

close to the river a long row of low log huts, without windows, without chimneys, with a common door, and earthen floors with boards loosely nailed here and there, but nowhere forming a complete enclosure; and within these eight or ten families herd together, without decency, without convenience; unkempt, unclad save with blankets, unwashed, and altogether presenting as degrading a downfall from the image of God as can be found on this side of hell. In the Christian street, on the other hand, there is cleanliness and comfort; there is the institution of the "family apart"—(hear, hear)—there is thrift, there is a measure of industry, and there is the idea and the look of home. (Applause.) There the two systems are side by side, for all the world to look upon. In the lower street are fathers, brothers, and relatives of those in the higher street, and, as the Gospel reaches one heart after another, a small emigration is constantly going off. ("Hear, hear," and applause.) Oh, if any of the education-mongers who laud their own agencies so highly, and who sneer at the Gospel of Christ, had only accomplished one-half such improvement, how the great worshippers of the Pan of human sufficiency would have held high festival, and there would have been garlands and incense, and we should have heard the clang of cymbals and the shout of unlooked-for triumph over the length and breadth of the land! But it is reserved for Christianity to achieve triumphs like these, showing in the highest and most complete sense that godliness is profitable unto all things, having the promise of the life that now is as well as of that which is to come. (Applause.)

I think enough has now been said to show the nature and extent of the work that Methodism is doing in Canada, and that, if it is only faithful to its mission, its future will be inseparably bound up with the future of the Dominion itself. (Hear, hear.) What that future may be it is not for me to predict. Wisely managed, however, encouraged with the moral support of this great country, with a foresight shrewd to perceive and an enterprise prompt to grasp great opportunities, with a patriotism which would forbid all purely selfish aims among her sons, there is empire in the young Dominion's loins. (Hear, hear.) Whether or not that promise of her future will ever be realized depends largely upon her own action, but I am bound to say it largely depends also upon the treatment which she receives from home. (Hear.) I am not here to talk politics, and this is not the place for that, if I were so disposed. I would only say, therefore, that if the English think it worth while to retain Canada as a comely appanage to the British Crown, then her loyalty should neither be suspected nor rebuffed. (Hear, hear.) She should not be told so often that Britain has not the slightest wish to retain her a moment longer than she is wishful to stay, because telling her so only suggests thoughts of going which would never otherwise have entered her head, and provokes the still more irritating thought that Old England wants to get rid of her. When a Fenian invasion has been put down by God's blessing upon the prompt valour of her own volunteers, she ought not to be subjected to the mortification of hearing the national representative of Britain eager to express thanks to other parties, as if they had done the deed—parties by whose connivance or consent the conspirators were allowed to arm, drill, march, organise, and start upon their miserable enterprise, and who never interposed until the whole thing