

thirty authors of religious biography, theology, and sacred literature.

The annals of Methodism are adorned with a galaxy of great and good men. Coke, famous for missionary zeal—Benson, distinguished for theological search—Clarke, with his rich and varied scholarship—Watson, with his eloquence and philanthropy—Sutcliffe, with his sanctified genius and learning—and Onseley, with his apostolic faith and love;—but time would fail me, were I to speak of Treffry, and Cubitt—Barrett and Edmonson—Newton and Drew—Bunting and Moore—Jackson and Lessy—and Tobias, and Powell, &c. &c.

I will not say “Thou art all fair my love; there is no spot in thee.” But I will say—“As the apple tree among the trees of the wood, so is my beloved among the sons. I sat down under his shadow with great delight, and his fruit was sweet to my taste.”—*Canticles*.

The Sacred Scriptures furnish us with a kind of sylvan imagery, which may be employed to denote or represent the various evangelical denominations now subsisting in Christendom. Here we have the cedars of Lebanon, and the palm trees of Judah. The olive with its fatness, and the fig tree with its sweetness. The vine with its fruitfulness, and the oak with its strength and stature. The syc-