

seau and Diderot, and believed myself a philosopher. I came to Egypt and the scriptures and the pyramids converted me." It would be difficult, I think, for any mind not blinded by hostile prejudices, to study the records of modern discoveries in Egypt, without arriving at the conclusion that the books of Moses are at once genuine and authentic—really written by the lawgiver, who witnessed all he describes, and containing a plain and forcible narrative of facts. Thus the outward defences of the Bible are every day strengthening and extending, while the internal evidence is augmenting with equal rapidity. And, in God's wonder-working Providence, what has been so successfully done in the case of the New Testament, in the way of illustrating and confirming its statements by a reference to the manners and customs of the people and countries mentioned therein, has now, in the progress of discovery, been done for the books of the Old Testament. Long were such verifications wanting, and it seemed to human reason impossible that they could be supplied after such a lapse of time, but now these buried nations stand before us; and after the lapse of thousands of years, the scenes of their history engraven and sculptured on their monuments, are confronted with the Bible, and no contradiction appears, all is harmony; and the allegations of infidelity are shown to be without foundation.

And now my humble task is done, however weakly or imperfectly; and as speaker and hearers, we separate, at least for a time. I trust that the time we have spent together, during the delivery of these lectures, has not been wasted; and if, in any case, thought has been awakened or stimulated—a desire for knowledge aroused—information imparted or truth spread; above all, if the wavering faith of any has been confirmed—if your confidence in God's word has been strengthened—if your reverence and affection for the Bible have been increased, and if any juster or clearer views of its meaning have been imparted—even in the humblest degree—our labour has not been in vain. May God graciously bless whatever has been spoken in accordance with eternal truth—

"Ye voices that arose, after the evening's close,
And whispered to my restless heart repose,
Go breathe it in the ear, of all who doubt and fear,
And say to them "be of good cheer."
Tongues of the dead, not lost, but speak from death's frost
Like fiery tongues at Pentecost!
Glimmer as funeral lamps, amid the chills and damps
Of the vast plain where death encamps."