

tain theories of the interpretations which were once accepted by eminently wise and good men, say a century ago, with regard to the meaning of God's Word have been cast aside, and are now no longer regarded as safe or tenable. But while these two admissions must always be candidly made, this also is true, that those who fear for the Word of God yet hold to a fear that is absolutely unfounded. (Hear, hear.) Truth is one as God is one, and, as we were told a moment ago, that truth cannot contradict itself in any two aspects of it, whether it be the truth that is inscribed on the pages of the great stone books that lie beneath our feet, or the word spoken by holy men who wrote as they were moved by the Holy Ghost. Dismiss those fears; there is no danger whatsoever to be apprehended; for the Word of God, and the history of the past ought to teach us that much certainly.

Only call up to your minds for a moment the strange way in which the providence of God has watched over His own truth, and His own work in the past; and from that brief review you cannot but gather hope and confidence for the future. Travel backward up the stream of life a little more than three centuries, when I think the reigning Pope of Rome was Julius the second. At the bidding of an overruling desire to immortalize himself he sent for the great sculptor Michael Angelo, and instructed him to prepare a memorable tomb for himself which would hand down his name to posterity. The sculptor withdrew from society, concentrated upon his work the whole bent of the marvellous power with which God had endowed him, produced the result, submitted it for patient investigation. It was counted grand too, so grand that no room could be found for it unless a portion of St. Peter's, in Rome, were pulled down and re-built, and so make room. It was finally decided to re-build St. Peter's altogether; money had to be raised, among other devices for the raising of these moneys the sale of indulgences was inaugurated. Tetzl went forth and indulged in foul, filthy, and blasphemous language in urging on his hearers the purchase of these indulgences. Amongst them was a monk whose soul was sickened within him at the thought of the dishonour that was cast on the true God. He rebelled against the outrage, and the result was the Reformation (applause), and to-night there is not a social, religious or political right that you as Canadians enjoy, whether liberty of thought, freedom of conscience, equality of civil rights, sanctity of marriage, the honour of the family, the right to worship God under your own vine and fig tree, none daring to make you afraid, for which we do not stand indebted under and in the providence of God to that Reformation of the sixteenth century. Now, sir, I contend, and I think I safely may, that where the providence of God has guided events toward His own appointed issue, and yet so strangely, in the past, the divine unchangeableness furnishes us a solid basis of calculation on which we may predict the future, and predict it, moreover, with all the confidence that a mathematician may predict the outcome of the conclusion of his chain of reasoning, or an astronomer can predict the movements of the objects that roll through the immensities of space. Are you aware that that providence of God has in times near our own interposed the most marvellously, and as by the finger of marble, on behalf of the very book which to-night we seek to honour. Are you aware of the fact? if not, know and remember it forever. That very house that was once occupied by the unbelieving Voltaire in Geneva is occupied by the Geneva Bible Society, and the very printing press, which was the means of scattering his ribald scoffing to society, to-day is distributing the word of eternal life. (Applause.) Are you aware of this fact that the very ground on which the British and Foreign Bible Society House in London stands is the very ground on which Convocation in the year 1378 peremptorily forbid Wycliffe to circulate the Scriptures (hear, hear); are you aware of the fact that the Religious Tract Society in London has its centre and grand headquarters on the very spot where the