

wants of all people, and knew that the blessing of the Lord abode with its testimony still. Let not the fathers or brethren or dear Methodist people in England be disheartened. Let them not be disheartened by any kind of apparent check to their progress. The glory had not departed from Israel. Let them go forth, as Mr. Cook told them—and a glorious illustration it was—with the red cross upon their arms, with the red cross upon the frontlet, with the spiritual ambulance which they were bearing to the rescue of the wounded and weary, and then they need not and could not fail. The other day, as he was essaying for the first time a voyage on the Pacific Ocean, he could not but be cheered and encouraged by a sign which God in his good providence gave him. As their vessel was steaming out of San Francisco, and through the Golden Gate, God stretched a glorious rainbow from headland to headland, across the mile-wide channel, and under that arch of the covenant the voyagers passed out over the untried and dangerous sea. Oh was there not such a sign for all of them? They had entered upon another year—perhaps one of encouragement or triumph, perhaps one of trial. They talked about the decrease in their numbers, and that was perhaps a partial cloud, but did they not know that it required a cloud to show the rainbow? Could they see the brilliant arch in such relief if it were not for the cloud on which it rested? Let not dear brethren be disheartened. Let them to their knees and to their ranks. Such was once an inspiring watchword, and they might well repeat it. Let them pray and put forth the effort, and the promised fulness of blessing was theirs. Faith in that promise was an important duty. Without it vain would be their seemly observances and propriety of outward conduct, vain their solemn litany and loud hosannas! Let them have faith, and their lives would be lightning for if there lives were not lightning, it did not matter that their words were thunder. Let them have faith, and by its loving gentleness it would make them still more abundantly active, and useful, and great. Let them have faith, and men should be converted, and the world should fall enfeebled at their feet, and the proud waters should retire abashed before the Lord's Israel, and the fire, forgetful of its fury, should be but a bright slave to light them on their pathway home. Oh, if there could but rise the prayer, as the sound of many waters, from all the sacramental host, "Lord increase our faith," he could ask for them no higher gift than that, and as it went up to heaven the Father would condescend to give the blessing, and in answer would say, as He stooped towards them, "Great is thy faith; be it unto thee even as thou wilt," and let all the people say, "Amen."