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THE UNCHANGEABLE WORD.

I know a castle that, rising in old days from its rocky platform, once looked proudly down on the rolling sea. "Ichabod" stands written on its walls—the glory is departed; and all that now remains of its ancient grandeur is a shattered curtain, and some old grey towers that are nodding to their fall. The rock where it stood so long, defiant of time and man, yielded, in the course of ages, to a power which, retiring yet returning with every tide, kept up a ceaseless warfare; wearing away its base, and hollowing out its solid substance into sounding caverns. Then some wild, winter night, when ships were sinking, and wives were weeping, and brave men were drowning, the sea came on in the full swing of the storm, and breached its mighty walls—sweeping masonry and rock out into the foaming deep. And now I have seen the waves breaking, and the fisherman's boat sailing, over the stones of that old castle's foundations; while the billows, playing with what they had conquered, rolled them smooth and round amid the shingle of the sounding beach.

In the Bible, our religion stands on a rock—but not like that, a ruin of other days. Still, if our faith is not a ruin, though a majestic one, or if the Church of Christ does not stand in the world like the decaying and deserted temple of a worn-out superstition, it is not because the word of God has not been doubted, denied, attacked, and vilified. It has often been reviled; but it has never been refuted. Its foundations have been examined by the most searching eyes. In Hume, and Gibbon, and Voltaire, and Laplace, to