

We do not set this Book up upon a shrine to be worshipped. We do not lock it in a case in a museum and cover it with glass. We do not seek to force it upon any man. We give it to the wings of the wind, and wish only that it may be free; and this is what your Resolution calls upon you to endorse and encourage your Committee in doing for the future. Ah, this Book lives on with a calm majestic power through all ages of society. How, then, shall we best honour this Book? There is but one way. We can do nothing to honour it by words or acts. Give it freedom; give it utterance. Multiply copies of it.

The Rev. Daniel Wilson, in seconding the Resolution, said: I stand before you to-day, like my friend Dean Close, as an old man. Forty-three years ago I was called upon to utter from this platform a few words in expression of my desire to adhere to the principles of this Society. It was when I succeeded my honoured father in Islington. I have loved this Society from childhood. My dear friend the Dean has stated to you that sixty-four years ago he was a collector for the British and Foreign Bible Society. It is now sixty years ago that I, as a boy at school, was a collector for this Society. I loved the Society then, and I have loved it ever since. My earliest recollections are connected with the venerable form of your first President, Lord Teignmouth. I knew your Secretaries, Owen and Joseph Hughes, and Dr. Steinkopff, and they embodied, as it seemed to me, the expression of the Apostle, "God has given us the spirit of power, of love, and of a sound mind." The first was a man of great power as an orator; Dr. Steinkopff, I need hardly tell you, was a man overflowing with love; and Joseph Hughes exhibited in a remarkable manner the sound mind. It so happened that I was permitted to attend the funeral of Mr. Hughes at Bunhill Fields burial-ground, and that I officiated also at the funeral of Dr. Steinkopff in Norwood Cemetery. These recollections bring to my mind the changes which have taken place year by year in the officers of this Society; but the great principles remain the same, the Book is the same, the Gospel is the same, the way of salvation is the same. Dean Close has referred to the troublous times. I remember in the year 1831 being present on this platform, when the whole meeting was in a state of the greatest possible excitement, and when the venerable Rowland Hill, then in his eighty-eighth year, uttered very solemn and just words of warning. Thank God, those times are now over, and we are met in peace and quietness. Thank God for His mercies, and for the wondrous work He has been permitting us to do for Him! I rejoice that so much is said about the Book; I rejoice that our colporteurs are often called the Men of the Book. You may possibly remember that when the illustrious Sir Walter Scott was on his death-bed he asked his daughter to read to him. She inquired, "What book shall I read?" The answer of the dying man was, "There is but one Book." There is but one Book for a dying man; there is but one Book for a man seeking pardon and acceptance through the atoning blood of Christ. I remember well that the late Sir Fowell Buxton, a name illustrious in connection with negro emancipation, was very jealous of any human commentary or exposition when reading the Bible. The Bible with any Commentary or exposition he called the Bible and milk-and-water. Now, my Lord, this is what we desire; we desire to send the Bible alone. The Bible needs no commentary—no human addition. We desire to send the sincere milk of the Word without the water. We believe that God's Holy Spirit will accompany and does accompany that Word, to the conversion and edification of His Church and people. It is a remarkable fact, or at least an interesting one, that we always find in the biographies of eminent Christians that when they come near to the eternal world they never ask for learned criticisms or erudite expositions. What they ask for is a simple chapter, psalm, or text on which to feed when they come to the close of life. How wonderful is the history of this Society! How little did that Welsh girl, who, in 1802, was met by Mr. Charles, of Bala, in her seven miles' weekly walk to a place where she could read the Bible—how little did she then imagine that the simple fact