

kindness with which they had received and listened to the filial address which, as the representative of that Conference, he had been permitted to bring to them. He would fain on this occasion represent that Conference worthily, for his constituency was so vast, so intelligent, and so worthy of all possible honour, that they deserved representation of the ablest and of the amplest kind. He was painfully conscious that his task was too heavy for his powers, and besides this consciousness, which was of itself sufficiently embarrassing, he was still further embarrassed by the circumstances which surrounded him, and by the presence in which he was called upon to speak. He supposed the meeting to be, and indeed it was, a session of Conference, but he had only to look upward and sideward to discover that all the hearts before him did not throb beneath clerical vestments. Now there was a gravity of utterance befitting halls of legislation, and there was a freedom of utterance adapted to popular assemblies, which he was somewhat puzzled to know how to combine. The Canadian Conference sent to England last year a well-loved and eloquent representative, who discharged his duty, as his constituents thought, well, and, as gratitude existed in Canada, and the Canadians were not afraid to express it, their Conference recently held told him so by formal resolution. One, however, of those unseen kings, kings of the tripod, who sat in judgment upon the sayings and doings of that vast assembly, while acknowledging the geniality and heart of the representative's address, left on record his conviction that the Canadian representation was not overladen with dignity. Now he (Mr. Punshon) was heartily glad to be in such good company, for he was sure to fail in that particular regard. His heart was very full both towards the Conference proper, and towards those other friends among the laity who were as yet extra-Conferential. It beat altogether too warmly to be consistent with the patrician indifference which he supposed the dignity of a representative demanded. Moreover, if there was a spot upon earth where dignity sat ill upon a man, it was when it played of its airs at home.

He would therefore ask them to excuse him if he laid his dignity where the mace of the House of Commons was laid—under the table—and spoke to them simply as a friend to friends. He would ask them, then, to listen for a brief while to words from a friend's lips intended for the ears of friends, and dealing with matters of common interest to all who loved the Lord Jesus Christ. Lest he should forget it hereafter, he might just take the opportunity, as it had been the fashion—not because it had been the fashion, for it was sincerely uttered and