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### THE TRIUMPH OF THE BIBLE.

BY THE BISHOP OF ROCHESTER.

*A Sermon preached at St. Paul's Cathedral on behalf of the British and Foreign Bible Society, on May 6, 1879.*

"Heaven and earth shall pass away: but my words shall not pass away."—MARK xiii. 31.

Five men were sitting together on the Mount of Olives; four were listening and one was speaking. It was evening in spring, and as the setting sun smote the gold and ivory of Herod's temple with its crimson splendour, the sudden blaze of colour perhaps stirred one of them into an ecstasy of surprise, and out of an eager entreaty to his Master to observe and admire what hitherto he had seemed to regard with a sort of cold sadness, grew this prophetic discourse: "Do I see those stones? Of course I do; and I see beyond them, to the moment when mortal eye shall gaze on them no more; and while I behold my heart weeps. For what profits the beauty of a sepulchre that only hides corruption; and what is the shrine worth from which no worship ascends that can reach a holy God!" His entire heart seems to have glowed with a solemn fervour as He opened out the burden of the coming sorrow; and the consummation of it all was in the words of the text. Then, as we may be permitted to suppose, lifting up His hand to the paling sky, in which the first stars were already glimmering, and then round on the great battlements that frowned over the gorge of the Kedron, and the rugged gloomy hills that gird the city as with a cincture of fortresses, He said sadly and earnestly, "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall not pass away."

What a boast it was! At first, indeed, not likely to be justified. In less than a week the betrayed Master, the dispersed followers, the malignant priesthood, the vacillating governor, the scourging, the crowning, the cross, the grave, hardly looked like the triumph of One, who, however innocent, had fallen into the hands of His enemies; who, though a king with a crown