

sending you out as a Sunday School worker. I wish I might dare to tell you what the Bible has done for me. It saved my soul. It has made life a brightness and a hope. It has made me to lift up my head among my fellowmen; and, thank God, it is burning ever brightly before me as the hope of eternal life. I wish I knew the Bible in such a way evangelistically that I might take this old Word of God and sit down at your side and speak as the voice of one sent of God to your heart and your conscience. Brethren, I beg of you in all your conventions to come in with us; use the Bible evangelistically. When the people come into county and township conventions, instruct them; but then, I beg you to bring the Bible in close contact with their hearts, and try to convert souls—that is the great end of all Bible study. That Bible study is best which saves the human soul. Now, brethren of Ontario, you have been kind in your reception of me, and in your treatment of my words. Let me speak this word of encouragement to you. You may not be able to do all that you have been admonished from this platform to do, but you have one great Helper when these have passed away—these mere human helps and human words—one helper mightier than Peloubet, or Schauffler, or Harper, or Dunning, or Hall. The poorest Sunday School teacher here to-night, in her own estimation, may go back for the year's work, doing the best she can with the limited circumstances and environment of her life; and if she lives as a conscientious Christian, there is one great Commentator—greatest in earth and in heaven, the very latchet of whose shoes the learned men of this world would be glad to unloose—the Holy Spirit. It is pledged to your help. May God give you power to receive the help of the Holy Spirit in your study and your teaching. (Amen.) I remember a poor discouraged teacher who had a boy named Matthew; and Matthew had learned to love the God of his Sunday School teacher, to pray, to want to be a member of a church. It was in Pennsylvania. She prepared the soil and sowed the good seed, and the man of God who was pastor of the church reaped the harvest, and yet in a strange way. He carried on a meeting for three weeks, and at the close of it he went home and prostrated himself with his face on the floor in the presence of his wife, and wringing his hands and shedding tears he said, "My meeting has been a failure; I have never worked so hard or preached so faithfully as I have, and yet there are only two accessions to my church—a boy of twelve years and a solitary man, when I had hoped for a hundred accessions." The good wife tried to speak words of encouragement to him, to try not to measure the gift of God even as to these two, but the man refused to be comforted. The Sunday School teacher who planted the seed, the pastor who brought it above the ground—they passed on their way. I don't know whether they ever knew the sequel of it. We knew it. Down in our country we had a great man. He was what might be called the Gladstone of our Western States. Honest old Abe