

linked to each hemisphere by the dead. May I add to all this I have a firmer faith in the unexhausted mission of Methodism—"hear, hear," and applause)—because I have, through all my wanderings, seen its adaptation to the wants of all people, and know that the blessing of the Lord abides with its testimony still. (Applause.) Let not the fathers and brethren or dear Methodist people in England be disheartened by any apparent check to their progress. (Hear, hear.) The glory has not departed from Israel. (Applause.) Go forth, as Mr. Cook told you—and a glorious illustration it was—with the red cross upon your arms, with the red cross upon the frontlet, with the spiritual ambulance which you are bearing to the rescue of the wounded and weary, and you need not and cannot fail. ("Hear, hear," and applause.) The other day, as I was emmaying for the first time a voyage on the Pacific Ocean, I could not but be cheered and encouraged by a sign which God in His providence gave me. As our vessel was steaming out of the harbour of San Francisco, and through the Golden Gate, God stretched a glorious rainbow from headland to headland, across the mile-wide channel, and under that arch of the covenant the voyagers passed out into the untried and dangerous sea. Oh, is there not such a sign for all of you? (Hear.) You have entered upon another year—perhaps one of encouragement or triumph, perhaps one of trial. You talk about the decrease in your numbers, and that is perhaps a partial cloud; but do you not know that it requires a cloud to show the rainbow? (Hear, hear.) Could you see the brilliant arch in such relief if it were not for the cloud on which it rests? Dear brethren, be not disheartened. To your knees and to your ranks. Such was once an inspiring watchword, and you may well repeat it. Pray and put forth the effort, and the promised fulness of blessing is yours. Faith in that promise is an important duty. Without it vain will be your solemn observances and propriety of outward conduct, vain your solemn litany or loud hosannas! Have faith, and your lives will be lightning, for if your lives are not lightning, it does not matter that your words are thunder. (Hear, hear.) Have faith, and by its loving gentleness it will make you still more abundantly active, and useful, and great. Have faith, and men shall be converted, and the world shall fall ensambled at your feet, and the proud waters shall retire abashed before the Lord's Israel, and the fire, forgetful of its fury, shall be but a bright slave to light you on your pathway home. Oh, if there can but rise a prayer, as the sound of many waters, from all the sacramental host, "Lord, increase our faith," I can ask for you no higher gift than that, and as it goes up to heaven the Father will condescend to give the blessing, and in answer will say, as He stoops towards us, "Great is thy faith; be it unto thee even as thou wilt," and let all the people say, "Amen."