

a father who loved the Bible from his youth, and strove above all things to make his children love it, and live it too. He has also referred to the loss of other friends, and especially one whom we all knew, Mr. Reed's most honoured and beloved predecessor. It would be out of place for me here, intimately as I knew Mr. Bergne, to dwell at any great length on his character and his services, but I may say that his firmness of principle, and at the same time, his large-hearted charity, his business tact and gentlemanly bearing, his cordial brotherly relations with all his fellow-labourers, his unostentatious but profound piety, his genuineness as a man and consistency as a Christian, his entire devotion to the interests of this Society, and the sagacity which marked all his doings, entitled him to the love and respect which were so cheerfully accorded to him, and which, I trust, will be accorded with equal cheerfulness, and through as many years, to the two brethren who are now so happily united in the conduct of this noble Society. I may, perhaps, be permitted to refer to one little incident in our brother's last illness. He was seized with internal hemorrhage, and for four or five days, in great suffering and exhaustion, lay without being permitted to move a limb. As soon as was prudent, I was permitted to see him, and in talking with him I observed an illuminated card on the wall with this motto, "I will trust"; and when I referred to it, he said, "During those four weary days my eye rested on that very spot where the card hangs, so that I unceasingly read those words, 'I will trust,' and they brought to me just the strength that I needed." Those words from the Book which he loved to diffuse were his great comfort then—"I will trust." The main call which the Word of God makes upon us is to trust, and it is the only revelation which gives adequate ground for trust. All that it says respecting ourselves shows the profoundest knowledge of man, his nature, his capacities, his weakness, his wants. All that it says respecting God serves to bring before us One who is absolutely perfect Himself, and who sees and provides just what mankind must have if they are to become perfect too. I know of no revelation which so imperatively demands from us trust, and then gives us such ample grounds for trust. As to others—well, we must conciliate the gods, bear with their caprices, try to become their favourites, or strike in with some inexorable laws which will crush us if we mistake them, and will never forgive us if we violate them. In the Bible, God is the fountain of blessing. Our goodness extends not to Him, but His goodness is ever flowing to us. All the things that disturb us and fill us with anxiety, sin, shame, pollution, the desire and yet fear of immortality; these things He has engaged to meet. All the grandest names and relations He bears—Creator, Preserver, Ruler, Redeemer, Father, Friend; all the loftiest attributes He possesses—Wisdom, Power, Righteousness, Holiness, Love; all needed provisions He makes—blessings of providence, riches of grace, an unerring law, precious promises, an all-sufficient atonement, the life-giving Spirit, the glimpses of heaven. Oh, my lord, we do need something in this world to trust in, something in which we can confide. Without this Book, where can we find it? How can we possibly say, "I will trust"? But when we get this Book into our hands, and when we read it, we feel without hesitation, "Here we have what we want, and now 'I will trust.'" There is nothing which more makes us feel that Book to be Divine than its imperative claim to trust, and its justifying our largest trust. My lord, within the past few months we have lost two of our most distinguished writers, one the first in the domain of fiction, the other in the domain of general literature and history. Both were brought up in Christian homes, and had their memories stored with the words of Scripture, which indeed have greatly enriched their thoughts and their style. Both, unhappily, to a considerable extent, drifted from their early faith, and with the loss of their personal faith they appeared to lose their hope for mankind. The first in her latest writings, seems to have been haunted by the dream of lofty ideals eagerly pursued but never realized, and never to be realized. Instead of fulfilment, most painful, sometimes almost ludicrous failures, illustrations of the sentiment, "Vanity of vanities, all is