

possible, out of their poor pittance, after feeding and clothing their families, to educate their children; in many cases to furnish their houses, and in all to purchase their own horses. Thus, in deciding the sad alternative between the *disgrace* of retiring from the ministerial ranks & the *disgrace* of being in *debt*, they chose the former. Sir, it is not so much the actual pressure of want, as the *apprehension of want*, if not for himself, at least for his helpless widow and fatherless children, which drives many a Methodist minister into location.

Now, sir, I ask, shall these things be? Shall we, at this memorable epoch, the hundredth year of Methodism, suffer the 'great wheel' to be clogged a moment longer? Can we offer to God, his Church, or the world, a more acceptable centenary gift, than by contributing to the creation of a permanent fund which shall free the itinerancy of all anxiety for the present, all apprehension for the future; a fund which shall provide for the education of the preachers' children in the establishment of manual labor, Kingswood, and Woodhouse Grove Schools, and which shall spread the missionary flame to the very ends of the earth.

Here, then, let us raise our Ebenezer; here let us build our centenary monument of gratitude in the sight of heaven, to be admired by generations yet unborn. Let its *base* be *itinerancy*, and on that broad, deep, pedestal let us inscribe the words of Wesley, "*The best of all is, God is with us.*" Let its *columns* be *education*, let their architecture be classically chaste, and on its lofty summit rekindle the *hallowed flame of missionary zeal*, which, as a beacon light, flashing its bright beams across the deep dark sea of this apostate and tempestuous world, may guide many a forlorn wanderer safe home to the land of rest, and peace.