

God—to whom, I would ask, is that revelation made? The answer is,—  
To MAN—to universal man,—to man of every colour, complexion, and  
clime. In its pages the degraded Hottentot and the polished European,—  
the shivering Iclander and the voluptuous Asiatic, alike addressed, and  
alike interested. Is the Bible a light kindled by the breath of divine in-  
spiration to guide the lost and bewildered family of man to the realms of  
immortal bliss? Then, let it illuminate the whole earthly sphere. Is it  
the voice of God? Then let its sound go forth to all the earth, and its  
words to the ends of the world.

Though not expressly designed, or generally regarded as such, yet, the  
Bible *is*, in truth, a literary book: it has its poetry, its eloquence, its his-  
tory and its philosophy. I am utterly at a loss to conceive why Plato ex-  
cluded from his imaginary republic the cultivation of an art so sublime  
and improving as that of poetry. At the altar of God the Muses first in-  
haled the breath of life, and kindled with the transports of heavenly inspi-  
ration, Religion is still their only congenial and healthy element, and the  
storehouse of their materials in richest and endless variety. For the most  
overwhelming examples of the sublime, for the most exquisite touches of  
the tender and the pathetic, I go not to Homer or Virgil, to Demosthenes  
or Cicero, but to my Bible. The system of morals inculcated in the Scrip-  
tures is in every view above all comparison, and above all eulogy.  
Diderot, though an infidel, caused his daughter to be carefully instructed  
in the precepts of the New Testament: nor is there a more eloquent  
passage in all the writings of Rousseau, than that which begins with the  
memorable acknowledgement, “I will confess to you, that the majesty of  
the Scriptures strikes me with astonishment; and the sanctity of the gospel  
has its influence on my heart.” To the momentous question which the  
Roman governor put to our Lord,—“What is truth?”—the Bible alone  
gives an adequate answer. The relations which man sustains to God,  
with the obligations they involve are here distinctly unfolded. Nothing  
in fact is veiled, a knowledge of which is necessary to salvation.

Now, sir, look we for one moment at the glorious destination of this  
blessed book. In retracing its history I find that part of it existed centu-  
ries before Homer sung his Iliad. The completed canon of revelation  
has remained secure in the ark of Providence amidst all the storms  
of persecution: and what Sir is its destiny? A Rev. speaker has well re-  
marked that *perpetuity* is an attribute of this book, an attribute which  
can be claimed by no other. And who, sir, would not inscribe upon it,  
—‘ESTO PERPETUA’—Be thou perpetual. Live forever ye oracles of God.  
Proclaim to remotest nations and to remotest ages the unsearchable riches  
of Christ. And perpetual it *shall* be. Universal its diffusion *shall* be. In  
its beam the thrones of tyranny, and the shrines of superstition shall all  
melt, and sin appear as hideous as the hell to which it leads. It will give  
laws, and literature, and religion, and happiness to all the earth. It will