

of sadness in the providence of God there is a counter tone of gladness), "the grass withereth, and the flower thereof falleth away : *but the word of the Lord endureth for ever.*" How encouraging it is to think that though one by one the workers fall away and wither like the grass, the work continues and progresses still—though the lovers and friends of the blessed Word and its circulation must be put far from us and removed into darkness, yet the Word itself is never darkened and never dies—" *It liveth and abideth forever.*" It is a pure river of the water of life, proceeding out of the throne of God, and of the Lamb, and flowing down through the fields of time, the streams thereof making glad the wilderness of this world, and making many a desert to blossom as the rose—and in name of this river as of its types in nature it may be said : "men may come and men may go, but I go on for ever."

This thought of the stability, or rather the changeless progress of the Word of God is one which is very familiar to our minds. But it is none the less wonderful on this account or less worthy of our attentive consideration. Let us dwell on it for a short time.

Think, first, of the simple fact of the preservation of the Bible and its safe transmission to us from the earliest times. At first sight this does not strike us of the 19th century as anything very remarkable; for now copies of the Bible are so multiplied throughout the world, and the spirit and even the letter of the Scriptures have been so transfused