

some other foreign country—something that will gather around itself the special zeal and enthusiasm of the Church for the conversion of the heathen. He firmly believed this proposed mission to Japan—yes, and a mission to Italy too—could be efficiently maintained, without at all enfeebling our efforts for the conversion of the French Canadian Romanists, the native Indians, the settlers in the back country, or the extending population of the great North-West Territory. There were ample resources in the Church to enter these new fields without limiting our efforts on the older ground. Mr. Macdonald had truthfully said that the English Wesleyan Missionary Society had neither as good financial resources, nor as good credit when they undertook those missions to the heathen, that had given a prestige and a power to the Church which it could never otherwise have attained. When John Wesley undertook to build his chapel and orphan house, at Newcastle on Tyne—a noble project worthy of the heart and brain of JOHN WESLEY—though the building was to cost fifteen hundred pounds, he had only one pound nine shillings and sixpence to begin with. He had neither the ground nor the money to purchase it—Methodism was a despised and persecuted thing in those days—but he laid the matter in prayer before the Lord; and immediately after a good Quaker, to whom he had said nothing about it, called to see him and said, “You want to build a house; I have a lot of ground that would suit you, which you may have,” and the work was at once begun. The Vicar of Newcastle, passing by where the men were digging, asked what they were doing. He was told that they were going to build a chapel. “Well,” he said, “that is strange. For three nights, successively, I have dreamed that I saw a ladder planted on this spot, on which men were climbing up into heaven.” Wesley had strong faith in God, who gloriously honoured the faith of his servant. When the mission to India was undertaken by Dr. Coke and his band of striplings, it was largely a work of faith. When Dr. Coke pleaded before the Conference with tears, to be allowed to go out to India, to raise the standard of Christ among the high places of Paganism, the Con-

ference regarded it as untimely and premature. They had not the men or the money to spare from the work at home, and they refused his request. The veteran missionary went home, and spent the night in prayer; and the next day, when the case was reconsidered, the very men who had opposed his going out, voted in favour of it. Taking with him Mr. Harvard, Mr. Squance and Mr. Clough, (a relative of my own) he went forth on what proved to be his last missionary voyage; and there, far out on the bosom of the great deep, alone with God, amid the pomp of watching stars, there came an angel down and kissed his soul away, “and he was not, because God took him.” The oldest of the missionaries left had only travelled three years; and they had nothing but God to trust in, in going out to achieve the conquest of India for Christ. Yet these youthful, penniless, helpless, friendless witnesses for the truth went forth at God’s command, and God gloriously vindicated his faithfulness, by fulfilling the promise that they who sow in tears shall reap in joy. If there is a motto, that we need as a church to adopt, it is that of Bunyan: “The sword of the Prince Immanuel, and the shield of Captain Credence.” A thorough, unflinching trust in the promises of the living God, is the mightiest source of inspiration to heroic deeds and godly enterprise. Let a thousand canons and rubrics declare what the divine Word does not sanction, and we will refuse them our trust and regard. We will say like David of Saul’s armor, “We cannot take these for we have not proved them;” while of the word of God, the sword of the Spirit, we say, like the same David, of the sword of Goliath, “Give it us, there is none like that.” This word, quick and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword, can alone scatter the guilty shadows of distrust, and nerve the soul to be brave, and successful in the work of the Lord. The inspiration of all our hope and courage is there. If the work we undertake has the clear warrant of the living word, then we shall think and plan what others have not thought possible, and do and dare where others only dreamed. Without the inspiration of this faith and love, duty becomes like a canal, whose waters sluggishly