

between them, and the great variety of mental culture which they enjoyed. "They were men," says an eloquent American writer, "of every grade, both of intellect and culture, from the sage who was versed in all the lore of Egypt, and the orator who studied at the feet of Gamaliel, to the lowly herdsmen of Tekoa, and the unlettered fishermen of Galilee. They were found in every part of the civilized world from the templed margin of the Solemn Nile, to the shady banks of the lordly Euphrates, from the lonely san 's of Arabia and the rocky deserts of Judea, to the Metropolitan splendours of Jerusalem, Ephesus, Corinth and Rome. They were trained under every school of belief from the dreamy Pantheism of Central Asia and the gigantic astrologies of Egypt, to the gorgeous polytheism of Greece and the godless Epicureanism of Rome. They run through fifty generations of the human race, from the sage who wrote and the bard who sung, six hundred years before Lycurgus gave his laws or Homer turned his lyre, to the lonely exile of Patmos, who saw the splendid sunset of the Augustan day of literature and art. They gave us every species of composition from those daring lyrics that seem written to the awful notes of the whirlwind, or the terrible crash of the thunder to the most jejune genealogies to the most ironjointed frame-work of argument. They allude to every department of nature from Arcturus and Orion to the lilies of the field."

Now why have we not from these writers, living in an obscure corner of the world, and among a people that modern criticism would have us to believe of ruder character, such errors and contradictions of science as in other writers? Why have we not such cosmogonies as those of Heriod and Ovid? Why have we not from them a system of Theology bound up with a system of natural Philosophy, which one view through the Telescope is sufficient to overthrow? Why have we not such incredible tales as in the Natural Histories of Aristotle and Pliny? Why have we not such wretched fables as are to be found in the Apocryphal gospels? Why have we not such silly conceits and such downright errors as are to be found in the writings of the Early Christian fathers? Why have we not such absurd views of the earth as are exhibited in the Koran of Mahomet, which represents mountains being made to hinder the earth from moving, and representing it as held by anchors and cords? Or to come to more modern times, why have we not such Cosmogonies as those of Buffon, Werner and Hutton, and such explanation of natural phenomena as the flippancy of Voltaire has given of the fossils of the earth? Why is it, in short, that while every other production exhibits error to the succeeding generations that would at once overthrow all claim to Inspiration, the Bible not only exhibits no such error in its 50 authors, its 66 books, its 1189 chapters and its 31,173 verses, but is found shining more brightly by every new addition to human knowledge.