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work." Men may come and men may go, but His work goes on for ever.

We think of those who in the past adorned the doctrine of God our Saviour, who triumphed gloriously as they passed through the valley, who were "brought with rejoicing into the King's palace." Knowing that the God of Jacob is our refuge and who has promised never to forsake His people, we go forth in His name to greater victories and higher achievements, and "in the name of our God we will set up our banners."

When the committee met at the house of the Rev. Sampson Burby in Carbonear in January, 1816, that they might consider the advisability of sending a Missionary to the 5,000 Protestant she:op in the wilderness without a shepherd, and it was decided that those people, destitute of pastoral oversight, should be recommended to the favorable consideration of the Wesleyan Missionary Committee, the din of the cannon on the field of Waterloo had only ceased seven months, and the first Missionary collection had not been taken, which made Newfoundland famous as the first place outside the British Isles to send on a subscription to the parent society. But while Napoleon has gone and with him his dreams of world conquest, another has arisen obsessed with the same greed for world-wide domination.

While we write, Europe's fair fields are stained with blood and thousands of wailing widows and weeping orphans "sigh for the touch of the vanished hand and the sound of a voice that is still."

It seems probable that our Conference will meet in Grand Bank for the third time under the shadow of the great war cloud. Grand Bank has its representatives at the front; may they uphold our Country's honor, and may we see them again when victory comes and an abiding peace is secured. May the time come speedily when the Prince of Peace shall reign and "they shall beat their swords into ploughshares and their spears into pruning hooks."

We have glanced through the hundred years and what shall we say more? "According unto this time shall it not be said, What hath God wrought?"

"Saw ye not the clouds arise,  
Little as a human hand;  
Now it spreads along the skies,  
Hangs o'er all the thirsty land.  
Lo the promise of a shower  
Drops already from above,  
But the Lord will shortly pour,  
All the spirit of His love."