

Mr. HUNTINGTON (Rochester,) would give a few statistics of the school of which Mr. Thompson had spoken. They had a book containing biographical records of the school, with the autographs of every teacher and scholar for twenty or thirty years back. It contained three thousand biographical sketches, and his colleague who had already spoken made it his business, if he saw anything in a newspaper, or anywhere else, of one of their scholars or teachers to insert it in the book. Whenever a scholar emigrated to the West or elsewhere, a record was made of the fact, and the collection was well worthy of examination. The school contained 430 scholars, of whom 140 were over fourteen years of age. It had young teachers and teachers who were fathers. Among the elderly teachers was the oldest man in the Church. With one or two exceptions that teacher had been in his place regularly for three years. One young lady had assumed the instruction of the female bible class in 1853; but her health became impaired and she was called to her resting place. On her dying pillow she had the consolation of believing that save one, all her scholars had been converted. As an evidence of what one little boy could do, he would mention that in Western Kentucky a reward was offered to boys who should bring in scholars. The first person that one of these boys applied to was his father. The man said "I dont know how to read." "We will teach you said the child." The father followed his son; sat on the same bench by him; learned to read; became converted; and finally was sent out as a colporteur. At the end of four years he had established four hundred Sabbath Schools, and 35,000 children, within seven years were, by his instrumentality, gathered in. That boy was now a missionary. In New York, there were about 500,000 children and about 200,000 of these were in Sabbath Schools. Among the rest were the Catholic children who went to their own schools, and it was proposed to adopt a plan to bring them all in. In the City of New-York, a good deacon and a Scotchman met a few little boys on Sunday morning for the sake of giving them instruction in the scriptures. Mr. Pardee proposed one day to visit him and see if he could render any assistance. At the appointed time Mr. Pardee went and found his friend engaged with ten or eleven boys; but he had noticed on his way some boys who were playing at marbles. He asked if these had been invited; and was told that they had been but would not come. Upon that he went out and found a lad thirteen years of age and other smaller boys together. He said to the elder. I have a motion to make and if you will second it, I think I can carry it—it is that you adjourn your meeting and go to the Sabbath School. "No" said the boy "I sha'n't do that." "Well" said Mr. Pardee, "you are doing two things that are wrong,—one is gambling, and the other breaking the Sabbath. I protest against them." "Oh come along boys" said the eldest, and off they went a little further and resumed their game. Mr. Pardee returned to the school, obtained a little book with pictures, and got a boy to accompany him. Then he approached the group again, reading the book to the boy and looking at the pictures. The other lads became interested and approached to see what the interesting story

was about. At length the eldest boy was left alone and he came up too. Then Mr. Pardee asked if they did not all want books, saying that just such were given to the boys at the school, and addressing the elder boy, now, said he, if you go all will go. "Oh, he knew that," he said, and then "well boys! lets all go to school." They went in; but the eldest boy soon slipped away, returning however, soon after with the exclamation—"here Mister—here are some more boys." He slipped out again, and returned in the same manner, so that before the school broke up he had gathered sixty four boys; and he was then made assistant superintendent, and ultimately he became much interested in the work. He was taught the trade of machine manufacturing in the Southern part of Connecticut, and if any of his hearers should ever read of Casper Howard, that was the boy. In one of the largest schools in Brooklyn lately, a man came and asked the superintendent for a place to teach a bible class. Dr. Morel did not know if he had any place to spare. "Can I have that corner?" "Certainly." Next Sunday he had five young men; the next as many more, and at the end of the year forty were converted from that class. The reason he (Mr. H.) was so much interested in Sabbath Schools was, that he had had no pious father or mother; but he went to Sabbath School. All the children of the family were converted by those schools, and after that, the parents were converted likewise.

Mr. FOOTE (Buffalo,) loved Sabbath Schools, because through their agency, he had seen communities of Sabbath breakers and drunkards transformed to fervors of God and lovers of righteousness;—because they promoted the interest of the Church, the country, the father, the child, the scholar and the teacher. He was sorry to hear any charges brought against them.

"Earth had no name more worthy fame.

"The countless blessings it had shed.

"Would be revealed when worlds were fled."

The Sabbath School did not get credit enough. You might indeed look to a particular school, and see no fruit for the moment; but where was that seed prepared, of the germination of which they had heard that night? In the places where those who had toiled and sowed in tears, twenty or thirty years before, leaving the generation that came after to gather the harvest; and long after the accounts of those now labouring should be sealed up, the value of their work would be better understood. There were in this land hundreds of thousands of neglected children; but the past history of Sabbath Schools warranted the conclusion, that they were powerful as a remedy. Go to Africa's shore, and there would be found, borne thither in a ship from other lands, the boy who had been trained in a Sunday School to love Jesus Christ. He went to tell to those benighted minds the way of salvation. The missionary there, too, began with the children. This had once excited the wonderment of an old Chief who met a missionary, and asked: "What is this you come after—the children?" "Yes," said the missionary, "I come to do you good. The old people are hopeless; but my hope is with the young, and we must first get their affections." "Ah!" said the old man again.