dissenting Presbyterian, Puritan, and Quaker, could not have a place in the university. Woman's love for Christ is declared again in the educational work of our great revival. It was a woman's

benevolence that made possible Kingswood, the first school of Methodism; Lady Maxwell, of Edinburgh, gave John Wesley \$2,500 to begin it, and added \$1,500 additional to cancel its indebtedness, forming by her gift its first secondary school. It was a woman that founded its first college and theological school; and in nothing is the spirit of Methodism more evident than in its privileges, curriculum, and conduct; it was religious, and taught Christianity; it was broadly tolerant, preparing students for the Anglican, Presbyterian, and Wesleyan ministry. No religious tests were allowed, and the very Church that had closed its doors against Methodist students was invited to share its prerogatives. The son of the Anglican, as well as that of the despised Methodist, could enter and remain three years without cost of board, clothing, or tuition, and, when graduated, was presented with a new suit of clothes. Its catholicity was seen in its first president, John Fletcher, whose rare gifts of scholarship are shaded by his more wonderful gifts of grace. He was an ideal college president, awakening all the faculties of the student's nature, opening his soul, educating his

intellect, instructing him in its highest duties, and by example and method, as well as by matter, making a well-trained manhood. He met his students in the class room and quickened their intellects; he would lead them to his closet and plead with them for hours for the crown of all culture, a pure heart with a trained intellect. Fletcher was an accomplished scholar, as were all the leaders of Methodism. The new faith was born in a university, its genesis the study of the New Testament in Greek, and its sponsors at baptism the best representatives of the earlier reformations. In Wesley's reading of the preface of Luther's *Commentary to the Romans* we have Wittenberg; in the witness of the Spirit, taught by the young Moravian professor, Peter Boehler, we have Jena; in Fletcher, the keen intellect and pure heart, we have the best of Geneva; while Oxford, in her best traditions, is "represented in the band of praying students called the Holy Club," which is but the crystallization of the principles of Protestantism that, beginning under Wyclif, at Oxford, in the fifteenth century, and passing through Prague, Wittenberg, and Geneva, find their

fullest development in the place of its birth. For the same doctrines taught by Wyclif and his wandering preachers are the sublime verities taught by Wesley and the itinerants even at this day. Wyclif to Huss, and he to Luther, and he in turn to Wesley, and the torch handed to the Church of God in the sixteenth century comes back again to Oxford, and is rekindled by John Wesley.

Methodism was not only an evangelical reformation, but also an intellectual revival. The fire that kindled the Church first burned in the university. It was the scholar's thought before the reformer's message. Quickened and fostered by university life, its greatest progress has been on these lines, until it is a disputed question whether it has been greater as a harvest of culture or as a spread of holiness. A scholarly woman is the first factor of influence in the reformation, and her impress unconsciously stamped itself upon her son, and he in turn impressed modern Christianity. The spiritual birth gave a mental quickening which created at once the necessity of a school and a college, and Kingswood was founded in 1739, the first Methodist school, and Trevecca College, in

1767, in Wales. Whitefield preached at the opening of both schools. From Kingswood has been developed a system of training, from the primary school to the university, that is belting the globe in munificence. As in the Old World a woman's love made possible the first theological school, so in the New her benevolence created our strongest foundation for the training of the clergy. The gift of Mrs. Eliza Garrett, of Chicago, of \$250,000, in 1853, was the largest offering laid on the altar of education up to that time, except that of Stephen Girard, of Philadelphia. She was the pioneer woman of wealth in a field of benevolence that is now familiar to many who, emulating her example, have built and endowed colleges and theological seminaries. Eliza Garrett, like Lady Maxwell, was left a widow and childless, and, finding herself one of the wealthiest women of the Northwest, she soon learned the meaning of her position, and at once set to work honoring her stewardship. In 1848 she was bereft of her husband, the Mayor of Chicago, and one of its most successful merchants, and in 1853, after remembering those in her will whom nature had made

dependent upon her, she resolved to make the Church of her choice the recipient of her estate, and prepared to hand over to its care what, at that time, was the largest gift ever bestowed in our nation for higher education. This woman turned the thought of the wealthy of the nation into the highest channel, creating a new ambition, unknown and unrecognized before—not the creation of a family name by perpetuating wealth, but diffusing her beneficence for the good of society. She linked her name to posterity, and, in honoring her Church, lives to-day in its highest ministry. She leads in that form of benevolence which conserves most strongly the interests of a nation ; for the schools are not only a defense of Christianity, but the higher schools are the fortresses of the nation. America, rich in foundations such as this Christian woman built, will be strong, and her future assured ; for our defense as a nation is not in the might of arms, but in force of ideas, and the bulwark of the nation is not in the armory, but in the school. Mrs. Garrett not only gave her great wealth to the Church, but consecrated it to a special work. Two purposes blended in her gift—the training of the

ministry and the higher education of woman—and in controlling these she grasped the most potential forces of the whole social fabric. None may estimate the value of a trained ministry and a cultivated womanhood. You can graduate a nation's position by the character of its women and of its spiritual leaders. If the priest's lips keep knowledge the people will be blest, for ever is it true, like priest like people, like shepherd like sheep. If woman is ignorant and denied the same equipment for life as her brother she will be degraded, and in turn will lower the tone of society. Women and the clergy are the foci of power in all nations, and their united sovereignties in God's work demand the best discipline for each. Eliza Garrett was a cultivated woman. Born in New York, she received in its schools a preparation for life that led her to study and work for Christ. Entering the new West, sharing with her husband all the privations and successes that followed him, she caught the spirit of the men and women who were building up the great empire. Residing at Chicago, she came in contact with the leaders of State and Church, and saw with a seer's vision the

future, and united her name to those who will be called the benefactors of the republic. Her benevolence took a natural form, for she was a Christian and loved her Church. Methodism found in her a devoted disciple, reverent in attendance upon the sanctuary, punctual in her place at the prayer meeting, edifying by her testimony in class meeting, and abundant in her acts of charity. Her gift for educational purposes reveals her appreciation of the highest work of the Church ; for it is as much the mission of Christianity to remove ignorance as to rebuke sin, for as many perils come to the Church by darkened and erring intellects as by evil hearts. Superstition is only another name for sin, and whoever lets in the light and gives the truth shall set men free.

Methodism hallows all ministries, and from the beginning has been the ardent friend of all culture and humanity. It dares to prove all things, and its very audacity in the quest of truth is but another evidence of its divine origin. Wesley threw a free lance in every field of knowledge, with keenest scalpel dissected creed and tradition, and cared not whose label they bore or by what authority they demanded

acceptance. He knew that truth had nothing to fear from investigation, and that He who formed nature and wrote revelation were one, and that the work of the word and the work of the work would ever harmonize. Mrs. Garrett honored her Church by her gift, for, from the days of Wesley, it has encouraged the best training for its ministry. Wesley was a graduate and Fellow of the oldest school of Protestantism, and had all the instincts and enthusiasms that come out of such associations. He never ceased to burn the student's lamp nor laid aside the student's gown until his work was done. Coke's scholarship was of a higher grade than that of the head of the Episcopal Church, or of the grave presidents of Yale or Harvard. A Doctor of Laws of Oxford, when he first stepped upon these shores he at once attracted to him the most cultivated and refined of the colonies. No sooner had the Christmas Conference adjourned than Coke and Asbury began to collect money to found a college. It was the first ministry of the new Church. These men gave one third of their time to collecting funds with which to build it. The story of the beginnings of the first college

of Methodism in America is full of pathos and sadness. The cruel deed that deprived the young Church of its first educational center never comes to my heart without a pang, for the sad calamity was a blow to Methodism in our own region, from which we have never recovered, and the ashes of Cokesbury College are upon the altar of Philadelphia Methodism to-day, and make it the only Conference in all Methodism without a school—a deprivation that makes the heart of every lover of our Church burn with shame. Fifty thousand dollars were raised by the infant Church, and a college was founded at Abingdon, near Baltimore. A magnificent building was built, one hundred and eight feet long, forty feet wide, and three stories high, a faculty provided, and most excellent work done. In that first seat of culture you can see the three lines upon which our revered Church ever moves—religion, culture, humanity. The humanitarian spirit that made the first Methodist chapel a dispensary as well as a preaching place, made this school an orphanage as well as a school. The same spirit that animates the ladies of Philadelphia in their beneficent work for the father-

less filled the minds and hearts of the fathers. Cokesbury was doing good work, but the same evil heart that put the torch to Epworth Rectory laid in ashes our first college. Undaunted, another attempt was made, when a child's carelessness caused it again to be consumed. We can understand how the Church staggered, and cowardly men said, "Our mission is not to educate"; for it was an awful calamity. The national universities closed against Methodism in England, and the first college in America twice reduced to ashes, were enough to discourage ordinary men; but time soon changed erring decisions, and new attempts were made. Methodism met the first educational disaster near the place in which it perfected its organization; but out of the very church that was consumed with the college, and in the very city in which the second building was burned, has arisen one of the most magnificent piles of granite on the American shores. Out of the ashes of Lovely Lane Meeting House and Cokesbury College have arisen a beautiful church and a woman's college, and from its central hall rings out in glad welcome the old bell of our first college, calling not the boys,

as a hundred years ago, but the girls to study and worship.

The Woman's College of Baltimore is one of the best equipped schools in America, and was made possible by the benevolence of a noble Christian woman, whose husband, Dr. Goucher, its founder, will ever share with his wife the loving remembrance of a grateful Church. Contesting with Vassar, Wellesley, and Smith Colleges in its thoroughness of discipline, its fruit is already seen in the pure and well trained girls that have come out of its halls. Could the venerable celibate Asbury come back to-day he would find the girls climbing where their brothers essayed, and in the struggle gaining new strength without the loss of a single feminine grace.

The building of Cokesbury College was a splendid illustration of the benevolence of the infant Church, that numbered only fifteen thousand members at that time, and it would at this day be considered a liberal offering. The spirit that so quickly built the school could not long be crushed. The malice of men can delay, but cannot defeat God's purpose; and so in this, our first disaster, the torch of the

incendiary only enlightened more minds to the necessity of church schools, and burned into the heart a deeper determination to conquer the intellect of men as well as to rule their hearts. It was a dark day when the national universities of England were closed against Methodism and a darker hour still when its first college in America was twice reduced to ashes; but a ministry that had endured what the young itinerants had borne, and a laity who had suffered ostracism and persecution for their creed, were not to be put down by defeat. Opposition only drew out their Christian heroism, and with chivalric soul they won their way in this new land, and against the greatest odds have become the greatest educational force in the nation.

The faith of Methodism compels training. An illiterate Methodist is an anomaly; an ignorant Romanist is natural. Not ignorance, but intelligence, is the mother of true devotion. The true ideal is the heart of the cherubim with the intellect of the seraphim, and that was more fully realized in the first college of Methodist presbyters than of any class of men that we read of in church history. Regenera-

tion is an intellectual and spiritual birth ; conversion is a mental quickening. The spirit-resurrection carries with it the quickening of all other faculties. Growth in grace coordinates with growth in knowledge, and the progress of the one is the advancement of the other. Spiritual life begets intellectual life ; the intense faith in the invisible, the deep quest into spiritual things, is ever transmitted and transformed.

Any faith that leads men directly to God must quicken their intellectual faculties. The intellectual splendor of Unitarianism is the direct sequence of its faith. The mental power of early Methodism was the direct result of its spiritual life. When you put before the heart and mind an image of wood, or, as John Knox put it, "a bit of painted board," you cripple intellect. When you limit the soul's need to the work of a priest or to a wafer you cripple intellect. Spiritual truths which are labeled and prepared for the soul, like a druggist's prescription, only make mental dullards. The finished creed of Romanism is its intellectual bane, paralyzing every nation it controls. Methodism in kinship of philosophy with Unitarianism,

leading the soul beyond priest, wafer, and Church, to an immediate contact with the All Soul, must quicken intellect, as well as purify the heart. In the census of leadership in the late civil war the children of Methodism were found to have exceeded all others. The leadership in statesmanship and in military service was born of the old-fashioned shouting motherhood of Methodism. "The secret of their mental power," said an eminent bishop, "was begotten of the stern unbending convictions of their parents." The *blasé* faith and *dilligente* intellect never produce great men and strong-hearted women. The intellectual rulers of the world have been the offspring of men of faith in God. Puritanism and Methodism, one fire under different forms of faith, are intellectual as well as spiritual, and wherever the light is manifest you will see the school as well as the church. The first work of the Methodist Episcopal Church in America was the building of a school, and from the hour when the first Conference decided to build a college until now that work has been going on. Before the scattered Anglican societies were crystallized into a Church, education claimed

the thought of Methodism. In England Princeton College was gathering its first funds through them. Dartmouth, the college in the wilderness, was being built by them. The University of Pennsylvania was the recipient of their bounty. Coordinate with chapel and orphanage building was school building, from that of the lowest to that of the highest grade. The new Church has resulted in broadening and increasing new foundations, until all over this great continent the merry song of studious youth is heard in the halls erected to her faith.

Mrs. Garrett did for America what Ladies Huntingdon, Maxwell, and their friends did in England, Scotland, and Wales. Her beneficence stimulated the Christian women of other Churches as well as our own. The best theological schools of the Presbyterian Church owe their efficiency to the kind heart of woman. Hertzog Hall, at New Brunswick, Beatty Hall, at Alleghany, and Brown Hall, at Princeton, attest woman's interest in ministerial education. The first school of the prophets in England, and one of our greatest in Evanston, were the gifts of women; and our latest, "The Iliff School of Theology at Denver," is the gift of

Elizabeth Iliff Warren, whose wealth in beneficent ministry has enriched almost every mission of Methodism.

Garrett Biblical Institute represents the first of many splendid benefactions that have come to our revered Church through woman's love for Christ. Memorials of her sweet charity are found in every great school of Methodism. When we recall Boston University we remember Elizabeth Sleeper Davis, whose honored father taught her the path which she trod, and Mrs. Paddock, whose bequest will equip young men for the ministry. At Dickinson the most beautiful building is Bosler Hall, a woman's memorial to her husband. At Evanston Heck Hall stands out in beauty along the lake shore, selling of woman's love for God's prophets. Evanston and Denver, two of the noblest foundations in our Church, were founded by Hon. John Evans, *nomen clarissime*; but all who are familiar with his noble life know that in quiet fellowship of charity there aided him one of the most cultured and benevolent women of our land, Margaret Gray Evans, his wife.

When we recall De Pauw University we not

only remember the generous benefaction of the princely hearted W. C. De Pauw, but the continued kindness of mother with daughter, whose name is united to her father's, in Florence Hall, now building on the campus. When Vanderbilt University is mentioned we all know a woman's love was the cause of planting the greatest educational center in the South, Commodore Vanderbilt's gift through his Methodist wife.

In the highest culture of our Church the influence of Methodist women has ever been most potential. They have educated young men for the ministry, endowed professorships, built colleges, and aided in founding great universities. Their work in the highest fields has reached down to the lowest. We know not the children rescued from ignorance by the Sabbath school, but we know that Hannah Ball, a young Methodist woman, had a Methodist Sunday school at High Wycombe fourteen years before Robert Raikes began his at Gloucester; and that Sophia Cooke, another Methodist, was the first who suggested to Raikes the Sunday school idea, and actually marched with him at the head of his troop of

ragged urchins. Methodist women originated the modern Sabbath school, one of the noblest institutions that the modern Church possesses, and from the days of Hannah Ball until this hour have been most diligent in this charity. The modern Sabbath school, with its systematic study of God's word, and its deeper knowledge of the child's mind, is largely the result of that princely layman's thought, Lewis Miller, the father-in-law of Edison. He saw the rich treasures of knowledge that could yet be garnered for the Church, and with the counsel of his friend, Bishop Vincent, created a form of study and worship that is enriching every altar in the Church. The germ planted in an English village has become a great tree, whose leaves are for the healing of many nations; but the genesis of the great movement came out of the brain and heart of a Methodist woman.

The educational work of women in our Church has not been confined to church and pulpit, but what a marvelous story of achievement in foreign fields! She has followed, side by side with her brothers, into the dense seething mass of India, even to the flowery

kingdom of China, into the beautiful home of the chrysanthemum, and planted schools; and in the lands of the Orient, where the face of stranger may not greet the face of woman, she has gone and taught the sacred word, released intellect bound by superstition, and opened a new field for woman. The educational work for Methodist women is one of the most beautiful pages of modern Church history. Woman, in the van a hundred years ago, has not lagged behind, but now her sweet voice has gone out unto the ends of the earth. Her work is not only widely extended, but is most carefully done. Do our bishops belt the globe in their supervision of the great Church? So do women. Not a year rolls around but that Methodist women of wealth make the grand tour and personally examine the fruit of their sacrifice. Who would have thought, a hundred years ago, that women would undertake great schools in India and China; build, endow, and supervise hospitals, orphanages, and seminaries? Who would have imagined ladies of culture going around the world to see for themselves the condition of their heathen sisters, and walking around the very founda-

tions they have planted. And yet Methodist women, at their own expense, are to-day pushing as far as a pioneer bishop, and fulfilling by their work of love the truth of Wesley's words, "the world is my parish." What more beautiful than the tour of Mrs. Davis, the daughter of the Hon. Jacob Sleeper, one of the benefactors of Boston University—the globe almost belted when called to a higher ministry, but continuing by her charity after death her labor of love on a still greater scale. Ever alert to new ministries that come in the hour of Providence, Methodist women sent out the first *medical missionaries* to the Orient. They girded the first young women of America with the added grace of healing, so that in healing the body they might cure the soul. The happy expedient is now the common practice of all Christian Churches, and has been one of the most potent arms of service to rescue degraded womanhood and elevate her to the peership of her Christian sisterhood. If one band of women enters one field, another band stands equipped to enter another. If Asia cries out, "Come over and help us," and willing feet run to tell the glad tidings, so when

the Ethiopian pleads at our feet in our own land, and alien sisters, bound in error, seek our shores, for them, too, the school is built, and loving hands plan and work to lift them up and make a true womanhood. In united love for native born and strangers within and without the gates, Methodism women build schools. With broad catholic faith, calling no man common, they rear homes of learning among the ebon daughters of the rice field, as well as among the olive-hued Indians of the far West, or the erring blue-eyed sisters of Mormondom.

In no Church do we see such devotion as among Methodist women. They are at the front in all educational movements. Methodism would not only be robbed of her beauty, but also of her strength, were they to desert her altars. The work of education begun by Lady Maxwell, creating by her charity our first school, and, dying, continuing her educational work by her legacy, is to-day one of the most beneficial agencies of modern Christianity. She has yielded her ministry, but her work goes on, yea, multiplied, until you can scarcely take up an issue of Methodist journalism that does not declare some educational

work for women. She is dotting our fair land with training schools; she is sending the fair flowers of our richest womanhood to Mexico, South America, and to the dark continent to plant the school beneath the cross. Lady Maxwell would ride in her carriage four hundred miles overseeing her schools and chapels; but what was the itinerancy of this most godly woman compared to the journeys of modern Methodist women, who, at their own expense, also go around the world to watch over their work for God?

The evangelistic work of Methodist women has found a recognition and a reward of praise, but their work in education is a still brighter page, for if they have helped build a church, hospital, and orphanage, they have done their part also in rearing and fostering the schools. Mrs. Garrett is representative of a growing class of women in our Church who, recognizing the efficiency of evangelistic and humanitarian work, also hold in highest honor the best intellectual training. Pioneer in her gift, she has been followed, until to-day Methodism leads in the new world, not only in churches and communicants, but also in schools, endowments,

and students. To-day she has at her altars, in a devotion as strong as Mary to her Master, a larger number of educated women than any of her sister Churches; and, if every theological, medical, and law school and university were deprived of their leadership, there are women in the Church that could fill their places. There never was a time, never a Church, that held within its communion so many educated women as our Church holds this hour, and the reason is as clear as a sunbeam, for over a generation ago Methodism opened her colleges with equal privileges to girls and boys, and for over fifty years has given to woman the same privilege as to her brother.

Methodism founded in 1834, at Macon, Ga., the first woman's college in America; a college that has sent out thousands of well educated women; a college that proved fifty years before the belated question of the higher education of woman that she has just as clear brain and as high capabilities as her brother; a college that, enriched by the benefactions of the philanthropist, George I. Seney, is to-day doing for the South what Baltimore, Bryn Mawr, and Northampton are doing for the

North. Even Mrs. Garrett was **not** pioneer in her estimate of woman's capacity; but who may not say that in her residence in the South she may have seen the elevating influence of the college at Macon, and coveted for others the blessing that school had given. Methodism has given to this nation an army of scholarly collegiate women, passing the same curriculum and carrying the same diploma as men; women that, following from the primary school to the university and professional school, are adorning the higher social and intellectual life of the nation, elevating the home, and bringing to the learned professions a dignity and grace they never possessed before. Who can fail to see in the higher training vouchsafed to woman by the largest Church of the republic a preparation for leadership in the new ministries that have opened unto her? Had the women of to-day no better training than their sisters in the Roman Church of the past, or in Protestantism a hundred years ago, their educational and humanitarian work would be a failure. With the old school training, so shallow and ornamental, their reforms would have been of none

effect. They could not have coped with the trained brain of man in the great moral contests that are waging on the shores of this new world; but with the social leadership of such college-bred women as the lamented Lucy Webb Hayes, and the brilliant, versatile, and sagacious Frances Willard, even far-seeing men will find their match and foes worthy of their steel.

Methodism, when it planted its higher schools over this nation, did not know what future work would be imposed upon woman; but we know and gladly recognize the loving hands that, twined around home and country, are determined that they shall be kept pure. The fruit of higher education, seen in the temperance reform of to-day, is the highest indication of its need. The splendid leadership of the educated women of our republic has saved our social life, and will not cease its activity until the wine cup is banished the nation, and the corrupter of home gets his merited punishment. If there ever was a preparation of Providence, it was in the planting of colleges for women; and Methodism sneered at, and the college-bred girl ostracized,

are now acknowledged the salvators of the republic.

Methodism has been kind to woman, opening up to her the same advantage in culture as man, and she, in return, has been grateful. She has thronged her schools and churches, and is paying back to all Churches, by her devotion and purity, all the sacrifices made for her elevation. Her intelligence, directed by love, will accomplish in the future of this nation for the Christian Church what we do not dream of. If she has stemmed the tide of intemperance, blasting home and compelling restraints, she will continue her work, and her increasing intelligence will only make her more efficient. Her position will always be with what is best in the Church and state, and her advancement in training will only tell in increased glory to the Church and greater security to the state.

Methodism, pioneer in spiritual work, giving to woman the highest position in any branch of the Christian Church, was also pioneer in giving her an equipment to successfully fill her high sphere. Made a class leader and permitted to preach by Wesley, her new position demanded the best discipline, and the

Church gave it. In Mrs. Garrett's benefaction we have woman's highest ministry made known. Her ignorance is her weakness. Intelligence abolishes her servitude. Give equal discipline, and the contest of life will not be so unequal. Woman has been behind because of lack of training. The inequality of the sexes is not of nature, but of society. God is no respecter of persons. The dower of brains is not the special prerogative of either man or woman. Mary Somerville can read the stars as accurately as a Herschel; Madame De Staël can write as brilliant and accurate a history as Macaulay; George Eliot can charm by her pen as wondrously as Walter Scott, the wizard of the North; Victoria rules over the world's greatest empire with as much justice as any king. The nineteenth century has shown that woman can tread the high places of thought and action with as clear a brain, as pure a heart, and as firm a step as her brother. If a George Eliot, climbing on the dizzy heights loses self control, and is plunged into the abyss of atheism, Elizabeth Browning, sweet saint, can soar higher, and the song of faith sound out clearer the higher she ascends.

The purpose of this benevolent woman was to elevate her sisters, making them more capable for their life work, and Methodism, taking up her thought by her zeal for higher training, has widened her sphere. She has not opened a new field, but rather enlarged the old. We do not know the proper sphere of woman. Her foes say, Give a training fitted to her proper sphere; but who can define that proper sphere or the requisite qualities to fill it? None may forecast the future of any American girl, and that is the best training which guards in all the avenues of life. The higher education is only to fit her to fill spheres of duty and rule she has always occupied. She is the oldest physician, and among the older Hebrews was efficient. Has the profession of medicine suffered since she entered the colleges, and to the natural fitness of nurse added the higher skill of the physician? Has that of law been degraded since her low, sweet voice, that "most excellent thing in woman," has been heard in courts of justice? Have not intemperance and social evils decreased since she, in noble might of womanhood, assaulted these iniquities? The higher the

training of womanhood, the stronger all elements of reform; for, with rarest exception, the new endowments have been given to the right. A few perplexed in faith have lost their moorings in the sea of doubt, but woman has held fast her profession, while the number of stranded souls will not compare with those of men who have dared, doubted, and failed. We may not measure the educated woman by the negative faith held by a small minority in the suffrage movement and in the temperance cause, nor by the utter materialism of the Russian girl, who, entering the university, only comes out a Nihilist. The wrongs of humanity have driven them in revolt against the Church, because they have seen it allied to the most awful oppression, and giving its sacred offices to the basest inhumanity. Woman, seeing slavery, intemperance, and despotism guerdoned by Church and religion, spurned the sacred house and its guides and cleft her own way through the forest of doubt. Where one educated woman has sold her creed, you will find a dozen men barter convictions. In all the sad struggles when woman has seen Christ she has been drawn to

him, and the devotion of the most cultured is not less than that of her less favored sisters. Methodism, pioneer in higher training, has no apology for her work, and her example, followed to-day by all the Churches, is the best commendation of her work. The noble women it has produced, adorning society from the White House to the humbler home, form a sufficient refutation to the charge that woman should not receive the same training as man. The homes musical with the voices of children, rich in a refined hospitality, versatile in ministry of blessing, thronging with manly sons and obedient daughters, are a rebuke to the statement that a higher training unfits for home life and destroys the home maker.

Susannah Wesley, the first of the new nobility, was the mother of a large family. Her attainments did not rob her of domestic grace, but better fitted her for maternal duties. Her intellectual graces only girded her for the training of her family, whose wonderful gifts are her best fruit, and the finest illustration of the new culture.

Mrs. Garrett not only bestowed the largest gift that an American Church has received

from clerical culture, but the hour of its acceptance was the best. If it had come earlier, it would not have been so serviceable; had it come later, it would have been limited in blessing. Two elements have ever contended, from the days of Tertullian, in God's ministry, one honoring and the other deprecating a special training for the clergy, and Methodism was in danger of reading in her educational defeats a false interpretation of God's will concerning her. There was a danger lest her leaders should narrow their equipment and throw off the scholar's gown so gracefully worn by the first Methodist preachers. It is so easy for lazy men, or those whose work is done, to find a shield for imbecility in God's providence, and that is what some are ready to do. It was one of this class that rose up in a western Conference, pending an educational discussion, and said he thanked God he had never entered a college or university. It was Bishop Ames, presiding, who asked him if he meant to be thankful for his ignorance, and when he said, "You can so understand it," calmly replied, "Well, my brother, you have a great deal to be thankful for." When at college

a friend, burning with the love, of God wrote for a position in a Conference, and the elder, learning he was a college graduate, denied his request in such terms that it made him weep. In many Conferences we have suffered, even leaders saying, "We cannot use college men in our Conference." College men can rarely be used for Conference politics; they can be used for foreign mission fields, and none others are accepted. Even Bishop Taylor demands a fitness for the illiterate Africans that some Conferences do not demand. Never was there an age when we needed a well-trained ministry more than at present. Small brained men, content with the most limited learning, will not do, and especially among the working classes. You may enter our industrial establishments in the great cities and you will find the skilled workman conversant with social questions and familiar with the latest thought on religious and economical themes. He reads not only the *Penny Journal*, but Henry George and the *Review of Reviews*; and to send men of no training to that class is simply to vacate our pews.

Methodism has not reached up to the high

conception of ministerial fitness in the mind of Mrs. Garrett. It is making preparation too easy, and is receiving too many men without training. Methodism to-day can gain what it seeks for; it can put its standard where this woman held it should be placed, and young men will march up to it. The young man that is willing to enter the Christian ministry to-day without the best equipment lacks the first element of success—ability to see his want of ability.

Mrs. Garrett's benevolence made possible a preparation that came none too soon. The early itinerants were students under great difficulties. Wrote Justice McLean of the United States Supreme Court, "It is a matter of astonishment to many who have become intimate with Methodist preachers that men who traveled frontier circuits, where books were scarce and the preaching places remote from each other, could have made such progress as they actually have done in useful knowledge." We cannot minify the itinerants; we cannot magnify their difficulties. They lived among books, every saddlebag was a circulating library; and they put into Methodist homes a

hundredfold more of Methodist literature than we, their successors, are doing to-day. Every parsonage was a bookstore, and every preacher a vender of Wesleyan literature. Mary Fletcher and Katharine Livingston were led to Christ through books received through servants who had obtained them from the minister. Mrs. General Russell, on the frontier of Virginia, read Fletcher's works and found Christ.

Our fathers studied hard, and not in vain, and their equipment may not be despised, but they felt the need of better facilities, and the work of this noble woman made such possible for their children.

Mrs. Garrett not only provided that her estate should be consecrated to ministerial education, but confirmed in life her wish in death. When she made her will she began to carry it into effect. She summoned the best legal talent among her friends, counseled with Judge Goodrich, and secured a charter "for the erection, furnishing, and endowment of a • 'Theological Institution for the Methodist Episcopal Church,' to be called 'The Garrett Biblical Institute.'" She prepared her plans, secured a location, and aided in the erection of

a temporary structure, and while so engaged made further preparation for a permanent building. She was in middle life, and had the prospect of a lengthened day when she matured her plans to aid God's ministry. Mrs. Garrett was wise, for death, that begins our plans, often defeats them. It is a very foolish method to hold on to your stewardship and then expect your successors to honor it for you. People who will not in life discharge their trust, do not usually find their friends any more eager to carry out their wishes in death. Mrs. Garrett made her will in health, and then began to make available its contents; instead of keeping her wish, she declared it; instead of waiting until death to pay over the rents of the estate, she began at once; instead of allowing others to make her plans, she counselled and provided, and in full maturity of strength made her offer to the General Conference of the Church, and saw the beginnings of the work that made Bishop Clark write, "The name of Eliza Garrett will be honored while the world endures. As time shall develop the good results and the far-reaching influence of the institution founded by her munificence, it will be ranked by

faithful historians with the names of Brown and Girard, Harvard and Yale. It will be singular in American history as that of the first female in our country who has attained so distinguished a rank by an act of Christian philanthropy." Mrs. Garrett's method is the only true way. Honor your own stewardship, be the almoner of your own charity, and enjoy the fruits of your labor while you live. In these days of legal complication no man can be sure his last testament will be carried out. If the will of Samuel J. Tilden, one of America's most learned lawyers, could not stand, what security for post-mortem trusts?

This noble woman not only laid out her plans, but, when disaster by fire reduced the income of her estate, she reduced her expenditure and only allowed herself four hundred dollars out of it, and gave half of that for religious uses. She was rich in money, but richer in charity; strong in purpose, but stronger in self-denial. Her self-denial places her with Lady Huntingdon and Mary Fletcher, who kept down their expenses to the lowest estimate so that they might do more good for Christ. Winning, indeed, is that love consecra-

ting talents of gold to God's service, but more beautiful that stern sacrifice to strengthen the foundation she had laid. Mrs. Garrett is remembered not only because of her gift, but also for her devotion and piety. She had the same Christly spirit that we see at the beginnings of Methodism. The experience that filled her heart was like that of Lady Maxwell, whose gifts to education are not as noted as her piety. Her piety ran in a deep channel; her Scottish sister said, "I have no ecstatic joy, but a divine serenity, a haven of silent love, a sinking into God." "Eliza Garrett," said her biographer, "was characterized by a steady devotion to the service of God and by a strict observance of the rules of the Church, together with a firm and constant fidelity to its interests; a beautiful consistency of profession and conduct distinguished her demeanor both as a Christian and in the social circle. She was always benevolent in proportion to her available means, but her charities were unostentatious. With her own hands she labored for the poor, and her feet often led her to their habitations on errands of mercy." Her character evokes praise, as well as her works, in the

gates; indeed, the works are the fruit of her faith. The lofty purpose in life, the realization of the truth that "no man liveth unto himself," and the final effort crystallizing into a deathless deed, unfold a nature that possesses more than ordinary virtues. Her life is not all contained in the definition, "a rich woman;" it transcends and includes purity, love, and sacrifice. The inner virtues that create godly character are more than the environments of wealth, for they make up true womanhood. The rarer qualities of a Christian were her dower before she came into possession of wealth. In a training for years through sorrow, earthly loss, and bereavement, she had found her true position, and when circumstances changed, and wealth and position were her privilege, and she stood in social leadership in Chicago, her husband a man of largest fortune and of highest municipal estate, this woman remained unchanged. The surrender of her boys to the divine Father had turned her heart heavenward; the loss of earthly riches had drawn her from the world; and so, when prosperity came back, she, like Job, developed holier gifts, and her greater power was made the means of a wider

stewardship. In the midst of her beneficence, ere the corner stone could be laid of the new hall of theology on the campus of Northwestern University, Eliza Garrett suddenly laid down her earthly ministry and entered into rest.

On the Sabbath of November 18, 1855, she worshiped God in his earthly sanctuary, apparently in perfect health, and on the following Thursday the service of time was ended, and in her fifty-first year Eliza Garrett entered the Church of eternity. Her death, like that of other benefactors of our Church, was in harmony with her life. In ministry of blessing she had honored her Master, and the sweet fruition of her faith touched, in antepast, her lips as she exclaimed in glorious triumph with latest breath, "Bless the Lord, O my soul."

May we not say, "Blessed of the Lord, and in death her works follow her."

Stevens, the historian of Methodism, says, "She has the honor of having made the largest pecuniary benefaction to Methodism of any woman in its history, if not, indeed, of any woman in the history of Protestantism." She opened a new channel for Christian charity

which many godly women have entered ; and, while her benefaction is a special blessing to Methodism, it is also a splendid example that has been followed by other Churches.

Methodism as an educational movement has not spent its force, but is increasing in efficiency every day. The Sabbath school has been widened and made a nursery of the Church through Bishop Vincent more than through any other man.

The Chautauqua Assembly is but the root of the higher movement upon which university extension is engrafted, and the modern camp meeting but the facile means of transmitting the new culture over the land. In the transition of the camp meeting into a Chautauqua Assembly we see the correlation of spiritual forces with intellectual. None can estimate the effect of this movement upon modern life. It has awakened thought and interest in higher culture among the people, and reacted in a blessing even upon our universities, bringing them more closely in touch with our social life. It is making culture democratic, and is but a return to the older form of university life, when culture was severely popu-

lar, and the youth of all classes could come in contact with the highest minds. As one broadened the spiritual life, and for the rust and gloom of the crypt and altar gave the sweet fragrance of the forest pine and light of sun-lit dome, so the other drew the student out of the recluse, and in the higher walk of humanity developed a nobler nature than that formed in college hall or monastery cell. It is a new departure, and yet Abelard observed the same method when he lectured in the wilderness. He drew thousands of young men to his desert retreat in Champagne. He was their oracle, and they listened in the grove to his wonderful words. It is not only books that make a college. Garfield never uttered a stronger truth than when he said, "Put Mark Hopkins at one end of a log and a student at the other, and you have a first-class college." The personality of the teacher is of more value than the impersonal book.

The renaissance through which we are passing is only a revival of the classic Greek mode, when teacher and scholar walked and talked in the grove. Plato taught his sublime philosophy in the grove, and if it is sweet to-day it is

because the fragrance of the fields lingers in it. It is a good sign when men can worship God and learn of his works in his own temple.

“ Ah, why should we in the world's riper years,
Neglect God's ancient sanctuaries, and adore only among
The crowd, and under roof that our frail hands have
reared ? ”

It presages only good when you can bring culture down to the people. The more men that you can fill with lofty thoughts and high ideals, the greater the security of our nation. In the earlier places of worship we have the means of conferring as great a blessing to the intellect of to-day as we did in the past to the heart.

Mrs. Garrett provided for the education of the clergy. She wanted the teachers taught, that they could instruct the people. She planted for the future, and her ministry was on the line of future success; for in the struggle of erring creeds and ancient superstition in our midst for the supremacy we cannot be too careful in the discipline of youth. The future of this nation will be largely in the hands of men and women who control its thought. A mighty responsibility rests upon Methodism. In her tolerant catholic fold the children of all

nationalities are gathering, and it becomes a grave question how we shall train them. Conversion is only the beginning; education must follow. The culture of leadership must be guarded, or our very increase will be our weakness. The peasant class in the Irish priesthood to-day, with but little training above their followers, is one of the grave causes of Ireland's weakness. To-day America is suffering for the want of a larger class of cultivated men. The commercial spirit has reduced the average, making it lower than it was a hundred years ago.

Methodism, holding the moral leadership in the nation, has a great responsibility and a great opportunity. The cultivated mind will rule, and the ascendancy of Methodism will come largely out of her schools. Her past has been glorious; in this nation her intellectual premier-ship cannot be contested. In the last *Britannica* statistics declare Methodism leading in the United States in number of institutions, endowments, and students. We look back over a century, when our first efforts were but ashes, when universities and colleges were closed against the youth of our Church, and

to-day the obscure and persecuted sect has marched to the front, and, leading in the number of churches and communicants, is also greatest in her schools. If our evangelistic work is a wonder, our educational work is a greater surprise. How the list of benefactors swell, and what princely gifts from its members and friends! For Boston University, Isaac Rich, a poor fisher lad, gives over a million, and Sleeper and Claflin their hundreds of thousands. Wesleyan, at Middletown, has its benefactors in Seney, Ayers, Hoyt, Judd, and Baker, until millions flow into its coffers. Drew Seminary has over half a million from its generous founder. The Remington brothers make Syracuse a great blessing, and Crouse adds to its halls a memorial to his wife in the finest college building in America. Dickinson has its friends, and should have still more. We turn West, and De Pauw, at Greencastle, is receiving several millions. Evanston, with Evans, Hobbs, Deering, Lunt, and Gammon, has its millions. Vanderbilt, at Nashville, the benefaction of Commodore Vanderbilt, with its broad facilities, is the greatest school of the South. Time fails to tell of the millions that have been

poured out for education by Methodist men and women. The wildest enthusiast a century ago would not have dreamed of such a result. The wildest Utopian would not have said that out of the ashes of Cokesbury College there would rise such a glory of culture as Methodism has given to these shores. Persecuted and stoned for their faith, the very localities of persecution are almost captured by her creed. Cast out and defamed as illiterate, the very States in which they were slandered are the places where they control the intellect. To-day the Church of the pioneer has conquered her place, and her children are welcome at all colleges; and there is not one of any national repute that has not Methodism represented in its professoriate. No brighter minds of to-day are found in the higher literary circles of the nation than the children and the descendants of those who were expelled the colleges of Britain, and denied even permission to rear a school on these shores. Harvard, most bitter against the new faith, calls its children to her chairs. Yale, excluding its adherents and expelling their children, calls its bishops to lecture and its ministers to occupy its chairs. In

the government schools, from the Smithsonian to the lowest grade, you will find to-day the children of the rejected Church ruling by grace of culture and the finer grace of heart, that need only be known to be appreciated. Nor has the Church reached her full development in this work. There is a reserve power in Methodism that has not yet been touched. Her resources are not exhausted, nor her ambition satisfied. If in the path of the early evangel new churches are springing up, so with equal speed the school is being planted, until almost every week witnesses some new foundation, endowment, or scholarship given to the Church.

It is true that many of them are not of the highest grade, except in name, but our women's colleges are the very best. The work of Methodism for woman has always been of the best, and the influences that gave her religious liberty in the great revival have made most efficient our schools for women. The danger of our schools to-day is in their want of aggressive piety. There is peril lest the faith which created them is not dissipated in them. Methodism tolerant yet has convictions, and

the colleges banishing all allusion to our faith should be changed. It is no time for hesitating speech in the college. If Methodism is the best interpretation of God's word, and its teachings the best working theory of life, and God has set his favor on it as no other Church, then the youth in our schools should know of it, either to accept or reject it. We honor the Presbyterian and Episcopal Churches for teaching their confessions; aye, we praise the Roman Church for guarding the convictions of those committed to her care. Methodism has a history reading like a romance of Providence, and a creed that has built up already the foremost Church of the world's foremost race. The austerities of Kingswood, compelling the pupils to rise at four o'clock in the morning and spend an hour in prayer, or the severity of Cokesbury, expelling a boy for mischievous conduct, need not be repeated; but our schools owe it to the Church that planted them that they teach its faith. Save Ohio Wesleyan University, there is scarcely to-day any difference between the Methodist schools and the most secular institutions in the republic. Under the words, "Not Sectarian,"

Christ has been ignored, and our loved Church made an open door to lead our best youth out into the world. The establishment of chairs for the literary study of the Bible is a return; but we must go back still further, and in the training of the intellect complete the equipment by a knowledge of that faith which God has so signally honored. No subscriptions to creed nor compulsions of intellect dare be demanded, "we having bin burnt in the hand in that kind before," as the old Puritan said. Methodism, expelled the national universities of England because of its faith, would never repeat what it condemns, and in intolerance rebuke its broad charity, that has ever been its glory. But if as a society it has wrought the greatest moral revolution of the Anglo-Saxon race, as historians like Lecky and Buckle declare, then a knowledge of its teachings is worthy a place with the history of Rome or Greece. If the testimonies of its moral power are what men like Newman and Martineau and Green declare, then the principles that held back the Anglo-Saxon race from revolt against the Cross will preserve it in the future, and it is only economic wisdom

to teach it ; for, the salvation of the past, it will be the freedom of the future. The college must keep open all the avenues of knowledge, and give to the thoughtful youth, as part of his discipline, those principles that have been tested and found of value. Methodism has an experience, a history, and it should be a part of the curriculum in every college ; for our higher schools, our glory, are our weakness, teaching all knowledge but that of the Church, a knowledge of whose wondrous works, being given, would hold as by fetters of steel its educated youth to its altars.

Eliza Garrett's benefaction was only another stream of blessing that is still issuing from Oxford University and enriching modern life ; only another means to lift up Methodism to the scholarly grade of its honored leaders, John and Charles Wesley, the former of whom was a fellow of Christ Church College, Oxford, and the latter vice-rector of the university ; and only another help to put these men right before the Church of the past, and reverse the decision of erring and wicked men concerning their society. Already their position has changed. Time is the final ar-

biter, and his decisions at last are just, however false the judgment of the passing hour. Men usually gain their true place if they can only wait. The truth bearer may be called heretical to-day, but the morrow will give him his true name. He may be condemned to-day; he will be acquitted to-morrow. Bruno stands in Rome to-day, although he was burned centuries ago, and the papacy must look at him; she cannot turn the averted eye; she must look on him whom she burnt. Brave Admiral Coligny stands in Paris to-day, and Rome must see the Huguenots in him, and their remembrance is grievous unto her. Servetus writes to-day his own memoir, and Calvin and his children must look on, but they cannot change it. "What I have written I have written." Priestley stands in Birmingham to-day; those savage Britons tore his roof down from over his head, and he fled to America to enrich the New World with his scientific thought; and Britain's children built his statue to confess her shame. The Anglican Church cast out as unworthy the Wesley brothers a century ago; now the expelled sons are called loyal Churchmen, and their works published as presbyters of the

Church of England, and the rejected ministers held in highest honor. Yea, in the Valhalla of Britain's great dead, Dean Stanley, sweet saint of the Church catholic, has placed a tablet to their memory, and from the walls of Westminster Abbey John and Charles Wesley, being dead, yet speak. Could the venerable bishops that silenced them, and the rector that expelled them, come back and march down the aisles of the old minster and see their calm faces looking down on them, and the scene of their field preaching carved on the enduring marble, they would tear their Oxford gowns in shreds. But it is too late. The voices of anathema are silent; the literature of defamation in our theological libraries may be taken down. It was all in vain that pens were dipped in the gall of persecution, and to no purpose. Truth has conquered; let bigot and persecutor sleep. The national universities will yet be glad to recognize the rare scholarship of these brothers, as the national Church their piety. Christ Church College will yet have some broad mind and catholic heart like Stanley's who will yet honor its most distinguished scholars; and we would

not be surprised if in the near future the statue of Wesley would stand in the very college of its most distinguished student. Already the old university has broadened its privileges, and, after closing the doors for seventy-five years, the sons of Wesley are permitted to enter the college in which he received his training; and in the high and accurate scholarship of the Moultons and others the sons of the Wesleyans still reflect honor on the name of their leader.

In England Methodism has gone back to Oxford and Cambridge, and the doors closed against the new faith have been opened, and its sons and daughters made welcome. In America the oldest seats no longer repel but invite the youth of our Church, and the same intellectual vigor of the fathers is seen in their children as they bear away in graceful triumph a large share of academic honors. But the colleges of the oldest Churches are not only open to the children of the youngest Church of the republic, but the pioneer Church has laid plans for a new work that in the future will be the greatest blessing conferred upon our own loved America; an educational center

that, drawing in affiliation to it all secondary schools of the Church, will find in their federation a strength that is now wanting and an outlet that is now closed—the American University at Washington.

As in the first school a woman's faith and love united to give Kingswood to the Church, so the first offering toward the establishment of this, the greatest work of Methodism, was the gift of a woman. When one of the most beautiful sites overlooking the capital of the nation was available, and her honored husband doubted, Catherine Hurst, full of faith in the great work, made the first contribution; and what will yet be a boon of greatest value to Protestantism and the republic became an assured fact. Herself a woman of high culture and an authoress, this deed of love was almost the last act of her beautiful life, that, crowned so early, has left sadness in so many hearts. Two great schools have been planted at Washington, and a woman's gift was their beginning. Both inaugurated by Churches that are similar in compact, organization, zeal, and energy, Rome and Methodism, the oldest and youngest Churches, plant their highest seat at

the center of the republic. Rome, weakest of all Churches in higher foundations, seeks by this new movement to recover her ground lost in the past. Methodism, rich in secondary schools, seeks to complete her system of training by opening up the highest avenues to thought. Both Churches have planted at the highest point—the political center of the nation and the strategic point of the New World. Here Romanism and Methodism are striving for the mastery of the higher thought of the great republic. Representative of opposite thought and idea, in friendly rivalry they contend. How different the aspirations of these two great schools! Rome holds Church above the State, but Methodism entirely separates them. One teaches, in the words of Pius IX, that “force is inherent in the Church;” the other, “My kingdom is not of this world,” and no earthly power is enforced. One, founded on the birthday of Thomas Aquinas, holds his precepts as authority, teaching that “dissent and heresy must be put down by the sword.” The other, in the name of its leader, Wesley, has never used the sword, and dare not, by its creed. Rome builds alone, not consenting

with any who bear a different Christian name ; but Methodism, in fellowship with the highest unity of truth, unites in her rule the Episcopalian, Presbyterian, and Baptist, fulfilling in her highest works the words of Wesley, " I desire a league offensive and defensive with every soldier of Christ." In the former an Italian prince and prelate gives the law, and its professoriate is filled with men of foreign birth and idea ; in the latter the President of the nation, its highest judiciary and legislation, share in its government. One is a purely clerical foundation, and dominated by priestly influence ; in the other lay and clerical agency unite in equal privilege. In the one only man shares the right of rule ; in the other woman is represented in the board of trustees. Rome looks backward, the traditions of the past being its highest authority. Methodism looks forward, and, like Pascal, accepting the past as the childhood of humanity, it honors its wisdom, but allows no control.

Both have begun a work that Washington and his immediate successors desired, and the future alone will determine their influence upon the New World. Both will be a blessing

to the republic, for the deeper the search after truth, the more secure the stability of Church and State. Contact with free institutions at the highest center cannot fail unconsciously to influence Rome. If both are true to the truth, tolerant and inviting deepest research, freedom of thought will be honored of the nation; but if blinds are put on knowledge and the truth is fettered, only revolt will take place, and the seats will be vacated by the students, as those of Paris left its university to follow Abelard to his college in the desert. Rome built the great universities of the past, the oldest seats of the Anglo-Saxon family; but, disloyal to the truth, in the break of the Saxon from her erring creed her schools passed over to the reformers, and to-day are most alien to her creed. Her example is a warning to all men who would put down the truth in unrighteousness, limit the fullest inquiry, or shackle the mind of man.

None may cast the horoscope of the new century. Some of the most hallowed traditions of the past have been cast aside, and others are in the balance; but a nation that bulwarks its borders with schools and universi-

ties is but adding fortresses to make it more secure, for national stability depends not upon material treasures, but upon ideas. They are a protection more helpful than armies or navies. America's strength depends on the two ideas that controlled the wise beneficence of Eliza Garrett: an educated womanhood and an educated ministry. As John Lord says, "What is home when women are ignorant, stupid, and slavish? What glitter or artistic splendor can make home attractive when women are mere butterflies or slaves with gilded fetters? Deprive women of education, and especially of that respect which Christian chivalry inspires, and they cannot rise to be the equal companions of men. They are simply their victims or their slaves. What is a home where women are treated as inferiors? No home can be attractive where women have no resources outside of domestic duties, unless educated to some art or something calculated to draw out their energies and higher faculties, by which they win the respect and admiration not of men only, but of their own sex." So of a nation with a spiritual leadership narrow and illiterate. What prophecy for a nation when

those called to lead in holiest vocation are below the pew in intelligence? Ignorance soon begets superstition, and the darkened mind becomes the erring heart. The desertion of intelligence from the cross in southern Europe is because of an ignorant clergy. The greatest barrier to-day in the Old World and in South America is found in the illiteracy of the clergy. The wage-earner of the Continent has deserted *en masse* the fellowship of Christ, the son of the carpenter, the founder of their guilds, because the wage-earner was only a slave until the son of a Galilean carpenter, giving him a higher liberty, created for him a lower freedom.

Eliza Garrett's name is immortal. She linked it to the noblest service for Christ, and did what she could to prepare men to battle with ignorance and sin, that have too long held them in chains. In the first educational work of the Church, and in the latest, woman's heart and hand have blended. By her wise beneficence the first foundation was created, and her ministry continues. The increasing host of Methodist women is as active now as when Ladies Huntingdon, Maxwell, Chesterfield, and their sisters of the English nobility gave their

time and money to build the schools of the infant Church. Ever alert to the changing condition of society, they are creating new forms of service, entering new doors of opportunity, and molding by their loving influence modern life into a higher form. The ideal woman that our revered Church would develop is a lofty type; not the creature trained to be a dancer or player; not the frivolous being girded with accomplishments to make her shine in the crowd, nor the impotent child unable to cooperate with her brothers in the contests of life, nor the social slave bearing its drudgery; but a woman of skilled hand, trained intellect, and pure heart; the helpmeet of man in mutual cooperation, filling with equal grace and dignity the sacred ministry of home, sharing its joys and sorrows; uniting with him in the elevation of society; his peer in possession of all its prerogatives, his coadjutrix in all of its responsibilities; and blending with her moral beauty and efficient service in that highest of all compacts, the *ecclesia* of God, and by her lofty character, enriched by the winning beauty of holiness, creating an ideal womanhood, commanding man's highest de-

fense in the home, purifying and transforming society, and by her angel ministry receiving the smile of God, which is her noblest reward. This lofty ideal filled the mind of Methodism over half a century ago when it founded the first college for the higher education of woman, not only in this republic, but in the world. It was Methodism's sublime faith in the possibilities of woman that dared, in an age when the educated woman was sneered at, build and endow a college giving her as complete an equipment as her brother. It was that same faith that opened the doors of her highest schools unto them, establishing a precedent that has opened many of our oldest colleges, and will yet open all; for woman's exceptional position in the New World will not be vacated, nor the new spheres be surrendered. The cultivated woman has come to stay; and she is not going to be a mere passive spectator of the changes going on in modern life. She is going to use her brain, heart, and home. She is not going to allow the pitfalls of society to engulf, nor weak and erring men to wreck, her home. Even in the hallowed precincts of the fireside she will not sit down and weep

over the wrecks that are tossed back upon her breast, but will yet march out, and by the might of intelligence and moral virtue compel the suppression of all those evils which, wrecking the home, destroy the nation. Hail to the women that, suffering at the fireside, dare to come out and say to their brothers binding fast the chains of evil, Thou shalt not! Hail to the women that in the name of home say by all the might of human law, Thus far shall human freedom be given, but no farther! All hail to the women that, filled with love of home, country, and God, will resist by every holy endeavor the progress of ideas that only poison, and the advance of measures which only corrupt!

Methodism has no dread of the educated woman. Already the home, elevated by her intelligent rule, has given to Church and State a noble manhood. Already her potent spell has arrested issues that would have destroyed our social life and subverted the very liberties that are our protection. Holding up the brotherhood of America to the compulsion of self-rule in her protection of the individual, she has made more secure the State, and kept

back the despotism that ever issues out of wild liberty.

We greet with gladness the advance of the great host of well trained women in our republic, and say most willingly, Come up higher; for, if what has already been done in the creation of a purer social life by her work is a prophecy of what will yet be done, who is man that he may keep back the new nobility of American womanhood from a still further ministry of the republic? We welcome with joy all new foundations reared by women or by men for the higher training of women; for, if the first fruit that has enriched the Church of our love is a promise of the intellectual and moral harvest that will yet be gathered, we say, Build more women's colleges, for the riches of the service of American womanhood cannot be computed.

Eliza Garrett was the successor of that band of holy women who have consecrated intelligence, wealth, and position to the service of God and his Church. The pioneer woman of wealth in America to strengthen by her offering the sacred office of the ministry, she is a noble example of what a Christian woman blest

with wealth can accomplish. She is the commendation of all those who have followed her path, and an awful rebuke to those who, blest with large means and without natural dependents, yet hold to their gold, or use it for self-aggrandizement. She speaks to-day in the memorial that bears her name. She lives to-day in the cultured ministry that annually come out of her school, and shares with them the reward of saving men, as by the help of her benediction they are made more efficient servants of Christ. Her life, molded by deep sorrow and bereavement, refined by the fire of affliction, made strong and beneficent by the kind hand of Providence, has closed; but the perfume of its holiness, sacrifice, and generosity will linger as a hallowed fragrance in the Church of Christ, and her noble deed of charity, repeating blessing age after age, will continue to make sweeter her life as it goes on in our Father's house above.

Methodism in the White House at
Washington.

27

"LUCY WEBB HAYES is, humanly speaking, the world's greatest loss in 1889. How few, indeed, has it to lose like her, ideal woman that she was of home and Church and State! Total abstinence has never had such a standard bearer as this noble woman, and centuries from now, when other incidents in our national life at this period shall be recalled but dimly, her steadfast adherence to the truest hospitality will be told as a memorial of her."—*Frances E. Willard.*

"THERE are in this rude, stunning tide
Of human care and crime,
With whom the melodies abide
Of the everlasting chime,
Who carry music in their heart,
Through dusty lane and wrangling mart,
Plying their daily toil with busier feet,
Because their secret souls a holy strain repeat."—
John Keble.

"A PERFECT woman nobly planned
To warn, to comfort, and command,
And yet a spirit still and bright
With something of an angel light."—*Wordsworth.*

"GRACE was in all her footsteps, heaven in her eye,
In every gesture dignity and love."—*Milton.*

LUCY WEBB HAYES.

WHEN a Christian woman entered Boston a gifted poet rung out these words of greeting :

“Look in our eyes ; your welcome awaits you there,
North, south, east, west, from all and everywhere.”

The poet was Oliver Wendell Holmes, and the woman was Lucy Webb Hayes, whose beautiful life and ministry have so lately closed. The nearness of a great character often prevents a correct estimate of its value. Time touches every name ; some to brighten, and some to shadow. The increasing years will add luster to this name, for it was so allied to that which is pure, noble, and beneficent ; so expressive of the highest trend of humanity ; so radiant with the virtues that are seeking for supremacy, that in their conquest she must live, and so in harmony with advanced thought and high purpose that the ascendancy of her name has not reached its zenith. It will glow brighter and win a wider garland of praise

than that which a great nation bestowed when the silver cord was loosened and God gave his beloved sleep.

Lucy Webb Hayes was a nineteenth century woman, and, living at its close, reflected in her catholicity of judgment, her richness of experience, and her high moral tone all that is best in the hour in which she lived. Classic in form and mold, beautiful and womanly, her ideas and aspirations were the finer breathings of the spirit of our times. Her rare endowments of person were perfectly blended with still rarer mental accomplishments, while the highest crown of spiritual grace was her most winning possession.

The hour seemed providential when she came upon the stage to assist, by the imperial might of love, those ideas which we associate with all that is pure in society. She was not archaic, but modern. Her life was not patterned after the past; hallowing its traditions, they were not blindly accepted; they influenced, but did not control her. She was of the present, and that means she was of the highest; for progress touching man and society has aroused womanhood only to exalt her,

until to-day we see her where the Creator placed her, at the side of man, his peer, his helpmate, and his guide: She was a member of the new chivalry that recognizes not only noble birth, but also noble character; that broadens fraternity and culture until they yield to the many that which in other ages was only given to the few. The present age is democratic, demanding for the many the prerogatives of the few, opening up all spheres of activity to men and women alike; not breaking the limitations of nature, nor cutting across her sacred laws, but giving equal advantages to hold in equipoise the peership into which God has exalted them.

Lucy Webb Hayes was representative of the best in the higher life of American womanhood. She was thoroughly American, with not a tinge of foreign accent in her tones, no servility in custom, no subserviency in her manner. American patrician blood flowed through her veins, and all her actions revealed it. She was of colonial family, and came of lines of descent that went beyond the strife which made America free. Her ancestry were patriotic; she grew up amid traditions that must

ever quicken and stir the pulse of heroism. Her four great-grandfathers and grandfather all served in the Revolutionary War, while her own father was a soldier in the War of 1812. She came out of a brave line of men and women whose sacrifices have made our country a heritage of freedom and a country of equal rights. Virginia, the mother of presidents, and Connecticut, the home of stern independent faith, were the States from which her fathers came. Puritan and cavalier blended in her life; the stern convictions of one in the graceful form of the other gave strength and beauty, light and sweetness, to her nature. Rarely was there witnessed a more perfect bridal of the virtues that make winning the women of the South and the North than in this honored name. No cavalier graces exceed her warmth of affection or courtly demeanor; and no Puritan saint ever walked with more unbending integrity before his God. Her father, a successful physician, had also followed the profession of arms, and, himself a soldier for the liberty of his nation, had all the sublime passion of a patriot in the noblest sense. He fought for liberty of native land, and when he

received his political freedom and could call himself a free man, he spurned to hold in bondage a fellow man, even though he was weak and could not assert his rights.

Possessing slaves, he left his Ohio home and went to Lexington, Ky., to set them free and send them to Africa. There on his errand of humanity he was arrested by the dread cholera, the philanthropist was taken, and a wife was widowed and three children made fatherless. May we not say truly the best life of the South land was her dower when such a character was her father? May we not see in the strong moral convictions of the child the transmitted virtues of liberty and humanity that were before in her father? Much that was best in our national life she inherited, and that inheritance was of value. Training and environment enter largely into the formation of character, but ancestry counts for something. Modern science, tracing back vice and virtue from generation to generation, simply startles us by the results. We can believe Dr. Holmes when he says, "You should have called in a physician a hundred years ago;" and the clergyman who said to a godly child

“You were prayed for a century ago.” The children of the Puritans, the Scotch Presbyterians, the Quakers, and earlier Methodists ought to be grateful to the stern faith that held their parents; for, holding their bodies the temple of God, they have transmitted blessings that cannot be overestimated. The intellectual supremacy of this nation in their hands to-day comes out of their antecedents.

Lucy Webb was the child of a Christian mother whose deep sorrow and sweet spirit of submission had an unconscious influence on her after life. The shadows of early bereavements rarely ever pass away. Sometimes the cloud becomes luminous, and we see in the rift the golden field of God's good providence, but life is never the same. An only daughter, she shared with her brothers the same studies that equipped them for practical life. Her scholastic advantages were the best the nation then could give. Two years this young woman followed her brothers as a special student in Wesleyan University, at Delaware, O. Here in a severer discipline than is usually accorded to young ladies she was silently preparing for the highest walk of life. Her col-

legiate studies were completed at the Woman's College at Cincinnati. In the student of those days we can see the future woman. In her proficiency and fidelity we can forecast her future and the position she would naturally occupy. In the college she was exemplary. President Wilbur would say as a stimulus to the delinquents, "Young ladies, I commend to you the example of Miss Webb." Here at college she received that higher training which bore such rich fruitage in after life, and amid its refined and religious associations her nature was broadening. Noble men and women had impressed their spirit upon the plastic nature of this young woman. She had been put in touch with the higher religious as well as intellectual life of the Church. Noble teaching had fallen from the lips of noble teachers; and teacher, as well as book, were the formative influences that had shaped her life. We learn more from character than from books; the personal touch of the scholar with the professor is what kindles the soul and makes an intellectual regeneration. Not in vain was the work of the early teachers; they stamped their faith and love upon her intellect and heart,

and when she came to her high estate she never forgot those who had trained her.

Miss Webb was among the first fruits of the new training of woman, receiving her diploma from the next to the oldest woman's college in America—a discipline not for the frivolous hours of amusement, not for the dancing hour and banqueting hall, but the highest education, mental and moral, fitting for equality of service with her brother in whatever position he might occupy. She came out of a college that graduated the late Miss Bodley, dean of the Woman's Medical College of Philadelphia, whose professional grace only added to the womanly virtues she already possessed. She was one of a large body of *alumnæ* which in the highest social circles of the nation are honoring God in reverent service for humanity, proving that the highest training is consistent with a true and womanly life. We call her training new; it was new; it was exceptional. The blue-stocking girl was not in vogue when this young woman attempted to master a collegiate course of study. She was exceptional then, but not now; for at this very period we see woman contesting at Harvard and winning

the prize for accurate scholarship—but not receiving it; and in conservative Columbia leading her brother in the academic strife and bearing away the laurels.

The higher training has produced no better fruit than this accomplished woman of the Buckeye State; and her noble life, so strong and yet so refined, is a convincing argument for that education which has been called the foe of woman. “By their fruits ye shall know them,” and by such examples as Miss Webb it has won its right, and the new movement is now accepted. Miss Webb was trained better than she knew, and the serious work in school and college but unfolded those broad principles of charity and humanity which seemed to be a part of her natural dower. Culture alone did not make her what she was; other forces entered before, and she was but the beautiful flowering of those silent influences which we all feel but will not always acknowledge. Nature was kind to her, and out of the great sorrow that saddened her childhood heart there grew a serious girlhood, the prophetic dower of a noble womanhood, the bud foretelling the exquisite rose.

Shortly after graduation she met a young lawyer of college training, full of ambition, and bearing in his conduct and scholarship the promise of professional success. The story of their love is but the old, old story repeated—the mutual plight of a lover's troth, a new name, a new home, and a new ministry. To the endearing name of wife was soon added the more hallowed name of mother, as her home echoed to the sweet songs and pattering footsteps of children. Amid scenes of conjugal joy and peace came the sad message of strife, and the cry of revolt found in her young husband's heart a protest, and the citizen became a soldier. Husband and wife were quickly separated, he to gird on his armor to save an imperiled union of States, and she, in lonely ministry, to keep the home and guard in tenderest love the children whom God had given them. Soon came the tidings that so many of us have heard, of loved ones bleeding on the field of battle or lying helpless in the hospital, followed by dread days of anxious seeking, and the longer days of patient watching and waiting, until they were restored to health again, or found their last discharge. No record is given

of her wish when duty to country called her brave husband from her side; no words are given, but we can know from her ancestry, her traditions and training, what would be her decision. We know little of her search from city to city, seeking the wounded form of her loved husband, and how at last, almost in despair, she found him and ministered unto him; but we do know how she shared camp, hospital, and bivouac. Nothing is more winsome in this rare life than her ministry in the camp, when she shared the winter's rigor with her husband's soldiers, and when death entered and bore away her little boy whom she had taken with her to share still a mother's care. Many pens have described this part of her life, for many received its kindly benediction. Here came out the most winning traits of this patriotic woman; she illustrated what Princess Victoria said to the German women: "For months past thousands of women and children have been deprived of their breadwinners. We cannot cure the sickness of their hearts, but at least we can preserve them from bodily want." She could not release the soldier to his home, but she could soothe his homesick heart and ten-

derly comfort, for no being comes so near in sympathy as woman. She was one of a noble band of patriotic women who followed their husbands to the field of battle and became to the soldiers a comfort and a joy—

“With voices low, with ministering hand
Hung round the sick . . . with angel offices,
Like creatures native unto gracious act,
A medium in themselves, to wile the length
From langourous hours and draw the sting from pain.”

None can measure the blessing of a holy woman's ministry in the hospital or on the field of blood. Who that has shared the watching and the waiting with them by beds of pain has not known how sweet their presence? They as none other can soothe the aching heart and calm the fevered brow. This brave, loving wife soon found her place by the rude pallet on the field, and united hand and voice to relieve and comfort the boys in blue. Here she carried the radiant spirit that was one of her most winning charms. She tarried month after month and soon won the highest place in the soldier heart, and poured out her influence that uplifted and cheered all around her; for a true woman soon finds her sphere and ever

draws upward to higher ideas and nobler purposes those with whom she associates. Born to command and rule, it was not long before the scepter of her love drew out of the soldier-heart the most ardent devotion. If they saw the hero in the brave colonel of the regiment, they also saw the heroine in his wife; for all heroism is not found upon the crimson field. The "battles of liberty and right are not all fought with the sword, and the noblest victories are oftentimes peaceful and bloodless ones; but the same heroic attributes are required to win them that sustain the soldier in the hour of battle." Her sphere was peaceful. It was her mission to move among the frail and yield words of encouragement, to bind up the wounds and give healing, and cheer by kind words and sweet psalm the lonesome and faint-hearted; and right royally she did it. She treads with angel grace the rough stone pathway,

"Flowers laugh before her on their beds,
And fragrance in her footings treads."

Of their own sweet will the soldiers called her mother, and no title that she afterward received did she esteem more highly. And well

might this young mother at their leader's side, for it meant volumes of affection that can never be put into words. Many incidents in this period show her kindly spirit. Some of the soldiers challenged a comrade of weak judgment to go up to headquarters and ask the beautiful woman there to sew on a button for him. At once the challenge is accepted, and amid the merriment of the comrades, Jim, in shirt sleeves, marches up and asks of the lady the desired favor. When he returns they all with one voice cry out, "Say, Jim, did you find your woman?" "Of course I did; she was just a sitting there, and a mighty good-looking woman, too." "Don't you know it is the colonel's wife?" "I don't care," said Jim, "she is a lady, anyhow." The little deed recalls the tender humanity of this brave woman; yea, her true womanhood, for ever in our social life the highest are they who serve. Camp life only brings out her wider sympathies. Her hands are busy making little delicacies for the sick and wounded, "Setting such sweet music to hideous deeds." There is a mother's love for the homesick boys and a mother's kindness for all that crave her own peculiar

love. Summer and winter she stands in her lot, carrying over into the camp the charm of her home, and while her husband leads in the strife she in her own ministry continues to cheer and bless. We have but faint pictures of that long siege, but we see her hovering over beds of pain, speaking words of comfort and singing psalms of Christ, and when death draws near leading souls to Christ. We see her when affliction bows the strong man, when the dark winged angel enters the headquarters and loving hands bear away to her native State a darling child. Into her own heart enters the arrow, and her sorrow, as well as her love, won the soldier unto her as well as unto her brave husband. Lucy Webb Hayes had her place among that noble band of Methodist women who followed with heroism the soldier to the field of battle and shared with him the perils and sacrifices incident to such a life. Placing the pallet by the bivouac, she made the music of reveille and tattoo softer to suffering ears by her own sweet voice, and by her own nursing care brought with more than a physician's skill the bruised to health again. War makes heroines as well as heroes. The martial in-

instinct that leads the soul "to wrestle with the dragon and the glorious fight to win," and the patriotic impulse holding native land in highest sanctity, are not of one sex only; it is the same spirit crystallizing in deeds of charity and quiet works of sacrifice that flows on the field of battle and is actualized by the ministry of the sword. General Hayes led brave men to preserve in dread peril the integrity of the Union we love; but his wife followed in quiet but hallowed footsteps in tenderest ministry of love. He, by warlike deeds, won the soldier's faith, but she by the finer ministry of peace; he by outward acts of battle, she by inner grace of compassion. Each had their own sphere, and the valorous spirit burning in her heart prompted her to go to the field and in loving vigilance do and suffer as God willed for those in martial contest around her. The 23d Ohio, her husband's regiment, was her special care; and they in terms of endearment called the young wife "Mother." But few of its members that had not felt the touch of her "vanished hand," and heard the loving voice now still. On her silver wedding anniversary they gave her a silver salver, with an inscription beginning,

"To thee, our Mother, on thy silver troth,
We bring this token of our love ; thy boys
Give greeting unto thee with brimming hearts."

They almost idolized her, and we can understand their veneration. She was magnetic, cultured, patriotic, and full of sweet charity. She shared with them a great love and a great sacrifice ; and nothing unites men and women as a mutual love of a great work. There is the fellowship of intellect in which a common quest and culture unite ; there is the fellowship of faith in which a common creed binds together ; but the most hallowed compact which can unite soul to soul is the bond of a common love for a common country, a bond that is stronger than death when country is imperiled. Next to fidelity to God should be our loyalty to native land. In all ages the virtue of patriotism has held the highest rank in the estimate of character. The Hebrew would cry out, "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning." The Roman took up the patriotic strain of the Greek and cried out, "It is sweet, it is glorious, to die for one's country." The fire of patriotism burned brightly upon the altar of this woman's heart ;

she loved her country, God's best gift to any people; she loved the Stars and Stripes that had never been furled in national defeat. Its deep blue folds revealing star after star, the symbol of a growing Union, rejoiced her heart. For the formation of that hallowed compact her ancestry had bravely struggled, and for its integrity she had stood even on the field of battle with husband and friend. That banner summed up all the glorious sacrifice of her forefathers, all that was best in the past, and was a bright harbinger of all that would be best in the future. She lived and wrought to make it represent what is noblest, not for our own land only, but for all the world. Virtues cluster around this honored name, and one of the most winning is the patriotism of this beautiful life. We need to emphasize this grace when mercantilism is sapping the foundations of our republic and women are cultivating society that is heartless and corrupt. In an age when the fashion of country is dying out, and erring men flaunt upon our soil all kinds of banners, even to the red flag of anarchy, we need to burnish the tablets of our honored forefathers, and keep alive the memory of the

patriotic dead, who in noblest bravery and sacrifice preserved our liberties. Honoring the living we must not forget our patriotic dead.

“ Brave, brave were the soldiers, high name to-day, who lived
through the fight,
But the bravest passed to the front and fell unnamed, un-
known.”

Lucy Webb Hayes will never know the result of her service of love in the army of the West. Her ministry was shared by many soldiers who have passed to the majority. The bodies she healed have weakened, and many dissolved; the spirits she cheered have fainted, and to-day are “breathers of an ampler day;” the hearts she strengthened have weakened only to find an abiding Comforter; many of the voices she inspired to a holier life by her Sabbath evening song have become stilled in the same silence that hushed too soon her own sweet accents; but veterans wearing the badge of a victor cause will ever revere her name and teach it as an angel’s benediction to their children’s children.

When the sad strife was ended, and the bugle-call summoned back the soldier, and he was transformed again into the civilian, the

qualities that won honor on the field of battle were honored in the civil strife, and Ohio honored herself in sending General Hayes to represent her in the national Congress. He had been brave and victorious in battle, and Ohio felt she could trust her son in the council of the nation, and her choice fell upon Rutherford B. Hayes. Hither came this woman to gain a brief glimpse of the social life at Washington. She came the peer of any of the nation's rulers, having the advantage of gentle birth and refining associations, fitting her to adorn the sphere in which she moved. From a seat in Congress her husband is called once, twice, thrice to the governorship of his native State—an honor rarely conferred on her sons. To the executive mansion at Columbus came this quiet woman. The increasing years have ripened a richer womanhood, and she enters it only to dispense a pure and generous hospitality. In her high estate her home is unchanged. Position, changing human nature and corrupting so easily, has no spell to draw this woman from her path of duty as she sees it. The environments of her home have changed; there is a higher social life and a wider field of re-

sponsibility and enjoyment; but as the day of rule continues Lucy Webb Hayes remains unchanged. She carries the sanctities of her beautiful home at Fremont to the executive mansion at Columbus, and men and women respect and love her. The high place, with its multiplied snares, has none to entice her; she walks humbly before God as she did when only a village held her in highest esteem. She honors the relation in which she is placed, and dispenses unto all a refined and graceful hospitality. As the first woman of the commonwealth, in quiet grace and dignity she fulfills her social duties. The Church of her birth and childhood holds her in reverent love, and its simple service is her delight. In her social exaltation she does not surrender conviction, nor in base ingratitude desert the altar of her parents, nor claim exemption from her duty unto God, but simply fulfills the obligations of duty to God and her fellow-man. She carries her womanly heart in the high places, and never forgets the obligations of womanhood. Nothing is more beautiful in this noble life than a familiar deed of kindness that should not be forgotten. When the first woman of

the State, she stopped her carriage before a drunken woman, and, helping her out of the gutter, took her in her carriage and drove her to her home. It was a little deed, but it speaks volumes. It is a rebuke to the charge made against woman that she is harsher than her brother to her fallen sisters. That was a royal act, and richly fragrant with the grace of heaven. Great deeds are guarded, and we cannot always determine their motive; but the little wayside acts of charity—these declare the true character; these acts of condescension to the lowly and unfortunate unfold the princely heart. Do not tell me how men and women treat their superiors, but how they act before their inferiors, and I will read their character. Her unflinching courtesy to all around her—grasping the hand of the police officer awaiting her approach to her carriage in our own city, and giving a word of thanks to the humblest servant, reveals a nature of rarest value. Ever does the Christly heart express its love in deeds of kindness, stooping to help those in distress. The need was God's call to her, and the opportunity God's imperative resting upon her, and when it came gladly she embraced it.

Lucy Webb Hayes met the requirements of every station in life until, stepping upward at God's command, the door of the highest home in the land opened unto her, and she, who had presided with ease and courtly grace over the governor's mansion in Ohio, was called to sway the social scepter at the White House in Washington. Here upon the social heights she stood for four years, a nation's gaze, a nation's admiration. Mrs. Hayes brought to the White House many of the virtues that ripen in home and in society. She was the embodiment of the graces of peace, the mild and soft disposition that comes of quiet days and solitude, and the strong courage and fortitude that come of war and the field of battle. Her character, so strong and yet so tender, so pure and yet so sweet, matured in the fierce elements of war, as well as in the calm ministry of peace. In her as in few women were blended the soldier's stern obedience to duty, and the courtly grace of womanhood. She had passed through a varied experience, and every position had influenced her; for while our environment does not make us, it does mold and shape us. Circumstances became a

form to mold into rarest beauty this rarest woman. Many have wondered at the secret of her social success, and sought to know how the elements were so exquisitely blended in her character that with facile ease she could make the highest bow to her, and yet in condescending grace make the humblest feel at home in her presence. But a study of her life reveals a discipline that fitted her for all positions and an adaptation to all classes. Those who have met her dispensing a charming hospitality as the first woman of the nation, ever so gracious and dignified, so benignant and yet judicial, so austere in principle and yet so suave and gentle in demeanor, knew little of the passing years which had unfolded into symmetry and grace her character. That bright face, haunted with an illuminating smile ever radiant and vivacious, had its shadows, which only gave a deeper tone to the joyous hours which followed; and those lips, bursting out into good cheer and dropping benedictions, had pressed the bitter chalice of earthly sorrow that gave her words a softer and a sweeter flavor. In early childhood she sat in silence beneath the blow that made of her father's deed of

mercy the occasion of her mother's widowhood. In the awful struggle that shadowed every American home and cut off the flower of our land, multiplying the green hillocks from the St. Lawrence to the Rio Grande, she had received her burden of sorrow. Death, entering with equal footsteps the peasant hall and palace gate, had snatched from her arms one that she tenderly loved, and the loss had softened by the grace of God her nature and led her close to Christ. Religion colored her life; yielding her heart to Christ in glad devotion in the days of her youth, after-life only found her faith strengthened and new graces budding forth. Her reverence for God's house was profound. Always, when entering her pew, whether in the fine church of the capital or in the humble home of worship, this woman knelt in devotion. She would not come and substitute the crook of the neck for the bended knee, but always devoutly kneeling in God's house worshiped her Father in heaven.

Lucy Webb Hayes was a new type of womanhood. In her occupancy of the White House we have the supremacy of the noblest type yet developed in American society. Many

accomplished and charming women have presided over the White House. Martha Washington, wearing at her inaugural reception a simple russet gown and white handkerchief around her neck, wins us by the finer grace of form and beauty of character. Mrs. Madison, the beautiful Quakeress, was as charming in manner as in her beauty. Miss Harriet Lane, under her uncle, James Buchanan's, administration, was representative of all that was most refined and courtly in American life. The home life of the great commander, under the social scepter of Mrs. Grant, was idyllic in Washington—an illustration that the highest social, military, and political position can be consistent with a pure and hallowed domestic life.

Mrs. Hayes brought to the White House the highest gifts and rarest accomplishments. She was representative of the new training, and in her worth and work commends a culture which yields to woman, as well as man, the highest privilege of college and university. She was the first college-bred woman that ever presided over the executive mansion at Washington, and the friend of the higher education of

women could not have found a finer example of its worth than was evident in the life and teachings of this woman. Her life declares that the severest training does not detract from womanly grace, but adds to it; that it does not incapacitate for home and homely duties, but rather makes richer and higher the domestic life.

Her training was the fruit of the great Methodist revival which planted first in the New World the college for women as well as men. Indirectly the whole movement came out of the Wesleyan reformation, for its leader saw the only way to elevate woman in society was not to banish the card table and suppress the dance, the only vocation for frivolous women, but to educate her beyond and above them. Wesley said, "It has long passed for a maxim that woman should only be seen and not heard; and accordingly many of them are brought up in such a manner as if they were only designed for playthings. But is this doing honor to the sex, or is it real kindness to them? In it is the deepest unkindness. It is horrid cruelty. It is mere Turkish barbarity, and I know not how any woman of sense can submit

to it." We can readily understand Mr. Wesley. His own mother was a scholarly woman. He had seen rare culture blended in her, giving added grace and dignity to womanhood; not ignoring maternal duties, but by education making them more easily discharged. Methodism, incorporating many of Mr. Wesley's ideas into the Church, never did a better work for America than in the establishment of a college for the higher training of women, and the fruit of that endeavor was never more beautifully illustrated than in the life of Lucy Webb Hayes. She represented truly, as one said, "the new woman's era." Her coming to the social leadership of the nation gave an ascendancy to new principles and new modes of conduct. We could not expect a woman of this type to be held only to the amusement of the ballroom, the dissolute banquet or idle gaming table. Given a broader outlook on life, sweeping with longer vision over its fields of sorrow and joy, seeing its golden opportunities for ennobling service, and armed to do and relieve, you would not expect one of such varied gifts to be confined to one sphere, and that of least importance. Her intellectual vantage

ground would naturally make her revolt at a submission that man imposed, and not God. Her training made her the counselor, not the subordinate; the helpmeet, not the menial. The advent of a woman of this character into the first home of the nation would naturally cause social changes. There would be frictions of thought and changes of conduct. The finer nature would naturally draw out the finer traits of those coming in contact with her, and the higher life would unconsciously lift others to her level; and yet in the transition there would be collisions, and in the advance there would be opposition. Every forward movement in society is attended with resistance by the conservative element, and every one that would lift men to a higher level must expect opposition.

Lucy Webb Hayes did not come to the White House a social iconoclast to dethrone the customs of society and trample upon time-honored ideas. She never wore the reformer's gown, assuming to destroy and recreate; she simply ordered her home in Washington as she had directed it before when dispensing a cordial hospitality to the citizens of an hon-

ored State, or entertaining her friends in quiet elegance at her home in Fremont. She had no thought of doing anything radical, nor of breaking from the customs of a century in the highest home. She would do only what every woman has a right to do—make her own *menu* in her own home. If the German Georges cast out the English bill of fare when they came to St. James, and substituted sauerkraut, pork sausage, and coarse beer—what cause of offense to their subjects!—it was only a matter of taste; and so if this noble woman saw fit to give her guests her own choice of food and viands it was still in good form. Nay, if when the representatives of older nations gathered round her hospitable board she could show that wit and good cheer can be inspired without the wine cup, let them learn the lesson; for there is no lesson so needed to-day in the leading circles of the world's great nations as that of temperance; for the peril of England, highest in civilization, to that of the Congo State, lowest in the scale, is strong drink. The peril of England is not only in the drinking habits of the people, but of the nobility. Her leadership is being weakened by this indulgence,

and the awful vice submerging the lowest is rising until the tide sweeps at the very steps of the throne. The besetment of social life in all ages has been the wine cup, not only in the cottage, but in the palace, and if this woman will not tempt her guests to a perilous indulgence, let us commend and not condemn. Until Mrs. Hayes spread her banqueting table in the White House its life was not representative. But few homes have wine in the sideboard and on the dining table. The custom is obsolete, and the great majority of homes are without it. The excluded cup is American, and we say it reverently, that the social life in the White House, until the rule of this temperance woman, was not representative. The traditions of a foreign court controlled it, and they were in conflict with the highest American ideas, and were simply and justly ignored.

For once the White House represented the ideal American home—a home in which purity and simplicity mingled in sweetest union, a home in which convivial joy abounded without the sad besetment that mars the banquet and imperils the soul. Very beautiful was that social life, so pure and courteous. Rarely has it

been given unto a nation to have a family at its head such as were there during the administration of President Hayes.

Lucy Webb Hayes carried to her exalted position the same social usages she brought to the executive mansion at Columbus, when as a governor's wife, by her dignity and generous kindness, she won the hearts of all who met her; and why should she change her mode of living at the behest of those who preceded her? It would have been an innovation, but she was no innovator. There was a continuity in her home life and customs, and she wisely allowed no one to break them. In her position it was her prerogative to command and not to follow, and she used it in a quiet and womanly way, not knowing that one deed of charity had placed her above every woman that had preceded her in the White House; that by the exclusion of the wine cup from her banqueting hall she had made her example a memorial of blessing unto many ages. She dared to be singular; she dared the sneer and the frown, but received a prayer of benediction from every child of God, and the silent good wishes of every man and woman who would destroy

the greatest evil that is corrupting American homes.

It was a new departure, bringing the most hallowed and sacred customs of America to the highest place. It was a rare courage, tossing the wine cup out of the White House and locking the vault in which the spirits of evil had been imprisoned only to be released at the hour of the banquet. In a most womanly way she ushered in the new order, with no parade or ceremony, but simply transferring the elegant hospitality of her private home to the White House. To her it was almost an unconscious deed, but to worldly society audacious. As in all great decisions its author did not realize the measure of its influence or the far-reaching beneficence of her example. Her decision was a surprise to the nation and simply a delight. Virtuous men applauded and pure women rejoiced as the message of her judgment on electric wing went over the nation. She had not thought that in forming a state dinner she was giving a precedent to the womanhood of America; that her example made it easy for her sisters to banish the demon of strong drink that had degraded the

banquet to a scene of dissolute mirth. She said to her dearest friends that she "had no idea that her course of action would cause so much comment;" but she did it and stood steadfast; and for four years, in the highest home of the nation, the table was spread and guests came and went, carrying with them the memory of hours spent in good cheer and rare enjoyment, without bearing away the effects of an indulgence which at last "biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder." Her table was the royal banquet, indeed; for "it is not for kings, O, Lemuel, it is not for kings to drink wine; nor for princes strong drink."

Her own words are her vindication; she simply said, "I trust I am not fanatical, but I do want my influence to be always in favor of temperance. I have never offered wine to my family or my guests. I am not willing to begin now. I shall violate a precedent, but I shall not violate the constitution which we only vowed to obey. As for my countrymen, they are accustomed to independent action. I shall trust them to dispense a hospitality without stimulants." Her decision, made at the time when a great nation was struggling to

throw off the hateful yoke of intemperance, was an inspiration and power that none may estimate. She brought more to the noble army of Rechabites than any adherent had ever done. She from her lofty position allied herself to the movement, and from ten thousand homes in our fair land her name will ever be mentioned in tenderest love. Her decision, evoking the gratitude of the pure, was received by the foes of sobriety with anger and derision. Her high motives were impeached and her good name assailed, but nothing swerved her from her position. The profligate crowd which thronged the capital of the nation, waiting only the open door of court to rush in and imbrute themselves, found at once a Rechabite had come to power, now stood aside and ceased to tip their elbows in courtesy to the American queen; but she cared not for the adulation of the winebibber nor the witticisms flowing from tongues loosened by strong drink. The place of her decision was most potent for good. She made it at Washington, where the social hour had become one of wild revelry and mirth, in which men lost their self-control, and women, overcome, fell upon the parlor

floors ; at Washington, where battles were lost because of the routs of drunken commanders ; at Washington, where grave senators in maudlin plight staggered to their seats and with incoherent speech revealed their condition ; at Washington, where even a President's oath was the inarticulate accent of the drunkard to Almighty God ; at Washington, where the sanctities of death were profaned by men of high office, and the funeral cortege to distant cities made a procession of inebriate men bearing their dead. Not a moment too soon did this noble woman enter the high place of the nation and ostracize the demon which had wrought so well its spell of woe over the land, for she knew how the circean wand had charmed multitudes only to drive out the angel and yield the human heart to beastly rule. She had lived before in Washington, had mingled in its highest circles, had been a social leader in her own State with her brave husband, had mingled in the camp and on the field of battle, and she knew the peril of the wine cup, and would not touch it, nor taste, nor handle it.

That deed of Lucy Webb Hayes was an

epoch in American history. It was the assertion in the highest home of the nation of a principle that had been struggling for supremacy for almost a century. It was an aim in a sure place against an imperious custom which had corrupted men and women since the beginning of the nation. It was a protest against and an expulsion of the evil one from a position that had been tacitly conceded to him; for the strange conviction had filled many minds that court life was to be opened to the drunkard and drunkard-maker, that Bacchus was to hold his scepter in our highest home, until this woman asked by what constitutional right and authority must the dangerous precedent be maintained; and learning that temperance had as valid a right as intemperance, she escaped the sentence of God's holy word, "Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink, that putteth thy bottle to him, and maketh him drunken."

Well might American womanhood rejoice in the calm audacity of this heroic woman. Well might the struggling cause of temperance lift up its head after such an example of this elect lady, for among the many of our nation

illustrious by birth, training, and service, none ever brought to the cause of Christian prohibition such rare gifts and high position.

Lucy Webb Hayes was not only a patriot loving her country, a social leader holding *facile princeps* the scepter over brave and manly men and accomplished women, but she was a religious woman and a devout Christian. All great natures are religious. The great soul is the humble soul. High natures are ever reverent; they may not always assent to the popular creed, but greatness and reverence are ever united. She carried the clustered virtues of her winning life into the highest circle, and none were tarnished as she stood first among women in social command. Position deepened her sense of responsibility, and the widened opportunity only strengthened her for a holier ministry. She belonged to the new nobility forming in American society; a sisterhood not based on lineage or wealth or culture only, but on character. Her stamp and zeal were not derivative but original. Her rule was the primacy of moral power which ever must tell on political life. Increase of moral power strengthens political security; its decadence is its de-

cline, and its destruction its death. The name American should be the badge of the noblest citizenship of the commonwealths of earth, for it means the highest boon conferred on the greatest number. It expresses the true idea of progress and development and evolution on the highest line :

“ One God, one law, one element,
And one far off divine event
To which the whole creation moves.”

Progress in civilization follows but one path. Material riches do not enrich a nation ; manhood is wealth. When Greece was highest in intellectual leadership and wealth filled her coffers she was most corrupt. The era of Pericles, her greatest glory, contained in it the very seeds of her decay. The Augustan age, highest in Roman rule, was lowest in morals. There is but one splendor that fades not, and that is moral glory. Leagues upon leagues of land count but little ; material wealth is of but little value in itself ; a nation's security is in its treasures of intellect and heart ; when these increase progress is evident. America will grow stronger as long as her ruling classes are pure and her natural leadership is upright.

This accomplished woman was representative of what was highest in society ; and, recognizing her stewardship, honored it. Position is only a trust. Life is a sacred calling. The strong are to serve the weak, the rich the poor, the high the lowly. Service is the badge of the highest royalty. The young German Emperor may say, "I am the State," and be a law to himself; but the stern Frederick, his ancestor, had a truer conception when he said, "Kings are but the servants of the people." She fulfilled, as Fénelon declares, the duty of kings, "that they reign for the benefit of their subjects rather than for themselves." The one and only King has said, "He that is chief, let him serve;" and Lucy Webb Hayes delighted to obey that King.

The great social truth of Christianity, the doctrine of stewardship, runs all through her ministry. Home was unassuming, no social airs or assumptions, no social exclusions; the doors swung open and a glad welcome to all, and the humblest citizen of the republic, as well as the most exalted, is received. Her ear was ever open to all, whether the message was wise or otherwise. What more

quaint than this incident! Her hands are full, and every moment of the morning occupied, when a messenger announces that a man and two women of the Society of Friends are in the library, saying that they have a message, and will tarry until they can be received. She and her husband are very busy, and fifty more visitors are waiting with their varied burdens to pour into their ears. It is suggested they be excused; but no, the work is laid aside and they enter the library and greet the sweet gray forms. At last the man declares he has a message from the yearly meeting, and, addressing them by the names Rutherford and Lucy, he reads a Scripture command, a promise, a curse, and a benediction, and then silence and prayer, and the whole morning is consumed. What a delicious bit of courtesy, and what a picture for a painter! We know not which is more beautiful, the stern prophet of grave and reverend mien, or the rulers in high place listening to alternate woe and blessing coming from the Father of all. How opposite another picture when ruler and subject meet together! "Who are you," said Mary, Queen of Scots "that presume to school the nobles and

sovereign of this realm?" "Madam, a subject born within the same," answered John Knox. Happy for the ill-fated queen if she had sat in silence and listened to the voice of God like these two servants at the head of the nation. The sad tragedy might have been averted that teaches even to-day that the highest as well as the lowest are under authority.

Lucy Webb Hayes was a Christian and a Methodist, carrying, as one has said, the Bible and Methodist Discipline to the White House, and making the golden rule her working standard in life. She came from a State in which from the days of Edward Tiffin, its first governor and an honored local preacher, until the present, many of its most distinguished sons have been reared at the altars of Methodism. The itinerant early entered Ohio, giving the Gospel to the pioneers in their rude cabins, and their children to-day rejoice in the possession of the same truth. Ohio may be proud of her Methodist children, for among the most honored names of this nation they stand out a lofty tribute to the churches and schools that molded their character. The names of Tiffin, Worthington, Trimble, and Corwin, of McLean,

Grant, and of many living, have shed luster upon the State as well as the Church.

They have served the Church and nation, and are but a few of a large class that from the genesis of the republic have been its staunchest supporters. Methodism has ever been an influential factor in the ruling classes of the nation. With no bureau like Romanism, with no paid agents to assist its work or organization, yet her quiet moral influence has been influential from the beginning. Rising at the birth of the new government, when the colonies threw off their allegiance to Britain, it grew up a new Church, with many of its principles in harmony with the State. Its emphasis of life rather than creed, its catholicity, opening its communion to all branches of the Christian Church, its tolerant faith and want of bigotry, its simplicity in form of worship, its earnestness in saving men, its apostolic character in the purity of its ministry and the altered lives of its converts, caused it at once to take a deep root in the hearts of all classes who loved republican principles and a free Church, until to-day not only in numbers but in moral premiership it leads the nation. From colonial days the

Church has kept close to the government, making its moral influence felt in its legislation. A reforming society, it agitated humanitarian views before any other Church of the republic. It was no sooner planted on our shores than it protested against slavery and intemperance. It had influence among the highest. Washington was the intimate friend of our first bishops, Coke and Asbury. They were his guests at Mount Vernon. Asbury was intimate with him, and through him Methodism was the first Church to offer its support to the new government, a support that has never been withdrawn for over a hundred years. Bancroft says when Coke and Asbury, the first superintendents of the Methodists, asked Washington to aid them in their petition to the Virginia Legislature for an act of universal emancipation, he told them frankly "that he was of their sentiment, and should this petition be taken into consideration he would signify it to the Assembly in a letter." These men pleaded for abolition, and had the Virginia farmer the nerve of the itinerant the solution of a grave problem would not have been written in blood. From Washington to

Lincoln Methodism protested until, at the suggestion of Bishop Simpson, Lincoln, by a stroke of a pen, released a nation at his feet, and the deed made him immortal. Washington was familiar with Methodism and its work, being a correspondent of Lady Huntingdon, and his wife of Katherine Livingston. In the legislative halls at Washington more prayers have been offered up by the ministry of the new Church than any other. We may not name the chaplains, but some names are familiar: Lee, Bascom, Cookman, Slicer, Durbin, Bowman, Newman, Huntley, Milburn, and others make up the corps of spiritual leaders that have led Congress in devotion. The highest in rule have been in attendance on the ministry of our revered Church. Senator Walter Colquitt, of Georgia, would preach, and John Adams would thank him for his message. He would follow Edward Tiffin, though only a local preacher, and sit delighted as the surveyor-general talked of Christ. He heard Captain Webb, the founder of Philadelphia Methodism, and said "he was one of the most eloquent men he had ever heard." Webb fought for Merrie England, but drew the sword

of the spirit in a holier warfare and with greater victories. The early itinerants taught our rulers, and the laity aided in making our laws. Every position of honor in this nation has been filled by members of the pioneer Church. When Bishop Bowman was chaplain of the United States Senate he said that over one half of the members of Congress had been educated at Methodist schools. Her adherents have honored the highest judiciary and cabinet positions at home, and have represented our nation in the highest courts abroad. In the White House Methodism has come with its loving message to the highest. Its ministry has had an honored place, and it adds but another meed of praise to this Church that so many of the men filling the executive mansion were either trained at its altars, influenced by its clergy, or accepted its teachings. President Jackson, the Scotch-Irishman, was guided in political matters by his secretary of state, Edward Livingston, the brother of Mrs. Garrettsen, and in spiritual matters by his chaplain, James Gwin, and their counsel saved him from wrecking a brave life. He turned to these faithful friends in every emergency,

and they were about the only men that could control the wild Irish blood that coursed through his veins.

President William H. Harrison was familiar with its frontier work, and hailed with delight the coming of the new evangelists as they followed through forest and over prairie the exodus of the people. The itinerant was his friend and his home his resting-place. When the seat of government for the Indian Territory was located at Vincennes, Ind., he was governor, and listened to the first Protestant sermon preached in the new Northwest. The apostolic William Winans was the preacher, and "Governor Harrison kindly held a tallow candle while the itinerant read his text and hymns."

The brave hero in the earthly strife kept close to a braver band of men, until at last he too was conquered and became a soldier in the holiest of all wars. Only a few weeks before his inauguration as President of the United States he knelt in Christly consecration at the altar in Wesley Chapel, in Cincinnati, and there received a baptism for his sad death that followed so soon after his installation into office.

Night after night the old warrior would worship, standing with Justice McLean, of the United States Supreme Court, and others of highest station, and sing the songs of the Church militant as souls were conquered for Christ. The militant psalm of the Church, "We'll die on the field of battle," was his favorite hymn, and made of the brave soldier a loyal recruit in a still nobler contest. He said, "Brother Gaddis, I know there are some of my political opponents that will be ready to impugn my motives in attending this revival at this particular time, but I care not for the frowns or smiles of my fellow-men. God knows my heart and understands my motives;" and then, laying his hand upon his heart, he exclaimed with deep emotion and with a fervor never to be forgotten, "A deep and abiding sense of my inward necessities brings me to this place night after night." Who may not say that the revival service became to him, wearing the earthly laurels, a crown of eternal rejoicing?

President James Knox Polk was reared in its communion and died in its fellowship. He was converted under the ministry of Rev.

J. B. McFerrin, D.D., and by him received into the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. His conversion was clear and distinct, yielding joy and peace to his soul. "Mr. Polk," said Dr. McFerrin to Rev. Charles P. Whitecar, "was the most gentle and sweet-spirited convert I have ever seen, clinging to his Saviour as a young child cleaves to its mother."

President Pierce, when a senator from New Hampshire, came under its hallowed influence and professed a change of heart. He was only one of a number of the members of Congress who came under the spell of that seraphic preacher, Rev. George Cookman, whose sad and untimely death sent a thrill of sorrow through many hearts as the steamer *President* went down in mid-ocean. Cookman was chaplain of the Senate when his burning words arrested the senator. He writes on February 28, 1839: "Senator Pierce has been attending my ministry regularly ever since I have been in the city, and for the last three or four weeks his heart has been broken up indeed, and a more sincere, humble, penitent sinner I have seldom seen. He opened his mind, he said, for the first time to any human being on the

overwhelming subject of his soul's salvation, while tears coursed down his cheeks and he paced the room."

When we recall the martyred Lincoln we also remember how he turned to Bishop Simpson for prayer and counsel; his words were his encouragement, his prayers his help. He loved him as a friend, he followed him as a teacher; and when the awful tragedy deprived a nation of its highest ruler the nation as by one consent called him to pronounce the eulogy over the greatest man that has served the republic since the days of Washington. When Lincoln's only son led to the altar the daughter of a favorite pupil Bishop Simpson was chosen to solemnize the marriage, and when the children whom God had given them were given back in the sacred ordinance of baptism Bishop Simpson performed the ceremony.

When we recall President Grant and enter the White House it is the children of the old-fashioned Methodist in authority and the love of their parents' Church continued. Nothing is more beautiful in the life of General Grant than his love of home and of Church. The same sweet sanctities of home at Galena are

preserved at Washington; the same kindness to the itinerant is evident as when in private life he found welcome, and the same attachment for the Church of his birth continued all through his honored years. When chief magistrate of the nation he ever worshiped at her altars and served as a trustee; and whenever he journeyed, at home or in foreign lands, he sought the Church of his choice and reverently worshiped God. Whether at Leadville, amid its thronging army of gold-seekers, or at Rome, under the shadow of St. Peter, or in China, he always turned aside to the Church of his birth. Position did not allure him from her fellowship; he knew her heroic history and saw the fruit of character produced by her teachings, and the higher he trod the more constant his attendance upon her worship, and more ardent his love. Bishop Vincent at Galena, Bishop Simpson in the army, and Bishop Newman in Washington, represent the spiritual influences that surrounded General Grant from Galena to New York. We all know his attachment for the last-named bishop; how he was his spiritual adviser in his long days of suffering and discipline, and when he fell on

sleep at Mount McGregor a Methodist minister was with him, and pronounced before a weeping nation the last sad words which closed a lifework that humanity will hold as immortal.

And so when this noble woman came to the White House she was not the first to introduce her faith in high places; and when her hospitable home was opened and the itinerants bidden welcome it was not the first introduction of Methodism there. From the genesis of the republic they had prayed and counseled with its rulers; from the hour when its first bishops had besought the first President to make all the inhabitants free; until a Simpson implored a Lincoln to let the people go free, Methodism had stood before the nation for temperance, liberty, and humanity. When England, in Church and State, was oppressing the colonists, imprisoning the Presbyterians, and persecuting the Methodists, Coke and Asbury, though of English birth, were in sympathy with freedom and dissent. Asbury, believing justly in passive obedience in the clergy while the strife went on, was silent; but when the issue was decided gave at once the influence of the new Church to the new republic,

and from that moment Methodism has been as true to the Union as the needle to the magnet. In the sad struggle when an erring brotherhood would break the compact of the States, when older Churches hesitated, and Rome, the oldest, recognized the Confederacy as an independent nation, the Methodist Episcopal Church never faltered in her devotion to the integrity of the Union. Although the flower of her altars were cut down like grain in harvest, her churches without leadership, her offices vacant, and tens of thousands of her best youth were slain, she never wavered; but in her appeal to the God of Sabaoth stood steadfast until all men were made free. Well might the martyred Lincoln say that "Methodism sent more soldiers to the field, more nurses to the hospital, and more prayers to heaven than any."

Methodism loved much and she gave much. Her most sagacious leaders saw in the supremacy of the Union a higher step in civilization when the ideal should be realized, and liberty, for which she had pleaded a hundred years, should be proclaimed throughout the whole land "unto all the inhabitants thereof." They

saw in the union of the States a higher compact of humanity, the fulfillment of the Gospel preached by Coke and Asbury ; and though the blow fell upon those whom they dearly loved they would not cease until America was a free land. "With malice toward none, and with charity for all," it gave its great strength to make secure a liberty that is to-day as great a blessing to our brothers of the South as it is to those of the North.

Methodism in the ministry of this charming woman was representative of all that was pure in morals, progressive in thought, and humane in reform. It was also representative of what was best in devotion ; for this woman of sterling worth was pious. She was an humble Christian, and added the grace of humility to her exalted station. How Christlike her ideas of worship ! It was suggested by a friend that the congregation should tarry until the family of the chief magistrate retired, when she simply said, "No, dear, here we are all equal." It recalls the rebuke of Wellington to the rector who asked a peasant beside him at the communion table to remove. "No," said the Iron Duke, "at the Lord's table we are all equal."

This humility, the rare dower of great souls, was not only evident in the outer world, but flowed out in silent service to those of humble station. What fruit of character richer than the following deed of kindness? A violent storm is beating, and torrents of rain are falling that must swell the river and imperil those living on its banks. A humble woman resides there, and the thought of her danger steals sleep from Mrs. Hayes's eyelids. She calls her coachman and bids him seek the woman; and not too soon has the deliverer come, as he puts her in the carriage and bears her to the home of Mrs. Hayes. Her thoughtful heart provides a cup of tea and a bed, and when the morning bread is broken she brings her to the table and introduces her as the "friend that rained down on us during the night." The quiet ministry of love only illustrates the grace of humility that adds a charm to every other gift she possessed. She was queenly in those highest virtues of faith and purity and love. She was earnest, but her virtues were not carried out to the extreme of fanaticism; she was consistent, but not extravagant; strong in intellect, but not in revolt against the higher laws of thought or

action. Her faith was simple. I do not believe she passed through the season of doubt, and, questioning her convictions, faltered, as Susannah Wesley. She seems to have walked before God in an unshaken confidence, perfectly content with the traditions of a faith that she had seen verified in the hallowed lives of God's servants; and, taking this faith in all places, honored it. Her home was ideal; one in which her ennobling nature created an atmosphere of purity, fragrance, and pure thought; one in which prayer and charity blended in sweetest union; a home in which pleasures abounded, but none that added sorrow; a home in which an honored father represented in his authority the higher rule of a divine Father. The altar of devotion on which God was honored daily in worship, and the sweeter sanctities, we may not disclose. Rare and beautiful was that life in the highest home of the nation.

“A perfect wife! The heavy veil of grief
Back from the stricken hearts we will not draw,
Save but to say her life, alas! too brief,
Her husband found without a flaw.”

Rarely has there been given unto a nation a family example like that of the White House

during the administration of President Hayes. Her home was ever open. She was given to hospitality, and many are the servants of God who have found in her home a prophet's chamber where they tarried and where they brought blessing. She knew the value of the itinerants' work, and was familiar with the story of their sacrifice, that forms one of the brightest pages of Church history, and that should by all means be preserved. How appreciative and how true her own words, "Our Church, with an instinctive foresight of the future of the West, has built a host of Churches and sent out her ministers to do and suffer in the wilderness. The story of a Methodist preacher on his circuit in the forest, on the plains, and in the mountains is rarely heard and little known in the older and prosperous States." She knew their work, and in her kindly way was glad to make bright their lives by some act of kindness. How perfectly in keeping with her nature these words to her pastor before the session of Conference, when solicited to entertain some of the ministers: "I will take ten or fifteen; but, brother," she said, "I want you to pick out some of the hard-worked ministers and their

wives, who have had rather a hard time on their circuits. Send them to us and we will try to give them a pleasant week." What would Mrs. Hayes have thought of a great city not willing to entertain a few ministers for only a week? Ever into the home where God's servants go come blessings, and blessed are they who ever have a refuge for the prophet of God.

Her home was radiant with a sacred light and sweet with a hallowed ministry. Let us turn aside the veil of a Sabbath evening at the White House; it is an etching of such rare beauty that it cannot be forgotten. It is a complement picture to "Cottar's Saturday Night," in which Scotland's peasant poet describes one of her humble homes. How opposite from ordinary court life—at the Lord's table in the morning, at the gaming table at night! There is the President and his family, Vice-President Wheeler, the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court; Bancroft, the historian; General Sherman, the warrior; cabinet officers, and many in social life, their peers. Wheeler, the good Presbyterian, leads the service of song as the psalms of the Church catholic roll upward

to the skies. In unity of worship all participate; songs of the battle of Christ are sung, and Sherman, the soldier, thrills with delight. The cool historian, Bancroft, warms up as the earnest strains flow out. The evening passes and all, reluctant, leave the place of worship in this Christian woman's home. In the gathering we see the magnetic grace of highest womanhood; in its catholicity her broad Christly faith, and in its worship her obedience and devotion to the most hallowed traditions of our native land—a land that has been blessed because its people have been a Sabbath keeping nation; for a people will forfeit God's favor when those sacred traditions are set aside.

Lucy Webb Hayes, religious and full of love for country, gave her last service to a work that, while aiding God's Church, must ever be a blessing to the country, for the home makes the nation. She saw the trend of population covering this New World, and was alert to the strategic points that must be held. In one of her addresses she says, "No part of the inhabitants of the United States are nearer to the hearts of the members of the Methodist Church than our own countrymen, the patriotic Ameri-

cans, who have crowded in such numbers to our western frontier settlements from Mexico to British America." Her patriotism glowed in her religion, and in her service for her Church she really served the nation. When the Woman's Home Missionary Society was organized, and she was solicited to be its first president, this woman, burdened with the cares incident to the highest position before the nation, gracefully accepted it, and filled it with honor to herself and with credit to the society.

In her ministry in this society we can learn the breadth of her mind and her sagacity. Hearken to this extract from her address at Syracuse: "Our conviction is that the best hope for humanity is in America. Within our borders and within our reach are gathered the representatives of all the races of mankind. If by reason of our neglect of home work the stream of unchristian tendencies from abroad, and the flood of indifference and vice in our own country, shall overwhelm our cherished institutions, all missionary work at home and abroad will suffer alike by the common calamity." With prescient eye she saw the dan-

ger, and with a woman's noble devotion gave herself to an agency that in creating a higher and purer home life must make more stable our national rule. In this new movement she found a field worthy of all the ardent love of native land that burned in her soul, and in serving the commonwealth of God was but adding new strength to the foundations of the American republic.

This woman not only saw the danger, but with a clear eye she saw her duty, and at once stood in her place, an example most beautiful and praiseworthy to all women of position, training and wealth, urging them out of selfish indulgence into Christly activity; out of selfish enjoyments into Christly sacrifice, and out of personal ease into Christly labor.

Her acceptance of the leadership of the new society defines her position, and that of all Christian women equally favored. Her words also declare it. She said, "If our institutions, social and religious, are imperiled, it is largely because the wealthy and the fortunate, engrossed as they are in the midst of our rare material progress and prosperity, are not sufficiently mindful of what was taught by the

words and life of the Founder of our blessed religion, 'Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them.'"

What an exalted conception of duty before God, and what a fitting illustration of her own life! We can understand her words, "The lifting up of the lowly of our own country ought to interest every man and woman." In her high place she carried into practice the teachings of the only Exalter; for after all our best efforts, if we have not the Christ in our endeavors, we will fail. Behind the human arm must be the divine Hand to give success. This she saw distinctly when in her last address to the Home Missionary Society she said, "The necessity, the opportunity and the demand for Christian effort are more and more at our very doors, and even the champions of unbelief in the doctrines cherished by our fathers, seeing the tide that is coming in, are forced to exclaim, 'Men cannot do without the Christian religion.'"

Religion in the home comes out in the State; what we put into the home to beautify it comes out in glory to crown the social fabric. She was not blind to the changes that were going

on not friendly to American institutions, seeing in the stranger coming to share our political heritage a lack of education and religion, unfitting him for citizenship in the republic. She discerned the deficient virtues that come from the want of a proper home life and a due regard for women. "Elevate woman, and you lift up the home; exalt the home, and you lift up the nation." Her words, fitly spoken, remain, and her example still pleads for home and native land. Too much praise cannot be yielded to this woman of worth, who, when engrossed in social duties most exacting, and filling the highest place before the nation, identified herself with mission work. She honored her faith in all places.

The younger Adams, when a candidate for the highest office in our land, presides at the Conference of an unpopular religious society, and we honor him for his devotion to the faith he cherished. Lucy Webb Hayes honored her religion in all places. She had nothing of a politician's vacillation or neutrality; she was consistent, and where duty called she gladly responded. Her last service was to the Church she loved; her last public position was the

presidency of the Home Missionary Society. In its interest she was deeply absorbed, and to it gave the grace and dignity of her position—a blessing in example and conduct that will not soon be forgotten, teaching women all over our privileged land by her loving ministry “the nobility of reverent service for Christ.”

She kept the faith, and the vow made at the altar of the faith of her childhood was a sacred pledge never broken. Her loyalty never wavered, nor could she understand the desertion of those reared in its communion. No false assumptions of bigots could alienate her love nor silent slanders of her faith win her from its altars. She could read the tissues of error in creed, and the sad story of humanity oppressed by so-called historic Churches. She knew the true Church, and was familiar with the notes of its apostolicity. To her apostolic character was more than apostolic boast, and the beautiful lives made holy by the Spirit of God the best and only test of a true Church. Intelligent, she knew the wondrous achievements of the pioneer Church ; that the brightest pages of any Church history were made by it in a little over a hundred years; and as she

saw it foremost among the sister Churches of the Anglo-Saxon race she was glad to add her mite of blessing, and, seeing God in it, rejoiced to be among the people whom he had so signally favored. She knew Methodism in its great love for souls; in its missionary zeal, teaching in all lands; in its marvelous success in converting men of all nations; in its rare ministry of education; in its simple doctrines and form of worship, and in its lofty and exceptional privileges yielded to woman, and was thankful to be a member of its communion, and never hesitated to give a reason for her faith in its hallowed truths. Need we say she loved her Church and that it was worthy of her best affection? Surely no Church has ever revealed clearer evidence of God's favor than the youngest of this republic. Her ascendancy is not only numerical but moral.

Lucy Webb Hayes is representative of the position of Methodism in its privileges accorded to women; and a communion that can educate such a type has not spent its force, nor is its future in the past. The Church which will best educate and train womanhood will have the broadest ministry, and the type that our

revered Church is producing is already influential in the homes and society of the nation. The reformation of the eighteenth century is still a growing principle, and will expand only to bless. Closely allied in thought and aspiration with the world's leading race it must grow with its growth and extend with its advance. In the order that is quietly transforming the nations the teaching of Christ, through Wesley, will share a noble part. We dare not despair of the future, but must guard it. The women of Methodism need to learn more of their Church, and they will be as proud of it as this noble woman, and delight in emulating her royal example as she brought the best gifts to its altar. The desertions from its altars can be easily arrested by a knowledge of the truth. Women will not leave a communion that opens its ordinances to all sincere Christians for one that narrows the Church of God to those that sit around its table of the Lord; nor accept the teachings of a pulpit closed to all ministers who do not hold their sectarian name; nor share a fellowship that shuts out all who do not pronounce its shibboleth. The broad, tolerant faith of Wesley

will be their choice; they will delight to be called members of its hallowed communion, and when honored by wealth and training for a higher seat will, like this Methodist woman, consider it a privilege to serve the beloved Christ by aiding the Church he has so lovingly blessed.

Lucy Webb Hayes honored Christ in all places, walking humbly and cheerfully before God, making glad the hearts of many in home, Church, and State. The early faith was an abiding joy, and to her came the poet's beatitude:

"And they who do their souls no wrong
But keep at eve the faith of morn,
Shall daily hear the angel's song,
To-day the Prince of Peace was born."

Her sun went down while it was yet day. Ere the lengthened shadows of life's evening fell upon her path sight suddenly "dimmed in the shadow of death, ears were muffled by his silent touch," and she was not, for God took her. Too soon, to human eyes, the windows of that rare soul were darkened; but may there not have been an auspice of blessing in her early death? She had passed through the highest places,

and the influence of her pure life emitted a fragrance of sweetest perfume in every path she entered. The moment of death was auspicious for her fame. She had filled nobly every ministry, and why should we murmur if she is led to a higher stewardship? At no time would those dearest to her have consented to her departure. All that loved her would have kept her long from the embrace of the angels, but God's will ordered it otherwise. On June 25, 1889, entered into life this Christian wife and mother. It was a sad day for the home in which she was so tenderly loved, and a sad day for the nation that had known her but to love her. When the hour of transition had come, and the last rites were performed, the most honored in civil walk turned in sadness to her beautiful home. Old soldiers, escaped the fatal shaft, hastened to guerdon the love of one whose sweet offices had soothed and comforted them in times of war. Veterans, now the 23d Regiment of Ohio, were there, and tears fell thick and fast as they looked upon the quiet face of one whom they in almost filial love had called "our young mother." On her peaceful breast lay two gold badges, one a

six-pointed star, having a finely-embossed eagle, with the inscription, "Society of the Army of West Virginia, Lucy Webb Hayes, Honorary, 1883;" the other, the words, "The Women's Relief Corps of Ohio;" both love's tribute to the heroic work of this patriotic woman. In the longer shadows of the summer day her sons and nephews tenderly bore the casket and hid it beneath the roses which loving hands had gathered to conceal the image of death, making of the grave a flowery vestibule to the home of eternal life. The band played the favorite military psalms she had sung by the soldier's pallet in the bivouac, and the simple hymns sung in the White House, as there was laid to rest, amid music and flowers, one of America's noblest women, a heroine, a philanthropist, a Christian. In the hush of that spirit released a "nation stands with uncovered head." Flags drop half-mast east and west. Messages on electric wing haste to tell her virtues. The press, laying aside prejudice, exalt her beautiful life. The pulpits voice with one accord her teachings, and without respect to creed commend her decision in temperance when in "the chief home she stood

bravely for the sake of every home in the land." Churches and reform associations, and even political conventions, turn for the hour from living issues to honor the memory of the sainted dead. Our own Church, paralyzed for a moment, soon realized that in the translation of this godly woman one of earth's choicest spirits had joined the Church triumphant above. To no woman in America had such honors ever been paid; of none so many kind words spoken. Nor is her fair fame faded, but increasing; for not only in one nation but in the great world her name is a growing virtue.

What estimate shall we make of her character? She was beautiful, but her moral beauty was greater; exalted, but not vain; full of mirth, but not irreverent; vivacious, but not frivolous; independent, but obedient; learned, but not pedantic; hospitable, but not extravagant; religious, but not fanatical; devoted to Church, but not bigoted; and responsive to the demands of society, but not enslaved by it. Masculine in energy and force of intellect, and yet feminine in all her instincts; a noble woman inspiring the love and respect of all classes, the soldier in the camp,

the citizen in the home, the worldling in society, and the saint in the Church ; one who by hallowing the gifts of brain and heart did what was said of Prince Albert, " Made high places sweet places." She " purified the steps of the throne and knit together the nation."

What was the charm of this queen of American society whom historians and poets praise, and who has conquered such a large place in the heart of the nation? It was not her beauty, and yet she was classic in mold ; not her lineage, and yet she was well born ; not her culture, yet she was college-bred. She had wealth and social position, yet these will not account for her supremacy. Above all the gifts of nature and discipline, above all tact and diplomacy, was the kind humanity made broad and active by the touch of divine love. Somehow society felt here was a true woman, and humanity, ever seeking the true, is haunted by its image. When she appeared it at once bowed down and did her honor. " If you have succeeded," said her father to the Empress Victoria of Germany, " in gaining the people's hearts by friendliness, simplicity, courtesy, the secret lay in this, that you were not think-

ing of yourself. Hold fast by this mystic spell. It is a spark from heaven."

So of Lucy Webb Hayes; her thought was of her home, her country, and her God; and in this blended service if she has been honored as no American woman it is because she simply obeyed God.

The poet of New England, chanting her welcome, opens the secret of her winning grace as he sings:

"If word of mine another's gloom has brightened,
Through my dumb lips the heaven-sent message came;
If hand of mine another's task has lightened
It felt a guidance that it dares not claim."

THE END.





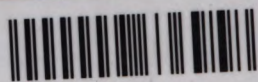


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