

pass such coarse and vulgar assailants as Tom Paine and Carlisle, with their few living followers, the Bible has had to sustain the assaults of the greatest talent, the sharpest wit, and the acutest intellects. To make it appear a cunningly-devised fable, philosophers have sought arguments amid the mysteries of science, and travellers amid the hoar remains of antiquity; for that purpose, geologists have ransacked the bowels of the earth, and astronomers the stars of heaven; and yet, after sustaining the most cunningly-devised and ably-executed assaults of eighteen hundred years, there it stands, and shall stand, defiant of time, of men, of devils—a glorious illustration of the words of its founder, “On this rock have I built my Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.”

Since those eighteen hundred years began to run, what revolutions time has wrought! What changes he has seen! The oldest monarchies have been overthrown; the dawn of truth has chased away the darkness of a long night; the maxims of statesmen and the theories of science have shifted like the wind. Success has crowned the boldest innovator on all old established systems. Jove is gone, but not Jehovah, the Hebrews' God. On Grecian headlands and Roman hills the temples of Jupiter stand in mouldering ruin; but temples sacred to Jesus are rising on every shore. Since John wrote in his cell at Patmos, and Paul preached in his own hired house, at Rome, the world has been turned upside down; all old things have passed away; all things on earth have changed but one. Rivalling in fixedness, and more than rivalling in brightness, the stars that saw our world born and shall see it die,—that rejoiced in its birth, and shall be mourners at its burial,—the word of our God stands for ever. Time, that weakens all things else, has but strengthened the impregnable position of the believers' faith, and hope, and confidence. And as, year by year, the tree adds another ring to its circumference, every age has added the testimony of its events to this great truth, “The grass withereth, and the flower fadeth, but the word of the Lord shall endure for ever.”

GUTHRIE.

Canadian and Domestic.

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