

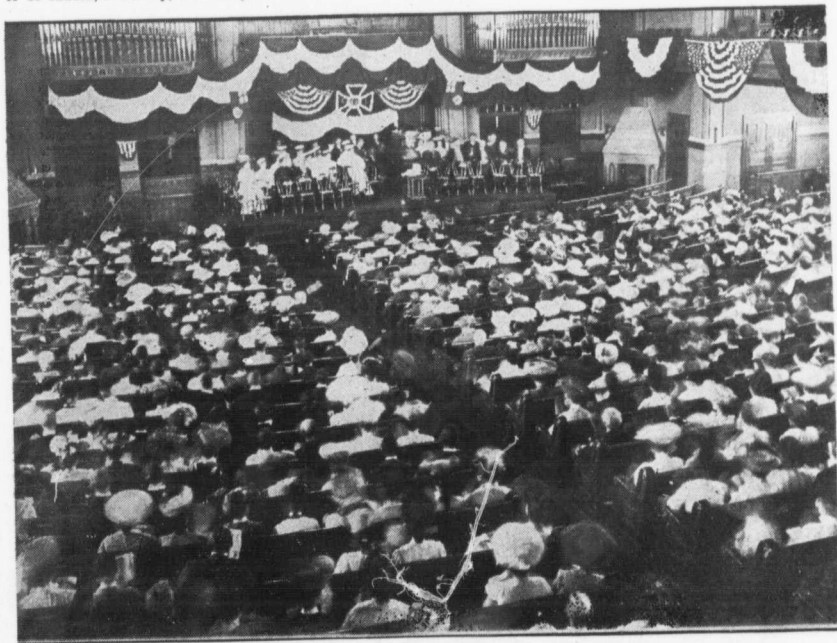
you have sent us your congratulations. We wept with you when your beloved President McKinley, your gifted Garfield, and your illustrious Abraham Lincoln were cruelly stricken down; and when we were bereaved of our beloved sovereign, Queen Victoria, you freely mingled your tears with ours. Thus may we continue to live. Looming large and clear I see the star of destiny for these two great nations—yours and ours—of Anglo-Saxon peoples; it is that we may all be one in our endeavor to help and bless all mankind.

May I say that we are here in your midst for a purpose. We are here to profit from the songs, the prayers, the discussions, the fellowships of this Convention. We are here, not to add to our physical strength, but to widen the range of our mental vision, to deepen the depths of our religious emotions, and to add fresh fuel to the flame of our love for the great work our Master would have us do. We are here to be endued, if we may, with the power our fathers in the

But, sir, like you in this country, we in Canada have other and better elements and forces of which to boast. We have an earnest Christian ministry, we have a spirit of denominational unity, we have a brave army of Sabbath-school teachers, we have heroic battalions of Epworth Leaguers and Christian Endeavorers, we have religious generals equal to the demand for aggressive and effective battle.

But the best of all is, "God is with us," as we believe He is with you. We are marching, marching on, marching under orders. One braver than Oyama, wiser than Togo, swifter and surer than Dewey, more persistent and prevailing than Kitchener, more invincible than Grant or Wellington, even the Son of the Great King of Kings—He is at the head of our forces.

We have come from the several provinces of our Dominion to join with the Epworth Leaguers of the United States in seeking a baptism of power, a baptism of love, a baptism of



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Church had, even the Pentecostal flame, resulting in an evangelism that shall hold this continent for Christ.

I speak for the Canadian delegation. As with you so with us, "life is real, life is earnest." The battle is on in our country—it is on in yours as well—it is a struggle for supremacy between truth and error, Christ and Belial. We represent a force resolved to contend for the faith once delivered to the saints.

Our wealth is increasing, and with that increase comes the tendency to indolence, luxurious living, and licentious practices.

Strangers are coming our way, such as the Galicians, the Doukhobors, Italians and Chinese, lacking our ideals of life, and causing us to think deeply as to the future of our faith.

In the next twenty-five years, prophets tell us that ten millions or more people from all over the world will be added to the population of our Dominion, many of whom are ignorant of our Sabbath customs, strangers to our Holy Bible, and dead to all things spiritual and divine.

Already we have among us the mammon worshipper, the heartless gambler, the greedy combine, the home-destroying brewer, the character-wrecker, and the nation-destroyer.

fire, a baptism of the old Methodist zeal, a baptism of sympathy with the lost and erring, that we may follow Christ and win this continent for Him.

You, perhaps, have read of that pathetic incident in the life of Mrs. Judson, standing in the doorway of her Burman home by the sea watching the ship sailing away that was carrying her children to America for their education. That long dreaded hour had come, the most painful in the life of a missionary mother. She had to be separated from her children for years, if not for life, that they might enjoy the advantages of an education in a Christian land and in a Christian school. She had to make the selection between separation from her children or leaving her husband alone in a heathen land to carry on his work. She chooses to give up her children for Christ's sake; and, after many a long and tender caress, she bade them good-bye, and the great steamer turned her prow toward the open sea. The broken-hearted mother stood and watched the ship until it ceased even to be a speck on the distant horizon, and then turning into her room, sank into a chair and exclaimed, "All this I do for the sake of my Lord."