

my native city just six years ago by a large army of Sunday-school workers from nearly every State of the American Union. That army soon captured all our hearts and has kept possession of them ever since. Hence we Canadians in coming among you this morning do not feel that we are strangers and foreigners, but we feel we are fellow-citizens of the saints and of the household of God, and that we come among brethren tried and

TRUE AND WELL BELOVED.

Thank God, sir, there is one kind of reciprocity the politicians cannot prevent—the reciprocity of kindly intercourse and Christian good-will and fellowship. (Applause.)

Some years ago I lived on the banks of the river Niagara, whose tortured waters raged and chafed and fretted along their rugged channel, just as for long years the cruel tide of war had chafed and raged between our kindred people. But through the kindly ministries of peace and good-will, and the growing ties of commerce, across the deep chasm was deftly woven, strand by strand, that wondrous wire-spun bridge which is now the highway of commerce, across which throbs every hour of the day and night the tide of travel between our kindred people. So, too, between these kindred lands there has been woven, by such international gatherings as these, a band of love, a three-fold cord which never can be broken. A cord? No, a great bridge, with steel-wrought cables, on which our hearts may come and go with messages of love and sympathy. And perish the hand and palsied be the tongue that would do or say aught to sever one strand of that golden cable, or stir up strife between these kindred peoples. For we be brethren, children of the same great mother of nations across the sea, heirs of the same noble literature, of the same heroic traditions, of a common English Bible and

A COMMON ENGLISH SPEECH.

In the hour of your deepest national sorrow our sorrow was scarcely less deep than yours, and across the sea to the stricken widows of your Lincoln and Garfield and Grant reached out the heart of our own widowed Queen—God bless her—in words of sympathy and love. (Applause.) We be brethren, and on both sides of the line are engaged in the common work of saving the children and bringing them to Christ.

In that glorious task the Sunday-school workers of our two countries occupy a glorious vantage-ground. We can lay our hands upon a lever of more than Archimedean power to elevate and bless the world. The successive generations of children are God's best gift to mankind—

Trailing clouds of glory with them as they come  
From God who is their home.

The old, the conscience-seared, the

hardened in sin—these will soon pass away. But the fresh young souls with their tenderness of conscience, and their vast possibilities for good, their guilelessness, their innocence, their docility—these are our best hope for the conversion of the race. Let us save the children and we shall soon save the world. But with these possibilities of good there are also vast possibilities of evil. Your anarchists, and hoodlums, and assassins, who a few months ago made your streets red with civic strife and for a time shook the very foundations of the common weal, were but a few years before, innocent white-browed children unstained by vice or crime.

And to-day, in this city, in every city, what fell temptations beset the unwary feet of those little wanderers upon life's rugged road.

Let me have the little children,  
Cries Crime, with a wolfish grin,  
For I love to lead the children  
In the pleasant paths of sin.

In your great city, in every great city, are far more places of dreadful temptation, far more gilded soul-traps, and haunts of hell working their potent spells all the week long than there are of schools or churches open for a few hours a week for their rescue and salvation. Your vast foreign population, the children of poverty and vice, the children unfathered, unmothered, the worst than orphaned children, are growing up, multitudes of them, to be pests of society, the menace of the common weal.

In Canada we are to a large extent free from many of the difficult social problems which perplex the people of the United States. We have no very large cities—none reaching a quarter of a million, and no congeries of ignorant, fanatical, infidel, foreign population. In the Province of Ontario, which I represent to-day, there exists a type of Christian civilization which is not excelled in any place on the earth. If Dr. Crafts were here he would tell you that in Toronto and Ontario there is the highest type of God-fearing, Sabbath-keeping people he knows on the face of the earth. Not even in the land of Knox, nor in New England, the home of the Puritans, can the Canadian Sabbath be rivalled. One of your writers has said "the wheat of the earth was sifted for that planting which took root so deeply in New England." The same may be said of the

UNITED EMPIRE LOYALISTS,

the founders of empire in Upper Canada. At the time of your revolutionary war a hundred years ago and more, when my ancestors and yours met in the shock of battle, the pilgrim fathers of Canada, for conscience' sake, went forth into exile, not knowing where they went. They taught their sons to fear God and honour the king, and to-day their descendants hold high the banner of Christ and seek the glory of

God, and to do him honour. The Christian leaders of our land were trained in our Sabbath-schools, and a high type of civilization is the outcome of the Sabbath-school training of the last thirty years. The Mayor of the city of Toronto is an active Sunday-school superintendent and Christian worker. The churches of our land are alive to the importance of the Sunday-school institutions, and we have an active Interdenominational Sabbath-school Union

EMBRACING ALL THE CHURCHES.

I could give you the statistics of our work, but you will read them in the report. I was struck with a remark I heard made that this convention represents seventeen million Sunday-school scholars and teachers, and I agree that no more important gathering was ever held in the city of Chicago than this Sabbath-school Convention, not even the conventions which have assembled here to nominate presidents of this great country. I seem to hear the tramp, tramp of that great army waiting to hear a word from us. Let us give them the command God gave to Moses: "Speak to the children of Israel that they go forward." They are looking to us for marching orders for the next three years. Let it be for a grand aggressive movement all along the line, that they may march onward and capture the world for Christ.

Five hundred years ago the bones of Wycliffe, the father of the English Reformation, were rifled from their grave and burned to ashes, and their ashes strewn in the rippling stream of Lutterworth, which, says quaint old Fuller, bore them to the Avon, the Avon to the Severn, the Severn to the narrow seas, and they to the wide ocean—an emblem of his doctrine which, like their waters, was to engirdle the world. So the humble beginnings of Christian effort, inaugurated a hundred years ago in the little city of Gloucester by Robert Raikes, has grown and grown to a world-wide movement whose influence is felt in every land beneath the sun. May it go on and on with ever increasing volume and strength till the earth shall be filled with the knowledge of God as the waters cover the mighty deep.

SUGGESTIONS TO S. S. SCHOLARS.

1. NEVER absent yourself from your class, if possible to prevent it. Irregularity in attendance will cause you to lose interest in the school, and will demoralize the class.
2. Try to be at school in time to take part in the Opening Exercises. And, when present, never fail to take part in them.
3. Never neglect the study of the lesson before coming to the class. Otherwise it will prove uninteresting, and you inattentive. If you study the lesson you will soon take delight in reciting it.
4. Remember that this is the house

of God, and that the best deportment is becoming those who worship herein.

5. In every way possible manifest your interest in the school, and unite with the officers in making it the best in the State.

Advertisement of a Lost Day.

Lost! lost! lost!  
A gem of countless price,  
Cut from the living rock,  
And graven in Paradise.  
Set round with three times eight  
Large diamonds, clear and bright,  
And each with sixty smaller ones,  
All changeful as the light.

Lost, where the thoughtless throng  
In fashion's mazes wind,  
Where thrilleth folly's song,  
Leaving a sting behind;  
Yet to my hand 'twas given  
A golden harp to buy,  
Such as the white-robed choir attune  
To deathless minstrelsy.

Lost! lost! lost!  
I feel all search is vain;  
That gem of countless cost  
Can ne'er be mine again!  
I offer no reward,  
For, till these heart-strings sever,  
I know that heaven-intrusted gift  
Is reft away forever!

But when the sea and land  
Like burning scroll have fled,  
I'll see it in his hand  
Who judgeth quick and dead;  
And when of scathe and loss  
That man can ne'er repair,  
The dread inquiry meets my soul,  
What shall it answer there?  
MRS. SIGOURNEY.

TALK WHILE AT MEALS.

The majority of persons nowadays have too much work to do—"too many irons in the fire." They desire to accomplish more work in a day than should be done in two days. The consequence is there is perpetual hurry and commotion, and no rest for any one. Even the meals are hastily eaten, the time taken for them being begrudged and looked on as lost. On the other hand, what a delightful flavour is given to dinners by pleasant, lively chat at table. Though the meal should consist of but one course, and the variety of dishes to that be small, yet bright, cheery talk is a spice that suits all dishes, pleases all tastes, and goes a long way toward making the plainest meal a delightful repast—not exciting argument, or a lecture from one of the heads of the family which would blunt the appetite and depress the spirits, but light, airy talk, interspersed with pleasant and amusing anecdotes.

Dr. Franklin says that his father always managed to have some instructive conversation going on between himself and the boys at the table, engaging their attention so entirely that after the meal was over they would remember the talk and not the dinner. There is health, too, in such a course; for cheerful talk promotes digestion. In fact, without pleasant feelings, eating is little more than an injury. The person who hurriedly eats his meals, with no good word for those about him, will have a great deal to be sorry for as time goes on.