

chapels, do this, or that, "wonderful thing, but to spread Scriptural holiness through the land." There was no sanction for sin in the Methodist class-room, and there was never any peace with the devil proclaimed from a Methodist pulpit. Wherever you met with a Methodist, you met with one who hated sin almost as much as he loved the Saviour.

And then, look at their *zeal*. Their love, I said just now, was not sentimentalism. Some people's love is wonderfully lackadaisical: it all goes off in song. Our Methodist fathers were not like that. Their love turned into flame. It took hold of them, it permeated them, it lifted them up, it constrained them. Was there work to do, they did it cheerfully. Was there a journey to take, they joyously took it. Was there anything which would benefit men, they were glad to bestow it. Was there anything in which they could glorify God, they rejoiced in the opportunity. As they went about, you could hear them sing, and when they dared not sing, you might hear them humming to themselves, "A charge to keep I have, a God to glorify," and they acted accordingly. They worked so hard, that those who looked on, and did not understand them, called them "work-mongers," and said they expected to win heaven by their works.

The sketch would not be complete if I were to omit their *happiness*. Whenever you met with one of our fathers you met with a man who was a living proof that religion does not make people melancholy. If I might divide the army of the living God into legions, I should say the Methodist legion was the singing legion. Charles Wesley wrote, it is said, some six thousand hymns, and John Wesley, moving from one end of the land to the other, with his quick, delicate ear, caught a beautiful tune wherever he heard it, and either composed a hymn for it himself, or asked his