

in Him. Mr. Burgess, why don't you teach our little brothers and sisters about Christ? And the shaft went home, and Burgess ran away from his place, and crossed the sea again; and the drums of the Salvation Army in the streets of London came to his ear. He was about to commit suicide. He followed them into their place of worship; he found Christ. The first thing he did was to go back to the far west; and he said, now I can teach you Christ. And then he drifted down to Montana, and there he is a great agency in the Sunday School.

I have seen many scenes like that. I have sung in England "What a Friend we have in Jesus!" when the children of Italian workmen in an Italian school were engaged in singing it in New Orleans. I have heard those coarse, guttural voices of the Chinese singing the songs we sing, the Moody and Sankey hymns, in their own language. There is not a nation upon the face of the earth but has its Sunday School. They have been planted everywhere.

The next word that went forth was to *unite* the Sunday Schools into a holy, aggressive alliance for the promotion of Sunday Schools and the advancement of good. You know how we have united. I remember away back in 1832, in the city of New York, in October—your Convention month—came together the first National Convention in the history of the world. Fifteen States only were represented; 223 delegates were there. They sat in session for three days, and were so delighted they said, let us repeat this; let us have another Convention next year in Philadelphia. And the Quaker City, from which comes Miss Harlow, is the great Sunday School city of our land. So they met there the next year, in 1833. Then there was a long silence, until 1859. The war drums were beating in our country, and the soldiers were marching to battle. Then there was a pause till 1869; and then, in 1872, at the National Convention, they framed the International Uniform Lesson System. They united so sweetly to sing, as we have to-night, those beautiful words, "Blest be the Tie that Binds." It was a holy sentiment that bound them together, but it meant more than that; it was something of more account even than the singing of that glorious old hymn. It meant unity of Christian service; it meant, practically, that all the churches banded together in that way could do a great deal more for themselves, as well as for one another, than they could by dwelling in separate camps and working each in his own way.

Look at the coronal of brilliant electric lights above. Could anything be more beautiful upon this earth, in a material way, than those bright lights that have taken the place of the rush lights of our grandmothers, and the tallow dips of ancient time. I hardly realize how easily these lights have come to us in our homes and in our streets, in our little cities as well as the greater ones. What wonderful light it sheds upon your faces, and illuminates this Convention in its evening session. Turn them all out but one, and call that the Presbyterian