

to finish his address. We have allowed him very considerably to exceed the allotted time. After that, in accordance with the understanding, I believe a gentleman from the other side will be heard, and then I will have a suggestion to make to the Committee in reference to these Bills.

PRINCIPAL GRANT.—I am delighted to see that the Committee understands the case. I would have ended my remarks long ago had it not been for wholly irrelevant and unnecessary interruptions. Gentlemen, the question just comes back to the point from which I started. Did we, as a Church, do a right act, a competent act, and did we do it in a right way, so far as human foresight could suggest? We know that we did a right thing; I have proved that we did it in the right way. You know it, and history has shown it. Our progress since the union has been at the average rate of 20 congregations and ministers a year added to our Church; that is, double the number, each year, of the whole anti-unionist body. Whereas not one young minister has joined them; not one convert whose name they can quote has joined them during all these eight years. The young men of Canada know where the Church is.

REV. MR. LANG.—We have three Divinity students. We have ministers who have joined us since 1875.

PRINCIPAL GRANT.—It is a pity that their names are not given. Mr Lang seemed to object yesterday to our union, because it is not comprehensive enough. He is willing, that is, to take the whole flight of stairs, but not the first step. I want to know who is the truest friend of union, the man who, standing at the foot of a flight of stairs, says, "I would like to get to the top, but I decline to take the first step," or the child who is willing even to crawl up the stairs, one step at a time? Mr. Lang says, "If any man is a Christian he is my brother." Surely we are Christians and brothers; can he not, then, worship God and do His work in this land with us? It may be that this form of Christianity is like that well understood by Wamba, the son of Witless. When the knight craved forgiveness of the fair Rowena, she answered, "I forgive you with my whole heart, as a Christian," and Wamba whispered "which means that she does not forgive him at all." A Scotchman, possibly the ancestor of a gentleman in this room, was dying. The good priest told him that he could not shrive him until he forgave his enemy. He held out, but the priest was firm. The old man then looked at his wasted arm, unable to wield a brand, and slowly uttered the required formula, "I forgive him." Being shriven, he turned to his son, who stood, like a young Hercules, by his bedside, "And now, Donald, your father's and your grandfather's curse be upon you if you forgive him." This is Christian union—or Christian forgiveness. It is like DeBracy's idea: "There is Bois-Guilbert, whose religion is to hate a