

pain? Did you hear it? No. Did you smell it? No. And you know there is such a thing as pain, though we cannot see it.

You all know there is such a thing as hunger. How do you know? You never saw it, nor heard it, nor smelt it; but you felt it.

Suppose I should now say there is no such thing in the world as love. Would it be true? No. But why not? You never saw love. No, but you love your parents, and know by your feelings that there is such a thing as love, though you never saw it.

Suppose one of these children should have both of his eyes put out, and be a blind little boy. He could still think. He could sit down and think how his home looked, how his father and mother looked. Suppose he should then lose his hearing so as to be deaf. He could still think how the voice of his father and mother used to sound when they spake pleasantly to him. Suppose he were then to lose his taste, so that he could not taste sweet things from sour. He could then sit down and think how food and fruit used to taste, and how he used to love them. Suppose, next, he were to lose his feeling, so as to be numb and cold. He could then think how things used to feel; how an orange felt round, and a book felt flat.

Yes, and if he were to lose eyes, and ears, and taste, and feeling, and smelling, all at once, he could still tell us how things used to be. The sun used to look bright and round, and so did the moon; the rose and the pink used to smell sweetly, the flute to sound pleasantly, the honey to taste sweet, and the ice to feel cold. He could think about all these things.

Now, what is it that *thinks*? It is the soul,—the soul within you. How do you know that a watch-case has any watch in it? Because you hear it tick, and see the pointers move. And just so you know your body has a soul in it, because it thinks, and moves your hand, and your eye, just as the watch within the case moves the pointers. But nobody ever saw the soul. And yet we know we have a soul, *because we see it do things*. When you feel happy, the soul makes the face laugh; when the soul feels bad, it shows itself through the face, and perhaps makes the face cry. When you feel wicked, it makes you cross and speak wicked words, and disobey your parents, and disobey God.

Now, it is in just such ways we know there is a God. Just attend to what I am going to say, and see if I do not make it plain, and prove it all out to you, that there is a God, *because we see that he does things*.

You see this meeting-house. You see it is full of things which were planned out, and every thing in it planned for some use. Now, look, This pulpit with its stairs, and window, and seat—for what are they designed? Why, the window is to let the light in, the seat for the preacher to sit down, and the stairs so that he can get into it; and this place where I stand that he may stand up so high as to be seen by all in the house. Those seats or pews were made for you to sit in, during the sermon, and all done off and numbered so that each family might have their own pew, and know it. Those windows were made to let the light in; those posts to hold up the gallery, so that it might not fall on those who sit under it. Those doors are made to shut the noise and the cold out, and those stoves to warm the house in winter, and the long pipes to carry off the smoke.