

I hear enlightened nations,
The Lord their bridegroom praise ;
All robed in 'bridal splendor,
Their songs of triumph raise.

I hear the shouts of ransomed hosts,
I see the city fair ;
Where we shall with the Saviour dwell,
And all His glory share.

Forty days ago a bench of bishops constituting the highest court and cabinet of the Methodist Church of the United States, reviewing and pre-viewing her history and spiritual decadence and the consequent dearth of conversions and lack of power to lead the believer into the deeper experiences of sanctifying grace, which is the differentiating plank in Wesleyanism, without which there is no reason why the Methodist Church should exist at all, issued a jeremiad, whose wail sweeps like a billow of fire over my soul and stirs the deepest depths of my being, and long ere this time has broken over the heart of God like the wail from the oppressed and crushed people of God in the brick yards of Egyptian bondage. They have called a fast and a week of importuning prayer, and this hour three millions of Methodists should be coming from the "Upper Room" anointed with power from on high.

My fellow graduates, commissioners from the court of high heaven, behind us towers the monumental pile of glorious history. "In 1643, the seed threshed out by the Westminster divines, sowed in this young western continent, is responsible for the waving fields of American democracy." And in Calvin's pulpit in Geneva was born the parentage of the American eagle. "The Church of the blue has fought three epoch-making battles. The first, like a whirlwind, dashed to the earth and swept away the apostate and idolatrous Church of Rome from holding supremacy in the land of the heather. The second, after a long and painful struggle, overthrew and banished from the ecclesiastical throne of Scotland that bloodthirsty and perjured prelatie usurpation