

ate light and heat throughout all the Churches. And then it was no uncommon circumstance for persons to be in communion with the established Church, or of the dissenting denominations, and yet meet in class among the Methodists. Thus Mr. Wesley lived and died a member of the Church of England, nor have the Wesleyan Methodists ever formally withdrawn from the Establishment. Our pulpits and alters are *anti-sectarian*, admitting all Evangelical ministers to the *former*, and members of other churches to the *latter* setting forth on this subject an example of *Christian liberality* which it would be well for some Churches to imitate who charge us continually with sectarianism.

*Methodism is not a form.* It has always adapted itself to providential circumstances, and practised the doctrine of Christian expediency. Less anxious about non-essentials, it has labored at the substance of religion. It has waved a controversy about forms, but contended manfully for the power of godliness. It has laid less stress on the straight coat, and smooth slippery bonnet, but more upon the right state of the heart within, and the evidence of the life without. Mr. Wesley was no ways scrupulous: he could preach at St. Paul's or St. Bartholomews' Fare in a mahogany pulpit, or on a horseblock, under a tree, or upon a mountain. And his sons are like him. They can preach in a surplice, or in their shirt sleeves, in pewed or free churches, with notes or without. It is of very little consequence to them, *they know Methodism will and must go*, either on foot or on horseback, by steam or on wheels, no matter. And here let me animadvert upon a certain class of deplorable *croakers*, who, looking at mere forms, are forever complaining about departures from what they are pleased to call good old Methodism. *Good old Methodism indeed!* And is good old Methodism susceptible of no improvement? If our noble fathers, in the days of their poverty, *walked*, is that any sufficient reason why we, their sons, now that we can afford it should not *ride*? What! sir, shall we be so wedded to *old* prejudices that we must travel in the old Pennsylvania waggon, at the rate of two