

struggle and how beautiful will be its face! Many of these dark passages will have lost their perplexity. Years ago we used to pore over words relating to slavery and wonder at their confusion. That is now all past; we read the letters plainly now, for they are written in gold and blood. Grant's sword and Lincoln's pen, and God's golden scales of even justice to guide them, have proven a perfect exegesis for the knotty question. We now make inquiry about the character of the sacred vines—what kind of wine it was that the water was converted into at Cana of Galilee, and whether it was really wine which Paul gave Timothy liberty to drink. When no man who advocates the manufacture or sale of intoxicating drinks will have the effrontery to ask for public office in these coming brighter days, and when each party will hold up the cup of cold water, and declare that it never did hold up anything else; and when the American saloon shall be rent asunder, one half falling into the Atlantic and the other into the Pacific, to be tossed about and rent asunder by the mad tides of all the seas, then the exegesis of the biblical question will be settled for ever.

Shall our descendants, when they take up this Bible, find the Pentateuch eliminated; the second half of Isaiah put after Daniel; Job made the beginning of the Canon; Hebrews banished; John's gospel declared spurious, and the Book of Revelation only a romantic myth? No. When we shall have passed away, and our names will be well-nigh forgotten, and those who enter upon the study of theological science shall go out upon foreign missions, and open the Bible, and read the sacred books to the people, it will be found that the number is just the same. It will begin as now: "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth," and it will end just as now: "The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ be with you all, Amen." And between these two passages not one word will be lost. It will have endeared itself anew to millions of the world's toiling population. New hymns will have been inspired by it, and have taken their sweetest melody from it. New rules of interpretation will have been written, to make clear the sacred words. Hearts which defy all arithmetic to number them, will have feasted on its promises, lived on sublime faith in them, and have gone home to their reward with the words of holy writ upon their lips, as they went out from the vale of tears into the blessed land where they sing one song and speak the one language of the blood-washed and triumphant. All the languages of the world will, I suspect, in less than a century, have been reached and the Bible translated into them. Where will be our Bible? You might as well ask, Where will Gibraltar be to-morrow morning? or, Where is Bunker Hill Monument to-day? or, Where will God's sun be a century from now? No, there are no analogies which our eyes see, on the fairest field, or in the most distant horizon to express its power. The Bible alone can state its own immortality: "The grass withereth, and the flower thereof fadeth, but the word of our Lord endureth for ever."

PROF. STOWE'S BIBLE CLASS.

Among the notable things in Hartford, Conn., some twenty years ago, was a Bible class conducted by Prof. Calvin E. Stowe, held on Sunday afternoons in the chapel of the Asylum Hill Congregational Church. It was an object of extraordinary interest, not only in the immediate vicinity but outside.

The *Religious Herald* says that at a recent service commemorative of this eminent instructor, an address was made by his pastor, the Rev. Joseph H. Twichell, who described his Bible class as follows:

A large number of people from different parts of the city flocked to it, and the chapel was always full. And if you wondered at first what the attraction was—for he was a man without the slightest pretension to any of the taking arts of speech—you did not wonder long. You presently saw that there was