

ADDRESS OF WELCOME.

The Rev. Hugh Johnston, M.A., gave the following address of welcome:

I exceedingly regret that my dear friend the pastor of this church is, through ill health, unable to extend to you a fraternal greeting, for I am sure that he would feel it, as I do, a special honor and privilege to be permitted in the name of the citizens of Hamilton, to address words of warmest heartiest welcome to these earnest Sunday School workers assembled here in Convention. We welcome you, friends of Jesus, and friends of the Sunday School! we greet you with cordial affection, and bless you in the name of the Lord. The ministers, Sunday School teachers, and Christian people of Hamilton, who suffer me to speak in their behalf, all say welcome, a thousand times welcome to our city, our churches, our homes, and our hearts.

Hamilton is honored by the presence of so many Christian laborers engaged in so grand and glorious a work. There are many who remember with pleasure and with lively feelings of gratitude the Convention of ten years ago. The S. S. Association was organized in this ambitious city. You were born *here but how you have grown*. We have anticipated your coming with joyfulness and hope, and in this hour of greeting we look into your faces and up to the face of the unseen Father for his benediction to rest upon us.

We welcome you because of the importance of the Sunday School enterprise. It demands the attention of the profoundest thinkers. Its most ardent advocates have not yet risen to its true magnitude. The Sunday School is an essential part of the Christian church, and among all the movements of the age it is the only institution which has for its direct and only aim, the conversion of the young, and their instruction in the truths of the Bible, and the duties of the Christian life. You Sunday School teachers are the benefactors of humanity. You are acting upon the young in the *formative* period of their life and character, and your work reaches and effects all classes of the community. You co-operate with godly parents in the delicate and holy work of bringing up their children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord; and you help the little ones who are stranding in sin where homes are schools of vice and sinks of iniquity. Along the banks of the Chicago river in the old days before it was cleared out, some little children were playing when a little fellow fell in and sank over head in the mire. Another boy ran and told the father, and the crowd gathered. Some sailors ran down a spar by the side of the boy, got hold of the body and pulled it out of the river as filthy as it could be, and when that dirty dead body came up near enough the father caught it in his arms and pressed it to his bosom, groan-