

the Sunday School. He refused, but offered to read through the New Testament if I would read through Tom Paine's "Age of Reason." I agreed, but told him at the same time that he had got the best of the bargain. I asked for liberty to hold a prayer-meeting in his saloon. He scouted the idea, but said he had no objection to a friendly meeting where the talking would not all be on one side. I offered to come at a certain hour if he would gather his friends together, and to listen for the first 45 minutes, if he would only give me the next fifteen. He agreed. When I got there at the appointed time, I found there the hardest lot of atheists and infidels I ever saw anywhere. I only took with me a little orphan boy we had reclaimed from the streets, and who had learnt to pray. On the meeting being opened, an atheist got up and proclaimed that there was no God. He was immediately interrupted by an infidel, who said he could not go so far as that; he believed there was a God. They then disputed with each other for their whole 45 minutes. At the end of that time I claimed my fifteen minutes, and called upon the little boy to engage in prayer. He did so, reverently petitioning his Heavenly Father that he would come down in mercy and forgive the wicked thoughts that had just been uttered, and that he would turn their hearts to Christ. At the end of our prayer-meeting of fifteen minutes, the infidels had all slunk out one by one. The man in whose house the meeting was held, came forward, with tears in his eyes, and said:—"Mr. Moody, I give in; my children you can have for the Sunday School." It is the duty of Christians to keep their lamps trimmed and burning, waiting for the coming of the Lord. Infidels do not read the Bible, but they read you and I; see to it, brethren, that we are living Christians, known and read of all men. A vessel sought Cleveland harbor one dreadful night, in a storm. The pilot shouted out, "Captain, can you see the lighthouse?" "Yes, I see the lighthouse on the cliff!" "Can you see the lower lights?" The captain replied that he could not. The upper lights—the lights on the cliff—were burning brightly, but the harbor lights had been allowed to go out. The pilot warned the Captain not to try and go into the harbour; but the Captain replied that the storm was raging so fiercely that he must go in. The vessel drove on, missed the channel, struck a sunken rock, and went down in the darkness. It is just so in our struggle. The upper lights are burning bright as ever. But the lower lights—what of them?

Voluntary by the choir, "*Blow ye the trumpet*" was then sung, and a collection taken up to defray the expenses of the Convention.

REV. W. M. PUNSHON spoke:—No spiritually healthy man could look on these Associations, he said, without thanking God and taking courage. He rejoiced in the extension of those Associations to this Dominion, and was extremely glad to meet so many persons here who had the right spirit animating them. These institutions were symbols of rare and precious meaning—expressive of homage of man to man—for to work for each other was man's chiefest duty, and man's chiefest pleasure. He was rejoiced to see before him so many evidently impressed with God's truths. Having alluded to the fact that Christianity had as it were changed the world's atmosphere—had become an active, powerful agent—he said he was right glad to see their young men making such good use of it. There was no question—as an English preacher once put it—that the world is wrong side up—that it can be