

just emerging from the darkness of superstition, as yet but partially emancipated from the thralldom of a most cruel idolatry, it was to me ever the predominant question of interest—What are here the results of those holy teachings which civilization at home ever honors as its guide and guardian? I have seen the Bible in the hands of Africa's swarthy children. I have listened to the hallowed strains of its unequalled poetry chanted on that sterile coast, in music unsurpassed for pathos and melody, by any voices in the world. Its pure doctrines, above all, have I witnessed faithfully reflected in the integrity and devotion of a race whom civilization hath not yet taught to weave a garment; and in response to the enquiry—shall the Bible or civilization be the pioneer in heathendom? the conclusion has come with tenfold force to my judgment—*the Bible, ever the Bible!* Were I influenced, therefore, by considerations purely secular; with no higher hope for British interest than its extension and permanency; with no gleam of light flashing upon faith's dim vision, to reveal a destiny holy, blissful, immortal, for the lost race of Adam, I would select from all earth's instrumentalities that Book of Books wherewith to elevate and ennoble mankind.

When the Secretary presented this Resolution with a request to move it at the present meeting, the hand which was reluctantly outstretched to take it in response to the demand of a righteous duty, had just laid aside the *Koran* of Mohammed. Imagination, ever the willing magician of the mind, immediately conjured up a *Koran* meeting in the centre of Turkey or Arabia. Dignitaries and advocates were easily supplied. The impassioned disciples of that stern old impostor, the deceiver of a blinded continent, mounted the rostrum. Their report brought tidings from Turkey, Persia, India, Arabia, Tartary and Bokharia. Territory to the extent of six times the size of all Europe, had been traversed, permeated with Islamism, and conquered. From the Himalaya Mountains to the Mediterranean Sea; from the mouth of the Nile to Africa's equatorial regions; from Egypt to the Atlantic Ocean, the flag of triumph had waved, and the hordes of the Moslem had fiercely followed. The cross had succumbed to the crescent—the Prophet had supplanted the Redeemer. But here the record failed, and truthful history must fill up the vacancy. Imagination turns shuddering from the scene, and inflexible reason begins its stern enquiries.

What has all this conquest effected for the East? In what respect has Mohammedan combination rendered its once conflicting tribes more swift and formidable? Have the amelioration of evil and the dissemination of virtue corresponded with the aggrandizement of territory and riches? Let history reply. Its answer is, that this doctrine which has subjugated nearly as large a portion of the globe as the religion of Jesus has set at liberty, has conquered only to enslave—has flourished only to die. That the bonds of unity have been drawn by it around tribes and nations, only to render them more potent as the dire agencies of misery and death. That the advancements of conquest have been employed by it, for the suppression of knowledge and the free exercise of licentiousness.

But the *Koran* dies, and with it dies the entire fabric resting upon its unsubstantial basis! It is an effete monstrosity—a withering upas. It is rapidly passing down to the tomb of all the Capulets. Enlightened opinion, which has long ago consigned to oblivion systems equally false, such as the Ptolemaic Astronomy, and the Aristotelian Philosophy, waits to commit the *Koran* to the grave. No requiem will soothe its departing spirit; its thrice-corrupted body will be denied a resurrection.