

the thousands of Israel, I behold our beloved Methodism, equally adapted to the most advanced civilization and the highest degree of refinement as to the humble backwoodsman, or the lowly miners or fishermen among whom its earliest trophies were won. I behold it utilizing the increased facilities for good, sanctifying a national literature, consecrating wealth and power to the glory of God, writing upon every enterprise and industry of the age, "HOLINESS TO THE LORD."

Is this bright future to be the inheritance of our children? If so, out of the present it must grow. We may add to its glory or mar the beauty of the coming years. The fathers who planted the goodly tree of Methodism in these lands have fallen asleep. "They rest from their labours, and their works do follow them." Their graves green and holy around us are lying. Reverently let us mention their names; lightly let us tread upon their ashes. May their mantles rest on children worthy of such sires! Let us gird up the loins of our mind, and essay the duties of the present. Be it ours to claim this great country, this good land and large, for God. "Let us go up and possess it in the name of the Lord."

And now that this magnificent region, the heritage of our children and our children's children, is thrown open to settlement and will be so rapidly occupied, it will tax to the uttermost the resources of the Church, both in men and money, to keep pace with the imperious demand for missionary labour. We need not fear a surplus of men as a result of Methodist union. By the banks of the Red River, on the prairies through which roll the waters of the vast Saskatchewan, and on the far Pacific Coast, the fields wave white unto the harvest. The voice of God, of destiny and of duty, bid us to thrust in our sickles and reap, for the harvest is fully ripe.

RETRIBUTION.

THOUGH the mills of God grind slowly, yet they grind exceeding small;
Though with patience He stands waiting, with exactness grinds He all.