

Friends, through the accumulation of ages of speculation, let us dig. The records of the thoughts of men will not all prove valueless. We may have to reject much that is worthless; but many a whorl, with strange inscriptions, many a vase, and here and there a broken idol of an owl-faced and night-loving wisdom will serve as subjects for the curious investigations of after-days. But, down below them all, in the old, old Bible, we shall find the Truth, not, perhaps, such as we had dreamed, but the genuine Truth; and there, too, but unscorched by fire and untarnished by age, shall be found the golden treasures, not of a redeemed, but of a Redeemer KING.

The traveller who seeks a land beyond the sea often finds it a lonely voyage. Chill winds blow about him, and he longs to see the shore. Far off upon the distant rocks, he sees the wrecks of gallant ships. The surf beats over them, and the low murmur of the waves sings their dirges; but, guided by the watching stars, and by the clearer sun, he keeps away from the hidden rocks where the shipwrecks lie, and lands at last in safety. He who seeks the better "home" must launch forth upon the ocean of the Bible's truth. Often will he, doubtless, feel himself to be alone. There will be times when he will see no shore. The lights upon the headlands will have gone out. The sun will go down, and he will long for light and land. But let him be warned by the breakers that roar about the shipwrecks of those whose faith and whose good conscience have foundered on the sunken rocks of error; and, as he journeys, there will walk beside him One whose voice will ring out clear and encouraging: "It is I, be not afraid!"