

moor, singing, sometimes in twos and threes, and sometimes alone—

"My God, I am Thine, what a comfort divine,
What a blessing to know that my Jesus is mine :
In the heavenly Lamb thrice happy I am,
And my heart it doth dance at the sound of His name."

These are our Methodist "fathers"—men wonderfully like the first Christians. My sketch is rough and rapid, but I believe it is true to life; and looking at their faith, at their love, at their zeal, at their holiness, and at their happiness, do you wonder that God used them for His glory? They were few, they were poor, many of them unlearned, and they had against them all the power of men and devils; but God's strength was made perfect in their weakness, and they have called into existence, as the result of their glorious labours, the largest Protestant Church in the world.

And who can doubt that God "was with our fathers"? Listen to their testimony, read their books, and always, and everywhere, you meet with the declaration, "The best of all is, God is with us." Yes, He was with them in life, strengthening, guiding, comforting, and delivering them. And He was with them in death, bearing them up, and making them more than conquerors. "Ah!" said an old doctor to Adam Clarke on meeting him down this very road, when the cholera was raging in the neighbourhood, and he had seen many of the Methodists passing into eternity, "Adam, thy people die well." Glory be to God, they did die well! and the secret was that God was with them. With them in their labours when they toiled, and with them in their sufferings and weakness when they died, and after death He took them to be with Him in heaven for ever. Is not our gathering here to-night a proof that God was with them? Go back, as many of us have been doing to-day, one hundred and fifty years. Then there was no Methodism