

the Presbyterian tower—don't think there is anybody outside their tower. Then again there are some in all these towers that like to have windows towards each other and learn to shake hands once in a while. You will find that if we build up these towers and walls higher and higher that one of these days God will throw an arch over and form one Grand, Glorious Temple, the top stone of which will be laid in eternal glory. Let us work for denominational vigor and trust in God that He may make the Christian Church—the Protestant Church of the great Continent of America, a power in bringing to pass that glorious time when the world shall be filled with the knowledge and love of God.

Now I want to say briefly two or three things about what we are to do for these little children. I have not said so much for little folks—I wanted to make a plea for our youths and adults. Let us cultivate in the little ones a spirit of reverence. On our side there is a tendency to lose sight of this in connection with the Sabbath and God's house. Sometimes old people are responsible for that. Let us surround the Sabbath School with such influences as shall make it a sacred place. Next thing is to bring little children wisely, unconsciously, and speedily to a personal trust in Jesus Christ. The Conductor illustrated his meaning by relating an incident connected with his own son, where the latter had implicit confidence in his father, and continued, "I believe that the little children may be led very early in life to put a simple implicit and beautiful trust in the Lord Jesus Christ who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." I want to say to the ministers, look after the little children, in this way recognise them, and be friendly with them. I know ministers who have a way of repelling them. "I say Bill let us run, there comes the preacher." (Laughter.) I have known some ministers that would attract boys a couple of blocks off. The boys would run to meet them for the sake of shaking hands with them. Charles Lamb once said, as some friends were discussing about the propriety of inviting a certain minister to dinner, "don't invite him, he would put a damper on a funeral." (Laughter.) I have heard of a young minister who was much troubled with interruptions at study—he closed his study door and wrote thereon *thunder*, lightning, gunpowder, and poison, don't touch that knob." (Laughter.) Now I know a minister who was a hard student, he said to his wife one day, "If any little boy happens to come in through the day let me know it." The minister became absorbed in a German work, poring over page after page in that interesting language, and had got warm in his subject. A boy Ned knocks at the door of his house wanting to see him. The minister's wife, as her husband wished, announced Ned's desire. "Well, I declare," he says, "I have a great mind to break my rule, but no, bring Ned up." Ned comes up,