

England, where nearly every great family has sometime learned by personal suffering what the faith cost, and where the ashes from Smithfield have sifted into nearly every home in the United Kingdom, and where the whole history, from the courage of Henry VIII. to the stupidity of James II., and to the wisdom of Victoria, has made it forever possible for every Englishman to worship as he pleases. Again,

#### WE ARE ONE IN DENOMINATION.

This knits us, and knits us in the circle of the family. We understand each other's language—the language of Israel—we know the accent. The spiritual brogue is music in our ears. We recognize the swing of conquest and the shout of victory. It is hard to find a church in America that has not a good sprinkling of salt from fair Albion. Once to know a man as a true Methodist is to make assurance doubly sure. Well do I remember once being down in a mining shaft in the far West, when it was necessary for me to climb a perpendicular ladder two hundred feet high. It seemed utterly impossible. Just then a stout Yorkshire man said, "I will help you." I asked, "Who are you?" He said, "Brother, I am a local preacher in the Methodist Church. I will follow up after you, and if you should faint you cannot fall past me." I believed him. His faith kindled mine, and I went up without fear and without nervous strain; but not without weariness. Our very fellowship bonds bind us together.

One in blood, one in religion, one in faith, and one in denominational experiences, we are woven together by all the strong threads that make up the warp and woof of that wonderful garment which we call civilization. Your literature, your history, your achievements are ours. Art, science, commerce, and trade pontoon the sea. Irving and Kipling have the freedom of every American city. The harvest waves in the valley of the Mississippi, and the bin is in Liverpool. The Pennsylvania Railroad is an English company. The great Cable Company is owned in New York. English jurists listen to the opinion of our judges, and we study English precedents. At the beginning of this century we were a stormy month apart. To-day our borders touch. We look to each other in our offices, from opposite sides of the ocean, as easily as our mothers chatted in one sitting-room. We are less than forty seconds apart to-day.

Carlyle said England would sooner lose her Indian Empire than her Shakespeare. I am sure we could not spare Shakespeare or our English libraries. Take away that literature and we would feel unravelled.

The power of the after-dinner speech in Birmingham that so shook all Europe consists in the fact that the statesman, with the vision of the prophet, has discovered one of the great gulf-streams of history, and has committed himself to the current of events. The most and best we can do is to take the Son of God as our Pilot, and accept the inevitable joyfully.

I suppose I must report some statistics. I am glad of it, for I like statistics. But I am not here to give you our Year Book. I could have sent that by mail. Statistics tell what has been done. I prefer to tell you of the tide of our feeling toward you, the deep current that underlies all our statistics, that causes our statistics to come to pass.

When Wesley came, the world was full up to the rafters with old smoke-dried Churches, that barely, at their best, cherished a hope of a hope. Sir William Blackstone, the great jurist, after hearing all the noted and popular preachers of his time, the middle of the eighteenth century, said, "There is no more gospel in their sermons than in the writings of Cicero. One cannot tell by their sermons whether they are followers of Confucius, Mohammed, or Christ." "We are told six undergraduates of Oxford were expelled because they prayed extempore and read the Scripture in private houses." I have heard of no law against profanity in public or private houses. John Wesley was sent out to preach a knowable religion, that a man might know that his sins are forgiven. Butler uttered his Analogy, and men read it and laughed—scoffed religion out of polite society. But the cobbler said, 'I know that God, for Christ's sake, has forgiven my sins. His Spirit witnesseth with my spirit, Abba Father;' and this upheaved all classes. There was no gainsaying the testimony. Our great effort is to hold to the doctrine that called us into being, and see to it that our people keep the witness of the Spirit. If we could only do this with all our members, we would settle all questions about the second blessing, and we would double our membership every three years, if not every year.

We believe much more which time forbids my repeating, such as the brotherhood of man without reference to colour.