

gospel teaches us to prize the gift of personal life as the most sacred, the most precious of all God's gifts. 'Life is real, life is earnest,' it seems to say, in the words of the great American poet; and it bids us thrust not for death, nor for extinction, but for the living God; whereas the Buddhist doctrine stigmatizes all thirst for life as an ignorant blunder, and sets forth, as the highest of all aims, utter extinction of personal existence.

"I have said enough to put you on your guard when you hear people speak too highly of the sacred books of the East other than our own Bible. Let us not shut our eyes to what is excellent and true and of good report in these books; but let us teach Hindoos, Buddhists, Mohammedans, that there is only one sacred Book of the East that can be their mainstay, their support, in that awful hour when they pass all alone into the unseen world. There is only one gospel that can give peace to the fainting soul then. It is the Book that this great Society is engaged in sending to the uttermost ends of the earth. It is the sacred Volume which contains that faithful saying worthy to be received of all men, women, and children, and not merely of us Christians, 'that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.'"

THE REV. H. C. G. MOULE, Principal of Ridley Hall, Cambridge, said:—

"My Lord, and Christian friends, I will not trouble the meeting with a long statement of my sense of the smallness of my claims to speak here to-day, but will rather come at once to what constituted, in the opinion of the Committee, my chief claim, namely, that I had the great privilege of personal intercourse with an honoured officer of the Society in what proved to be his last days. It was my never-to-be-forgotten happiness to be permitted intimate Christian intercourse with Mr. Fordham in the last months of his blessed and fruitful life. I do not speak of my first introduction to him; for, living as I do in Cambridge, we often had the privilege of seeing him amongst us at our Cambridge Bible meetings, and when he undertook to sketch the mode of the Society's working, or to give the latest details of work, it was always an occasion of special interest. But it was at Braemar, last August, where I found myself for a few weeks, that I came to know far more of him than I had known through the means of public meetings. I there got to know something of the character which is so admirably sketched in the Report—a character in which one continually observed a delightful combination of gentleness with energy, a wide range of interests with a concentration of purpose, a singleness of aim, and a close walk with our Lord Jesus Christ, mingling with a noble simplicity of life which was an experience and an example not to be forgotten. And through it all there ran the ruling passion—the Bible Society. One of a few evenings I spent under his hospitable roof was occupied almost entirely in conversation about the Bible Society. I remember his taking up the Report, and reading with inexhaustible and contagious interest a long and connected series of details all bearing on the Society's work, especially how translations were reaching race after race and tribe after tribe. His very last utterance in public, a few weeks later, was an address on behalf of the Society—an address made under circumstances, as I knew, of great physical weakness. His last public utterance but one was an address from the blessed Book itself. And now, to one who in the free and happy intercourse of those few weeks so little suspected him to be on the verge of eternity, it seems almost impossible to realize that he has passed beyond the veil. But there he is, with those other noble and blessed names which we have seen called this morning so justly to commemorate. There he is, and there they are, as an absolute certainty. They have passed out of sight, but they have not shaken off existence—they have learned a better lesson than that melancholy teaching of the Buddha, which we have heard in what I may already call the memorable speech of the Boden Professor. They have felt, indeed, that terrible friction of life which leads to a longing for shaking it off; but they have found in this a blessed means to a glorious end,