

JOURNAL OF PROCEEDINGS

Recs
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OF THE

FOURTH ANNUAL

California State Sunday School

CONVENTION,

Held at San Jose, April 18th, 19th and 20th, 1871.

PHONOGRAPHICALLY REPORTED FOR THE CONVENTION,

BY CHARLES F. WHITTON.

SAN FRANCISCO:

BACON & COMPANY, BOOK AND JOB PRINTERS, EXCELSIOR OFFICE,

No. 536 Clay Street, just below Montgomery.

1871.

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LIST OF OFFICERS.

PRESIDENT—Gen. John Bidwell, - - - - - *Chico*
 VICE-PRESIDENT—A. E. Pomeroy, - - - - - *San Jose*
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 TREASURER—R. G. Davisson, - - - - - *San Francisco*
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EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE FOR 1872.

CHAIRMAN—W. F. Peters, - - - - - *San Francisco*
 Gen. John Bidwell, - - - - - *Chico*
 G. W. Armes, - - - - - *Oakland*
 Rev. T. S. Dunn, - - - - - *Oakland*
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 Rev. O. Gibson, - - - - - *San Francisco*
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 George H. Hare, - - - - - *San Jose*
 SECRETARY—W. H. Craig, - - - - - *San Francisco*

JOURNAL OF PROCEEDINGS.

FIRST DAY—OPENING SESSION.

TUESDAY, April 18th, 1871.

The Fourth Annual State Sunday School Convention of California was convened at San José agreeable to the call of the State Committee, April 18th, 1871. The Convention met in the spacious Pavilion, erected by the people of San José for this especial occasion, at two o'clock P. M., on Thursday, April 18th, 1871, and in consequence of the absence of the President, Rev. I. E. Dwinell, D. D., of Sacramento, the Convention was called to order by the Vice President, Rev. J. A. Bruner, who, in a few pertinent remarks, stated the object of the Convention; and the exercises were inaugurated by a selection from "Hallowed Songs"—"And are we yet alive"—Philip Phillips, of New York, the "sweet singer" and author of the work, leading and presiding at the organ.

The devotional exercises were continued by the reading of selected portions of Scripture by Rev. D. S. Watson, of San Francisco, and prayer by Rev. B. N. Seymour, of Haywood, after which the "Pilgrim Singer" again led the thoughts of the assembled multitude heavenward by the song, "In the Cross of Christ I glory."

The temporary organization of the Convention was completed by the election of A. G. Wood, of San Francisco, as temporary Secretary.

Rev. W. J. McClay, of San José, was then announced, who proceeded to deliver an address of welcome to the "Christian Workers," in behalf of their brothers and sisters of San José, in a manner so earnest, warm-hearted and cordial, that the stranger was made to feel that he was indeed "at home" and among those of his own household, and as he ceased speaking, Brother Phillips continued the same thought in a song of welcome—"The water of life."

Rev. B. T. Martin, of Oakland, responded to this welcome in a most happy and pertinent manner. He said: "The hospitality of the people of San José has passed into a proverb, and we have to-day re-

newed evidence of the truth of this proverb upon the walls of this ample building, which they have erected for our accommodation. Would that it were my lot to *extend the welcome*, rather than to acknowledge this hospitality. It is pleasant to *extend* a welcome, and it is also pleasant to *acknowledge* one which springs from the heart, and we know that this one does so. We are 'Christian workers,' and we are come here in that capacity. We have been welcomed as such, and we come here not only to work, but to enquire what we have all been doing since our last meeting, one year ago."

This was followed by another song, "All to Christ I owe," after which the regular business of the Convention was announced.

REGULAR BUSINESS.

The following resolution, offered by Judge R. Thompson, of San Francisco, was carried :

"*Resolved*—That the Executive Committee be the committee for the nomination of officers for permanent organization, to report at the evening session."

Rev. C. V. Anthony, of Stockton, offered the following :

"*Resolved*—That all matters of business and all resolutions be referred to the Executive Committee, or to some other Committee appointed by the Convention."

After considerable discussion of the matter, on motion it was laid on the table until the evening session.

At this point the President announced that the remainder of the session would be spent in singing and prayer. After about an hour spent in this manner, and the session was about to close, the Chairman of the Executive Committee stated, that in the opinion of that Committee the business of the Convention would be much facilitated if the action laying on the table the resolution offered by Rev. C. V. Anthony be re-considered, and action thereon be had prior to adjournment.

On motion of Rev. B. T. Martin, the action laying said resolution on the table was re-considered, and the resolution taken from the table.

A motion was then made that said resolution be indefinitely postponed, which, after considerable further discussion, was lost. Brother Martin renewed the motion, believing there was a misunderstanding, and said question of indefinite postponement was carried.

Moved by Rev. Mr. Deal, "That the places of members of the Executive Committee not present be filled by appointment by the Chair."

Pending this question, on motion of Judge R. Thompson, the Convention adjourned until half-past seven o'clock P. M.

FIRST DAY—EVENING SESSION.

At quarter to eight o'clock the Convention was called to order.

After the singing of the hymn commencing with the line, "Oh! could I speak the matchless worth," the Rev. Mr. Blake offered prayer.

The chorus of the hymn, "I am safe within the veil," was sung, after which the Nominating Committee presented their report.

REPORT OF THE NOMINATING COMMITTEE.

For President, Gen. John Bidwell, of Chico.

For Vice-President, A. E. Pomeroy, of San José.

For Second Vice-President, Judge R. Thompson, of San Francisco.

For Third Vice-President, G. W. Dam, of Oakland.

For Fourth Vice-President, Rev. William T. Lucky, D. D. of San José.

For Recording Secretary, A. G. Wood, of San Francisco.

For Treasurer, R. G. Davisson, of San Francisco.

The report was accepted and adopted as a whole.

General John Bidwell of Chico, President elect, then came forward greeted with applause, and was introduced to the Convention by Mr. Bruner. He said:

My friends, you have done me a very great honor to call me on an occasion like this to act as your presiding officer. I feel that you have been more than partial, because I know that there are many present who could discharge this duty much better than myself. I came to this place for the purpose of adding my approbation, if no more, to the great and glorious cause here represented. I feel, my friends, that no gathering in this State has ever been of more consequence than the one here. I believe that of all the influences which are to raise us as a people to the high destiny that we should occupy, nothing can compare to the cultivation of that religious principle that exists in the breast of every person. [Applause.] It is as much more important to cultivate the great faculties of the soul than it is to cherish our dying bodies as eternity is, compared with the fleeting things of this moment. My friends, throughout life we are surrounded by great obligations; we have them on every hand; but there are no obligations so great as those which are laid upon us to discharge by the commands of Heaven; and we have been told in the sacred volume that little children shall be suffered to come unto the Saviour, and that we should not forbid them. But what could be more forbidding to the rising generation than to neglect those who are growing up in our midst, and who are so soon to take our places and discharge the high trust committed to humanity.

Youth is the time to serve the Lord. It is true, amidst the whirl of life's changing scenes a man may sometimes, seeing the shallow-

ness of friendship, the selfishness of what the world calls honor, become thoughtful and flee for refuge to Christ, the Rock of Ages; but it is principally with the youth that we must labor if we are to see the great cause of Christ and His kingdom built up.

I will not extend these remarks, in returning my thanks to this audience, because I came here prepared with no address. I tried to decline the high honor to which I have been called; but I did not feel at liberty to shrink from any duty in this Convention which I could consistently discharge. [Applause.] Now, my friends, I presume the committee have a programme, and it will be my pleasure, as well as my duty, to do all I can to forward the labors of this Convention, and I shall hope to see this cause begun here, and extended throughout the length and breadth of this State and the Pacific coast, and that it will not stop here, but roll on over the Pacific until the distant isles shall hear the name of the Redeemer. [Applause.]

The last verse of "Saviour, like a shepherd lead us," was here sung.

The next thing on the programme was an address by D. L. Moody, of Chicago. He came forward and was introduced by the President.

Mr. Moody—My friends, I would like to have Mr. Phillips sing that good song of "Your Mission," to get me in a good speaking mood.

Mr. Phillips sang this beautiful song, beginning with the line, "If you cannot on the ocean sail among the swiftest fleet."

MR. MOODY'S ADDRESS.

My friends, there has one very solemn thought come over me to-night as I look upon this vast congregation, and that is, that I am speaking to at least a hundred thousand people here to-night. I am speaking to men that represent hundreds and thousands of people; and as I was sitting in my chair a few minutes ago, I said to myself if I could only get the Christian people in this house to pray for me, that they might pray that God would prepare the hearts of the people to receive the truth, and then that God would teach me just what to say, that this would be a profitable meeting. If you have just come here to criticise, if you have merely come here out of curiosity to hear these strangers from the East, why, you will go away disappointed, perhaps—you will go away unbenefited. But if you have come here for a spiritual feast, if you have come here to-night to get near to Jesus and to learn how we may work for Him and how win souls to Him, then God will bless this meeting, and the Holy Spirit will be sent according to His promise, and we shall all go away quickened and better prepared for the work God has got for us to do.

If I understand the object of the Convention, it is this: Here are Christian men and women who have come up from different parts of the Pacific coast to learn how we may win souls to Christ; how we may work for the Son of God, and we want to keep that little word *how* in view all the time—*h-o-w, how*; that is what we want. How can I win souls to the Son of God? How can I be more successful? How can I go out into this dark world and point men the way to

Christ and Heaven? I am speaking now to the laymen. I am a layman. My friend, Doctor Vincent, will soon come on. He is a clergyman, and I will let him talk to the clergymen. I want to get the ears of the laymen here for a little while. I do not believe there is any place on earth where we, as laymen, can do as much good and accomplish as much for the Master as we can in the Sabbath School cause, and therefore I believe there is no man or woman who loves the Lord Jesus Christ but can work in the Sabbath School. There is one thing we can do; if we cannot teach others, we can go into the Bible classes and learn how to teach, so that when we are able we can go and break the bread of life to the perishing and the dying. [Applause.]

I believe in my soul there is a good deal of infidelity that has crept into the Church of God. I believe there are thousands of mothers and fathers in America to-day, and hundreds and thousands of Sabbath School teachers, who do not believe in their hearts what Christ said when he uttered those words: "Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven." We do not believe in early conversion, and there is where we have made a great failure in the past. I want to tell you, my friends, I believe to-night we have not commenced the Sabbath School work. We talk about our great Sabbath Schools, our great Conventions, and what splendid Conventions they have been, and what splendid Institutes we have had, and what splendid teachers' meetings; but we have not commenced yet. I believe to-day, nine-tenths of the Sabbath School teachers do not believe in their hearts that the little children can be converted, and there is where Satan has had the advantage. If we tear this cold infidelity and unbelief from our hearts, and go into the Sabbath School and labor for all those that come there, what great results we would see inside of twelve months! Let the Sabbath School teachers go back with the determination that they will teach and labor till these children are brought to Christ. Do n't you think there would be great results? Do n't you think the little children would come flocking into Christ's kingdom by hundreds and thousands?

At Cincinnati a while ago, they had a Sabbath School concert. A little child there had this little verse: "Suffer the little children to come unto me," and she got up in the great audience. It scared her little heart and she began to tremble. She got out a few words and said, "Suffer the little children," and broke down, and then she mustered up courage again and said, "Suffer the little children," and broke down again. They began to laugh, and it frightened her, but at last she got up and said, "Suffer the little children to come and don't stop them, for I want to come"—that is, she got the meaning. Do not stop little children from coming. Do not let your unbelief hinder the little daughter or son of yours from coming to the blessed Master, but bring them in the arms of your faith, believing that Jesus loves little children and is ready to bless them.

I was in Michigan a little while ago, and I was urging this in one of the Churches, and an old man with grey locks got up and said: "I want to indorse all that young man has said. Sixteen years ago I was

in a heathen country and my wife left me with three little motherless children. The Sunday after her death, my little daughter came to me and said: 'Shan't I take the children into the bedroom and pray for them as mother used to like to on the Sabbath?' I told her she might if she wanted to. So, taking her little brother by one hand and her sister with the other, she went into the chamber to pray. Presently I noticed they were all weeping, and I called my eldest girl to me and said, 'What is the trouble? What is the matter?' She said: 'I could not but weep; I prayed just as mother prayed, and my little brother prayed the prayer mother taught him, and little Susan did not pray at first, but as we got up she prayed, and I could not but weep to hear her pray.' "Why," said the father, "what did she pray?" "Ah," she replied, "she put up her little hands and said: 'O, God, you have taken away my poor mother, and I have got no mother to pray for me now; won't you please make me good, for Jesus' sake, amen.'" Said he, "God heard that prayer, and that child gave evidence of conversion before she was six years old, and she has been working in that heathen country—working for the conversion of others." Mothers, do you believe a child can come that early to the Saviour? If you do not, that is unbelief; because he will if you expect it and labor for it. Oh! I would to God we could get above this wretched, cold, miserable unbelief; that we could rise and seize hold of the promises of God and bring these little lambs to the Shepherd, that he may fold them in his bosom and carry them over the rough places of this world safe into his kingdom.

I heard Ralph Wells tell this little incident a while ago, that made a great impression on me as a father. He said there was a man who belonged to a Church he belonged to in New York City, who had a boy that had been sick some time, but he did not consider his sickness dangerous. One day when the man got home to dinner the wife said: "I think there has been a great change in our boy since morning, and I wish you would go and see him, and if you think he is dying, I wish you would tell him, for I do not want him to die without letting him know it." The father went into the room and he saw that death was doing its work. He put his hand on his boy's forehead, and he could see that the cold sweat of night was upon him. He could feel that the icy hand of death was feeling for him. He said: "My son, do you know that you are dying?" "No, I don't," he was answered. "Yes, you are," the father said. "Will I die to-day?" "Yes, my child, you will not live till night." The boy replied, "Well, I'll be with Jesus; shan't I, father?" "Yes, you will be with the Saviour to-night," and the father turned away to weep, and as he turned his head the boy saw the tears running down his cheeks. "Don't weep for me," he said; "when I get to heaven, I will go straight to Jesus, and I will tell him that ever since I can remember, you tried to lead me to him." Dear friends, God has given me two children, and I had rather have such testimony than all the wealth of the world. I had rather they would go up and tell the Saviour that ever since I could tell them, I tried to lead them to the Master.

There is where you as Sabbath School teachers ought to commence

to take them by the hand and lead them to Christ. You ought not to be satisfied with telling them the way and pointing it out, but you should take them by the hand and lead them to the Son of God. A friend of mine was speaking about this, and he said: "Do not be satisfied with telling the children or pointing them to the right path, but take them by the hand and lead them to the Saviour," and a little child went along the central isle and she reached forth her little hand, and with tears in her eyes she said, "Will you please lead me to Jesus?" Oh! I see the children that come to our Sabbath Schools Sunday after Sunday say to us, "Will you lead me to Jesus?" and how many are meeting them Sabbath after Sabbath who do not think of their conversion—who do not talk about their coming to Christ! We do not labor for it enough and we see but very little fruit. I would to God that it was different. I wish I could say something to the parents to-night that would rouse these Christian mothers and fathers to lead their children to the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world. I want to say that I believe hundreds and thousands of parents are to-day making this mistake: they allow the children to wander off from the Sabbath School—off into the billiard halls and drinking saloons, and they are led astray. Then they say they are gone so far that they cannot reach them. And so we are not to have any time really when our children can come to Christ. They are too young in childhood, and when they grow up to manhood they are too hard and too far away from God. So we get discouraged, and we give them up. Is it not a sad fact, my dear friends? You need not go to other nations to find it out, but look around you in your own neighborhood and see how many you know—how many fathers and mothers are slumbering spiritually when their children are wandering down along the edge of the chasm over to the dark precipice of death.

A father took his child with him out into the field one day, and he lay under the shade of a tree while his little child was picking blades of grass and the flowers, and bringing them to him, and saying, "Pretty, pretty." He got asleep. When he awoke he thought, "Where is my child?" He looked all around him and could not see it. He shouted as loud as he could, and all he could hear was the echo of his own voice. Then he went to a mound and shouted again, and all he could hear was the same sad echo. Going to the edge of a precipice, he looked down and saw that loved child all covered with briars and blood. He shouted again; there was no answer. He went to the spot and found the child was dead. He took up the lifeless form, folded it to his bosom and accused himself of being the murderer of his own child. Then he carried that little body home, and there again he said he had murdered that little one. Are there not thousands of parents in America who are murdering their children and letting them wander in these by-paths of vice and crime? and yet the Church of God sleeps on and on, and there is hardly anything done to beat back the dark waves of hell that are carrying the children to ruin. I would that this Convention could rouse this coast to look after the children. The dark days are coming on this land if something is not done, if our children are not looked after, if we do not do something to bring them to Christ.

Last summer one of our Sabbath Schools went out on an excursion. On the train they went in there was a beautiful little boy eight or nine years old. He was sitting on the platform of one of the cars, when the engine took a sudden start; the little fellow lost his hold and fell, and got under the wheels, and the cars passed over him. One of the Superintendents came and took off his coat to hold together the mangled body, for it was so mangled that it could not hold together, except by putting the coat under it to tie it up. The body was left at the station, and they went to the house to tell the father and mother. When they got there one said, "You go;" and the other said, "No, you go." "No, I cannot go, you go;" and they stood there for a few minutes discussing who should go. At last one of them said, "I will go in." He went in. The family were in the dining room at dinner. He called the father out, for he thought it was best to break the news to the father first, and let him break it to the mother. He took him into the sitting room and said: "I have got sad news to tell you." The man had come into the room with his napkin in his hand; he said, "What is it?" turning deathly pale, "What is it?" "Well, your Jimmy has got run over." "Is he dead?" "Yes, he is dead." Going back into the dining room, holding up his napkin, he said, "Dead, dead!" and the mother sprang to her feet and said, "Who?" "Our Jimmy," said the father; and as the mother came out she said, "Where is my boy, where can I see him?" and when he told her that the body was so mangled she could not see it, she fainted away. And that man said, "I will never be the messenger of such news again, if you should give me all Chicago. It seemed as if my heart would break, as I saw that mother wringing her hands and weeping." There is not a father or mother here who does not appreciate how great that grief must have been; but there is something worse than that.

Some years ago a mother came to me and said: "I wish you would go home with me to-night; I want to talk to you." I went. She drew up her chair to me, and as she wiped away her tears she said: "I have got a son in your city; when he was young he used to go out and circulate tracts. I did not like it, and I discouraged him in every way I could. At last, I sent him away to college. I thought I would get him away from those young men who had such an influence over him. All the while I was a professing Christian, and I do n't see how I could have done such a thing as that. Instead of encouraging my boy, I thought he was too young to be a Christian. After a while I heard my boy had got into bad company, and I wrote him letters; I went down to talk to him; but I found that the cord that bound me to him was broken. I did not know what to do. I then urged him with long letters to turn away from his companions and associates. The next thing I heard was, he had torn up my letters without reading them. Then he ran away from college, and for two years we did not know where he was. He was an only son, and it almost broke my heart. I heard he was in Chicago, and my husband gave him thirty thousand dollars, and thought it would set him up in business. I thought that would change him; but it only made him worse. Now he has become very dissipated. He is my only son, and if you can only see him, and

win him to the Saviour, I would be so glad." For two long years I tried to reach that young man. I was east some time ago, and when I was there the news came to my ears that the young man had taken a boat ride on the Sabbath, and the boat capsized and the boy was lost. The father spent two weeks hunting for the body, and at last when he found it, it was covered with sand. He took and washed it and put it in a Christless coffin, bore it to his mother, and it was placed in a Christless grave. I have a boy, but I would rather that a train of cars should run over him, till I could not see one speck of his body, than have him be bad, and dissipated, and ruined, and to have him sink at last into a Christless grave. For worse than these earthly afflictions is it, to have our children grow up without mercy and without grace, and then in that terrible state to go to the judgment.

I wish I could say something that would rouse the fathers and mothers of this Pacific coast so that you would labor more for the salvation of the children. Commence early with them. Do not let unbelief keep you from bringing them to the Saviour early, and He will receive them and bless them. A mother who was dying some time ago, asked her children to be brought to her bedside, and she placed her hand on their heads and gave them a mother's blessing. When she came to the little infant, she hugged it and kissed it, and hugged it and kissed it; and looking to her husband, she said: "I charge you, sir, to bring all these children home with you." And so the King of Glory charges us to bring all our children home. Don't let us leave any of them down here without Christ and without God, but let us labor to bring them early to the Saviour, to a knowledge of the Son of God.

I want to speak a word to the Sabbath School teachers here tonight. Let me urge upon you the importance of laboring for the conversion of your children. The work must begin there. Then teach them how to work and how to labor for the Master. Let the first thing be to bring them to Christ. If you labor for that God will bless the effort, and you can be wise in winning souls to Him. The most earnest Sabbath School teacher I have seen was one who did not rouse up to the work till he was given up by the physicians to die. He had a large class of young ladies in the Sabbath School. They were wild, giddy, young ladies. One Sabbath I missed him. Then he came into my store. He was pale and haggard, and he threw himself on to a box and said: "Moody, the doctors have given me up to die. I have arranged up all my business, and I am going to my widowed mother's to die." The tears came down his cheeks, and I said: "What is the trouble?" He replied: "The members of my Sabbath School class are not converted, and I will meet them at the judgment, and what shall I say?" I said: "Let us go to see them." "I have not got strength," said he; "I have hardly enough strength to walk, I have lost so much blood." I said: "I will take you in a carriage and we will go from house to house." So we went in a carriage, and as he got reeling out of that carriage he went to each one and said: "Martha—Julia, I have come to see if you will not be a follower of Jesus." And after explaining the plan of salvation the best he could, he kneeled

down and prayed for those scholars. He labored thus for ten days. When he got tired he would rest, and then I would take him out again; and at the end of that ten days the last one of those scholars gave herself to the Saviour. "Now," said he, "I will go home to die;" and then we met the class in the city, the first time after they became Christians, and if you could have seen them you would have been glad. They sang the song: "Blest be the tie that binds our hearts;" they knelt down; he prayed for them, and then one after another they prayed for him, that he might die in peace and that they might meet him in heaven, and then they said, "good bye." I thought as he was going to leave I must grasp his hand once more. So I went to the depot to see him, and while I was there, without any concert of action, one after another of that class came there; they thought they must see him again, and they struck up the hymn: "Here we meet to part again, but when we meet on Canaan's shore there'll be no parting there." As he stepped upon the platform of the cars he pointed to the eternal city "whose builder and maker is God." He said, "I will meet you there;" and he rolled away out of sight. The influence of that teacher lives still in Chicago, and will live as long as Chicago lasts. Some of the best teachers I have in my Sabbath School were converted through the influence of that last ten days' effort. I would that we could feel that we are passing to the judgment, and those we labor for are dying, passing away, and if we are faithful, and if we labor in earnest, God will give us the desire of our heart and we shall continually see souls converted. Sometimes we may feel discouraged, sometimes the work may seem hard, but if we look to the Master and pray for strength, He will give it to us, and He will give us wisdom; He will make us wise in winning souls to Him. That is what we want—wisdom from on high, the spirit God is ever willing to give.

We must not get discouraged. Mr. Wannamaker in Philadelphia, whom I visited when I was at home, has a Sabbath School in which there is a young lady teacher who has a rough boy in her class. One Sunday she corrected him, and because she corrected him he spit in her face. I suppose you would have said, "I will turn him out of the class." She did not. She took out her handkerchief, wiped it away, and went on teaching the class. When she was through the lesson, she said, "James, can I go home with you to-night?" "No," he said. Said she, "I am not going to scold you." "I don't want anything to do with you." Presently she said: "James, I have got a little package home at the house for you. I shall not be home to-morrow, the girl will give it to you." "Well, he didn't think he would come; but the next day he did come. It was a necktie, and she wrote him a note and told him how much she loved him. When she went away he came and got it, and went away. The next morning the girl came to this young lady and told her that there was a boy in the sitting room who wanted to see her. She came, and he said: "I didn't sleep last night, and I want you to forgive me." As Mr. Wannamaker said to the teachers—that teacher who is willing to be spit upon will win her children to the Saviour. That is the kind of teachers we want in the nineteenth century. [Applause.] The Son of God was spit upon. When we are

willing to take that place God will bless us, and the world will say we are in earnest. That is what we want to-day more than anything else; an earnest Christianity. It is this dead formalism that is hindering Christianity more than all the false isms of the present day, and when we have an earnest Christianity we will move the hearts of the people and reach men. Then we shall reach the hardest men and the vilest men.

I saw an account some time ago, of a young lady off at a boarding-school, who had a wealthy father and mother who were infidels and skeptics, and when she was at that school she was converted. She came home and wanted to work for the Master. She made inquiries in a Sabbath School if they had a class for her. No, they had more teachers than they needed. So she went away, and when she was walking up the street she saw a man in a shoemaker's shop who was so enraged with a boy that he threw a last at him. "My little boy," she said, "what is the trouble?" Said he, "none of your business." "But," she said, "I am a friend to you;" and she talked kindly to him. "Do you go to Sunday School?" "No," he said, he never went. "Wouldn't you like to go if I would teach you?" The little fellow hung his head and said, "I don't know." She said, "I will meet you on such a street, and I will take you into school and teach you. You need not be afraid." The next Sabbath she took that scholar, in all his rags, and said to them, "Will you give me a corner in which I can teach this scholar?" You might have said, "I will not spend my time to teach this ragged, dirty boy"; but when a person has come to be willing to do anything for the Master, then Christianity will have power in the world. She took that little boy and taught him. He heard the children singing, and when he went home he told his father and mother, "I have been among the angels!" They said, "Where have you been?" He told them. They said, "We don't want you to go there;" but he slipped off the next Sabbath. When he came back they gave him a good flogging, and his father said, "I shall flog you every Sunday you go there." The next Sabbath the little fellow took off his coat and said, "I wish you would flog me before I go; I don't want to be thinking of it all the time." The love of God is stronger than anything else on earth. The teacher loved the scholar, that is the way she got at it. The father said to the boy, "You stay away from that Sabbath School and you can have all the time you want to play, and I will give you all you make Saturday afternoon peddling apples." He replied: "Father, I will let you know." He went to the teacher and said, "Now, teacher, if you will teach me on Saturday afternoon, I will let you do it." She said, "Yes, I will do it." A wealthy young lady teaching that boy to love God and Heaven! She had not been at work a great while before she led him to the Saviour, and that little boy tried all he could to win his father and mother to Christ; but one day he was down by the cars, and the engine went on and his foot slipped and the wheels went over his legs. The doctor was sent for, and when he came the little fellow said: "Doctor, will I live to be carried home?" The doctor felt his pulse, and then shook his head and said, "No, you cannot live but a few minutes." "Then," said he, "tell

my mother I die a Christian, and my teacher that I will meet her in Heaven." Don't you think that teacher got paid? By and by she will go to the eternal shores and the little boy will say, "This is the teacher that found me wandering in the dark streets of earth and took me and led me to Heaven." Does it not pay to work for the Master? If you can find a little child and lead him to the Saviour, do it. Some, perhaps, have no children. I see some here who are in mourning. Perhaps death has taken away your children; but go hunt up some others and teach them the way of life.

The first speech I made out of Chicago, was in a little town in Indiana. There I went into a house which seemed very dark and desolate. When the man came in, I said, "Have you no children?" He said, "No, I had one once, but God took her away from me, and I am glad of it." "Glad?" said I. "Yes," he replied. "Why?" He took a daguerreotype off the table and showed it to me. The curls lay on her neck and she looked more like an angel than a child. "Are you glad God took her away from you?" I said. He said, "Yes." "Why, was she deformed?" "No, she was perfect. She never saw a sick day until a few days before she died." "Why, then, are you glad God took her away?" He said, "When I had that child I worshipped her. I had no other God. I lived for nothing else but her. I spent all my Sabbaths with her. All the time I could spare from my business I spent with her. One day I found her sick. I did not think she was going to die; but after she had been sick some time she died, and when she died I accused God of being unjust. Others had children, and many of them, and he took all the child I had. I accused God of being a tyrant, and I refused to be reconciled to the rod. For days and nights I did not sleep, and the third day, when I got back from the grave, I threw myself on the bed with my clothes on. My agony had been so deep up to that time that I could not weep, but then nature gave way and I wept, and I fell asleep, and while I slept I had a dream. I was crossing a dark field and I came to a river, and I drew back as I looked across that cold, sullen stream. As I looked across I saw the most beautiful land my eyes had ever rested upon. As I stood gazing upon that fair land, what was my surprise to see beings there, and among the number was my own darling child, and in my dream she came down to the banks of the river and waved her little angel hand and said, 'Father, come over the river! father, come over the river!' I went down to the water's edge, and I thought I would cross that stream and be with my child. I found it was too deep and I could not ford it. I tried to find a ferryman, but I saw no boatman that could cross that river. Then I looked for a bridge, but I could find no bridge. Yet that little angel voice I heard over those dark waters: 'Father, come over the river.' And when I was wandering along the bank to get over to my child, I heard a voice, seemingly from above, saying, 'I am the way, the truth, and the life; no man cometh unto the Father but by me.' The voice awoke me from my sleep. I thought it was my Saviour calling me, and I thought it was my child calling me heavenward. I knelt beside my bed, and that night I gave myself to Jesus Christ. Now I no longer look upon that child as sleeping in the dark

grave where I laid her, but it seems as if I with the eye could see her in that eternal land, calling me, 'Father, come over here.' And now I have eight children in the Sunday School whom I am trying to point to the better land." My friends, it may be that God has taken little Mary, little Willie, your child, away from you, torn it away from your embrace; but you can go and hunt up some lost child and lead it to the Saviour. You, who have got loved ones on the other shore, do not they aid you and prompt you to action, and are they not speaking to you in this dark world? Are not sickness and death all around us? Yes, we have children in that land, who are calling us. Some have a sainted mother, some a child, some a son; but we have all an elder brother who went there nearly nineteen hundred years ago, the Son of God, the Lord Jesus Christ, and now he is beckoning us. Let us set our thoughts on Heaven and live for God and Christ.

In closing, let me give the words of a dying soldier on the battlefield of Perryville. His brother told me they went into the battle together and fought for some time shoulder to shoulder. At last a ball passed through his body, and he fell mortally wounded by his side. His brother took his knapsack and put it under him, and so he pillowed the head of the dying man as well as he could, and then he stooped down and kissed him and moved on, for the fight was fearful. As he was going, that brother said, "Charley, come back. Let me kiss you on your lips." He did so. "Take that home to mother," he said, "and tell her I died praying for her;" and John was going away, when he said again, in the feeble utterance of that dying hour, "Charley, Charley, meet me up there," and he pointed upward. And so, dear friends, we too, in that heavenly land, will meet them who have gone before us. There we will cast our crowns at Jesus' feet and praise him ever more.

The hymn, "I am waiting by the river," was sung, after which the President introduced to the Convention the Rev. J. H. Vincent, D. D. of New York.

ADDRESS OF REV. DR. VINCENT.

When that wonderful missionary, William C. Burns, of Scotland, after years of successful labor in England, Scotland, Ireland and Canada, as a revivalist, was in attendance in a meeting of a great missionary society, the question was asked, "Who will go to China?" And although the matter had never been mooted before, Burns arose and said, "I am ready." Said the chairman, "When can you go?" Said he, "To-morrow." So that night he went down toward the port, made an engagement to preach; his brother, who wrote his biography years after, went with him, and the next day they went on board ship. They said to him, "Burns, had you not better go and see your father and mother?" "No," said he, "I cannot stand that; I will have to write them a good-by letter, but I wouldn't see them for anything." His brother says that when they came on to the boat they went down into the cabin, and he noticed that William sat down by the table in the saloon and began to write a letter. "My dear father and mother," and then he got up and said "I can't write now; I will put it off a little