

we are also his offspring." That had seemed to him a feather which the angel, flying through heaven with the Gospel, dropped into heathen lands. To the weak as weak, a Greek to the Greeks, the apostle explains this inscription to his hearers with most becoming deference: Ye men of Athens, in all things I perceive that ye are over-observant in religion, and that in spite of your many altars, your religious needs lead you to sigh after still another God. As the hart panteth after the water-brooks, so your souls pant after God. Your souls are thirsting for God, for the living God! "Whom therefore ye ignorantly worship, him declare I unto you!"

To whom is yonder alter inscribed? To The Unknown God! The features have been almost obliterated, but whose image has been stamped upon the souls of men?—Not from the mire, not from the clod, nor from the ape,—*we are also of His offspring!* "God hath made of one blood all nations of men, for to dwell on all the face of the earth, having determined their appointed seasons, and the bounds of their habitation, that they should seek God, if haply they might feel after him, and find him." One blood, therefore, one humanity, one family, one origin, one conscience, one sense of lack, one hope: to seek God, every one's mission; to find God, every one's goal! Then the boundaries of even stream and sea, wilderness and mountain, have been decreed by God with reference to the pulpit for His word! Then the rise and fall of nations, their emigration and the places of their habitation, their conflicts and amalgamation, are not the work of chance but of God's law! Our God is a God in history. But if we live, and move, and have our being in Him—if God Himself is also the space in which we move, nearer us than we are to ourselves, if His divine law has been inscribed upon our conscience, and if the world's creation so manifests His invisible power and divinity that they must be apprehended by human feeling—whence all this uncertain groping, until, brought to a stand, children of

men cling to wood and stone? Have they no eyes to see, no ears to hear,—ought not their feelings, at least, to revolt at a misconception so gross as to serve wood and stone for their God? Whence arose such uncertainty that it became possible to lose the unspeakably near God? Whence the blindness that changes the clear mirror of nature into a thick veil, whence the insanity that desires to imprison the God over all heaven and earth within temples and images, to serve the All-sufficient One with men's hands, and to carve, mold or cast Him who created us? Paul describes the lamentable process in the first chapter of Romans: "Because that, knowing God, they glorified him not as God, neither gave thanks; but became vain in their reasonings, and their senseless heart was darkened. Professing themselves to be wise, they became fools, and changed the glory of the incorruptible God for the likeness of an image of corruptible man, and of birds, and four-footed beasts, and creeping things. Wherefore God gave them up in the lusts of their hearts." That, my Christian hearers, was the fall and the judgment pronounced upon heathenism. Without thanks and without humility,—let men sail like that, and, no matter how cultivated they seem, they must strand on the shores of heathenism and barbarism. Forget the Giver, consider yourself wise, and the power of heathenism will break in and spread its darkness from the heart upward until it befogs the head. Moral aberration always precedes the spiritual. Sinful inclinations in the heart are the fruitful lap of error. The stupefying mists of uncertainty ascend from the sloughs of godlessness, lies from lusts. No wonder the unchaste seek to deny God, who condemns the whoremonger and the adulterer. No wonder the Epicurean, whose god is his belly, and the miserly and ambitious want to hear nothing about a resurrection for judgment; the proud of understanding nothing about the need of a revelation; the arrogant Pharisee and Stoic nothing concerning