

languages have vanished completely, never to be seen more on this earth. It is done, and only the language of John Bull and Brother Jonathan, the two nations whose flags are seen in every harbor of the earth, whose currency is the monetary standard of all lands, and whose language in the course of a few generations will be the language of the world,—only improved by time. There is no doubt of it in the world,—it is just as sure as there is a heaven above us, and that love unites and love is great,—just so sure are the children of Christ coming together. They have to come, and they are coming. Who can tell us to-night how much is due to the efforts of the Sabbath School Association for this feeling of unity amongst the various denominations? Then there are these International leaves we all know so well, and when I look at them I always think of “the leaves of the trees that were for the healing of the nations.” These are bringing us together more and more, and healing up the little differences of doctrine. There is one thing more before I sit down, and that is in regard to our American friends who are here with us. I am very proud to welcome them. I have not had an opportunity of shaking hands with them yet, but I see that they are here. The years I spent in the United States myself were among the happiest in my life. Taking away the years of my University life, and those are always your brightest days, there is no other part of my life that I look back upon with so much pleasure. I think a man over there passes for all he is worth, unless he comes from Great Britain,—and I really think they put a premium on any one who is educated under the old Union Jack. I am very glad to welcome our American friends here to-night. The Sunday-school, like the Gospel of Christ, knows naught of boundaries. Christ Himself, too, came and took a man by the hand wherever He found him, and He was Himself a cosmopolite—a citizen of the world. We are all brothers,—all humanity is my brother,—and you remember that, although Christ Himself was called the Son of Abraham, when speaking of Himself He invariably called Himself the Son of Man. He is the Son of Man, and the brother of the whole of us. He is our brother, and all the world are our brethren through Him; and you cannot get it into the brain of the intelligence of this age, that a boundary or a river is going to make any difference with your duty to your fellow-man here or there, nor that a mountain chain is going to divide human hearts. I tell you we shall want a new definition of patriotism some of these days. When I hear some people talk of patriotism I always think of old “Sam Slick’s” definition of it. “Sam Slick,” as you all know, was the *nom de plume* of good old Judge Haliburton, of Nova Scotia, and he thought the term patriotism was very much abused in all lands, and he set out to make a very neat saying of it, and this is what he wrote: “Patriotism is the trump card of the scoundrel.” Now that is rather a bad definition of it. Patriotism is the love of our native land—but not at the expense of another. Help ourselves as far as we

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