

Bible. But some passages are dark, many things hard to be understood—veiled, as it were, in a mystery. But does the Bible require us to believe in a mystery? Mr. Wesley says, "The Bible does not ask you to believe any mystery at all. The Bible barely requires you to believe such facts—not the manner of them. Now, the mystery does not lie in the *fact*, but altogether in the *manner*. For instance: 'God said let there be light, and there was light.' I believe it. I believe the plain *fact*. There is no mystery at all in this. The mystery lies in the manner of it. But of this I believe nothing at all; nor does God require it of me."

If God had taught us nothing concerning himself, we could have known nothing. Darkness, unbroken, must have separated us from Him. But He has revealed Himself, in part, unto us. Consequently we know many things concerning Him. Yet no complete revelation has been or can be made; none can know the Almighty to perfection. Therefore, whenever we direct our thoughts towards Him, we must expect to find clear, indisputable truths united with unsearchable mysteries.

In the Scriptures, then, we may expect to find clear truths and unsearchable mysteries united concerning the nature of God. The existence of God is at once simple and mysterious. The argument by which it is proved is simple. The conclusion is easily drawn from an acknowledged principle. "Everything that exhibits marks of design must have been the work of an intelligent mind." It is impossible not to grant this. Men who determine to admit nothing that they cannot prove are compelled to take this proposition for granted. You cannot examine any piece of human workmanship—a pillar, a book, a house,—without admitting all that is necessary to prove the existence of God—without acquiring the only argument by which existence can be proved. But while the argument is one, the cumulation of its instances, and therefore the multiplication and variety of the proofs which it furnishes, is without end.

"The meanest pin in nature's frame
Marks out some letters of His name;
Where sense can reach, or fancy rove,
From hill to hill, from grove to grove,
Across the waves, around the sky,
There's not a spot or deep or high,
Where the Creator has not trod
And left the footsteps of a God."