

part of the universe are they abiding? What is the nature of their consciousness, the measure of heaven which they enjoy in that paradise which is the suburb of heaven? We know not; and the oracles are mute to us when we ask for revelation from their lips. Awed and attracted by the moral glory of Christ Jesus, who has not wondered what he was like? We know all about heroes and poets—size, height, figure, features, air, dress—all are on the canvas for us—we can recognize the man at first sight, if he be notable enough to live in memory at all—even to the buckskin or the riband. But the details of the person of Jesus are left to the artist's imagination alone. Hundreds have essayed to paint him, but no light can be gotten from Raphael, or Caracci, or Correggio, from Matthew, or Mark, or John—even Luke—if he were, as tradition tells us, painter as well as physician—has neither indicated by pen, nor drawn with pencil, the features of the Master whom he loved. The complexion of the "Man of Sorrows," the colour of those wondrously-loving eyes that looked through Peter, or that hair which the thorny crown confined, the size or make of the ruler of the tempest in Genesaret—of these things the Scripture says not a word. We see the Christ in his moral and spiritual greatness, and with this we are bound to be content. And so of many other matters in which we are apt to imagine that the controversies of ages might have been settled by an authoritative word. God's sovereignty and the responsibility of man—the mystery of the two natures in the person of Jesus—the measure of respect due to the mother of our Lord—the scriptural church order—the true meaning of the sacraments—the Word is silent as to modes and forms and rubrics, and we are left to infer our duty by the demonstrations of our Reason, by the perceptions of our Faith. You will not fail to mark where Scripture is silent, and where Scripture speaks. Silent on matters that are subordinate—full, eloquent, unmistakable in matters that are supreme. We have no catechism, but are impressed with the importance of sound doctrine, exhorted to "hold fast the form of sound words," and "to be valiant for the truth upon the earth." We are enjoined to worship, "not forsaking the assembling of ourselves together," but no form of service is prescribed with the authority of a law. We are to pray, but there is no biblical liturgy. The Bible appeals to life, and life must move at liberty, and must speak with freedom. There is silence, therefore, in the Scripture, when the curiosity would probe or the errant fancy wander—there is no silence, but a speaking fulness, when the intellect thirsts for knowledge, and the hungry soul would fain be satisfied from the riches of the Lord. *Eloquent* upon the way of a sinner's access to God—*Rich* in exceeding precious promises for the poor wayfarer that longs for salvation—*Abundant* in its revelations of the themes which God's ministers are to preach, and of the honour to be paid to the Redeemer and the Spirit in the grand work of bringing men to God—*Free* in its offers of mercy, and putting such a power into its words that "the lame man leaps as an hart, and the tongues of the dumb sing"—the Scripture hath yet a silence which it maintains unbroken to the questionings of irreverence or pride. The Bible, like the Master, answers perverse spirits "after their kind," as He who talked freely of the mysteries of His Kingdom to blind beggars and fallen but penitent women, was silent in utter rebuke of the haughtiness of Caiaphas, and of the insolent impiety of Herod. Let us ask, in passing, whether this silence is not of itself a presumptive evidence of the inspiration of the Bible. If impostors had joined to fabricate a book, with any natural shrewdness or knowledge of human nature, conscious that the covetousness of man goes out after that which is hidden, would not these things have been the first on which they would have tried to satisfy desire? Have not impostors uniformly done so? The Shaster and the Koran, the old Apocryphal Gospels, the Heathen Mythology and the Book of Mormon—do they not attempt it? They peer below the surface, only to record ridiculous or impious details in the fancied wisdom, which is wise above what is written. The Bible alone maintains a dignified and wonderful silence, a simplicity that is never