

lemnly resolve to govern his or her conduct, so as to aim at saving one soul during this year. The membership would be doubled; that would not be all—fresh energy, faith, hope, joy, love, would grow amid these gardens of the Lord. If then we have a settled conviction of our need of being revived, let it not vent itself in complaints, or dissatisfaction with the actions of others, but gird up your garments, go forth to labour, and to suffer in spreading this feeling. In view of the mighty interests at stake, let us be strong. Yet what is our strength but weakness in the things of God? Far out, even at low water mark, many find their spiritual affections. The bony fingers of a dead formalism may clasp the standard of an orthodox creed. Many, alas, if now startled by the cry, the Bridegroom cometh, would turn round to say, our lamps are gone out. We want then the power of a holy, self-denying, active, and prayerful Christianity. This, the baptism of the Spirit alone can impart.

It is also of the first moment, that the mind be firmly persuaded that it is no hopeless case. Great though the need is, the remedy is at hand. To have passed the boundary line of hope unsettles the purpose. When the anchors drag in the storm, the vessel is in danger of total wreck. Though there is no break in the clouds, faith knows that the morning cometh. The evil to be dreaded is when despair cries,—no morning cometh, no morning cometh. God CAN revive his people. He has done it before. Thou, O God, didst send a plentiful rain, whereby thou didst confirm thine inheritance when it was weary. We live in the dispensation of the Spirit. Power from on high accompanies the word. The fulness of the blessing has been richly enjoyed; and can it not be so again? These great mountains of our difficulties, and peculiar circumstances, seem to say, there is no hope. Our position in Canada may be different from the state of the churches in America, in Ireland, and in Sweden. Yet the worst and most hopeless aspects of these fields have been met and overcome. Each soil may have its peculiarity, but the same means and power that conquered there, can succeed here. Showers as they fall from heaven, are alike genial in their influence wherever they descend. It is not glorying in ourselves to believe that we can be revived, for the door is not finally and for ever shut.

In order to the enjoyment of a time of favor from God's presence, we must go further than the admission of the probability that such a day of grace will dawn, faith is required to rise higher. The *expectation* of the blessing has much to do with its realization. This expectation ought not to be fanatical, unreasoning, unscriptural. The basis on which a blessed expectation rests, is the promise of God; and this is about to be fulfilled, when the indications of Providence are all pointed in that direction. The promise of God shines down on every faithful labourer, as a star of hope, singing as it shines,—the night weareth away. There are words of God, as to the ultimate success of the good work, more precious in the light they give than the sparkling beauty of purest gems. The river of life, as it flows on through the ages of the world is not inverted in the order of its course—deep at the beginning, shallow at the end—wide at the fountain head, narrow at the ocean; the fathom line goes down further as you proceed. The enriching and fertilizing blessings of the streams of salvation, are increased as they near the ocean of eternity. God shall pour out the Spirit upon all flesh. The indications, encouraging us to toil on expecting a blessing, may not be so numerous or decided as is desirable, there they are nevertheless. We fancy we can almost hear the beating