

the pale cheek of the sorrowing, or of saving a soul from eternal death.

Such, our mission. The task is great; the difficulties, numerous; the responsibility, overpowering. Yet, leaning on the arm of the Omnipotent One, we would

“Bate not a jot  
Of heart or hope: but still bear up and steer  
Right onward.”

Our faith is firm in the power of the Gospel. We are loyal to its truths. We have examined the lines of proof which, converging to a point, have produced the ineffaceable conviction that the Bible is the Book of God. Therefore are we sure it will stand the test even of these sceptical times, and bring light and life to many in the future, as it has done in the past.

For a long time now has that goodly ship, the Gospel, been sailing—an ark of safety to many amidst the billows of care, anxiety, and sin. It will sail to the end of time. Its timbers may appear ready to crack before the rough storms that assail it, but they will never give way. In time to come, as in time past, will it carry many a soul safely across the troubled ocean of life to the haven of eternal rest. In that ship is all our confidence, and with full heart we bid her,

“In spite of rock and tempest roar.  
In spite of false lights on the shore,  
Sail on! nor fear to breast the sea;  
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,  
Our faith triumphant o’er our fears,  
Are all with thee, are all with thee.”