

stead of London? Why is not even Paul's, of that momentary sleep into which he had fallen, when the senses and fancy seem to mingle, and the pictures present in the nineteenth century? And why, moreover, has no translation of the Bible into any heathen language been made by the Popish Church since the Reformation, while Protestants have made upwards of one hundred?

It is impossible to estimate what the cause of Christ has gained by the circulation of the Bible. We cannot see how the Church could have existed to this hour, and how it could continue to exist, without the Word. How many souls in the wilderness have been enabled to hold fast to their confidence, and to foil Satan with that sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God, appealing, like their Master, to its inspired and glorious truths, and saying, "It means of ink, which stamps upon paper imperishable forms of thought?"

It surely cannot fail to fill the heart of every Christian with deepest thankfulness to God, to contemplate the glorious achievements of the last fifty years, in circulating the Word of God. The Church, like the angel seen in prophetic vision, has been flying with the everlasting Gospel to every nation, and kindred, and tongue, and people. It has given the Bible to the inhabitants of the old lands of Egypt, Ethiopia, Arabia, Palestine, Asia-Minor, and Persia—to the indomitable Circassian—the mountaineers of Afghanistan—to tribes of India speaking thirty-two different languages or dialects—to the inhabitants of Burmah, Assam, and Siam—to the islanders of Madagascar and Ceylon—to the Malays and Javanese of the eastern seas—to the millions of China, and the wandering Calmuc beyond her great wall—to the brave New Zealander—to the teeming inhabitants of the island groups which are scattered over the Southern Pacific—to the African races, from the Cape to Sierra Leone—to the Esquimaux and Greenlanders, within the arctic circle—to the Indian tribes of North America. All are now furnished with a translation of that wonderful volume, which, with the light of the universal living Spirit of God, at once reveals to man, in every age and clime, his lost and miserable condition, and tells him of a remedy that is adapted to every want of his being,—to redemption by a moral power it alone can afford, from all sin and misery, and to bring him into the glorious fellowship of the holiness, the blessedness, and joy of the family of God in earth and heaven!

But the labours of the TRACT SOCIETIES, during the last fifty years, also deserve our attention. The story, we dare say, is familiar to most of our readers, how Luther, when translating the Bible during his long sojourn in the old castle of the Wartburg, was one night sore perplexed about the rendering of a particular verse;—how, in a feverish state of mind, he imagined, during the solitary hours of night, as he sat poring over the sacred text, that he beheld the fiend scowling at him;—how he awoke out, with innumerable biographies and death-beds,

of humble saints of God,—yea, even of tender children, whose hennas and early praises of Christ in the temple, have been heard, with joy and gratitude, by millions of the human race! An old minister, nearly two hundred years ago, was brought before a cruel and blood-thirsty judge, who said to him, before sending him to prison, "Richard, thou art an old rogue, and deservest the halter." Yet this same Richard has never ceased to preach from that day till this; and every year now, he addresses millions in every land. Richard Baxter's *Call to the Unconverted*, has been eminently blessed for the conversion of sinners, and his *Saint's Rest*, has been equally blessed for the consolation of believers. The same judge seized a tinker, who would not stick to his soldering and hammering, but would make known everywhere the grace of God, and what great things God had done for him. Twelve years he lay in jail; and there, having nothing to disturb him, he fell to dreaming. That dream was afterwards printed, and has gone through more editions than any other uninspired volume. John Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress* has travelled through all lands, and its victories over Apollyon have been more than can be numbered. How much has thus been accomplished during fifty years, by Tract Societies! What sermons have Flavel and Edwards preached! What lessons of the rise and progress of religion in the soul has Doddridge taught! What blessings, through their instrumentality, have been bestowed by Leighton, and Brainerd, and Payson, and Wilberforce, and a host of others, whose names or works are illustrious in the churches of Christ!

## THE CHURCH IN THE COLONIES.

### Lay Association of Montréal.

The Annual Meeting of the Association was held in St. Paul's Church on the evening of Monday, January 8th. In the absence of the Hon. Peter McGill, the President, through indisposition (this being the first Annual Meeting, we believe, on which he has been precluded from presiding since the existence of the Association,) John Greenshields, Esq., was called to the chair. The proceedings were opened with reading the Scriptures and prayer by the Rev. Robert McGill, D. D.

The Chairman called upon the Recording Secretary to read the Annual Report, which was to the following effect.

#### REPORT FOR 1851.

The Lay Association of the Presbyterian Church of Canada, in connection with the Church of Scotland is now entering on the 10th year of its labours; and, while in reviewing their results it must be admitted that more earnest exertions on the part of the office-bearers and others might have effected a far larger amount of good, still satisfaction is felt from the reflection that the objects contemplated by the formation of the Association have been to a considerable extent accomplished. It is quite