

to-day; but I do not say they will be my opinions next Sunday. I am a seeker after truth, and who knows what discoveries I may make before we meet again?" It was not so with our fathers. They went out in the assurance that what they believed to-day, they would believe to-morrow, and right on to the end. Their faith was seen everywhere—seen not only in their sermons, but in their prayers. Oh, but they were mighty in prayer! When they knelt down they spoke to a living God, and they "moved the Arm that moves the world." When they prayed, heaven was opened, and showers of blessing came down on the children of men. And in their ordinary lives their faith was also seen. Did God give them work to do? whoever attempted to oppose and hinder them, they went forward; they "laughed at impossibilities, and cried, 'It shall be done.'" There they stand then, and nobody can look at them without seeing that one prominent feature was their strong and simple faith.

Then look at their *love*. It was not sentimentalism. It was Divine love, kindled on the altar of their hearts by the Holy Ghost. Their love to God, how ardent, how burning, how queuchless! Their love to one another, heard in their tones, seen in their language, and discovered in their Church arrangements. They may almost be said to have introduced the habit of shaking hands amongst the lower classes of this country. When they met they shook hands. And they did not do it daintily. Their heart was with their hand; and oftentimes the Methodist grip had more meaning than the Freemason's. If any of them was in trouble, the rest sympathized with him, and if any were in prosperity the rest rejoiced. How they loved one another! I said you saw it in their Church arrangements. It is seen in their class-meetings. When they met they met to talk about their love to God, and their love to one another. They did not keep all their doubts, and