

a Mission Band? Not supplanting the Sunday School lesson, but that each teacher should meet his or her class at stated intervals in order to teach about missions. It would mean work for the teacher, it would mean teachers willing to learn in order to be able to teach, but it would result in two things: (1) In winning the children's attention and making better boys and girls. There is nothing more likely to win their attention than missionary literature. It has about it a degree of romance that is attractive to children. (2) It would produce men and women, money and prayer, that would evangelize the world.

I repeat, that the present generation of Sunday School scholars properly interested could preach the Gospel to every creature within their generation. Would that they would do it.

Mr. Blight sang a solo, entitled "Friends."

Mr. McCREA—It falls to the lot of Rev. Wm. Briggs, D.D., to make the closing address. I heard two men debating—one claiming him for a Presbyterian, and the other for a Methodist, and they were both sure they were right. Dr. Briggs is a Methodist, but I believe he would make a good Presbyterian. (Laughter.)

Rev. Dr. BRIGGS said: I trust that the members of this convention will go home with a stronger purpose in their hearts of personal consecration to their great work; I trust that they will go home with a deep determination to convert the lessons learned here into motives of action; to strike them into light and heat, so that they may lose the inert qualities of mere intellectual crystals, and find issue in warm and noble Sabbath School working life.

And oh, sir, what a constituency Sabbath School teachers have! First, those of early years—the children. Someone has called a child "a nebulous mass of latent potentiality." That is a big sentence, or a sentence of big words, and if spoken to children were a little too big to be useful; nearly as useless as the words of another who, addressing a Sunday School, said: "The scene which I now behold is one of unparalleled sublimity." It was soon one of unparalleled restlessness. Such tall talk was nearly as bad as the address of another eminent man, who said: "I fear, children, I have used a term you will not readily comprehend. I allude to the term summary—it is synonymous with synopsis." Still another, and this is the last, for I am to be serious to-night: "Boys, if I puncture this ball, immediately it will collapse; you understand the import of my words?" "Oh, yes," said one of the boys, "if you put a hole in it, it will go squash!"

A child, a "nebulous mass of latent potentiality!" What is the meaning? I think it is this: that physical energies, mental forces, wild passions, sleep in the nebulous mass like thunderstorms in the quiet clouds of summer. All the possibilities of heaven and eternity lie hidden in a child. Meekly they slumber there in the unsuspecting babe. Neither they nor the babe know that they are there, any more than the flower root knows of the bloom that is hidden within it.