

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 battle-field 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 would n'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

while." After dinner he made out to write a few lines, and gave it to his brother. They went up on deck together, they shook hands, the brother went down into the little boat, and as he rowed off from the ship he looked back, and there stood William with an open Bible on the deck of the ship; not speaking one word, just holding that open book; and as far as the brother could see him on his return to the shore there on the deck stood William with the uplifted hand and the open Bible, as much as to say to him, "This is why I go;" and as much as to say to him, "To this, and the God of this book, I commend you." [Holding up an open Bible] New York to-night greets California with the open Bible. [Applause.] It is the true emblem of the Sunday School in this land. Our Sunday School is a Bible school or nothing. [Applause.]

Your committee of preparation, with rare taste, have adorned this beautiful pavilion, so that it has become, I think I may safely say, really the most elegant place of assembly for any State convention in the whole history of the Sunday School movement in the United States. [Applause.] And with great discrimination they have placed here, (pointing to the Scripture text at the back of the stage) in letters you can all read, the biblical commission for Sunday School workers. "Gather the people together"—not the children alone—"gather the people together, men and women and children, and the Chinese [correcting himself] stranger, [laughter] that is within thy gates, that they may hear;" that is the first thing to do, "and that they may learn"—that is what we are here for; "and fear the Lord your God"—that is the great object—"and observe to do all the words of this law;" and lest, by any possibility, the very little children might be omitted in that commission, the divine speaker adds the words, "That their children which have not known anything"—these little bits of infant pupils—"that their children which have not known anything, may hear and learn to fear the Lord, your God." [Applause.] This is our work, this is your commission. Do you want people converted? "The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul." Do you want people sanctified? Hear the words of the Master echoing through all the centuries. "Sanctify them through Thy truth; Thy word is truth." Do you want them to be victorious in the battle of life? Put into their hands "the sword of the Spirit which is the word of God." Do you want your young men to be vigorous? "I write unto you, young men, because you are strong, and the word of God abideth in you." Do you want a benediction for the Church? Hear Paul at Miletus when he gathered the Ephesian Elders together, on his way to Jerusalem, and said, after closing that inimitable address of his—"and now, brethren, I commend you to God"—there is where the modern church is too apt to stop with its benediction. They say: "Is not God's power equal to any emergency?" Paul did not stop there; he had as much faith in God as the modern Church has, but he said: "And now, brethren, I commend you to God, and to the word of His grace, which is able to build you up, and to give you an inheritance among all them which are sanctified."

Now, I want to give you, if you please, Paul's model Sunday

School, that is about as perfect as it can be; and yet, under the new dispensation, Paul gives us in a single verse something better. Let me give it to you now, as the pointing—the present punctuation—gives it. The best Bible interpreters think that the punctuation used in King James' version is very defective, and Doctor Clarke says the original not only justifies, but requires a new pointing. The verse reads at present as follows: "Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom; teaching and admonishing one another in psalms and hymns, and spiritual songs, singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord." Now, even as a boy, it puzzled me to find Paul advising the Colossians to teach and admonish in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs! I know there is a great deal of inspiration about a good song and a good psalm, but somehow I thought Paul was too thoroughly educated himself—was too much of a teacher himself—to talk to people about teaching and admonishing in songs and hymns and spiritual songs, and when I found this new pointing, my heart rejoiced. Let me give it to you: "Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly; in all wisdom teaching and admonishing one and another; in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord." That makes good sense, and it describes a model church, in which the word of Christ dwells richly; on the tongue, in the heart, in the memory, in the sermons, in the pews, in the Sunday School, in the family, in the life. "Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly, in all wisdom"—as to matter and method—"in all wisdom teaching and admonishing one another; in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs singing" artistically—I came pretty near catching the spirit of the nineteenth century and perverting Paul's words. The way we have it in New York is this: Singing artistically with your voices, as unto men. There are some exceptions, I am happy to say, in New York. I have brought one of the principle ones with me. [Laughter and applause.]

This then, as I understand it, is the specific work of the Sunday School; as we understand it, and as I see that you understand it here—Bible study for spiritual profit, not study for the mere amassment of intellectual knowledge. It does not pay merely to teach Bible history, Bible geography, natural history, Bible doctrines, Bible ethics in the Sunday School, as an intellectual discipline, as a sort of gymnasium for the intellect. Using the Bible instead of a book on geology—that does not pay the Church. We want Bible teaching with a purpose, and that purpose, conversion and culture; not the culture of the natural man, but the culture of the spiritual man in Christ Jesus.

Now what do we need besides? I have a little text running in my mind by which I wish to connect what I have to say to-night. Just a fragment of a text, just a little piece of a Mosaic I pick up, mere scintilla from the grand Mosaic of revelation. "The truth (that is what we want) in love." We must not forget that. I know a Sunday School teacher that gives the truth, but not in love. He gives the truth, he analyzes the lesson, he takes the "Teacher" of Chicago, or "The Journal" of New York, or "The Worker," or all of them; the concordances and the notes, and gets his lessons ready and comes a magnificent iceberg into his class, glittering but cold. Oh, he has analyzed it, he has

sliced it and cut it up, and has it all right. — He has the questions all fixed in their regular order, and as he takes his seat in his class he says: "Come boys, be still; do you know your lesson, Tommy?" "No." "Well you had ought to be ashamed of yourself. Why didn't you have your lesson? Take your book now." Thus he goes through the lesson in a harsh, pedagogue style, so that the boys in his class always feel as if they had had a recitation, whereas scholars scarcely ought to come from the Sabbath School feeling that they have had a recitation; it ought to be a sweet, loving conversation about the truth as found in the Word.

Now I am going to plead for the analysis and the careful examination of the lesson, and the thorough preparation, and all that; for other things being equal, I believe the spirit of God operates more vigorously and more directly when we conform to the laws of intellectual life than when we neglect them; but the laws of intellectual life are not, in themselves, sufficient to make our teaching effective. The great thing we want in Sunday School teaching is expressed in one word, the first letter of it is *l*, and the other letters are *o-v-e*, *love*. That is what we want. The truth in love—love studying the lesson. I do not believe a man with a loveless heart can get at the meaning of the mind of the Spirit. I believe we need it, as we go into our closets to ask God what He means by the statement in the letter, and I believe, as brother Moody has said so effectively to-night, "We need love to prepare us for the self-sacrifice," and some of you people who do not put faith in self-sacrifice, do not put faith in effort, and toss yourselves on your lounges on Sunday afternoon, after having listened to a very respectable sermon, with a paid choir to do the singing, and a paid minister to do the preaching; you give your pittance as you do, but do not teach in the Sunday School, because that means work and sacrifice.

Now, we do not mean the truth taught only, but with a love that sacrifices itself for the truth's sake. You remember that missionary mother who found it necessary to send her child to be brought up by her friends in America. The child was very young. The day came when she must put the child into the care of a ship captain who was going back to America, and they said, "Shall we carry the child down to the beach for you?" "No," she said, "I will carry it myself; it is the last time." And she carried her little darling down the beach; and when the captain came up with the nurse that was to take charge of the child, the mother kissed it and gave it into the hands of the nurse, and they went on board the little boat; and as they turned to row away toward the ship, the mother kneeled down in the sand and lifted her eyes to heaven, and with the tears streaming down her face, she said, "Oh, Jesus, I do this for Thee." That mother could teach the truth with power after that, because she had love for it. We want that spirit in the Sunday School.

There is just one other form in which we want love developed, and that is in the spirit and method of the teacher himself in the class. You know that we have to do with ideal classes in Sunday School conventions and institutes. I could describe one of the sweetest classes to you, where the boys are all very nicely dressed, who have their hair

nically combed, and they come with clean hands, and clean faces, and clean books, into the class, and bow very respectfully to the teacher, and recite the Golden Text, and answer every question, tell the teacher how much they love him, and all that. Why, it is golden work to teach in Sunday School where things are that way. But a great many boys are not like those boys. We have some fellows that come with uncombed hair and unwashed faces; we have fellows that we pick up that come in just for fun; we have boys that come into the class, who sit down, and while the teacher is in all solemnity asking the question, one fellow gets his hand behind another's head and gives his hair a pull, and looks up very solemn, and wondering what the teacher means by looking so very serious about it. We have boys who have no religious teaching at all at home; boys who curse and swear when they are out of your presence, and who indulge in inelegancies of expression, to say the least, when they are in your presence. Obstinate boys, whom it is hard to manage; boys who resent every exercise of your authority; rough, uncouth boys, for whom you say you have no hope. Now there is just where we want the truth taught in love.

I will give a picture, if you please, to-night, of one of these hardest cases in the City of New York, and how he was conquered; and while you may not have just the same class of circumstances here, or in every community, or with every teacher who teaches, it will illustrate a principle, and that is what I am after. There is one rough boy in a class in a mission in New York City, who is a very hard fellow, just about as hard as New York boys are in the roughest sections of the city; he comes to Sunday School, he hardly knows why, because some other rough fellows come, and he has a great deal of fun with them, and it is a pleasant place to spend an hour now and then. So he comes into the Sunday School. He has been turned out of three Sunday Schools before he came into this one—I never turn a boy out, never. So long as a penitentiary did not shut a boy in, I would not turn a boy out of my Sunday School. [Applause.] He has been turned out of three schools, and now he has come to this; and he has been turned out of three classes before he came to the present class. A wealthy gentleman, living on Fifth Avenue, has charge of the class. He teaches for Christ's sake; he denies himself all sorts of comforts for the sake of saving these rough boys, who have been placed under his charge. Now, Bill troubles him to-day, and often his patience is tried, and I see him as he looks at Bill and knits his brow, and seems to think about something as he says to himself: "I have a great mind to report Bill to the Superintendent. I have a great mind to turn this boy out." And then he says: "No, I wont do that." He turns to him and says: "Willie,"—the fellow has not known himself to be called Willie in a long time, it is only Bill, everywhere—"Willie, I live at 700, Fifth Avenue; my family is out of town now, most of it; could you not come around to my house on Wednesday evening at five o'clock, and take a cup of tea with me? I would like to show you some pictures that I have there, and some cards. Would you like to come?" "Why, I guess I would," said the fellow. [Laughter.] Of course he would; that is a big thing for Bill. [Laughter.] The exercises of the class

go on, and the first thing I see, Bill turns around to Sam, and says: "Sam, you be still and behave yourself, we have got such a nice gentleman teaching us." An invitation to tea has turned Bill into a police officer for that class. [Laughter.] After Sunday School closes that afternoon, (between you and me) Bill goes all around Fifth Avenue and passes number 700, and looks up at the gray stone front, and says: "This is the place where a fellow is invited to tea next Wednesday." [Great laughter.] And he comes home—he *has* a little home, a poor, sad home, where a sad heart is spending her days; she is a widow, and Bill is her only child, and she has had hard work to hold on to him—worthless fellow—but she loves him; she remembers the days when his hands were soft and were laid upon her cheeks, and when he kissed her in the innocence of his boyhood, and when she dreamed those wild, beautiful dreams about her Willie's future—but, alas! she has yielded to the common custom, and called him "Bill" herself, for a great while. That night Bill comes home: "Strange she thinks, very strange." Bill offers to bring a bucket of water himself, and he has not done that himself for so long. He brings in a scuttle of coal himself. "Is n't that funny?" she said; it was so strange Bill did that. Then there was such tenderness in his way, so strange of Bill, and he did not go out that night at all. "He said: Mother, I thought I would kinder lay 'round home to-night." She did not know what to make of it; and he went to bed without lounging around the streets till midnight; and when she went to bed she could not sleep. She has been kept awake many a night on account of Bill, but somehow she is kept awake for a new reason to-night. Then she falls into a sleep, a drowsy slumber, and dreams she feels the soft hands on her face again, and she sees the bright eyes looking into her face as the little eyes used to look years ago. And she says: "It is only a dream." But it is not only a dream; he was tender and thoughtful to-night; he staid at home to-night; and she slept sweetly, and dreamed again, and again. The next day Bill went all around to Fifth Avenue again, and looked at the house. [Laughter.] When Wednesday evening came, at five o'clock Bill had put a clean paper collar on, and his hands were washed clean for the first time for a long time. He came right up in front of the big house number 700 Fifth Avenue, and he marched up the steps. He felt like bolting into the basement like a beggar, but the gentleman told him to come right up to the front door and ring the bell. Up he goes and rings the bell; the gentleman meets him and bids him welcome. He grasps his slouch hat. You should have seen Bill getting ready with that slouch hat to come. He takes and wipes it on his pants and it dirties his clothes, and on every application it gets cleaner, and after a while he gets rid of some of his dirt. As he comes into the house he sees the hat-rack. He had never seen a hat-rack before, and as he looks up at it, he says, "That's a mighty convenient thing to have around." [Laughter.] Then he comes into the parlor, and the carpets are so soft that he is afraid he is going through them. [Laughter.] Then the pictures; why he never saw such things in his life before. "I have seen such things in store windows," he says, "but I didn't know people had such things in private

houses." [Laughter.] And the beautiful statuary, distributed through the parlor, and the elegant furniture. You think that is a small thing, but it was a great thing for Bill—it was breathing a new atmosphere. They went down to supper together. Bill was afraid he would do something wrong. Mother said he was an awful awkward fellow, and he was afraid he would do something which would make the gentleman think he was awkward, and he would not have done that for the world; but the gentleman, on purpose, perpetrated all the little improprieties Bill did, and Bill said, "I don't know but I do just as well as he does," and he ate an enormous supper. After supper, he went to see the pictures, and I see him as he studies them under that guiding hand and sees beauty in them he never saw before. Who knows but the artist spirit will be developed in the boy. You never know the possibilities that exist in the rough fellows you meet on the street that you treat with contempt. A little kindness will bring out qualities that ennoble and immortalize men. Blessed are they who have learned the cunning art of heart, by which these qualities are developed. Then the gentleman shows Bill the photographs and the wonderful books and talks to him about his heart, his life and his future; what men have made of themselves, and what he may make of himself if he will. He talks to him about Christ and about his mother, and the boy sheds tears, and they kneel down together, that earnest teacher, and that scholar yielding to the influence of love, when nothing else would win him. As the teacher clasps his hand, kneeling together, he prays for God's blessing on this boy, and then when he starts to go away, the gentleman says, "Now, see here, Willie, won't you try to turn over a new leaf and lead a new life?" And so the little fellow grasps his benefactor's hands, and I see his earnest look in his eyes as he says, "Oh, I'll try, I'll try." As he goes down those steps, it seems to him the stars in the heaven shine more beautiful than they ever did, and he goes home, and he creeps up that stairway, and he goes into the room where she, his mother, lies, not sleeping yet, for she wonders where he is, he dressed so carefully before he went out; and stealing softly to her bedside, he puts his arms about her neck and kissing her, he says, "Oh, mother, I have been an awful bad boy, but I am going to try to do better after this;" and then he tells the story that explains it all, and she says, "Thank God for that loving teacher." That is what we want in Sabbath School work—the truth in love. [Great applause.]

Mr. Phillips here sang "Scatter Seeds of Kindness," and then the whole assembly arose and sang "Bright Home" to the tune of "Home, Sweet Home."

The benediction was pronounced by the Rev. J. A. Bruner.

## SECOND DAY.

WEDNESDAY, April 19th, 1871.

Mr. Phillips sang the hymn commencing "When I can read my title clear," the audience joining in.

The Rev. Joseph Rowell then read the 122d Psalm, and offered prayer.

The assembly then joined in the sweet hymn, "I was a wandering sheep, I did not love the fold," from page 37 of "Hallowed Hymns."

Mr. George H. Hare, from the Committee on Permanent Organization, recommended the appointment of a State Secretary whose duties it should be to attend to the correspondence of the Convention or of its officers, to attend to the mailing of circulars and so forth, and to such other work as might be necessary; to be allowed such pay as the Executive Committee should deem proper to pay him.

The name of Mr. R. J. Trumbull was suggested for this position, and on motion he was elected.

The Committee on Permanent Organization recommended the following Committee on Resolutions: Rev. J. H. Wythe, D.D., of Santa Clara; Rev. W. C. Pond, of San Francisco; Rev. B. T. Martin, of Oakland; Rev. George Simm, of San José; Rev. Ben. E. S. Ely, of Stockton; B. W. Owens, San Francisco; Edward Moore, Stockton; E. P. Flint, Oakland; W. K. Hudson, Marysville.

The Committee also recommended that those who made opening addresses on the questions which were up for discussion before the Convention, should be limited to fifteen minutes, and that those who follow should be limited to ten minutes.

On motion, the report of the Committee was adopted.

Mr. R. J. Trumbull, after thanking the Convention for electing him State Secretary, said that it would be impossible for him to act as such, and tendered his resignation.

On motion, the resignation was accepted.

The next subject on the programme was

## THE CHINESE WORK.

The Rev. I. M. Condit made the following opening remarks:

*Mr. President:* I was requested this morning to open the discussion on the subject of the Chinese work, with a few practical remarks in regard to the best manner of conducting Chinese Sabbath Schools. My special work is preaching to the Chinese in their own native tongue, but still I have had considerable experience in Chinese Sab-



bath Schools, and I have seen a great deal of that kind of work. In visiting some of these schools it has struck me very forcibly that some practical knowledge was needed on this point. I remember in one school the superintendent spent a good deal of his time in making speeches to the Chinese which they did not understand, and which fell as a dead weight, of course, on the school. I noticed another superintendent conducted the exercises as though it were a matter of great condescension on his part, who held the Chinese off at arms' length as though he was afraid to come too near them; and, of course, there could be no earnestness or enthusiasm in a school conducted in that manner.

The first thing I would speak of is in regard to singing. Can the Chinese sing? Can they learn to do it? Yes, I say; there is music in their souls, and what they need is a cultivation of ear, and a little practice in order to bring it out. I wish you could come to our school on Stockton street in San Francisco, (our Chinese Mission School) on Sabbath evening, or some week-day evening, and hear the Chinese who are there sing. You would hear them sing, for instance, "Happy Land," or that beautiful song, "Sweetly sing, sweetly sing," or "*Tsan Tsau Yesu*," in Chinese, which means "Come to Jesus;" or "*Ho yat chü*," which means, "Happy Day." I am sure you would be convinced then that they could be taught to sing by a little drill or a little practice. The most practical way of teaching them to sing is to get some cards printed like these which hang up here in this pavilion, and these look as if they had been printed for that very purpose. I would suggest cards having on them the songs "Happy Land," or that other piece, "Sweetly sing, sweetly sing." There is a ring to those pieces that takes very quickly with the Chinese ear, and they soon enter into the spirit of it, and all soon learn to sing most heartily. Another very simple piece is "Jesus loves me, this I know." I heard a Sabbath School singing this not long since, and the superintendent, after they had got through the other exercises, said, "Sing that," pointing to it. There was one weak voice sung it, but when it got through there was not much left, I thought, because it became worse the more they sung, whereas, with a little drill they might have been taught to sing it very nicely indeed. In teaching the Chinese to sing, this plan is much better than giving them books to sing out of. Having pieces printed and hung up, and let the superintendent with his pointer point to the words as they sing them; and if you can have an instrument it adds greatly to the music, and also if you can have some one to lead the music who has a little magnetism, and who can throw his soul into it, he can sing some of those little melodies with a great deal of effect, and they will enjoy it. I have often thought when I heard them sing some of those pieces with so much earnestness, that there was more effect in it than in a half hour's sermon I could preach them in their own tongue.

Another point is the use of cards in the school. There are simple hand cards printed; with the ten commandments, I think, on one side, and the other side is the Lord's Prayer and the creed. They cost but a trifle. It will be a good plan, if you can procure those and furnish one of them to each of the scholars, and then let the teacher teach

these to them, so they will gradually learn the Lord's Prayer, the Creed, and the Ten Commandments, and then also have them afterward, in large type, hung up so they can in concert repeat them, and in addition to this have some simple texts of Scripture hung up, and have them repeat them in concert. Let the teacher give to the scholar some text of Scripture on one Sabbath to commit to memory, and then toward the close of the exercises let them stand up and repeat it. We practice that every Sabbath in our school, and the Chinese enjoy it very much. There are a dozen or more of them who will get up, one after another, and repeat their verse of Scripture, and do it generally very nicely indeed. And then I would suggest also the Lord's Prayer in Chinese. Have it in English in large type, and have it also in Chinese. (I can furnish it for fifty cents, and they only cost that, I believe.) Then let one of the Chinese, who understands the characters, point to them and let them all learn to repeat it in Chinese.

One great difficulty is, of course, the want of teachers. You cannot do anything without teachers, and one teacher cannot instruct more than two, so that they can by turns teach one and the other, while one indeed is enough. The time being so short that can be devoted to teaching them to read, it is necessary you should have a strong corps of teachers, one to every two scholars at the very least. The best time for these schools, as I think from what little experience I have had, is perhaps in the evening, from six o'clock until the evening service at half-past seven. That seems as a general thing to be the most practical time.

I most earnestly hope that these teachers and superintendents who are here may go home to your churches with the determination and the purpose to begin a work among the Chinese, where you have them in any numbers at all in your communities, or even though you should have them in very small numbers. When you have begun this work, do not be discouraged after you have attempted it for a few Sabbaths. Do not give it up because it seems to be a dull work in which you can make no progress. When I have gone through the streets of San Francisco, into those dark cellars where the Chinese are congregated, into their cigar shops; when I have seen them, after the arrival of the steamer, a score or two of them on the floor of some small room, and talking with them; see how ignorant they are; how superstitious and how vile—I have thought, "Is it worth while for me to spend my days in striving to instruct or teach such people as those?" But I have gone into the Sabbath School, and have seen the result of the work there, where they are so different, so much more cleanly in appearance, with so much life and spirit about them, and seen the effects of these teachings, and I have said to myself, "It is not a fruitless work." And when I have seen them brought into the church and baptized, then I have said, "Yes, and their souls can be saved too. It is worth while to go down to these heathen Chinese who are among us and strive to instruct them, to elevate them, to point them to the blessed Jesus." I trust, my friends, that you will engage in this work and not hesitate in doing it because it seems to you to be a small work to teach them their *a b c*, how to spell simply. It does seem a small work, I admit;

but who can tell what the results will be, and what they have been already?

I remember when I was going out to China some ten years ago in the China Sea, our ship was becalmed one day off a small island, and the captain lowered a boat and permitted us to go to the shore. We were compelled to wade for a great distance over a great bed of coral reef. There are many other coral reefs in the China Sea. It seems to be filling up with them, and away around to Australia there stretch three thousand miles of coral reefs. What has built those islands and that great continent? Why, these little China coral insects, each one building his little rocky cell; but how vast is the aggregate of their work! how great the results! Just so is it with the work of teaching the Chinese who are thrown among us here. Though it may seem to you to be a small work, a trifling work, yet it is far from being such. Its results are great. Who is able to tell what they will be?

Mr. R. J. Trumbull, from the First Presbyterian Church of San Francisco, said: The superintendent of our Sabbath School is not here this morning. I expected that he would be here, because he said he wanted to have our Chinese school reported in this Convention. As he is not here, I will speak for him. There is one feature in this work that our good brother, Mr. Condit, has not alluded to, and that is, that the education of the Chinese in our city of San Francisco has done much in the way of developing Christian character. It has brought Christians from their hiding places who before were not heard of in our Sunday schools, and but little known of in our churches except as their faces might be seen there from sabbath to sabbath. Our superintendent is a worthy illustration of this. He was for a long time a teacher in our sabbath school. He came to the conclusion that he had graduated from that work, and was no longer of any service; but now he superintends the Chinese school. He thinks he has a mission there, and he goes at it with a hearty good will. So with many of our teachers in the Chinese school. I could not induce them to go and teach children in our Sunday school, but they go voluntarily to the Chinese, and teach them thankfully and gratefully, and they see the benefits arising from their instruction there as they could not see it in teaching our children. Mr. Condit has alluded to the fact that we begin with the alphabet. So we do; and after that is learned under your instruction, you can see that you have accomplished something. Every one who knows anything about this Chinese work knows that the great incentive with the Chinese for acquiring our language is selfishness. They wish to learn it that they may traffic among us to their own profit. But here is where Christianity comes in, taking advantage of every thing laudable. It throws the gospel right at them so they cannot dodge it. The moment they can read in our sabbath schools they read the Bible or the Testament, or portions of Scripture. Whenever they learn to sing, they learn to sing these beautiful hymns; and if they never learn anything else, they learn of heaven in them.

I cannot tell when we started our school, but when it was started, we had one or two in a class, and by and by we got enough to organize a school. We had a class for a long time taught by a teacher who

is here to day; and from that time we had a school properly officered. and now it is conducted the same as other schools. These Chinese are grateful. They are thankful. They smile with gratitude upon every one who takes them by the hand and shows them kindness, and who points them to a Savior. I do not know how much good we will accomplish, but the next ten years will develop it; and Mr. Condit, who labors in a Church organization of Chinese, I think will reap the reward of our toil; those of us who are laboring not only in San Francisco, but in San José, and all portions of the State. I would say to you all if you can get a single Chinaman, and if he is willing to have you for his teacher, take him by the hand, do what good you can, and trust the rest with God. [Applause.]

Mr. C. W. Kittredge, of San Francisco, said that he had had about thirty Chinamen working for him in Oakland at one time, and they used to have a class and prayers at houses. The remarks of the last speaker had struck him forcibly as being well worthy of notice, and he thought that this work appealed loudly to every one to take part in it. It was a work in which the future of China, and Asia even, was largely concerned. He thought it necessary, as a matter of course, to teach the Chinese to read and so forth, but with it should be linked religious instruction, and Bible expressions should be used as much as possible in the lessons. This, together with the singing of proper songs, would be very effective in impressing the truth upon the minds of the Chinese.

Rev. John Francis, Chinese Mission, San Francisco, said: Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen—I have never felt greater pleasure and satisfaction than in listening to the Rev. Mr. Condit who has opened this discussion, while he was preaching to the Chinese in their own language in the open air. I could not understand a single word, but I realized he was fulfilling the great commission—preaching the Gospel to every creature—and that the promise of God was, “Lo, I am with you always even unto the end of the world.” It filled me with joy to hear salvation proclaimed in the language of the Chinese, and I felt that God was at work by his Spirit and that the conversion of precious, priceless souls would be the result of his labors.

You all read those words on the back of the platform. How happy it was in the speaker last night (Dr. Vincent) to make a mistake and say instead of the “stranger within thy gates,” the “Chinese” in the land. It was a happy mistake that, but it was no mistake. I feel more than ever the importance and the force of the words, “the stranger within thy gates;” but there is a passage of Scripture still more forcible on this point. The Duke of Wellington, who spent much of his time in India, being in company on one occasion, a clergyman present spoke with contempt of the pioneer missionaries to that part of Asia and appealed to the Duke. “Your Grace,” said he, “what an absurdity to try to change the usages and the customs and the literature and the creed of such a people, numbering so many millions in India.” Wellington looked at him with his keen and powerful eye. “Sir,” said he, “read your marching orders.” The clergyman did not understand;

but all was attention, and the Duke read his marching orders to him : "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature." That is the text that reaches not only the Chinese, but every human soul on the face of this earth. There are millions of Chinese, and people will say, "What is the use to try to reach such a vast multitude who have been in ignorance and superstition for so many thousand years?" But the grace of God is equal to the work of subduing the hearts of a thousand millions as much as one heart, and if it is practicable to convert one soul, it is equally practicable with God to convert any number, for all things are possible with him. It is possible for him to convert the millions of China, and he will do it. [Applause.] The heathen have been given to our Savior for his "inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for his possession." They belong to him, and the Church to whom the commission is given will, through grace, accomplish this great and glorious result. Not only China, but the whole earth is to be filled with the glory of God, and to this grand and glorious consummation all our hearts say, Amen. [Applause.]

The Rev. Mr. Heacock, of Sacramento said : I have the pleasure of having in connection with my church one of the oldest Sabbath Schools on the coast, it having been in successful operation for more than five years. During the last year there has been an average attendance of thirty-five Chinamen. Some of those young men, or boys—whatever you have a mind to call them—can write as fair a hand as any in this Convention. Some of them can read the Bible as well, and are learning about Christ. We have in our school the difficulty of getting persons to come as teachers regularly. We have learned that if a person will take a Chinaman, or two or three, as the case may be, and be there punctually and regularly at the hour, there becomes an attachment between them, and especially on the part of the Chinamen, that is equal to that which is felt by those of fairer complexion. When the Chinese New Year's comes around, nearly all these persons are remembered in the presents that are sent.

It seems to me that there are two or three practical considerations in connection with this subject. One is that these teachers should be imbued with the spirit of the Master—a spirit of self-sacrifice and love—and they should go to those Chinamen with the Word, determined to overcome any prejudices they might have, and to be there regularly. Now, you can scatter a Chinese school as well as you can scatter a school of a different kind, by a lack of punctuality ; and to the teachers here let me say, if you can urge upon your friends the importance of taking one or two Chinamen and going with them every Sabbath, week after week and month after month and year after year for the ten years that are to come, you will find there will be a power you cannot have by promiscuous teachers every evening.

Another difficulty we labor under is that a great many of those who teach in our schools are children ten or twelve years of age, while many of our men and women, who ought to be in the schools, are at home. We ought to urge our teachers to come out. If there are children and merely young persons in the school as teachers, there is not the power to maintain order there should be. We want our clearest heads, our best

men and women—those who are nearest to Christ—to come in and give the benefit of their brains, their wisdom and their power.

Rev. Robert Bentley, of San Francisco, said: I should very much have preferred to have seen Rev. Mr. Gibson represent the Chinese work, as performed by a large portion of our Christian people in San Francisco; but as he is not present, I may say a word in regard to that movement; and in general, I may say, that perhaps Mr. Gibson has been, during the three years, as successful an agent of God in carrying forward that work as any missionary has ever been known to be during the past century. There is, however, one aspect of the Chinese missionary work which I would especially present this morning, and that is, that there are not only Chinese men, but there are Chinese women, and not only that, but that the Chinese women are nearly all of them of a degraded class. They are dealt with as chattels, bought and sold as you buy and sell your horses and cows. In reference to this portion of the Chinese community, thus far, very little has been done. And during the past year, at least, one organization has been formed for the special purpose of raising up these Chinese women. I think there are about two thousand Chinese women in San Francisco, and probably there are not more than fifty of them that may be said to be persons of any character at all. Those of you who have gone through the various haunts where these women dwell, will well understand the degradation in which they now are. The work I allude to now is, that done by the "Woman's Missionary Society," in connection with the Methodist Episcopal Church of the Pacific coast, and I speak of it because I feel that there is a department of work which our Christian ladies of all denominations should give attention to at once. Many of these women are brought from good homes. Some of them are stolen away from their homes. Some of them, through poverty, have been allowed to go to agents, by their own fathers and mothers, to be sold. Some of them have been taken in time of war, when a bandit has swept over the country. And they have been brought, one way and another, most of them involuntarily, and find themselves in a strange land, under strange skies, and yet with hearts that beat to the tune of "Home, sweet home," as dearly as your own hearts. They find themselves here in this strange land, without a friend, without any one with whom they may have sympathy. For them, Christian women are banded together, that they may lift them up and teach them the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ. I only say this word for the encouragement of our Christian ladies here. Here is a department where we ought to have earnest effort, and I may say that in order to make this effort more efficient, it has providentially occurred that with the establishment of the new mission building, the Methodist department, there are rooms in which to place just such women as these; and not only this, but there has recently arrived a Chinese lady, educated in our own tongue, and yet able to converse freely and easily with those of the Canton dialect. So it is hoped, by these ladies going to the various haunts of these women, talking with them personally on the great questions of salvation, to lift them up; and thus far they have met with some success, although the work has only just been initiated. We ask

your prayers that God will bless these noble Christian ladies, and encourage them with fruits that shall make them urgent and eager to carry forward the work. [Applause.]

William F. Peters, agent of the American Sunday School Union, San Francisco, said: I just want to say one word in regard to this work. Those who have tried to teach the Chinese to read know that they are very anxious to understand what they read. I have just got hold of something which I think will help us in this. It is a gospel of Matthew, printed one column in Chinese and the other in English. So it is a dictionary in itself, and you teach them the English and you need not mind teaching them the Chinese, they will understand that, and reading this English they will know what it is about. This little book, as you will see on the title page, does not seem to be published by anybody. It costs me twenty-five cents, and I will supply it at the same rate if anybody wants it. I might remark that the Gospel of Matthew can be had in both Chinese and English. It seems to me this will be a great thing in teaching Chinese not only to read, but to understand the gospel as they read it.

A. C. Sweetser, of Sacramento, said: While Brother Heacock was saying something about the Sunday School in his church, I thought I would like to say a word about a Chinese school taught in Sacramento by Miss Sherman, (who is here to-day) under the auspices of the American Sunday School Association. She has an average attendance there of about twenty. The school is taught by herself, assisted by some teachers in the Sabbath School, and also by some teachers in about the same way that Brother Heacock mentioned. I would like to say this word for the encouragement of Miss Sherman, because she is making a great sacrifice in this work, and we ought to do what we can to encourage her.

Rev. Mr. Kimball, of Oakland, said: It seems to me a hopeful omen when the first subject for discussion in this Convention is the Chinese question, and the importance of Chinese Sunday Schools. A blessed thing is this. The song we sang before commencing this discussion, was: "I was a wandering sheep," and if there are wandering sheep up and down this land more wandering than any other, it is the poor Chinese, men, women and children, who do not even know who God is. I spelled out the word G-o-d the other day, in Stockton, in a school of Chinese women, taught under the auspices of the American Missionary Association, and I asked the Chinese women, "What does that word mean? What is God?" One pointed to the teacher; that was their idea of God. Another pointed up; and that is all they know about it. We have spoken of their ignorance and degradation, but the question is, can anything be done for such degraded persons? Many have lived in California for years and felt that we had nothing to do with the Chinese; but, thank God, that day is past away, and looking over the room now into your faces, I see this person and that person who can speak of the fruits gathered, of what has been accomplished, of the souls saved in connection with this work. The other day a lady in one of our churches sent to me and said, "Will you come and

pray at the burial of a Chinaman?" "Certainly," I said, "I will come." There he was, lying in his coffin, with the school book out of which he had learned about Jesus lying on his breast. He was an honest man; he did as he knew, and the best that he knew, and this good Christian lady, before he died, went and sat by his bedside and said, "My boy, you are about to die." Said he, "Pray for me and sing of Jesus." And so he died, and who will say that man has not gone to Heaven? And so I can tell you about this case and that case.

I received, the other day, a letter from one of these men who has gone back to China to speak to his own countrymen, and he says there, that in his own country he stands up for Jesus. Teaching these Chinamen the other day, and reading a chapter in the Bible about keeping the Sabbath: "Why," said one of these men, "we don't have any Sabbath in China. I come from the interior, where we do not meet foreigners, and it is all the same. This is all new to us, and it is so good." Said he, when we got through the chapter, "I understand it all, and thank you, sir." It has been said here to-day, how thankful they are. They may have selfish motives in beginning this work, but we know it is not selfishness at the end. Truly, this is a blessed field of labor. The object of this discussion, as it seems to me, is to stir us up anew. Where we have these schools already organized it is said we have no difficulty in getting the Chinese if the teachers are regular in instructing them. There is the difficulty. In this work the harvest is plenteous, but the laborers are few. Whatever you neglect, do not fail to be at your post in the Chinese Sunday School. [Applause.]

Mr. Phillips then sang

#### THE SONG OF PROGRESS.

[This beautiful hymn, which was written expressly for the Chinese work on the Pacific Coast by Phillip Phillips, published in the "Singing Annual" for 1870, and copyrighted by Mr. Phillips, is here published by his permission. The interest with which it was received was manifested by great applause during the rendering of the song.]

Let us look beyond the vista of two hundred years or more;  
 When our pilgrim fathers landed on New England's rocky shore;  
 Let us trace their progress onward to the great and glorious day,  
 When they stood, a mighty nation, and renounced Britannia's sway;  
 Yet they had no railroad station, and they saw no rolling car  
 Sweeping on to distant cities, like the shooting of a star;  
 Then no steamboats, in their grandeur, crossed our rivers to and fro,  
 For the mails were borne on *horseback*, in those days of long ago.

*Chorus.*—Still advancing and progressing, what a change we now behold!  
 What a wondrous march of science does this mighty age unfold,  
 We can bid the lurid lightning, and it answers to our call,  
 But the beams of Christian knowledge shed the purest light of all!

Lo, our commerce wide extending! We can traffic where we will  
 And our country's starry banner, see it waving proudly still;  
 And our steamships, o'er the ocean, bring us all our hearts desire,  
 And we talk with foreign monarchs by the telegraphic wire;



While in China and Hindoostan we have workmen to employ,  
 We extend the hand of kindness, and we welcome them with joy;  
 We will tell them of the Bible, of its pure and precious word,  
 We will teach them how to labor in the vineyard of the Lord.

*Chorus.*—Still advancing and progressing, etc.

To our country's early history now we turn our eyes again,  
 When the people sang together in a quiet, simple strain,  
 In a church of humble structure, on a sloping hill that stood  
 With a graveyard close beside it, overshadowed by a wood;  
 Tho' their seeds were sown in weakness, yet its great results we share,  
 Every blessing that surrounds us is an answer to their prayer.  
 Now with all these vast improvements, and our banner wide unfurled,  
 With a zeal that never falters, *let us Christianize the World.*

*Chorus.*—Still advancing and progressing, etc.

At this point a letter from C. B. Stout, Chairman of the Executive Committee, New Jersey Sunday School Convention, introducing the Honorable James Bishop, was read.

Hon. James Bishop, of New Jersey, said: Mr. President and gentlemen of the Convention, you will perceive by the letter that has just been read that this appointment to me is quite unexpected, but still, I assure you, I am none the less proud of it on that account. When I left home it was with a view to visit your State. I have spent a few weeks in California, and I have just come to-day from the southern part of it, where I have spent most of the time, and I assure you my heart has been saddened by what I have seen there on the Sabbath. That day did not seem to be observed there, sir; on only a few Sabbaths did I go to any Protestant Sabbath School, but as I approached this part of the State I found an entirely different state of things, and I am glad of it.

In the East, where we are older in Sabbath School work than you are—I am told you are but four years old—let me say for your encouragement that though you are only four years old, I cannot boast of New Jersey as to her conventions after seeing this one. As Doctor Vincent said last night, I never saw a room fitted up so suitably for a convention before in my life, and these gentleman from the East, I think, all of them bear me out in this.

Mr. President, this convention has struck the right key-note—the Bible, the open Bible, the Bible in love. If we cannot win children's hearts to Christ by the Bible—to the Saviour—we cannot win them at all, sir. I am glad to see you in this work. New Jersey greets California in this Sabbath School work, and we certainly hope that at our next convention you will send one or more delegates from California to represent you in our convention, which meets in November. I will not detain you any longer from your regular work, and thank you for your kind attention. [Applause.]

Here slips of paper were distributed in the convention on which to write questions in relation to the Sunday School work, to be answered by Mr. Moody, when the "Question Drawer" exercises came up.