

Christ, that is the end and object of it. Now I am convinced, my dear Christian friends, that any man or woman that will stand up in one of our large city Sunday Schools, or in any Sunday School in any of the smallest congregations in our rural districts, must, if he is a discerning man, or she a discerning woman, feel the awful solemnity of the work. Oh! what possibilities there are in a Sunday School room; what a tremendous amount of raw material there is there for the highest good of heaven, or the deepest woe of perdition. No man who is a superintendent or teacher stands up before a school-room of boys and girls but can realize the tremendous eventualities that are dependent upon the work that is done in that Sunday School room. This afternoon, sir, I saw one of the most wondrous sights, and most deeply interesting, that I ever witnessed in the City of London. Standing at the intersection of Waterloo and King Streets, I saw, coming out of one of our central schools, between three and four thousand children marching in procession, for the purpose of laying the corner stone of one of our large new schools. Fancy between three and four thousand boys and girls!! As I stood and looked upon them, the awful thought came rolling over my mind and seemed to dash against my heart like the waves of the sea, what is to be the end of these children? How many of these boys and girls are growing up to a virtuous and noble life—a life of work for Christ, a life that will end with a crown of glory on the other side of the pearly gates? How many of those bright-faced boys are going to the penitentiary? How many of those bright-faced boys are going to look out of prison windows? How many of those bright-faced, manly young fellows are going into drunkards' graves? How many of them are going to become gamblers? How many of them are going to become the class of men that disgrace the commercial circles of society? How many of those bright-faced, beautiful girls, in the freshness of their maidenhood, like daisies with the dew of the morning upon them, are going out, God only knows, where? Mr. Chairman and Christian ladies and gentlemen, that we welcome here to-night, a scene took place in Westminster Abbey last Sunday while the sacred services of that sanctuary were going on, that was enough to appal the heart of every man and woman. Twelve hundred men rushed into that sanctuary, and while the sermon was being preached, began to object, with jeers and sneers, to the statements that were made. The poets' corner was crowded with roughs, agnostics and anarchists. Men who are communists and socialists of the worst type climbed up on the statues of Shakespeare and Longfellow, and some of the other poets, and struck matches to light their pipes. When we have facts of that kind before us, how much depends upon the Christian Church, and especially upon that department of it so full of hope, the Sunday School. How much depends upon you Christian men and women whom we welcome here to-night, to save the world from communism and socialism, and that many-armed instrument, anarchism, which is threatening the

world, and like knocking at the door. The ringing here to-day. We read the pulpit, and we form for the des Christ has comm Schools you find are they to be? the young men become Christi men of deceit, chicanery? You the men who a ticians, parliam that comes hom come home with here to-night to that can prepare the Church but closing, that w and the next da education, more have rivals in sitting. It is s of the king, the there are lords, ment that never the days and t Satan; that "lo its parade; that My dear friends, gambling rooms, They are cultiva girls—into their awful thing for responsibilities and arrive at w important ASSO Christian welcom and anticipating "Welcome to y warmest hospita