

pected, I regarded it as the providential answer to the question then stirring in my mind, Where shall I spend my holiday ?

I had several times visited the United States before, and twice as a *solicitor* (NOT a *beggar*, gentle reader,) of charitable funds. I had succeeded in this work ; but words cannot describe the free and elastic sensation I now experienced, in having my hat on my head instead of in my hand, and in having no secret trap to spring upon every man who might be civil to me.

Neither did I go as a candidate for another charge. So that I was free to speak my word for the Master as I had opportunity, with no ulterior and inferior end, and to enjoy the society of my friends, old and new. I fairly revelled in my liberty.

HEARTY WELCOME.

The Young Men's Christian Associations Convention, at Montreal, was a most happy introduction to my visit. The American delegates were so deeply gratified by the heartiness of their reception at our commercial metropolis, that they were eager to show every attention to a Canadian in return. Everywhere I was accosted by persons asking, "Didn't I see you at the Montreal Convention?" A bond of brotherhood was formed at once, by that fact. I have especial obligations to acknowledge to the Associations of New York and Brooklyn. Any stranger, however, going there, will find cordial sympathy and ready help. Let our young men remember this.

Personally, I received nothing but kindness throughout the whole time. And I am bound to say, that I heard much less of national animosity than in 1863, when the war was raging. Indeed, I heard scarcely anything of the kind. I do not say that it is not there; but I hardly met it.

The Montreal Convention has had a most happy effect, internationally as well as religiously. The Christian simplicity and heartiness with which General Russell and Sir Henry Havelock welcomed their fellow-Christians from the United States, left a profound impression on their minds. As I told the New York Association at their July monthly meeting, they had been like the man walking over a mountain in a mist, and terrified at a monster which was meeting him on the way; but when he came nearer found that the monster was a man, and the man his brother John. "So, till you came to see us," I said, "you thought that we Canadians were all sorts of evil things, but when you came nearer, you found that you met a man, your brother, your brother John—Bull." Oh! there is nothing like this meeting face to face, grasping hand in hand, talking, working, and praying together, to make men understand each other, and become one. Many of our people, who have not been much among foreigners, have prejudices that personal acquaintance would remove. For my own part, I have received too much kindness, and enjoyed too much Christian fellowship "on the other side," to have any other than a warm feeling towards my American brethren.