

in any verse. Nine-tenths of all the good literature of this age is merely the Bible diluted.

Where is there in the world of poetic description anything like Job's champing, neighing, pawing, lightning-footed, thunder-necked war horse? Dryden's, Milton's, Cowper's tempests are very tame compared with David's storm that wrecks the mountains of Lebanon and shivers the wilderness of Kadesh. Why, it seems as if to the feet of these Bible writers mountains brought all their gems, and the seas all their pearls, and the gardens all their frankincense, and the Spring all its blossoms, and the harvests all their wealth, and heaven all its grandeur, and eternity all its stupendous realities; and that since then poets, and orators, and rhetoricians have been drinking from exhausted fountains, and searching for diamonds in a realm utterly rifled and ransacked.

This book is the hive of all sweetness. It is the armoury of all well-tempered weapons. It is the tower containing the crown jewels of the universe. It is the lamp that kindles all other lights. It is the home of all majesties and splendours. It is the marriage ring that unites the celestial and the terrestrial, while all the clustering white-robed denizens of the sky, hovering around, rejoice at the nuptials. This book—it is the wreath into which are twisted all garlands; it is the song into which are struck all harmonies; it is the river into which are poured all the great tides of hallelujah; it is the firmament in which suns, and moons, and stars, and constellations, and universe and eternities, wheel, and blaze, and triumph.

I am also amazed at the variety of this book. Just as in the song you have the basso, and alto, and soprano, and tenor, so it is in this book; there are different parts of this great song of redemption. The prophet comes and takes one part, and the patriarch another part, and the evangelist another part, and the apostle another part, and yet they all come into the grand harmony—"the song of Moses and the Lamb." If God had inspired men of the same temperament to write this book, it might have been monotonous; but David, and Isaiah, and Peter, and Job, and Ezekiel, and Paul, and John were men of different temperaments, and so, when God inspired them to write, they wrote in their own style.

God prepared the book for all classes of people. God prepared it for all zones—for the Arctic and the Tropic, as well as for the Temperate zone. Cold-blooded Greenlanders would find much to interest them, and the tanned inhabitant at the Equator would find his passionate nature boil with the vehemence of heavenly truth. The Arabian would read it on his dromedary, and the Laplander seated on the swift sled, and the herdsman of Holland guarding the cattle in the grass, and the Swiss girl reclining amid Alpine crags. Oh, when I see that the Bible is suited in style, exactly suited, to all ages, to all conditions, to all lands, I cannot help repeating the conclusion of my text: "The statutes of the Lord are right."

III. I remark again: The Bible is right in its doctrines. Man a sinner, Christ a Saviour—the two doctrines. Man must come down—his pride, his self-righteousness, his worldliness; Christ the Anointed, must go up. If it had not been for the setting forth of the atonement, Moses would never have described the creation; prophets would not have predicted; apostles would not have preached. It seems to me as if Jesus in the Bible were standing on a platform in a great amphitheatre, as if the prophets were behind him, throwing light forward on his sacred person, and as if the apostles and evangelists stood before him, like footlights throwing up their light into his blessed countenance, and then as if all the earth and heaven were the applauding auditory. The Bible speaks of Pisgah, and Carmel, and Sinai, but makes all mountains bow down to Calvary. The flocks led over the Judean hills were emblems of the "Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world;" and the lion leaping out of its lair was an emblem of "the lion of Judah's tribe." I will in my next breath recite to you the most