

## THE RIDER THROUGH ENGLAND

### JOHN WESLEY ON HIS HORSE

One of the Most Astounding Lives a Man Ever Lived

### FOUNDER OF A MIGHTY CHURCH

We gave last week a photograph of the new monument of John Wesley which has just been unveiled outside the oldest Methodist Church; but John Wesley has a greater monument still.

If we look at the portraits that were painted long ago, or at the statues that were put up then, we find that the world thought much of the soldiers and the politicians and the beauties of the drawing-room, and not very much of this plain man who was riding about England on his horse; and yet John Wesley was breathing into our race a power that would keep it alive when the fighters and the talkers were dead and gone.

#### In Cities and Hamlets

For what are empires without men? And what are men without this power that plain John Wesley scattered abroad for fifty years in the cities and hamlets of our land? Without the seed John Wesley sowed men and nations perish.

There never was a life like his. He was the first of all the Methodists, and he was surely the greatest Methodist who ever lived, for he lived nearly ninety years, and ordered his days so that not a moment should be lost. Every morning for fifty years he was up at four; every year in the prime of his life he rode 8000 miles; during his travels he preached 40,000 sermons. He kept a diary for more than half a century, and there is no more human document anywhere.

#### Ten Times Round the World

He rode on his horse through England a distance of a quarter of a million miles, as if a man should ride ten times round the world. More than forty times he crossed the Irish Sea. He crossed the Atlantic before the first balloon. He went to America when the voyage lasted 16 weeks, when the sea broke over the ships so that as he stepped from his cabin door the force of a wave struck him and stunned him, and left him feeling that he would not lift his head again till the sea gave up its dead. The sound of the sea breaking over the ship was to him as the sound of cannon, and the quivering motion of the ship like an earthquake.

In days of travel such as that this man like a human engine crossed the North Sea on a missionary tour to Holland when he was eighty years old; and he was nearer ninety, within a week of his grave, when he preached his last sermon.

#### A Fortune Given Away

There never was a man who worked harder. He wrote grammar books and histories; he compiled a dictionary; he knew six languages; he made a fortune from books and gave it all away. He read poetry as he went along on horseback. If he was kept waiting at a ferry he would sit and write a tract. He knew all the little roads and the places they led to. He went over moors and heaths and through mountain passes; he rode through fords and rivers and floods, and neither the burning heat of the day nor the darkness of the night could stop him. He preached wherever he found men and women to listen—in barns and parlours, halls and mansions.

There is no man whose record can beat his, and for every follower he had in England when he died there is, somewhere in the world today, a church named after him. Was ever a monument like this to any other man?

## HOW TO USE OUR IDLE HANDS

### West Ham Shows the Government the Way

### ONE MORE GARDEN MADE FROM WASTE

West Ham, also, is showing the Government what to do. Surely there is nothing of which our Ministers should be more ashamed than of their failure to see the truth about our unemployed millions and the work they should be engaged in.

Down East is the name of a hopeful little report which has come to us from the West Ham Mission in the heart of Dockland.

Valiant hearts are needed to see the bright side of things during the hardest times that have ever been known in this district, when every morning crowds gather at the dock gates hoping for work and only a few can obtain even temporary happiness.

#### Heroes of the Slums

We are proud of the heroes of the slums, writes the Rev Rowntree Clifford, who is superintendent of the mission, and in this report he gives us a glimpse of the appalling suffering and poverty of the multitude of very poor and hard-pressed, who are ill-housed, ill-fed, and ill-clad. They are drifting on the seas of overwhelming hardship and adversity, but not without help. In spite of a shortage of funds the mission, by practising strict economy, is carrying on with every branch of work begun in better times.

"Ready for Anything" is the motto of the band of courageous mission workers, who bring a message of good cheer to many thousands of people. Wonderful things have been done to brighten their lives. The Queen's Garden, a place of beauty and peace, was made not long ago out of a derelict piece of ground. It is a dream which came true by means of money given anonymously by a friend of the mission who saw the possibilities of the dumping ground behind the Memorial Church which had been for a long time an ugly, and depressing sight.

#### A Never-Ending Delight

Now the ground has been made a thing of beauty and a joy for ever. To old folk and tiny children especially this garden is a never-ending delight.

The Children's Church, on the busy Barking Road, is only part of a large building crowded with children all through the week. It has a Nursery School, a clinic for babies, and rooms for Scouts, Guides, Boy Brigaders, and so on, and also for play hours and study circles. On Sundays the beautiful church is crowded with children, who help to conduct the services, for there are boy deacons and a children's choir.

Gifts of money and clothes for the mission will be gratefully received by The Superintendent, 409, Barking Road, London, E.13. *Pictures on page 7*

#### A PLEASURE SAVED

The Rusholme Repertory Theatre in Manchester, threatened with extinction, has been saved; and the inmates of Henshaw's Blind Asylum are the most delighted section of the community.

They have never seen a single play there; but they have heard and appreciated many. For every Monday evening an animated party of 25 is taken to the theatre free of charge.

They have all been on many happy occasions, for this has been going on for seven years. It is done so quietly that the audience knows nothing of it.

In the workshops of Henshaw's, which turn out products famous all over the North, the play provides discussion for a week of work and gives another keen interest to darkened lives.

## A TRAIL OF GLORY

### Dust From the Andes Circling the World

### THE AIR OF HEAVEN

It is nearly a year since the rain of ashes from 15 volcanoes poured down on 800 miles of Chile and Argentina, but still the dust is travelling round the world and colouring the sky. Here is a description of the sunrises Mrs Daisy Bates has been watching from her tent far away in the wilds of Australia, on the edge of civilisation.

There are always beautiful sunsets on the great Nullarbor Plain, but there have been specially beautiful sunrise and sunset glows since the Andean upheaval.

Just before sunrise comes a light I had never seen before. It is a radiant brightness that is neither dawn nor sunrise glow, but something clearer and brighter, softer and more shining, than any earthly glow. It is like a glimpse of the air of heaven. It breaks suddenly into dawn, and the whole sky is filled with its soft radiance, pure and white as one might imagine the haloes of saints and angels.

#### Serene Beauty and Mystery

The great silence of the early morning adds to the serene beauty and mystery of this strange bright glow. It lasts but a few minutes, yet the Sun seems to pale and darken the air when he finally peers over the edge of the world.

The sunset glow is as beautiful. From a pale golden horizon a soft golden rose spreads over the western half of the sky as the morning radiance spreads over the eastern. From the flames along the horizon great broad streams of many colours slope upward gently in an ever-widening and colour-changing flow, like a glorious fan unrolled and spreading over the sky, its handle a golden flame where the Sun went down.

The bright glow from the Andean dust is the frame and background of these coloured streams, and as they merge into the moonlight and the moonlight overcasts the light of the stars the Andean glow seems to linger among them, and they brighten and twinkle and shine as they never could in ordinary moonlight.

Such is the beauty that has come to me over thousands of miles of sea from South America.

## WISHING WELLS FOR WISHING WELL

There are few people in the world so hard-hearted that, on hearing of a child who is ill, they would not wish him well again if they could.

The Junior Red Cross of New South Wales has found a way to make at least some of these wishes come true.

The members, by combining their efforts, have been able to establish a children's sanatorium at Shuna. In order to help to raise money for it they have hit on the ingenious idea of establishing "wishing wells" at two tourist centres, Laura Falls and Katoomba Falls. When happy holiday-makers go past these wells and think of others worse off than themselves their generous hearts prompt them to wish these others well; they have the satisfaction of knowing that a coin in the money-box is a definite, practical way of making their wishes come true.

This is one of the few sensible ways of transforming an old superstition that we have encountered. We certainly wish well to the Juniors of New South Wales who thought of it, and to the little ones in their sanatorium.

#### THE SPEED AGE

Almost a year to the day after Sir Malcolm Campbell had established a world's record speed at Daytona Beach he set up a fresh record, increasing his speed by over 18 miles an hour. His new record for the measured mile is the extraordinary speed of a little over 272 miles an hour.

## THE HOUSE OF THE SECOND CHANCE

### C.N. TO THE RESCUE

### Who Will Rally To Save the Sinking Ship?

### POOR CHILDREN CALLING

Where there's a will there's a way; and we are delighted to feel that a way is being found by C.N. readers to save the House of the Second Chance.

That is what we must call the Little Folks Home at Bexhill, the seaside branch of the Queen's Hospital for Children in London.

It has lost the support it had enjoyed for years from a magazine which has now ceased publication, and the C.N. is rejoiced to think that its readers are helping to fill the gap in its finances.

#### An Encouraging Start

To raise £60 a week, which is the cost of keeping this Home going, is no easy task, but before the appeal could have reached children in far countries, £50 had been received from C.N. readers who had made up their minds that the Home should not close down.

This is a very encouraging start, and the Sunshine Lady sends to all those who contributed so generously her warmest thanks, not only for the little patients now at Bexhill, but for the larger number waiting to go there.

Coming to the rescue means a great responsibility, and we hope those readers who did not see the appeal in the C.N. will now send all the pounds, shillings, and pence they can spare to the Sunshine Lady, Queen's Hospital for Children, Hackney Road, London, E.2. There could be no better way of spending money than in maintaining this House of the Second Chance, where slum children are restored to health and happiness in delightful surroundings.

#### Something Worth While

That second chance! It changes the destinies of hundreds of children. Here is one of the many instances of it. A boy from the East End came into the Queen's Hospital desperately ill. For six months the doctors fought for his life. Many operations were necessary, and at last his worst troubles seemed over. But by then he was terribly weak, and did not seem to make further progress.

Then his second chance came. With great care he was taken by ambulance from his bed in the hospital direct to a bed in the Little Folks Home at Bexhill. The change of air and surroundings and the sunshine in the open-air wards had an immediate and astonishing effect. He gained weight, the colour came back to his cheeks, and he could soon sit up. Before long he could walk about; and now there is every prospect that he will be sent home perfectly well.

*Is it not worth while? Will you not help with this Second Chance for so many of our poor little ones?*

#### A LITTLE PILGRIMAGE

### One More Mistake Put Right

*I shall not see the shadows;  
I shall not feel the rain,*

sang Christina Rossetti; and in Highgate Cemetery now over her grave the shadows fall and the rain sweeps down, a neglected grave until a few weeks ago.

Then one who loved her poetry came and found it in this state. He is a young American living for a time in London, visiting many old shrines. Actually, he says, the dates on the stones were incorrect, and he did not rest until the errors were righted. He cleared the leaves and weeded round the spot, putting new urns in place of the broken ones.

This seems a touching little pilgrimage which would have appealed to the heart of the poet herself.