

inaccuracies—they are not so much as the wart on Cornwell's nose; the giant Protector was still there, and the wart was on his outer-most projection. The Bible writers never claimed infallibility of ink and pen. They never claimed infallibility against infinitesimal kinks in the thread of Hebrew history, or dust-flecks on the Jewish statistics.

The Bible is, however, an infallible guide to life and righteousness, to immortality and eternal joy.

It is inspired—if theologians will insist upon the Word—because it is made of God. The breath of God is in it—supernaturally, not contra-naturally. How men wrote, when they wrote, what they wrote with, what were their physical attitude and their mental analyses at the time, are neither here nor there. These are but trifles—fringes on the outer skirts of investigation. The Bible finds men and controls them. It rescues them and glorifies them. It teaches truth, transcendent and eternal.

This is the Bible's own unique, exclusive power!

It makes no difference if it be natural or supernatural, if it be developed in history or flashed forth from the skies. It is an awful and sublime power, here in human life, come down to us, seen, felt, exalted, enthroned.

Now where do the great powers here present in the world come from? "God spake once; and twice I have also heard the same; that power belongeth unto God."

Pick up a stone, a "smooth" stone out of the "brook," if you will. It is hard. It is enduring. Hurl it against the Sevres vase upon the antique stand, and nothing will be left but the broken fragments and the "scent of the roses." Sling it against the Philistine's forehead, and it sinks into the springs of life and chokes them. This is the stone's power. Or the great stone from the quarry has power to uphold a temple or a palace. Or it supports the "everlasting hills."

Go out amid the golden grain in harvest-time, and see it sported as the plaything of the winds, and watch the harvester as he builds it into pyramids of treasure, and see it threshed and fanned and gathered into barns. It is the "staff of life." It feeds the prince and the beggar; it strengthens man and beast. This is the power of wheat. It is a petty king in the great vegetable kingdom. And the power of all the kingdom is the power of giving fleshly life.

Go into the sculptor's studio while he points the magic chisel against the solid stone, and the hammer falls, and the fragments fly as they will. Little by little, and inch by inch, through the sightless grain the iron is driven, while the statue grows. This is the power of human skill and genius.

In the springs and rivers, in the clouds and air, in the hills and valleys, in the land and sea, in the climate and soil, in the birds that fly and the fish that swim, in the insect that crawls and in the beasts that spring and leap, in different lands and different times, in all animate and inanimate nature, in the various endowments of mankind of skill and intellect, of reason, imagination, conscience, science, philosophy, oratory, art, and letters, there are different, varying, and specific powers. And surely they were all born of God. They did not originate of themselves; they were not the inventions or creations of man. They came from the eternal and all-reaching Power beyond the realm of vision and of intellectual chemistry, the Power that underlies and overshadows the spheres. So said the father of Greek philosophy: "God is in everything." It is not pantheism; it is the devout recognition of the divine omnipresence, and that "every good and every perfect gift cometh down from the Father of lights." It is the acknowledgment of the divine influence.

Now Inspiration, stripped of technicalities and definitions and theologisms, and of the prejudices and fanaticisms that have surrounded it, is nothing more nor less than *the divine influence*.

"Inspiration" is a metaphor. But metaphors stand for something. Inspiration stands for the eternal power and influence of God. It has a universal application. But in the distributions of the power it has its special applications. And so, in Christian thought, it stands especially for the righteous, spiritual influence of God upon the prophets and The Book. The man is nothing and the book is nothing apart from the power of God. But God touched them, He spoke to them, He blew upon them, He breathed into them—all metaphors become aflame at the radiance of the divine Presence—and they were invested with God's unique religious power over the souls of men. This is the meaning of Inspiration, in its divine simplicity, untrammelled and

unclouded by systems and definitions. This is the meaning bursting through the metaphor and abounding. It is a meaning in which Judea and Christendom have been united while they knew it not. It is a meaning ever accepted by the conscience of God's people, though their consciousness may not have been awake to it. It is a meaning that no science nor criticism nor infidelity can ever challenge successfully, whatever they may add to it, because it is witnessed by all history and observation and experience. The dumb, dead, natural thing is swept by the breath of God, and it becomes instinct with a supernatural life and a divine potency.

In the stately Cathedral of St. Paul, London, English gratitude placed a monument to the memory of the great Duke of Wellington. It has been called "the triumph of English sculpture." The warrior was dead, and therefore his effigy, in bronze, reposes, on a massive sarcophagus. Above it is supported a marble canopy, with a bronze group at either end. In one Truth tears out the tongue of falsehood. In the other Valor tramples Cowardice underfoot. The pure, exalted vigor with which these fair, draped women overcome these foul, nude men, the bitter anguish and the cringing meanness which the Vices suffer, are vivid and alive. Yet they are only bronze—a dumb and lifeless metal. The sculptor breathed his spirit into them, and they are clothed with life and power.

History tells us that another Sculptor worked, in some far-distant age, perhaps upon a plain of fragrant verdure in the land of Babylonia. There were no models there. There was no form in earth or sky to image forth the figure to be made. But the skilful hands dipped into the rich red clay and shaped its plastic substance in the twinkling of an eye. The limbs were straight and roundly molded; the trunk was raised upon them in graceful, massive strength; the head was set aloft, a paragon of manly beauty. Beneath the outer surface of the figure lay, in easy attitude, skein upon skein of sinewy muscles, and a fairy network of deep-blue veins showed through. No statue of Apollo Belvedere, or Moses after Michelangelo, could ever rank with this. It was at once the beginning and the mastery of the sculptor's art. It seemed as though it were the likeness of a god—so firm and strong and full of grace, the mouth, so shapely, delicately molded, fair, and ready for the awakening of a king, the eyes; so high, majestic, full of power, the brow, rising as a mountain peak of intellectual excellence. But it was only clay. It was not dead, for it had never lived. The masterpiece of ages, yet wasted in the wilderness. At once the glory and the pity of creation. But then a subtle influence spread over the clay. A thrill shot through the matchless form. It trembled. And the godlike eyes were opened. The lord of earth was living! "And the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and man became a living soul."

So all the stars and skies and all the breathing multitudes are by the inspiration of the Spirit of the great Creator.

So, in those pages so divine and beautiful, so full of all the best and holiest power, there is, profoundly and pre-eminently, the Breath of God.

#### WHAT CHRISTIANITY HAS DONE FOR SOCIAL PROGRESS.

BY J. H. W. STUCKENBERG, D.D.

The early Church, against the dark background of heathenism, reveals the most marked social advance in human history. The contrasts between Christianity and the ancient world, as even in the writings of the Church fathers and modern authors like Uhlhorn, give vivid pictures of the great transformation, but its depth, its breadth, and permanence can only be learned from the Christian progress throughout the centuries and still continuing. The individual, saved by Christ, regenerates society, and the purified society in turn exalts the individual believer. The light and salt, which Christians are, illumine, sweeten and preserve the world. Christianity is a life, with diffusive energy and innate missionary zeal; Christianity is the religion of personalities, which are an embodiment of Christ's ideas, and which organize for the realization of the ideals He gives them.

Naturally we reckon time from the beginning of the new era, when the social world was revolutionized, when old things passed away and all became new. Love in place of selfishness reigns in the family, woman is raised from the slave of her master to be the sister