

of our steamer, the *Orevia*, and arrived in Sydney a little before the day fixed upon for the celebrations. The Conference adjourned for the service, the President and several of the ex-Presidents taking part. I took as my text a clause from Acts ii. 42, 'And they continued steadfastly . . . in fellowship'—an appeal to Methodist people to *restore the fellowship of the Church*. The attendance was large and responsive; I was helped in the delivery of the message, and a gracious influence pervaded the place. By request the sermon was published in our Connexional organ and also in pamphlet form, and, I understand, was reprinted in the *Adelaide Commonwealth*, in a missionary journal in India, and another in South Africa.

Old man as I am, I am yet optimistic enough to believe that in some way known only to the Divine Spirit our Church in Australia will be led to bend its energies to give back to the class-meeting its old place of pride and power amongst us. We have suffered woefully, and are still suffering, through our failure to live up to the first principles of Apostolic teaching—aye, and to those that formed the very foundation upon which Methodism has been built up. We simply have to do again our first works, and the sooner we set about it the better, both for our own Church, and for the wider community that we are called upon to influence.

XXVII

QUIET DAYS

A mistake to be avoided—Retirement from active work—Conference resolutions—Ministerial Beulah-land—Don't waste your pity—Preachers' sunshine—What a past!—Methodism suits down to the ground—Centenary Celebration Conventions—My seventieth birthday—In love with Jesus Christ—The Cross everything—A unique gathering—Centenary Day—What hath God wrought?—Successful financial appeal—Fijian problems—Diamond Jubilee.

EARLY in my ministry I registered a vow that I would never fall into the error that I have known so many to commit, of continuing in any position of trust one day beyond the time when it could command my fullest energies. A man may easily outlive his usefulness. Many have pulled down in days of feebleness work that had taken them years of strength to build.

During my many years in the work of the C.M.M. there were times when it appeared to me that that day was approaching. At last the indications became so clear that it seemed as if I could hear the voice that had called me into the work clearly indicating that the time had now arrived for me to make room for other and younger labourers.

Towards the end of 1912, therefore, I indicated to the C.M.M. Committee my intention of retiring at the ensuing Conference. After certain protests and appeals the Committee assented on the understanding that I was still to continue upon the staff and render the Mission what assistance it was in my power to give. The Rev. P. J. Stephen had been my colleague for five happy years. He thoroughly understood the Mission, was one of our most distinguished preachers, and had been honoured beyond most as a successful winner of souls. He was to assume control, and I was happy in the thought of stepping down from the bridge and becoming second mate of the ship under such a chief.

The Conference agreed to my request to be made a supernumerary, and spent much time in words of lavish kindness. Though ill at the time, I was deeply moved by the all-too-flattering words that were spoken by so many of my old companions in service. By a unanimous and standing vote the following resolution was adopted:

'In regretfully acceding to the request of Rev. William George Taylor to become a supernumerary, the Conference places on record its high esteem of his forty-three years of distinguished ministry, during which he has preached the gospel with the force of earnest conviction and with passionate desire to save souls. His work has been signally owned in the conversion of sinners.

'Appointed to the depleted cause at York Street in 1884, he founded the first Central Mission, of which he was superintendent for twenty-nine years. The manifold evangelistic and philanthropic agencies of the Central Mission have commanded much public respect and support, and remain as a monument to his enterprise and devotion.

'Mr. Taylor has represented Australian Methodism and conducted missions in Great Britain and America with much success. The Conference is gratified to learn that Mr. Taylor's counsel and help will still be available to the authorities of the C.M.M., and it hopes that he may be spared for many years to render such aid as may be possible in this and other departments of the Church.'

An avalanche of letters reached me from various parts of the Commonwealth, and the newspapers contained numerous sympathetic but all-too-eulogistic references to my so-called 'retirement.' One article that appeared in the Melbourne *Speeiator* touched me deeply. It was from the pen of an old member of the C.M.M. staff with whom it had been my privilege to enjoy much fellowship. It may savour of egotism to confess it, but I shall treasure to the end of life these tokens of confidence and of love.

And now, at last, I have reached my ministerial Beulah-land. I am this day, by-the-by, at cross-purposes with much of our Methodist nomenclature. Why did our fathers in the ministry persist in talking about ministers who had 'sat down,' or as being 'worn out,' and the like? I hate the term 'supernumerary,' for does not my

dictionary give its meaning as 'Exceeding the number necessary; a person or thing beyond the stated number'? Look you here, you ministerial fledglings, I resent your implication that I am the extra apple that the benevolent greengrocer throws upon the scale as overweight. I am not an excrescence, an unnecessary outsider, the fifth wheel in the ecclesiastic coach.

I know I am approaching seventy-two, and you want to place me among the have-beens. But I refuse to be buried before I am dead. To-day I am very much alive. Of course, I am older than I was half a century ago; still, I refuse to be called 'old.' As yet I am not out of my apprenticeship. Life, real life, is before me. 'The best is yet to be.'

And so, I pray you, waste not your pity upon such as I am this day. For a moment listen to my experience, and then tell me whether I—aye, and many others like me—are not rather to be envied than pitied. True, my sight is not as bright, and my hearing as keen, nor my power of endurance as marked, as in years gone by. But my food is as great a pleasure to me, I can 'sleep like a top,' my voice is as strong as it was in my youth, I have not a false tooth in my head, and require no stick to lean upon; I can work in my vegetable garden and revel amidst my flowers; my brains, thank God, do not play me false; and, better than all, my heart still beats true.

And what a past mine has been! It is over fifty-five years since I preached my first sermon. I was for forty-three in the 'active work'—aye, and am still in it. I have not laboured in vain, nor spent my strength for naught. In every sphere I have witnessed widespread revivals, have revelled in the affections of my people, have never had a quarrel either with my choir or my Quarterly Meeting, and have had possibly more than my share of brick-and-mortar work. True, I have never had a good deal of cash, but I have never gone to bed hungry; bread and plenty of sweetness to the water. Forty-five years ago, like the Patriarch, 'with my pastoral crook I passed over this brook, but now I am spread into bands.' God has given me the very best of wives and a quiver full of healthy, happy, Christian children. As good Bishop

Hoss, of the M. E. Church South, quaintly put it to me the other day, our family may be counted thus: eight 'ordinary,' eleven 'extraordinary,' and six 'additional.'

And then, what about the richer, more blessed, and more permanent life of the soul? Eh, but I have had a good time! Religion has agreed with me; Methodism has suited me down to the ground; the finger of an unerring Providence has ordered my pathway. Were I to live my life over again, I would choose the same track, only I would seek to be more worthy of my high calling's glorious hope. And here I am to-day luxuriating upon the high tablelands of life. True, the sun is in the west; but when it sets, it will rise again. Meanwhile I have every opportunity for service, and enjoy every privilege that any ordinary man has a right to expect. Now, tell me, am I a fit subject for your pity and for the play of your sympathy? Rather am I not amongst those to be envied? It is for you who speak of me and of my kind as 'worn out,' and call me a 'supernumerary,' to give the answer. I cannot do better than fill these remaining pages with extracts from my journal, that only lend emphasis to the above outburst of my joyous and grateful spirit:

'October 7, 1914.—In connexion with the celebration of the forthcoming Australian Methodist Centenary, at last Conference I suggested that the various districts of this State should be visited during the year by the President with a view to the holding of Conventions for the quickening of the spiritual life of our people. I was later on appointed to travel with the President, and have this day, by the mercy and the grace of God, completed a seventeen-weeks' journey among the churches. Have covered the following distances: By train, 2,858 miles; motor-car, 728 miles; horse traps, 510 miles; otherwise, 179 miles—a total of 4,250 miles; conducting 138 meetings; being an average of 250 miles and 8 meetings per week. Not so bad for a 'worn-out preacher'! Everywhere we have witnessed manifestations of God's presence and power. We have seen conversions at many services, and remarkable blessing at every Convention. At some of them Pentecostal power rested upon the gatherings.' 'January 18, 1915.—My seventieth birthday. With a deeply grateful heart I bow before my heavenly Father

this morning. Mine has been a life burdened with mercy and full of happy enjoyment. Coming from good Methodist stock, I have enjoyed a thousand privileges. Step by step I can trace the finger of God: in the parents—He gave me; in my conversion as a boy of twelve; in my call into this ministry; in my appointment to these Southern lands; in my most happy marriage and in the children and grandchildren He has given us; in my fifty-four years of preacher life; in my being sent, although against my will, to "old York Street" thirty-one years ago, leading to the establishment of the Central Mission; and in the very many spiritual children He has been pleased to give me.

'I stand this day, with absolute content, upon the Rock of Ages! I revel in the fact of the Fatherhood of God, in the blessed power of the Atoning Blood, and in the richly abiding presence of the Holy Spirit.

'I am in love with Jesus Christ. My horizon is broader, clearer than it has ever been. My ministerial life has been one ray of sunshine; but this day the sun shines brighter than ever before. Yes, *this* is the sunny side of life. God is more real, the privilege of service more precious, the discipline of life better understood, the spiritual world much nearer, *the Cross everything!*

'My creed is narrower or briefer than it used to be; but my experience of the unalterable verities is broader, deeper, truer. The thousand mysteries of life cease to worry me. "*He knows,*" and that is enough.

'Whatever of life still remains to me I give to *Him* without stint. Living or dying, I am the Lord's. "*Thou, O Christ, art all I want!*"

I may add that on this day we welcomed a number of our oldest friends around our table. They included my old college friend and fellow voyager to Australia, the Rev. E. J. Rodd; Mrs. Rodd, whose father's house was the first I entered in Australia; the Rev. Dr. Sellors, who was one of those who, on board the *Parramatta* forty-four years ago this day, bade us welcome; and the widow of the Rev. W. Fletcher, B.A., who was my first and only superintendent during the two years spent in Brisbane. A unique gathering!

'August 10, 1915.—To-day the Methodist churches

of Australasia celebrate the centenary of the arrival on these shores of the Rev. Samuel Leigh, the first Wesleyan missionary sent to the Southern World. Only one hundred years, and yet what marvels have been wrought! At one time I had a lady in my class, an aged saint, who remembered standing by the side of her mother, Mrs. Bowden, to assist in giving welcome to the young missionary. I have in my class to-day one who remembers hearing Mr. Leigh address an English missionary meeting. We seem thus to shake hands with the beginning of things Methodistic so far as Australia is concerned.

It will be of interest to the readers of these pages to ponder the following comparative statement, the story of our Church's progress under the Southern Cross.

Ministers	1855.	1915.
Local Preachers	1	1,183
Church Members and Probationers	—	9,562
Sunday Schools	19	174,094
Sunday School Teachers and Officers	—	4,200
Sunday School Scholars	—	24,984
Churches and other Buildings	—	233,232
Members and Adherents in Australia and New Zealand only	80	630,970

Naturally we are jubilant this day. Vast crowds have attended the celebrations. A Bishop from America, President Dawson from New Zealand, Dr. Fitchett from Melbourne, and Dr. Youngman from Queensland, together with the President and Secretary of our General Conference, with numerous other dignitaries, have come to share with us in our gladness. Eighteen hundred people listened to Dr. Fitchett's official sermon in the town-hall this afternoon; 2,000 people sat down to tea; and over 4,000 packed the hall at the evening's demonstration. The part, the only part, that some of us could take in these wonderful gatherings was to sing, and such singing I never again expect to hear upon earth.

A peculiar part in these celebrations had been assigned to me. The Conference five years ago decided to raise a Centenary Thanksgiving Offering of £50,000, with which

to build colleges, aid existing educational institutions, and assist in furthering the interests of our Home and Foreign Missionary Agencies. Through the serious break-down in the health of the honoured brother who had been asked to undertake this task—the Rev. W. W. Rutledge—we approached Centenary Day some £15,000 short. At the request of the Celebrations Committee I was appointed special organizer with a view to securing this amount. Coming in at the end of a prolonged five-years' effort, and in face of enormous difficulties created by this dreadful world-war and the consequent innumerable appeals for patriotic funds, this appointment was made as a sort of forlorn hope. For several weeks I have been at it night and day, and am to-day full of hope that when the accounts are closed we shall not be far behind the required £50,000. At to-night's great meeting I made a strong appeal for £2,000. Many smiled, all were surprised, some were sceptical—but we got it.

Tuesday, September 21, 1915.—Returned this morning from an all-foolish voyage to our historic mission-fields of Fiji. I went primarily to officiate at the marriage of my youngest son, William Arthur, with Miss Dorothy Brown, of Suva; but arrangements had been made by the Chairman of the District for me to spend some weeks visiting various centres of work in the group. Unfortunately, through a temporary attack of sickness, many engagements had to be cancelled. Still, during the time I was on Viti Levu I was able to visit Lautoka, Suva, the Rewa River, Davuilevu, and Nausori, and saw something of our remarkable missionary operations in these centres, both amongst the Fijians and Indians. It has been a time of surprises. The Doxology has been daily on my tongue. The Fijian group represents the finest type of missionary work of our Church. Within the life-history of one man the most ferocious cannibal tribes have been won for Christ. To-day there is not a heathen in the group. Nine-tenths of the natives are Methodists. I had the privilege of addressing a number of them at several never-to-be-forgotten meetings, and at two services had the thrilling experience of directing, through an interpreter, anxious souls to Christ.

For years past I have longed for the opportunity of

demonstrating the power of the gospel to save men when presented through the disconcerting medium of another voice, another personality, and possibly another mental and spiritual atmosphere. I had read of the success of others, notably that of my old friend Thomas Cook, but was anxious to test it for myself. This visit gave me my opportunity.

At the Lower Rewa native church the missionary's daughter, a girl of twenty, acted as my interpreter. After singing to them I made an earnest appeal for decision. The great native building was packed from end to end; the entire congregation squatted on the ground, the various chiefs, according to their rank, sitting upon a raised dais. With what intense eagerness those people listened! When anything especially interested them they would call out, "Venaka, venaka" ("Good, good"). Soon a chief who had formerly been a member of the church, but had wandered far from God, under the deepest feeling, came right out from amongst his fellow chiefs, and fell on the floor in front of me. With the wife of the missionary as my interpreter, I probed him with questions, heard his confessions, gave him counsel, and ultimately had the joy of seeing him at peace with God; and yet all through we knew not one word of each other's language.

On the Sunday night, in the great Jubilee native church in Suva, a similar experience was granted me. This time six stalwart young natives from various parts of the group were brought under deep conviction for sin, and came right out as seekers. The Rev. A. J. Small conveyed my instructions to them, and all professed to enter into the joy of conscious salvation.

Fiji to-day presents problems that it will require all the sanctified wisdom of our mission authorities to solve. They include the perplexing question of the intrusion of the Indian coolie, the desire of the Fijian for self-government, the spread of commercialism throughout the islands, the dangers to the natives from the introduction of strong drink, and the presence in the group of increasing numbers of non-Christian and often dissipated white people. But our missionaries are noble men, wholly devoted to their work—men who have an open eye and ear for "the signs of the times," and who recognize that their one work is

to spiritualize the forces of our Church in Fiji. With such men as these at the helm one can afford to be optimistic about the future of our work in these islands of the sea.

March 20, 1917.—DIAMOND JUBILEE.—Three-score of years ago this day I was, for the first time, taken into a Methodist class-meeting by my brother, and at that meeting [as has been told in an earlier chapter] was led to trust in Christ as my personal Saviour. That hour's work shaped and directed the entire course of my life. Can it be wondered at, therefore, that my love for the class-meeting has always been so intense? Again and again in these pages I have enlarged upon the unspeakable blessing to me of our class-meeting fellowship, which has in the past meant so much to our Church, and which, in one form or another, will, I fervently pray, continue in the far future to be the central spring of our Church's life. Methodism without fellowship would be an anachronism; but with it I know of nothing to prevent our continuing to be the leading evangelizing force of these Southern lands.

In his able article on "Methodism" in Hastings' *Encyclopaedia of Religion and Ethics*, our beloved Dr. Findlay has an illuminating paragraph on what one has called "this vital essence of Methodism." Here it is: "Methodism stands for Christian brotherhood. It honours the ministry and cherishes the two sacraments; but, in its view, the proof of church membership lies essentially not in observance of sacraments, nor in obedience to priests, nor in subscription to creeds, but in the fulfilling, on the part of Christ's brethren, of His law of love, by their seeking one another's company and bearing one another's burdens." That is profoundly true to-day, and the sooner the entire Connexion sets to work to make our fellowship a real fellowship, the better!

I have just returned from my class-meeting. As may be supposed, it was of a special character. About one hundred of my members and friends accepted my invitation to tea. Afterwards some two hundred others joined us at an informal meeting presided over by the Rev. S. J. Hoban, the present superintendent of the

Mission. Kindly words were spoken by ministers and laymen, and much time was given to praise and prayer. It was a remarkable gathering. Amongst those present were an old saint—a member of my class—just entering her hundred-and-second year, a local preacher who was on the plan with me in Middlesbrough fifty-five years ago, a minister whose father and I were local preachers together in those same days, our first street organist of the C.M.M. in 1884, the first evangelist of the C.M.M. Institute, and the first "Sister of the People" to enter our Sisters' Home. I was profoundly touched by the kindly things said of my part in this great Mission's work. Thank God, the dominant note of the meeting was that of a buoyant hope that the best days of the Mission are yet to come. I believe that to be true. Loyalty to the living Christ, the sounding forth of the evangelistic note, the fostering of an intense spiritual atmosphere within the Church, the enforcement of a wise and loving discipline, and what can hinder the marching forward of this C.M.M.—aye, and of widespread Methodism—in the fulfilment of its Mission to claim this world for our Lord and His Christ?

XXXVIII

LIFE'S GUIDING PRINCIPLES

Putting down the pen—Moral reflections—Three great passages—What grace has done for me—One purpose, one ambition—Word of profound pity—Perfect satisfaction in *Him*—Advertising Jesus Christ—An indel's love for Jesus—Appeal to young men—Get to know Him—Be content to proclaim His blessed evangel—'I have not laboured in vain.'

January 26, 1917.—I am about to put down my pen, but cannot close these pages without indulging—after the style of the old-fashioned Methodist preachers, in whose biographies I have been wont to revel—in one of two moral reflections. I have just passed my seventy-second milestone, and am standing this day on the mountain-top borderland between two worlds. I know little of what awaits me on the other side. I am not anxious to know. So long as 'my Father is at the helm' I am more than content. It is the past that will keep rising before me this day. I am thinking of my younger days, and also of the very many fine young fellows now entering the ranks of the Christian ministry. Before closing these records I would fain add a word, that they may thereby be helped as I was in those far-away days of my early preacher life.

Three passages of Scripture this morning keep knocking at the door of my brain. They are retrospective and experimental, and seem to compress within themselves the guiding principles of my life.

1. 'By the grace of God I am what I am' (1 Cor. xv. 10).
2. 'Thus one thing I do' (Phil. iii. 13).
3. 'But of Him are ye in Christ Jesus, who of God as made unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption: according as it is written, He that glorifieth, let him glory in the Lord' (1 Cor. i. 30, 31).

1. That little word 'grace' has fashioned and coloured my entire life. Explain it I cannot—a mysterious something, a little bit of the divine, that touched, lifted, transformed me, and has continued to be the dominating influence of all these years. Where is boasting, then? It is excluded. I am certain that but for this divine grace my life would have been a failure. At the threshold of things it was the changed heart that gave to life its inspiration.

O to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be

I recognize that debt this day, and desire to give absolutely all the glory for any success that may have been mine in this my life's work to *Him*. What have I that I have not received? 'I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me.' The work is His, the success is His, and the glory shall be laid at His feet.

2. Early in my life God put one thought, one purpose, one ambition, into my heart. This day I thank God in all humility that, though I have failed often, and there has been many a smudge upon the canvas, yet my purpose has never changed one iota. I never designed to become an evangelist. True, all my youthful longings tended in that direction, but I always felt that such an experience was beyond me. It was high, I could not attain to it. *It simply came*. I suppose I caught the atmosphere in which I had been reared. There was no intellectual resolve. My first convert just set me on the track from which, thank God, I have never deviated, nor ever wished to, through all these years of happy service.

This day I am full of profound pity, and not a little concern for those Christian ministers who speak slightly of the evangelistic gift. I have known theological students who have essayed to patronize men like unto myself as men of a lower order of thought. I have somehow managed to live through it all, and am more the evangelist to-day than I ever^{was} was. What else is there? Take 'the evangelistic gift from the apostles, and what is left? Can you imagine John Wesley without his marvellous evangelistic fervour? Eh, but it is passing strange that

in Methodism, that owes its very existence, its place and power among the comity of Churches, to evangelism pure and simple, there are to-day amongst us weak-winged hedgings who are as innocent of the evangelistic flavour and atmosphere as I am ignorant of the language spoken by the natives of Patagonia.

I thank God this day for this continuity of purpose. 'This one thing I do' has been to me no meaningless boast. Early in life I saw the light that I have naturally and without effort followed, and shall continue to follow to my last moment.

Happy, if with my latest breath
I may but gasp His name;
Preach Him to all, and cry in death,
Behold, behold the Lamb.

3. The one supreme fact that has had an overmastering influence upon my life is that of a passionate love for the personality of Jesus Christ. Pray do not ask me to explain. That can never be. I can fully enter into the spirit of Paul—'But what things were gain to me, those I counted loss for Christ. . . . That I may know Him, and the power of His resurrection, and the fellowship of His sufferings, being made conformable unto His death.'

This love is not theological, idealistic, or hortatory, but personal, blessedly, realistically personal. As one has put it, '*I am in love with Jesus Christ*'! And so for fifty-eight years I have revelled in the privilege of preaching 'Jesus Christ and Him crucified.' Let who will take their texts from the latest problem-novel or from the newspaper of the week, or their illustrations from Shakespeare or from Browning. As for me, the Cross absorbs me. I find here all I want, both as a believer and as a preacher. My mission through life has been to advertise Jesus Christ, to press His claims upon those who have listened to me. It is in no spirit of idle boasting that I write thus. My sermon-register is open for inspection.

I one day went into the house of a rich squatter, a man of keen intellect, but an avowed unbeliever. When being taken through his library I was astonished to find shelf after shelf filled with books relating to Jesus Christ. On

expressing my surprise, his wife replied, 'Here is a something I cannot explain. Though a free-thinker, my husband eagerly reads any book he can lay his hands upon that throws light upon the personality of our Lord.' The fact is that, though at cross-purposes with what is known as organized Christianity, the Christ charmed and thrilled him. Can you wonder at this? Even to read the Christ story is to fall in love with Him; what, then, is it to *know* Him—to take Him as Counsellor and King, to serve under His command, to sit at His feet, to imbibed His spirit?

My last word of appeal to such young preachers as have cared to read through these pages is this: At all costs get to know Jesus Christ. Drink into the Pauline spirit of complete surrender to *Him*. Think *His* thoughts. Breathe *His* atmosphere. Be content to proclaim *His* evangel. Thus will you reach life's highest ideal; and when you become an old man, as I am this day, you will be able to say, as, thank God, I am able to write down with joyous and confident emphasis, '*I have not run in vain, neither laboured in vain.*'

LATER NOTE.—'January 18, 1919.—How still true stands the ancient aphorism, "Man proposes, but God disposes"! I had completed arrangements for the publication of these pages, when the world was plunged into the agonies of world-warfare, and, willy-nilly, publication must needs be postponed.

'What a time of anxious waiting this has been! History furnishes no parallel. Throughout it all Australia has played a noble part. The best of our blood went to the front, and has no need to apologize, now that victory has crowned the Allies' efforts, for the part it took in the cataclysmic conflict. As everywhere, our church life has suffered more than can ever be told; but never has the loyalty of Methodism been more forcefully illustrated. I am proud of the part our Methodist boys have played throughout these dreadful years.

'My pen sadly drags this day as I am led to add a personal note. The last two have been years of deep sorrow in our little home at Lindfield. When preparing

to accompany me to my weekly class-meeting my precious wife was stricken with what developed into rheumatic fever; and for these two long years has had no use of either feet or hands. But what a sufferer! The grace of God has been illustrated and magnified in her through all these months in a fashion such as was seen in the case of Bella Cook, of New York, or of my own dear sister, of whom these pages have spoken. I am a richer, a better man this day for all the blessed communion of my wife's 'sick-room.'

'During these years of stress and storm the Sydney C.M.M. has continued to forge its way full stream ahead. With a heart full of gratitude I would fain tell of years of progress. The vast congregations that assemble at the Lyceum Hall are as large, or even larger, than at any period of the Mission's history. My successor, the Rev. S. J. Hoban, continues to wield an influence in this city that is deep and widespread. In that hall men from the Universities, the schools, the Law Courts, sit side by side with "the man of the street" and the outcast, all glad to gather help from the words of strengthening uttered from that pulpit. And, best news of all, rarely, if ever, a week without the registration of converts. Mr. Hoban has made for himself a place in this city that it is hoped he will be spared to fill for a long period of years. Financially the Mission has prospered as never before. The super-intendant and debt have nothing in common. With a sort of wizardry that is irresistible, "he asks and receives," so that the coffers are rarely empty and the Committee, staff, and workers are freed from much of the burden that at times threatened to crush us during the formative years of the Mission's history.

'Thirty-five years ago the editor of our leading Sydney daily ventured a word of mild congratulation at "the temporary success" that "for the time being" had filled dear old York Street to the doors. "But," said the great journalist, "it cannot last; it will be a nine-days' wonder, and then pass away. York Street Church can never be successfully worked as an evangelistic centre." But this good man was not the first journalist to enter the ranks of the false prophets. Charles Wesley must surely have had some such illustration in his mind as that

furnished in later times by the C.M.M. when he penned those never-to-be-forgotten words :

'When He first the work begun
Small and feeble was His day;
Now the word doth swiftly run,
Now it wins its widening way;
More and more it spreads and grows,
Ever mighty to prevail;
Sin's strongholds it now o'erthrows,
Shakes the trembling gates of hell.'

APPENDIX

(See above, p. 20.)

I HAVE gone to some pains to secure a list of names of men who from the district of Cleveland have entered the ranks of the Methodist ministry. The result is remarkable, even though the list is by no means complete. I need only mention such names as : *Dr. Robert Newton*, Methodist's 'golden mouth,' four times President and nineteen times Secretary of the British Wesleyan Conference—one of our Church's greatest preachers and wisest counsellors, who, together with three brothers, 'remarkable for their talents and usefulness as ministers of the gospel' (Dr. Newton's *Biography*, by the Rev. T. Jackson, p. 5), entered the ministry from the village of Roxby; *Mike Tyerman*, Methodism's great historian—the friend of my father, and without whose advice at a critical period, as he was wont to say, he would probably never have entered the Methodist ministry; *Dr. Benjamin Gregory*, a native of Stokesley, President of the English Conference, a man of intense culture; *Francis A. West*, who found Christ in the same building as that in which years afterwards I was converted, Governor of the New Kingswood School, a man honoured by his Church and greatly beloved by all who knew him; *John Kershaw*, who rose to the high distinction of Connexional Book Steward; *David James Waller*, D.D., of whose mother's class my father was a member, and who from the smallest of beginnings rose to fill the offices, first of Secretary, and then of President of the Conference, and for many years shaped and guided the educational policy of our Church; *Thomas Cook*, probably the greatest winner of souls England has produced since the days of John Wesley, whose mother was my class-mate when Thomas was a lad; *Coverdale Smith*, that saint of God and winner of souls, the mightiest man in prayer I have ever known. And such laymen as *William Maeburn* (father-in-law of Sir R. W. Perks), who, when a boy, was my father's

playmate; *Thomas Eventual*, my old class-leader and adviser, for so many years the leading man of the then young cause at Middlesbrough; *John Mease*, the apostle of Stokesley Methodism; and *Commissioner Raiton*, a leading official of the Salvation Army, the trusted friend and adviser of General Booth, and who, when a young man, had offered himself as a candidate for our ministry.

Amongst worthy ministers still living who came out of this same favoured district are such men as the brothers *William* and *Richard Middleton*; *Edward Davidson* and *Vallance Cook*, both of them great as soul-winners, and who have rendered the Church distinguished service as Connexional Evangelists; *J. H. Rider*, a coming man of the English Conference; *Mathew Hall*, *George Osborn*, *W. G. Robinson*,—*Parbin*,—*Warren*, all doing excellent work in one or other of the Methodist Conferences; *Thomas Leach*, *Hewy* and *Frederick Winson*, filling prominent positions in the M.E. Church of America; *George Hooper*, for many years Conference Evangelist of the United Methodist Church, and to-day a recognized pulpit power in London; *Edward Hutchinson*, a Redcar boy and fellow worker with Thomas and Vallance Cook, to-day a beloved minister of the Congregational Church in New South Wales; *Benjamin Bottomley*, keeping the flag flying in important Queensland circuits; and *John W. Burton*, for years one of our distinguished missionaries in Fiji, whose mother was my personal friend in the days when, as a lad, I was wont to preach at the village of Lazenby.

This is a remarkable record, and by no means a complete one, for the Methodist church in Cleveland has sent still many others to fill important spheres in Canada, the United States, Australia, and the various parts of the mission-fields operated by the Wesleyan and other Methodist Conferences.

It is worthy of mention that the late venerable and distinguished Rev. *George Brown*, D.D., F.G.S., President of the Methodist General Conference of Australia; the Rev. *Simpson Johnson*, Secretary and afterwards President of the English Wesleyan Conference; and the Rev. *Sivester Whitehead*, of China missionary fame and ex-president of the Wesleyan Conference, narrowly missed being Clevelandites, having been born just beyond the border-line.