

And now, in conclusion, he begged, on behalf of the Canadian Conference, to offer on the present occasion the very hearty and filial salutations of that Conference to the great body now assembled. They joyed in the triumphs of their British brethren; they sympathised with their sorrows and trials; and their fervent prayer was that the God of their fathers might give to them the increase of the hundred-fold, and in the world to come everlasting life. To these prayers and greetings, offered in the representative character, he might be permitted to add his own. He did not come among them as one that was quite a stranger. His heart was very full when he spoke to them. Some of them might imagine, although none of them could thoroughly realize, the tumultuous rush of feeling which surged in his soul to-night, sternly repressed by the needs of his position. This was the third Manchester Conference that he had been privileged to attend; Manchester Conferences were eras in his ministerial history. Twenty-two years ago he stood in the gallery of Oldham street Chapel a candidate for ordination, raw, inexperienced, girding on an armor which he had very slightly proved. Twelve years ago he rose from the platform of Oldham-street Chapel to acknowledge his election to the legal hundred—an honour never before conferred on one so young. He stood then before them after a year of deep sorrow, and after a year of extensive travel and labour to testify to the goodness of God and to offer his gratitude to them who had placed such a trust in his hands. Twelve years more had passed away, and now, after a year of more extensive travel and of deeper sorrow, he stood before them as representative to the Church at home from the Wesleyan Methodist Church in Canada, and President of the Canadian Conference. Was it not natural that he should feel? He had been asking himself, as he sat in that vast and beautiful hall, what harvest he had gathered from these bygone years; and though memory was keen in her accusations of unfaithfulness, he knew that he had garnered somewhat for which he was now very grateful. He had firmer faith than ever in the goodness of Almighty God, because of the way in which he had led him in the wilderness. He had a firmer faith in the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ, because he had seen its adaptation in every variety of circumstance and upon every variety of character and colour. He had a firmer faith in the resurrection of eternal life, because in the mysterious providence of God he had been linked to each hemisphere by the dead. Might he add to all this that he had a firmer faith in the unexhausted mission of Methodism, because he had, through all his wanderings, seen its adaptation to the