

of circumstance, not magnificence of surroundings that makes happiness. God is not happy because he is circled by angels and throned amid stars. Happiness belongs *only* to condition. *He is good*; and thus He is *happy*; and it is the soft radiance of this moral magnificence that kindles our emotion and bends our knees.

How this inscrutable glory of the Almighty was first—in the far past, discovered to all the diverse branches of our race I know not. The morning rises on the night in forerunning streaks of purple; and in every age, amongst every people born to think, there have been noble spirits who have pillowed themselves upon a revealing God.

But the source and certainty of *our* knowledge, is the Gospel—the life, the character and the mission of Christ. He was the brightness of the Father's glory, the express image of His Person. The otherwise unutterable perfections of the Deity *spoken* in a human life. He and His Father were one—He was the *Word* which nature could not articulate. And in what was the Revelation He brought us sublime and alone? Was it in the flash of omnipotent attributes, a hitherto unapproached dominion over law and force, that distinguished Him in His solitary greatness? No. Miracle there was, enough to attest His mission; but *His* work was to utter the otherwise unutterable mind of God. The invisible glories shining above Nature, and to which the heavens and the earth were opaque, had taken form in His soul. He was illimitable in power, but it was the power of holiness and love. He was a King, but His empire was the spirit. He was God's unsearchable splendour of character. "Manifest in the Flesh"—the glory that is above the heavens revealed.

IV.—Brethren, I have dwelt long on this, for it has a power and meaning in it. But I must lead you away from it now, that, furnished with other thoughts, we may approach it with an added meaning. It was a rare in-