

another year, when I am a little older." Ah! how many souls are lost that might be gloriously saved, that might have a rich harvest of good works stored up in heaven, simply because they would not say, "Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth," and rise up in the morning and tell what the Lord had revealed to them.

Is there one here present to-night, my brethren, who can honestly say he has never yet heard that voice of God speaking to him. I scarcely believe there can be. How many have returned the answer which has given joy to the angels in heaven?

Or, again. God speaks to us, asking of us some special sacrifice for His sake, or He comes to the home and calls to us to "resign what most we prize"—the husband, the wife, or the little child, perhaps the only one, to which the parents' heart-strings seem so bound that it would be impossible to separate the one from the other without mortal injury to the one left. When God speaks in these and other such ways, how seldom is the heart found listening for that voice, ready to hear in whatsoever way it comes, and meekly accept its bidding. "It is the Lord": "Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth." How would earth's pains and sorrows and trials be softened, yea transformed into blessings, if there was indeed more of this humble, thankful, recognition of God's loving voice in all the changes and chances of this mortal life. We see it sometimes, thanks be to God, and recognize then how wonderfully, amid the bitterest trials, the Lord upholds those who put their trust in Him, and hearken to His voice. Old Eli, with all his faults—and they were not small—knew this great secret of peace in life, and therefore he who counselled Samuel "If He call thee, thou shalt say, Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth," was able, when the awful judgment of God upon his house was revealed to him, to say, "It is the Lord, let Him do what seemeth Him good."

My brothers and sisters, beloved in the Lord. I have an announcement to make to you to-night which I know will be received with much surprise by those who have not yet heard anything of it. It would only be affectation in me to pretend to suppose that it will not be received with something more than surprise by not a few. The words which I have taken for our text will shortly, I trust, help to convince you that I could not have arrived at any other decision than that at which I have. A few weeks ago it was my duty to urge upon you the duty of our Church with respect to other parts of the world. In preparing to do so, I was very deeply struck with what I read concerning the truly terrible state of things that exists in North-west Canada, where "emigrants, attracted by a belt of virgin soil extending for a thousand miles from east to west, are pouring in in numbers without parallel in the history of the world." The increase of population seems almost fabulous. In one year alone, 1881,