

fears, as if they were sacred things, and carry them to the class-meeting, till it became an ice-house in which men's teeth chattered, and their blood froze. No; they went as flames of fire, cheering, and inspiring, each other. And in the class-meeting they provided what we are told the world wants—liberty, equality, and fraternity. If the "Squire" came in, the class-leader called him "brother;" and if the pauper came in, he was still a "brother." Worldly distinctions were left outside: they were the children of God by faith in Christ, and they met as such. They had so much love that their meeting once a week was not enough. They instituted a new meeting—the Love-feast—an institution which no other Church has yet ventured to adopt. And, oh, what miles they walked to those love-feasts! Ten, fifteen, twenty miles were as nothing. They sang all the way there, and they sang louder still as they went back; and when they afterwards met they said, "'Did not our hearts burn within us?' What a glorious time we had!"

Then there was their *love to the Bible*. It was so marked that they were called "Bible bigots" and "Bible moths." They hid God's Word in their hearts. They were mighty in the Scriptures. It was spirit and life to them. Hence, with hearts full of love to God and man, and to God's Word, they went to the work to which they were called. When I hear any class of men spoken of as "being like the first Methodists," I always ask, Are they diligent Bible students? If not, they cannot be like them, for they were men of one Book.

Then look at their *holiness*. Their holiness was not a creed simply, but a life. A blessed experience. They avoided that which was evil, and they cleaved to that which was good. They were called the "holy club;" and when you asked them what their work was, the answer was always ready: "Our work is not to build churches, or