

previous period. There never were as many Christians as to-day. There were never as many Bibles. In a single year the British and Foreign Bible Society alone, issues more copies than existed in the entire world when, in 1804, that society was organized. The literary, locomotive and government facilities supplied, the great doors and effectual opened, though there be many adversaries, the concentration of so many elements of influence, political, financial, scientific and otherwise in the great Protestant powers, contribute to render this peculiarly a day of good tidings. What a change in less than a century! In 1792, but one missionary society. Now they are counted by the hundred. Then, but one or two missionaries and no native preachers; now 2,500 European and American missionaries and hundreds of sanctified natives telling to their fellows. Then, no converts at all; now thousands of converts every year and a Christian population counted by millions. Then \$65—the first tiny rill of Christian liberality—that started in the chapel vestry at Kettering; now, nearly \$10,000,000 yearly, the swelling river that is bearing on its bosom blessings manifold to all lands. It is a great privilege and responsibility to be living at such a pivotal epoch. It seems as if we were on the eve of achievements, such as the church and the world have never witnessed.

The preacher dwelt at length, and eloquently, on the risk incurred by indolence and indifference:—

"If we tarry till the morning light, some mischief will befall us." Jesus demands sleepless activity from his followers. "Now, therefore, let us go and tell." The perishing ones need the glad tidings. Here ignorance is not bliss. Let us go, for we have that which is the only panacea! They are labouring in the fire. We have the only extinguisher. They are ready to perish with hunger. We have the Bread of Life. They are dying of a disease the most virulent and vile! We have the sovereign remedy. They are drowning in the black sea of sin. We have the life boat. Hearts of adamant we must have, if this consideration has no weight with us. All over this continent, a pure gospel is faithfully preached. 'Let us go and tell' is very generally observed. At the beginning of this century, in the neighbouring republic they had only one communicant to fifteen of the people; now they had one to every five of the people. Surely, in this respect, this day is to us a day of good tidings. The Presbyterian church is not "little among the thousands of Israel." We know how large and strong it is in its recognized home and headquarters, but we do not know perhaps as reliable authority informs us that there are now more Presbyterian congregations in France than in Ireland, and more in Wales than in either. There are 1,500 Presbyterian congregations in the Netherlands, 2,000 in Hungary,

while the church is well represented in Belgium, Bohemia, Moravia, Spain, Italy and Switzerland. The principal Dutch church at the Cape of Good Hope is Presbyterian, and in Australia and in New Zealand, in Persia, India, China, Japan and the New Hebrides, there are either growing Presbyterian churches or flourishing Presbyterian missions, while in the United States and Canada there are 13,000 congregations connected with the Presbyterian church."

After reviewing in rapid and glowing terms the missions of our own church in New Hebrides, Trinidad, Formosa, India, the Northwest Territories, and referring to the opening of new fields in South America and in the Chinese Province of Honan, he went on to speak of the "Historic eighty-eight."

This day, he said, is to us "a day of good tidings,"—1888 is fragrant with historic memories. 1588 witnessed the utter destruction of the Spanish Armada and extinguished Sixtus Fifth's expectation of supplanting Queen Elizabeth by Philip II, and the true order of Jesus by the false. "Thou didst blow with thy wind: the sea covered them; they sank like lead in the mighty waters." 1688 ushered in "a day of good tidings" to our beloved father-land, when the wind that detained James at Harwich wafted William to Torbay, and the gloomy "Hanging Time" (as it was called) of eight and twenty years, was followed by the glorious Revolution. Three centuries ago, God's wind kept from us an imminent danger. Two centuries ago that wind brought to us an immense deliverance. A century thereafter, the blossoms and fruit which the revolution bore were nipped by the frosts of a gloomy winter that came back again. It was the Iron age of our church. On the floor of her general assembly in 1796, foreign missions were voted down! How different the spectacle which 1888 witnesses! All the churches realizing as never before that if they "hold their peace" "mischief will befall them," and that "Now therefore let us go and tell" is not merely their bounden duty, but their "best policy"—that if they "put missions in a corner, they will be put in a corner themselves." This thing is not done in a corner. At this very moment in the metropolis of the world, Protestant Christendom is in solemn council; the greatest missionary conference in the world's history is being held, to ponder and pray over the question, how best to win back the world for Him whose right it is. Could a contrast greater be conceived than between the scene in Edinburgh in the latter part of the 18th, and that in London during the closing years of the 19th century!

"In the Truths most surely believed among us we find a further stimulus to carry out the resolution, contained in the text,— 'Now there-