

more and more the marvellous adaptation of means to an end, and thus leading us, in thousands and thousands of fresh discoveries, to see more and more into "the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God."

I have trespassed too long already on your kind attention. I cannot, however, close without reminding you of what is *our real talisman* against all the unbelief and harrassing doubt with which these restless days of ours are unhappily fruitful. I mention both unbelief and doubt. You will, however, distinguish between them, and certainly our treatment of a sorrowful doubt will be very different from our treatment of a glad unbelief. For while the latter may demand a trenchant severity, the former certainly calls for a wise and discriminating tenderness.

But what is our real talisman against the unbelief of these sceptical days, and against the torturing doubts which, unbidden, will find a lodgment in the breasts of some? Is it not to be found in a stronger personal faith in, and as the result of this, in a deeper personal devotion to our Divine Lord?

Amongst the last of the weighty words of counsel addressed by the late Bishop Wilberforce to the University of Oxford, were some on this subject which I will quote, and with which I will close. After speaking of some of the dangers of our day, the Bishop asks: "In what course at such a time is safety to be found? Certainly not, I think, in sleepily disregarding what is passing around us: as certainly not in simply setting ourselves against the temper of the day: in hating progress; in worshiping ignorance or dullness; in suspecting Science, or with a timid restlessness, bred of weakness of faith, seeking to invent some new concordat between it and Revelation; nor in forbidding criticism; in turning away from discoveries; and scoffing at advance. No, these cannot help us. The rock, which with its rugged breast affronts the violence of the torrent, cannot stay, but can only chafe into a ruder anger its troubled waters.