

He had asked a large manufacturer of buttons to make a Sunday School button with Robert Raikes' head and the word "Try" stamped upon them. If a boy had such a button as that, it would make a new boy of him, for as a remembrance it would stimulate him in the performance of duty. Many had tried, and tried hard; but let them go back and try again. There was enough power here to convert all Canada, if all did what they might do. One thing he particularly desired, was, that the children should be taught to do good. One of the richest men in New York State, who had once been ready to hold a sixpence so hard as to make a hole in it, but who had got over that, had said to him, "Teach your children to give." If that were done, oh what an overflowing Treasury the Lord would one day have! Sometime ago his school began educating children in India, and when difficulty occurred he asked his children whether they would like to send the Indian boys and girls back to heathenism. The reply was, No. The heathen children then in question had been taught; the school where they were instructed broken up; and the children of his school now gave their money for the establishment of other schools. He knew a boy who went to school at three years old. He began with penny contributions. At four years old, he was prevented from attending school for forty weeks, at the end of which time he came to the school with forty cents in his pocket which he gave. He had now been twelve years in the school; but he never forgot his penny contributions. It was all moonshine, what some said, that the child should give only for his own school. They should give for the good of mankind. At his school, they had a library of five hundred volumes, and from time to time they said to the children, now who is for giving this library to the children where they have none. They all get up at once.

He had said that day in the Convention that he would present a daguerreotype portrait of Robert Raikes, to the venerable father who had founded the first Sunday School in Canada in 1811. That was forty-six years ago. Well, the Temple took forty-six years to build, and this father had been forty-six years building up Sunday Schools. He should now make him a present of the portrait of Robert Raikes.

Mr. Thompson accordingly handed the portrait to Mr. Smart, repeating the following lines:—

"Think how he taught unmoved and ardent

"In those sacred halls. Nor end his labours here,

"But onward rolled a mighty stream of rescued souls,

"To bliss, and joy supreme in heaven.

Rev. Mr. SMART, (Gananogue) expressed his thanks for the present, and after reminding the audience of the saying of Archimedes that he could move the world, had he a place to plant his machinery, remarked that the Christian had not only the machine; but a firm foundation whereon to plant it, the machine was education, which already nearly realized the wish of George the Third, that every child should know how to read, and every child who could read should have a bible. The bible was

indeed the foundation on which the machine was planted, and the world, intellectual and moral, was already moving.

Rev. Mr. MILLER, (Ogdensburg,) conceived that men might already see before their eyes the fulfilment of the promise, that the hearts of the fathers should be turned to the children, in the spread of Sunday Schools, that peculiar enterprise of the nineteenth century. The importance of it was easily shown. In the Methodist Church, the aggregate increase last year was 80,000, which was almost the precise number of those who had been added from the Sunday Schools. The rest only sufficed to supply the places of those who dropped off by death. The experience of the Presbyterian Church was similar. During the last ten years, of every thousand received as communicants seven hundred and fifty were from the children of the church, and were united to it before they were twenty-five years of age. Only one in a thousand was added after sixty years of age. What volumes of exhortation in these facts, to remember the children! In his church, out of a hundred and ninety-nine applicants, of whom one hundred were by profession of faith, the largest part were from the children of the church. He would add to his friends motto "I'll try" the words "and persevere." Phidias, the sculptor, being unjustly banished from that native country where his statuary graced the Pantheon, repaired to Elis, far from the land of his fathers; but there he undertook to accomplish a work superior to any he had hitherto achieved, and presented to the world, the statue of Jupiter Olympus. Look at him thus toiling on the shapeless mass, to gratify his ambition and revenge for the injustice of his countrymen! But Sunday School teachers had to do with immortal spirits. On them they were to make their mark; and should they not persevere? In a school where severe rules for the preservation of order had been enacted, a boy was reprimanded by his teacher and by the superintendent, and told that he must be banished unless he reformed. Frequently the teacher impressed this simple lesson upon him. At last he was banished; but the lesson was constantly ringing in his ears, till at last it was the means of introducing him to an extended sphere of usefulness, first as a Sunday School teacher, and then as a superintendent who succeeded in building up many Sunday Schools.

Mr. JAMES (Montreal,) had begged the Committee not to put his name on the list of speakers, and when they insisted and refused to take it off, he declared he would not occupy the meeting for two minutes. One of his reasons was, that he was very diffident and afraid to hear his own voice and the other, that his friends said his notions were very ultra, by which, he supposed, they meant they were exceedingly right, and he, therefore, dared not risk mischief by what he might say. But if it would do any good to hear something of his experience he would say this:—He had been more than thirty years in the Sabbath School as teacher, one of the visiting committee, and superintendent; and lastly, as teacher of the adult classes, and if he were asked whether he loved the work as well as he did thirty years before, he would reply: vastly more. His heart was never more thoroughly interested, nor more in the work than at that moment.