

At every convention we have sought earnestly the help of our American friends, and we greet them not as strangers and foreigners, but as fellow citizens with the saints of the household of God.

We will grasp hands and lift up the cross together. God forbid that we should ever lift up the sword against each other. Let the Union Jack, the glorious *semper eadem*, the banner of our pride, and the Star-spangled Banner, be folded together, but never may they be battered, torn, riddled and slit with shot and shell on the opposing field, where war, that fire brand of hell, that vampire fiend whose beverage is blood, that demon mocker who dabbling his feet in slippery gore, snaps his flaccid fingers and shakes his matted locks in maniac glee as brother sheds his brother's blood. O never may anything but harmony and mutual love prevail, and these two christian nations summer in perpetual peace.

*We welcome you because the Convention is unsectarian;* Sabbath School workers from all the churches are here, but we all stand upon the same footing, we meet simply as brethren in Christ. I hope we shall not hear of any glorification of men and of churches that thus meet together, as though it was a prodigy of liberality, as though the parts of that great spiritual Church for which the Lord Jesus shed his blood, could do otherwise than unite hand in hand, heart with heart, as brothers in Christ in promoting a common cause. I hope there will be no ignoring of church relations, this saying we are not Presbyterians, or Methodists, or Baptists, or Congregationalists, or Episcopalians. We are union christians. I believe in the openly oneness, but not in uniformity. I cannot think that the Church of God is to be homologated and fused into one mammoth corporation. I am a church man, the Church of God is very dear to me, but I believe in tribes and families. Divine truth is many-sided. Each denomination seems set for the defence of some particular truth, and if we do as they did at the rebuilding of Jerusalem in the days of Nehemiah, when every man built the wall over against his own house, if each church is faithful to some deposit of truth we shall rebuild up the walls of Zion that the gates of hell shall not prevail against them.

I am what I am from the profoundest convictions of my soul, and each one here has the same convictions in reference to the doctrines and polity of his church. Hold your convictions. Every man with a spinal column in him has them, and the truer you are to your church the truer you will be to Christ. We are but divisions of the great army. Let us hold to our colors. And let us recognize each others ensigns, while over all the camp there floats the banner of the crucified. And to get nearer each other let us get nearer Christ. Here is a circle—Christ the centre, the circumference is occupied by these different churches. Let the Methodist cavalry go over to the Presbyterian infantry, the Baptist guards join the