

It is indeed so wonderful a Book that *Skepticism* bows down before it, even while proclaiming its own melancholy doubts. What says one of the greatest of our poets?—

“Within that awful volume lies  
The Mystery of Mysteries;  
Ah! happiest he of human race  
To whom our God has given grace  
To read, to hear, to hope, to pray,  
To lift the latch and force the way;  
But better had he ne’er been born  
Who reads to doubt, or reads to scorn.”

Infidelity pays homage to it!—That prince of Sentimentalists, Rousseau, who *by profession* was a Deist, or a believer in God, denied the divine authority of the Bible. It is true that he shewed himself rather to be a materialist than a Deist, because in his last moments he had himself taken out into the sun in order that he might exult in his rays, perhaps worship this great luminary of nature. Yet he has left on record—I wish I could quote what he said—such a picture of our Divine Lord—of His purity, excellence, and heavenly mindedness, that he could not but acknowledge (had he been in a right state of mind), that such a being never could have been sketched except by divine guidance. High as his ideas no doubt were of his own *exalted excellencies*—coupled with *some* doubt as the most self-righteous must have—he must at least have had very clear views, when he watched the conduct of others, of the universal defectibility of human beings.

Atheism in the person of the *great* Voltaire, spent a life time in vilifying our adorable Redeemer, but this pitiable man died amid the horrors of the most agonizing remorse, confessing the utter worthlessness and ruin of his principles!

But what shall we say of the worth of the Bible to the real Christian? In the hour of peril it is his only stay. Many will remember the burning of the Kent East Indiaman in the Bay of Biscay. She was taking out troops to Spain, and on reaching the Bay, a fire broke out on board the vessel. The only hope of safety was by lowering the soldiers with their wives and children one by one from the stern of the vessel. That noble soldier of the British Army and of the Cross of Christ (L. McGregor) was on board, and he declared that he should be last of all under his command to leave the vessel. Night was coming on—the fire was making deadly progress—the sun was about going down over the waste of waters—he turned to look at it perhaps for the last time, and, as he gazed on its sad and lurid beams, so awful a feeling of *eternity* passed over him, that he had no comfort till he *forced* his mind, as it were, within the leaves of that blessed book, and found a peace and calm confidence that nothing else could give. It is cheering to be able to say they were all saved. In the hour of death, that last most trying moment to man, when stretched on that bed from which there is no more rising—when the eye once radiant with intellect and beauty is closed to open no more,—and the “spirit is about to be hurled from her throne of light”—and weeping friends stand around the departing loved one—Ah! then we *know* the value of the Bible, its sacred truths are experienced, and we truly feel that “life and *immortality* are brought to light by the Gospel.” Well may we catch the spirit of the animating language of Ruth to her mother-in-law Naomi, when she, who was a Jewess, and therefore a follower of the true God, recommended her to go back to her own people, and said:—“Entreat me not to leave thee, nor to return from following after thee, for where thou goest I will go, and where thou lodgest I will lodge, thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God; where thou liest I will lie, and there will I be buried; the

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