

and though somewhat infirm he can still preach with force and debate with much of his youthful ardour. There are comparatively few young men among the ministerial delegates. Presidents of educational institutions, editors, and missionary agents are rather numerous. There is one very conspicuous brother, a Mexican, who cannot speak a single word in English. He is one of the thirty-five native preachers in the Mexican Border Conference. His eyes, straight hair, and long beard are jet black, and his face is swarthy in colour.

The lay members are a respectable body of men. Among them are governors of States, judges, lawyers, medical men, and members of Congress. It is amazing how many of the delegates were soldiers in the time of the civil war. Some are present who were conspicuous in the battle-fields around Richmond. There are colonels and captains almost without number. They have fought their battles over again, as they have revisited the scenes of their former conflicts, in which so many of their brave comrades fell. The sleeveless arm, the crutch, the wooden leg, and other marks of war which are seen, tell with what devotion these men fought for country and home.

*Fraternal Delegates.*—The Rev. Dr. Miley was the fraternal delegate from the Methodist Episcopal Church, and the Rev. Dr. Briggs from our own Church. The Conference-room was crowded to its utmost capacity when these honoured brethren were introduced by Dr. McTyeire, the senior Bishop. Dr. Briggs spoke first, and for little more than half an hour he told such a tale of Canadian Methodism as filled everybody with surprise and wonder, while the chaste, beautiful language used charmed and pleased, so that again and again our beloved brother was greeted with true Southern enthusiasm. When Dr. Briggs resumed his seat, Dr. Fitzgerald whispered to the present writer "superb," and next day he described the speech in the official paper as "clear cut as a cameo, and

juicy as an orange from Central America." Dr. Haygood, who is no mean authority, said that he had never listened to such an array of facts and figures, covering such a space of ground, all made luminous, in the space of half a hour.

Dr. Miley's address was one of rare solidity. He is not prepossessing in appearance, there is a seeming harshness in his voice, but his utterances were of the true fraternal ring. He spoke largely on the doctrines of Methodism, and gave it as his opinion that Methodism owes much of its success to the clearness and force with which the fathers preached them, and expressed a hope that we might have an increase of doctrinal preaching, to which many responded "Amen."

General Fisk was the next speaker. He made a playful allusion to his attempt to reach Richmond twenty-five years ago, but he only got half way from Washington, when he was glad to retreat, as the place where he stood was too hot for him. He alluded to the General Conference of 1866, which he and some others from the North attended, and as he reviewed the occurrences which had since taken place, he felt glad at what he saw around him. The General's speech greatly delighted the audience, and from the cordial responses which were given it was manifest that the heart of Methodism is true both North and South.

There were loud calls for Dr. McFerrin, but he was so much overcome with emotion that he could only utter a few words; but whenever he speaks, no matter whether he says little or much, everybody is delighted. He is beloved, as he deserves to be, for his saintliness and zeal.

Bishop McTyeire responded in a brief speech, and assured the representatives that fraternal messengers would be sent to their respective General Conferences. Bishop McTyeire has not forgotten his visit to Canada four years ago. He pronounced Methodism in Canada as the best type which he has seen in any part of the world. The fraternal meeting will long be remembered.