

no more than a name is left, and the monuments which promised to endure forever in process of time share the same fate with the illustrious personage they were intended to immortalize. Is it wonderful then, that the Voice should say, Cry? or that the prophet should respond, What shall I cry? All flesh is grass, and all the goodliness thereof is as the flower of the field. The grass withereth, the flower fadeth: because the spirit of the Lord bloweth upon it; surely the people is grass. The grass withereth, the flower fadeth, but the word of our God shall stand forever.

The word of God, Sir, has withstood much fierce and formidable opposition. It met with many enemies when first propagated. Other religions opposed its progress; the lusts, errors, and selfish interests of wicked and worldly men, long stood out against it; the wit and learning of the Greeks and Romans were early at work to undermine and overthrow it; the princes of the earth drew the sword, and employed every engine of torture, which their ingenuity, prompted by mad ambition, could devise, for the destruction of its espousers. But the word has victoriously triumphed over it all, challenged the severest scrutiny, overpowered the boasted reasonings of infidelity, and secured the firm hold of the heart of every sincere Christian, amid unwearied efforts from almost every quarter, to debase the simplicity and diminish the importance of its leading and eternal truths.

I am aware, Sir, that much has been done by the British and Foreign Bible Society, and others of a similar nature, to spread the blessings of the Gospel; and for the success which has hitherto attended them, we ought to be grateful. But, Sir, I also feel convinced that no Society which has for its object the dissemination of Biblical knowledge, will redeem its pledge, until it has reached the Word of Life, to every people, kindred, tribe, and tongue, under the canopy of heaven. Myriads of mankind are still without the invaluable boon, and are immersed in the deepest gloom of ignorance and superstition. The Sun of Righteousness has as yet only gilded the hills of the distant horizon, and although his appearance may be hailed as the certain harbinger of meridian day, it would ill become us to shut our eyes, or throw down our tools, or fold our hands, as if the work assigned us were already done. Opposition we may meet with in such an important work, but difficulties we are willing to encounter. If the field which requires cultivation presents to the eye a rough and barren tract, it is not surely a hopeless undertaking to attempt it. He cannot deceive who has said, that "the wilderness and the solitary place shall be made glad, and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose." The cause is God's, and must prevail.

Let us then, in the spirit of gratitude and humble dependence, look up to Him who gives seed to the sower, and bread to the eater; who says, "All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth" who commanded