

emboldened by the warmth of his Lordship's invitation ; I confided in the welcome of one whose name has been so long loved and honoured in his own diocese, and which is hardly less honoured and venerated throughout the entire communion of the Anglican Church ; honoured and beloved "for his work's sake," we may humbly believe, in the Court of Heaven ! Besides, where the Church is, there is a home for me. Our interests are identical as followers of Christ, and called by my venerated father in the Episcopate, from the contiguous diocese, to take part in this Missionary Meeting, I was glad to recognize this ennobling principle of unity, and to obey the precept, "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself." I have the happiness to be accompanied by the Rector of St. Paul's, Buffalo, not unknown to you, I am sure, as the senior presbyter of the Diocese of Western New York, and by another respected presbyter, who presides over that interesting College for Orphans, whose gables may be seen from your shores, amid the foliage that overhangs the whirlpool, below Niagara.

And now, standing among you, and rejoicing in what I see of your prosperity as a people and as a Church, it cannot be amiss to dwell, for a moment, on the ties that exist between us, and that ought by all means to be made stronger. Though an American of the Americans, I am proud of the origin of my country from the English stock and race. He is the truer American who loves the history of his own people, and who reverences that glorious British Empire from which it derived its existence. "The glory of children is their fathers," and I glory, indeed, in deriving my own blood, my religion, my habits of thought, and my love of liberty, from English forefathers. The gallant Colonel of the 47th Regiment, who sits beside me, and whom I am glad to see here among soldiers of the Cross, permitted me this morning to be present at the customary review of the troops ; and when after listening to the inspiring music of "God save the Queen," I was informed that this historic regiment is the same that followed Wolfe, and scaled the heights of Abraham, and planted the red cross of St. George on the Citadel of Quebec, I own I felt a thrill of——, no ! not *patriotism*, I suppose, but of something greatly like it. I am not philosopher enough to analyze the feeling, nor do I care to define it precisely, but I was deeply moved by these associations, and since I have had time to reflect on them, I find I had a greater right to those warm emotions than occurred to me at that moment. But, sure enough, in those days we were all one people, living under the same sovereign and the same laws ! There was a Regiment of "Royal Americans," in the Colonies, South of the St. Lawrence, and no doubt some of these men were with the men of the 47th under their great commander. The New England mothers sang lullabies to their children about the victory of Wolfe, and his name and portrait adorned the tavern signs all over the land. Now things are changed : but the cross of Christ is still to be carried forward, by our joint endeavours. Let us be united in pressing its triumphs further and further towards the Pacific, till the King of kings is glorified from the Eastern to the Western main.

You belong to a mighty and a noble race ; to an empire, the history of which I defy any one, who has an inheritance in it, to read without thanking God from the depths of his heart. Look at the wonderful beauty, prosperity and wealth of the Mother Isle : look at her position among the sisterhood of nations in Europe ; see her triumphant flag upon every sea, and her army opening new dominions for