

And now, it may be asked, in connection with these encouraging results—Has the Bible Society yet fulfilled its Commission? Has it yet served the great end of its Institution? Most unquestionably not, we reply. It has but approached the threshold of its high and mighty achievement. It is but at the very commencement of its errand of mercy and love to a fallen world. Hitherto it has been but providing and furnishing its weapons, in the multiplication of versions of the Sacred Scriptures,—but sending forth its exploratory scouts to survey the immense fields of destitution stretched out before it,—but ministering and training its forces, by showing the friends of the Bible what can be accomplished by united co-operation, and by unwearied perseverance. Yes, we say, this, every Bible Society is but at the commencement of its operations, for of the thousand millions of inhabitants on the face of the globe, not more than forty millions are in possession of copies of the Scriptures, leaving nine hundred and sixty millions totally unsupplied, and of these not less than one hundred and thirty millions are professing christians. And is not this fact a sufficient confirmation of the truth of our statement—a palpable demonstration that all our versions of the Scriptures are yet lying like beautiful flowers, on the margin of a waste and dreary and, in many instances, inaccessible wilderness? What! nine hundred and sixty millions of our fellow-creatures, having souls that are lost, and capable of being rendered eternally miserable or eternally happy, according as what the Bible makes known is rejected or received, without a single copy of that Blessed Book! And, more appalling still! at the present rate of the British and Foreign Bible Society's operations, requiring six hundred years to supply the deficiency. Feelings of ice, and hearts of stone, must be theirs, who can remain cold and unmoved, under a statement of such overwhelming weight and importance. Spirit of Him who can have compassion on the ignorant, and on them who are out of the way! descend upon the souls of professing christians, that they may increase their activity, and double their diligence, in multiplying and circulating the Scriptures of Truth. Britain gave twenty millions of money for the redemption of her Slaves in the West Indies, and will she begrudge twenty millions of Bibles during this the Jubilee year of her great Bible Institute, to help to redeem the world from an infinitely worse slavery? Twenty millions of Bibles would cost about one and a half millions of Pounds, and what would this be but a few pence to each professing christian in Britain and her Colonies. Nothing but a plan and an organization are awaiting for an effort on an adequate scale. Surely, then,

it cannot but be matter of thankfulness to every friend of humanity and of the Bible, to know that the Committee of the British and Foreign Bible Society have resolved, on occasion of this, the year of its Jubilee, to make an effort far greater than any they have yet put forth,—an effort by which, we trust, there shall be cast into its treasury as much as hath been done during the last ten years of its existence—and by which this Province will remit, instead of a hundred, a thousand Pounds to the Parent Institute.

Is not the hour for such an effort peculiarly opportune? Is not the crisis overwhelmingly eventful? Is not the aspect of the times portentous in the extreme? And first of all, are not all the materials ready to our hand? There are now versions of the Scriptures in almost all the known languages on the face of the earth. Science in all her multifarious departments is laying her tribute at our feet,—facilitating, by the application of steam to the Press, the multiplication of the Scriptures, and carrying these to the remotest ends of the earth, with a velocity that all but annihilates time and distance.

And then look at the doors of necessity that are being thrown wide open, by reason of the advancement of civilization, and the intercourse now carried on between nations; and the living and life-giving Head of the Church standing at the posts of these doors, inviting and commanding us to go in and take possession. Is not Paganism, in all its degrees, and forms, and hues, verging into a state of senility, of decrepitude, and decay, ready to tumble into ruins, under its own pile of superstitions, and cruelties, and orgies? Is not Islamism growing tired of its pretensions and delusions, and the followers of Mahomet beginning to see that their Prophet is but an impostor after all, and that all the teachings of the Koran are but a tissue of falsehood,—a base admixture of sacred and profane story? Is not the spell that has bound the minds of the descendants of Abraham for these eighteen hundred years in the iron fetters of unbelief, fast breaking loose? Are not the Jews, as a nation, loosing rapidly their confidence in their Targums, and Talmuds, and, in many places, earnestly demanding copies of the Old and New Testaments, in the language of their Fathers? And is not the water of the great river Euphrates being dried up, that a way might be prepared for the Kings of the East?

And is not the moment singularly opportune in so far as the mystic Babylon—the Papacy—is concerned? Is it not one of those rare occasions which occur at the interval of ages, to test the Church whether she has wisdom to seize upon it? Has not Scepticism, speaking generally, set loose the masses from Rome, and will

they not seek something more positive than Infidelity? Is not German Rationalism on the eve of being renounced?—Is not Socialism turning its face towards christianity? Is there not a spirit of enquiry abroad, which will defy all the vigilance of the civil and ecclesiastical police to arrest? Are not groups of Italians now meeting together in the very heart of Rome, at the dead hour of night, pondering over the page of God's revealed will? And what mean those aggressive, and defensive, and persecuting movements on the part of the Priesthood?—Are they not symptomatic of the consciousness that they are fast losing hold of the minds of their devotees? Yes, the whole creation travails and is in pain for the hour. The enslaved liberties of nations—the clanking chains of captives—the prison houses of the Madini—the souls of the Martyrs under the altar—Prophets and Apostles—Cherubim and Seraphim—heaven and earth,—all unite in one mighty cry to the throne of the eternal, that God would arise and avenge the blood of those that were slain for the word of God, and for the testimony they held. And shall British christians sit still, and alone be unmoved? No! No! Let them arise and march to the battle, and with the Sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God, in their hands, the walls of Babylon will be laid in ruins at their feet.

And look, too, at the promising aspect of the various sections of Evangelical Protestantism. When was there manifested such a disposition to rally around the same common standard, and, though differing in their regimentals, prepared to fight under the same banner, and to march to the same watchword, “the sword of the Lord and of Gideon”. Never, we believe, since the days of the apostles, was there displayed the same amount of christian charity and forbearance, and, in so far as christians have attained, to walk by the same rule and mind the same thing. And shall all this be allowed to evaporate and pass away as a tale that is told?

And, to crown all, what language does the sun-dial of prophecy speak? It tells us, as with a voice from the excellent glory, that the angel is already flying in the midst of heaven, having the everlasting Gospel to preach to them that dwell on earth, and saying, “fear God, and give glory to Him, for the hour of his judgment is come”—that the 1260 years of the duration of the Man of Sin are well nigh expired, that the Seventh Vial is being poured out,—and that soon, very soon, will the Millennial glory of the church be ushered in.

And if these things be so, surely this is a great crisis in the world's history.—Would that every christian but felt as if the issue of the crisis depended on himself! Spirit of the Lord! come and