

WESLEY, turning to WHITFIELD, said: "I am glad to see thee here! How can it be that I, who was an heir of death, and a slave to sin, should find favour in the eyes of the Lord?"

"My brother," replied Whitfield, "it is all of grace." "True," said Wesley, "it is by grace we are saved. As I look around, and see so many here who were once my companions in the vale of tears, my joy is indescribable. I must acknowledge the result of our labours has far exceeded my most sanguine expectations. As most of you know, it was at a most critical epoch of the British nation when Methodism took its rise, as a seed from the celestial paradise, planted by the infinitely wise Husbandman in the garden of Europe, watered by the enriching streams that flow from under the threshold of the sanctuary. It grew and spread its branches as the tree that yielded her fruit every month, and whose leaves were for the healing of the nations; it rose as a luminous mountain, to dignify the era of its commencement, and the place where it appeared. It extended its base until it became commensurate with the shores of the British isles. Not restrained to these limits, it spread over sea and land, it rose higher and higher, until its summits reached the alti-