

In this time of strife and general anxiety among the nations of the earth there are special reasons adding interest to our expressions of fraternal feeling. As believers in God, we rejoice that our most sensitive spirit of reverence is never shocked by the purposes of our Governments, nor by the most private personal character of our rulers. I utter the conviction of the people whom I represent when I say that we regard it as God's richest blessing to England that he has prolonged the glorious life of the noble woman whose exalted Christian character has made her reign the most illustrious in the annals of time. God bless Victoria, England's magnificent Queen!

We are sure that you will rejoice to have me say from personal knowledge that an exemplary Christian and a Methodist communicant occupies the White House, a man who is more anxious to please God than to please any other being in the universe. We know his integrity and honour, we believe in his personal religious experience. God bless William McKinley, the honoured President of the United States of America!

WE ARE OF ONE BLOOD.

Brothers must stand together. "Blood is thicker than water." You will remember when this fact counted for something. Lying for a week once, off the mouth of Piho, waiting for a sea-breeze to help us over the bar, an old English mariner pointed out to me the spot where he learned this truth. He said: "It was during the war between England and China. Our ship, a British man-of-war, was decoyed by misplaced buoys out of the channel and left by a receding tide helpless under the guns of a Chinese battery. An American man-of-war lying near saw the situation; and the captain said to his men, 'Blood is thicker than water; clear the ship for action.' Swinging into place, he opened a broadside on the Chinese battery, silencing it till the returning tide enabled us to take care of ourselves." The times may not be far off, brothers, when we can help keep Saxon blood from being spilled. I know not "the mysteries and reticences" of diplomacy; but I come from among the people beyond the sea, and I know that Secretary Chamberlain's plain statement, made in Birmingham, May 13th, is "understood of the people." Yonder now we are one people, no North, no South. The grandson of General Grant and the grand-nephew of General Lee are marching side by side in the same regiment under the Stars and Stripes, fight-

ing a foreign foe—a foe, in whose captured warships of the broken Armada your sires found all the appointments of the Spanish Inquisition—racks, wheels, thumbscrews, and every known instrument of torture, shipped and brought along to torture the life out of Protestantism in these islands. I know the temper of the men whom you bred for battle. If we put four millions of Saxon soldiers into the civil war thirty years ago, we can more than double that number—we can make it ten millions to-day, if Anglo-Saxon rights need defending.

WE HAVE ONE RELIGION.

In these Christian countries, where the Ten Commandments are law, where the Sermon on the Mount is authority, where Deism is tinctured with the Gospel, and where even Agnosticism is illumined by the Sun of Righteousness, it is easier to criticise than to appreciate God's eternal purpose of redeeming love. But go away to the far East, where idolatry infects the air, where hate and fear are the supreme motives, where corruption is chin-deep to the tallest souls, and where the Dragon reigns without a rival—there you find that even a Christianity that is only formal is separated from every other religion by the wide diameter of the moral government. Pagan and Mohammedan sink together in the hopeless abyss.

A few months ago an English merchantman was in the harbour at Smyrna, loaded with figs intended for New York, waiting for his clearance papers, when some fugitive Armenians, pursued by a band of Turks bent on slaughter and rapine, came on board begging for protection. The merchantman refused to let the fugitives be taken from his ship. The Turks said, "We will bring more soldiers and take you, too." The Briton asked an Italian warship to protect them. The Italian captain coldly replied: "The soldiers of the king of Italy are here to protect only the subjects of the king of Italy." An American warship pushed into the harbour. The English captain appealed to him. The American shoved his war-vessel in behind the merchantman and quietly pushed him safely out to sea, saying, "Get your clearance papers in New York." The authorities in New York remitted the fine, and commended the decision of both Saxons.

WE ARE ONE IN FAITH, THE FAITH OF PROTESTANTISM.

No argument is needed for this in