

yet waste and barren would have been fertile in knowledge ages ago. Had Plato known this, his naturally clear and powerful mind would have been unclouded. The misty theory of the *Idea*, and all the rest, would have given place to a better heritage. The philosophers of to-day might have begun where still they must be content to toil—as yet upon the very borders of the good land.

But this point at last have we reached, that we no longer need to ask, either in ignorance or in scepticism, "What is truth?" We know its Author and hence its nature.

Truth, like the Pantheist's god, may be found everywhere. Every new creation is replete with interest. It is another roll of that unopened scroll unfolded; it is the modernizing of antiquity, causing the eternal to live again in the present (for the plan of the great Creator's work was conceived in the womb of eternity); it is thought clothed with matter, the heavenly made earthly, —in short, it is the Deity unveiled.

When such is the origin, such the venerable character of truth, it is not strange that error, with all its wonted impudence and unblushing imposture, should cower down and flee from the presence of that which liveth forever.

Truth has its own individuality. It is not a compound. For as every ray of the sun is light, so is every truth a ray from the one Sun, a stream from the one Fountain. All the rays together form the maximum of the sun's power, but each ray forms a part of that total; so, though all truths, when united, form that grand system of which God alone could be the author, yet every individual truth has its own distinct existence, its own force, and its own history.

The origin of truth, simple and sublime as it is, stands in marked opposition to that of falsehood. Falsehood or untruth boasts, to be sure, of her great antiquity, her proud ancestry, her mighty deeds, her blooming hopes,

her certain victory, and her glorious triumph. But there is this peculiarity in connection with her: she never assumes her own garb, but always impersonates truth.

There is in man an inherent love of truth. Falsehood never dares, and never has dared, to face the world in her native character. But true to her nature throughout, she appears not in her own hideous garments, but puts on the beauty of truth to cover her conscious deformities. But however well the monster endeavors to imitate the simple gait, the modest mien of truth, yet, in course of time, some clumsy step, some impudent stare, betrays her. She is soon brought naked to the gaze of a world sick of error and hungry for truth. As an imposter she is buried beneath an overwhelming mass of shame and everlasting contempt, and her character and history are told to futurity by one word inscribed on her tombstone—Falsehood.

Though to attempt to explore the origin of truth is to attempt to explore a labyrinth whose complications are such that when one maze of difficulty has been struggled through, and the end seems to have been found, the end only opens into a labyrinth of still greater complication, and this to another, and so on ever and forever—though this be so, yet there is a difference between the origin of truth and the origin of error.

Error has a beginning. Truth, like her Author, can say "I am;" but error only, "I began." However, if simple age can make venerable, falsehood is venerable. But error always shuns to tell of her birth. She loves to describe herself as an unbegotten thing of eternity. In short, her aim seems ever to be to impersonate truth.

A lie is fabricated, but not created. It is not in the province of a creature to create. This is the prerogative of Him who has formed from eternity the plans of the universe.

Truth and untruth depend on the manner in which certain known ideas are connected together. The same