

## PERSONAL EVANGELISM AS PRACTISED BY JOHN WESLEY.

While we are emphasizing evangelism as the need of the hour, it may be interesting and helpful to recall how the founder of Methodism practised this method of reaching the unsaved. This great leader, who often moved multitudes by his preaching, sought every opportunity to converse with individuals concerning personal salvation. In 1735, when he set sail for America, he recorded in his journal: "I began to learn German, in order to converse with the Germans, six and twenty of whom we had on board." Think of it—mastering a language in order to present Christ as a Saviour to a few foreigners, because they were to be his travelling companions for a short while! On the return voyage to England, he entered in his diary such notes as these: "I began instructing a negro lad in the principles of Christianity." A few days later: "I began to read and explain some passages of the Bible to the young negro. The next morning another negro who was on board desired to be a hearer, too. From them I went to the poor Frenchman, who, understanding no English, had none else in the ship with whom he could converse. And from this time I read and explained to him a chapter in the Testament every morning."

Whether on the sea or on the land, he never lost an opportunity to speak a word concerning the great issues of life. A few days after his arrival in England, we read in his journal: "I took coach for Salisbury and had several opportunities of conversing seriously with my fellow travellers." And what a tactful worker he was among his fellow travellers! On one occasion he had for his fellow passenger an officer who would have been very agreeable in conversation had it not been for his profanity. "When they changed coaches, Mr. Wesley took the officer aside and, after expressing the pleasure he had enjoyed in his company, said he had a great favor to ask him. The young officer said: 'I will take great pleasure in obliging you, for I am sure you will not make an unreasonable request.' 'Then,' said Mr. Wesley, 'as we have to travel together some distance, I beg if I should so far forget myself as to swear you will kindly reprove me.' The officer immediately saw the motive and felt the force of the request and, smiling, said: "None but Mr. Wesley could have conceived a reproof in such a manner."

He was among the first scholars of his day and could boast of the best English blood, yet he rejoiced to find an opportunity to seek a lost soul among the hostlers of a stable. "Soon after breakfast, words to those who were there. A stranger who heard me said, 'Sir, I wish I was stepping into the stable, I spake a few to travel with you;' and when I went into the house, he followed me and began abruptly, 'Sir, I believe you are a good man, and I come to tell you a little of my life.' The tears stood in his eyes all the time he spoke; and we hoped not a word which was said to him was lost."

Personal workers of today often think it unwise to make an effort to reach the unsaved unless the occasion be very propitious. Not so with Wesley, and as a

result he witnessed many remarkable conversions where one would least expect them, as the following incident will show: "Early in the morning we left Manchester, taking with us Mr. Kinchin's brother, for whom we came, to be entered at Oxford. We were fully determined to lose no opportunity of awakening, instructing or exhorting any whom we might meet within our journey. At Knutsford, where we first stopped, all we spake to thankfully received the word of exhortation. But at the Talk-on-the-Hill, where we dined, she, with whom we were, was so much of a gentlewoman that for near an hour our labor seemed to be in vain. However, we spoke on. Upon a sudden she looked as one just awakened out of a sleep. Every word sunk into her heart. Nor have I seen so entire a change both in the eyes, face and manner of speaking of any one in so short a time."

He would not even permit a highwayman who held him up and robbed him to escape without hearing a call to repentance. After giving the robber his money, Wesley said, 'Let me speak one word to you: The time may come when you will regret the course of life in which you are now engaged. Remember this: "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth for all sin."' No more was said, and they parted. Many years afterwards, as Wesley was going out of a church in which he had been preaching, a stranger introduced himself and asked Wesley if he remembered being waylaid at such a time. He said he recollected it. "I was that man," said the stranger, "and that single verse you quoted on that occasion was the means of a total change in my life and habits. I have long since been in the practise of attending the house of God and of giving attention to His word, and trust that I am a Christian."

Nor did he despair of saving the drunkard even while he was intoxicated. Meeting a drunkard in Moorfields, he handed him a tract entitled, "A Word to the Drunkard." Wesley said: "He looked at it, then at me, and said: "A word—a word to a drunkard that is, sir. I am wrong; I know I am wrong. Pray let me talk a little with you.' He held me by the hand for a full half hour, and I believe he got drunk no more." Then he added: "I beseech you, brethren, do not despise the drunkards. 'Sinners of every sort,' said a venerable old clergyman, 'have I frequently known converted to God, but a habitual drunkard have I never known converted.' But I have known five hundred, perhaps five thousand."

Let us pause and ask what was the secret of his persevering labors and what impelled him to search for the lost so diligently. Was it not because he saw the image of God stamped upon every soul, however lowly, and, like his Master before him, regarded every soul as of priceless value—Fitchett expresses it thus: "He could have discussed criticism with Pope, politics with Swift, literature with Dr. Johnson, or philosophy with Berkeley on equal terms, but for one circumstance—he had better things to do. Dr. Johnson, himself a glutton in talk, complained to Patty Wesley of her brother: 'I hate to meet John Wesley,' he said. 'The dog enchants you with his conversation and then breaks away to go and visit some old

woman.' But for Wesley the 'old woman' represented duty. She was an immortal spirit, as precious in the sight of God as Dr. Johnson himself. If Christ valued her enough to die for her, then as Wesley's conscience told him, he might value her enough to sacrifice ease that he might go and comfort her."—Rev. H. H. Smith, in Nashville Christian Advocate.

## THE VALUE TO THE STATE OF THE PROHIBITORY LAW.

Fairville, N. B., May 22nd, 1920.

To the Editor of The King's Highway:

Dear Sir: As you know the Referendum vote on the New Brunswick Prohibitory Law is to be taken some time between July 4th and 10th.

The value to the Province of the Prohibitory Law I need not seek to prove to you. Its many and great advantages are apparent to every unprejudiced mind.

The importance of a very large majority in its favor at the coming vote is evident to every person who understands the situation in this Province. A good deal of explanatory and educational work is necessary to ensure the desired success.

We realize to what an important extent the power of the press of the Province will be in this campaign and how much it can do to help or hinder the work needing to be done. We are, therefore, writing you to ask your cordial co-operation and help with us in the work of securing the success of the vote.

Any suggestions as to methods of work necessary will be much appreciated by us.

With kindest regards, I am

Sincerely yours,

THOMAS MARSHALL.

## PRAYER CHANGES THINGS.

Mrs. D. C. Edy.

When clouds about us hang so low,  
And heavy burdens press us so:  
With naught to cheer or make us glad;  
We kneel—the burdens closer press,  
And show the sides that most distress.  
But what a change in one short hour!  
We rise—we feel a strange new power  
Not of ourselves: it is divine,  
And makes all round us seem to shine  
In aspect new. Our sky is clear;  
Clouds have dispersed and banished fear.  
We knelt when everything seemed wrong;  
We rose renewed, refreshed and strong.  
We now see life in outline bright,  
And everything seems coming right.  
Why then such troubled, anxious care,  
When we may lose it all in prayer?

"All that I am or hope to be," said Lincoln, after he had become President, "I owe to my angel mother."

"My mother was the making of me," said Thomas A. Edison, recently. "She was so true, so sure of me; and I felt that I had some one to live for; some one I must not disappoint."

"All that I have ever accomplished in life," declared Dwight L. Moody, the great evangelist, "I owe to my mother."

"To the man who has had a mother, all women are sacred for her sake," said Jean Jaul Richter.

"A kiss from my mother made me a painter," said Benjamin West.