

of ages, the clouds of the World's night, are everywhere breaking up and fleeing before their radiance; and they will continue to brighten and spread, and illumine and bless, until the last cloud is chased from the mantled sky of heathenism, and the heavens brighten over our heads with the dawning of millennial splendours. I ask our agents and faithful standard-bearers at the out-posts—'Watchman what of the night?' and I hear a simultaneous burst from all, even from the most remote part of the field—'The morning cometh.' Verily the Gentiles are coming to His light, and kings to the brightness of His rising; and the prophetic declaration shall be speedily verified, 'when the light of the moon shall be as the light of the sun, and the light of the sun shall be sevenfold as the light of seven days, in the day that the Lord bindeth up the breach of His people!'

"Oh! how many millions of the wayworn weepers of humanity, on their way to the Great Unknown, have these Societies been instrumental in cheering and comforting by God's own consolation, enlightening their minds and consciences, dispelling their errors, chasing away their superstitions, brightening their hopes, and filling their hearts with joy and peace—shining on their pathway as it increases in solitariness, making the very valley of the shadow of death radiant with immortal light, and bright with the star of the morning! How earth and hell have combined and laboured to blot out, extinguish, or obscure this light, or if not obscure, make men see it through their lens so as to distort it; and the treasury of the Prince of Darkness has been exhausted, and the schemes of earth's false philosophies have been taxed to the utmost, if not to shut it out, to blur and dim it! But like the sun in the firmament, which may appear to be obscured when a dark cloud is passing over his disc, yet shines above the clouds just the same, and soon comes forth in all his brightness and beauty—so with the light of the Book, which is diffused over a greater space now, both in the Eastern and Western Hemispheres, than at any period since John placed the seal of Heaven on the finished record: 'Yea, their lines are emphatically going forth through all the earth, and their words unto the end of the world.' In its glorious and spreading triumphs over all its opposers, an illustration quite to our point, and which was prophetic in the declaration of the grand old Reformer, is found on the cover of a fine old Bible in one of the college libraries in Oxford. The engraving represents Tyndall, Coverdale; and others at a table on which is placed a candle, engaged in translating the Bible. Beside them stands Luther, and on the other side the Pope, and beside him a Being from a dark region, who is trying to extinguish the candle by his breath—in simple words, blow it out; and the mighty monk is saying, 'You may try, but you cannot do it!' Ah, how prophetic! They have been blowing and bellowing ever since, but every blast has seemed to increase the light and spread its hallowed fame. And in this favoured island of yours the prediction of the heroic and martyred Bishop Latimer has been fully verified: 'Be of good comfort, Master Ridley, and play the man, for we shall this day light such a candle in England by God's grace as I trust shall never be put out.'

"As I have named Oxford, it will be interesting, perhaps, for some here to know that the arms of the University of Oxford are an open Bible, and the words inscribed on the face of it, 'The Lord is my Light.' Who can but devoutly wish that during the last quarter of a century, the dons and savans at that renowned seat of learning had adhered to this motto, and saved Christendom at least the bother and perplexity of reading their propounded philosophies and corrupted theology, their theorems and sophisms, their tests of this and criticisms of that—going anywhere else to seek for wisdom except to the open Bible, with 'The Lord is my Light' written across the face of it—and although they have not for an instant dimmed the light except in their own minds, yet the world would have been saved a great deal of literary trash and would-be learned nonsense?

"Now these philosophers, walking in the light of their own kindling, seem hugely pleased with the great degree of illumination to which they have at-