

tion—the coming of God, breathing into man's nostrils the breath of life, and man becoming a living soul. (Cheers.) I don't know whether you are fond of looking at fires burning. You have fire in three stages. There is the poverty-stricken fire, a few sparks half-hidden in ashes; that is the lukewarm state. The second fire is a red, glaring, mad fire; that is fanaticism. In the third place, a calm, steady, philosophic white heat, melting the hardest material into flowing streams; that is Divine enthusiasm. (Cheers.) We want in the hearts of Christ's Church not a fierce, irregular gleam—and Saviour of the world, we don't want to freeze in cold indifference—but a steady, white heat in the hearts of Christ's people, such as was in Thy heart, Christ, and in you, glorious company of the apostles! That is the enthusiasm of which I speak. I am obliged to avoid the report, and you will not mind, but will let me go on in my own way. (Cheers.) Good and great effects would follow from this enthusiasm. In the first place, necessary supplies of gold and silver for the Master. I shall speak of the genius of secretaries by-and-by: I hold that there is no way of getting a Divine supply without this Divine enthusiasm. Farmers in the country, with great and subtle genius, open channels to carry the rain water into places which would otherwise be parched; sometimes in a straight line, sometimes in a circle, and sometimes in a regular zig-zag way. They cut them with great genius. (Cheers.) Nature seems hard-hearted—she does not respond. The farmer cuts a channel, and seems to invite nature; and then another, and he seems to tempt nature; and nature looks down as though saying, "Oh, yes, my little sir, I see what you are doing, I know all about you." The clouds are fringed with silver, and permeated with gold from the sun, and the thirsty fields look up persuasively, but look up in vain. You go to bed one night disappointed because of the niggardliness on the part of mother nature, and in the morning you note the change. In the interval some good company of genii have passed through the atmosphere, and flapped their wonderful wings, and the whole temperature of the air is changed. The clouds melt, the rain falls in torrents, the water channels are full, the fields drink their fill, nature awakes and puts on all her beauties, and the harvest is produced. How! The *enthusiasm* of the atmosphere. (Laughter and cheers.) Our secretaries are men of great power for opening the channels with wondrous dexterity. With deep and subtle genius they make out their zig-zags and their straight lines. Now it is a bewitching little circular, and then a beseeching little pamphlet; by-and-by a speech by some eloquent man, or a sermon by some great preacher, and they make the most beautiful channels for the streams of benevolence to flow. But sometimes there is dry weather in the church. (Laughter.) There are plenty of money clouds, but they are high in the region of distant speculation, and the appeals meet with a small response. Just as I have seen in the midst of a drought, nature send down a tender, dew-like, delicate shower, as much as to say, "You see what I could do if I liked." (Laughter.) There are collections, but they abound with those light delicate little things, those bewitching little fourpenny bits. (Laughter.) But change the atmosphere in the church, fill her with the life of God, breathe into her the spirit of the Saviour of the world, let the good genii of the unseen flap their wings in the cold atmosphere of English Christianity, enough of gold shall be forthcoming to meet every need. Where is the invisible reservoir? The pipes are laid all over the country; get but enthusiasm in the church, and these pipes will be filled to the Land's-end, from Dover to St. David's, and Mr. Hannay and Mr. Spicer, won't they listen at the stream falling into the reservoir! (Laughter and cheers.) I would acknowledge with great gratitude to God the gifts presented to His cause. I saw a statement made at a missionary meeting that the collections and gifts in this country for all missionary purposes amount to little less than £800,000—a large sum considered in itself, but not a large sum when compared with the wealth of England, with her revenue of seventy millions a year. Our ships are on every sea, and our merchants are princes; our land is covered with palaces. God has blessed us abundantly. Considering our great wealth, I don't think that £800,000 is by any means a large amount. I wish I could make England hear me—I would speak to her in the