

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 those 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."

PECULIARITIES OF THE BIBLE.

This is a great subject, on which we can only now touch. But it seems obvious, that if left to themselves, the sacred writers would have been immensely more voluminous. A thin, short pamphlet, that one can slip into his vest pocket, contains all that the four evangelists gave to after ages of the life, the work, the doctrine, of Jesus. Why only four writers, when eleven faithful apostles hung upon his lips, and seventy commissioned disciples could each have added his ray of cross light to the full illumination of those amazing and momentous scenes ? How came the four to touch so small a portion of what he wrought and taught ? Thirty parables and forty miracles out of an uncounted number—surely such severe abstinence can be nothing less than divine ! Think of the big thick books which tell, and retell, and tell again, what our common (little) great men do and say ! Think of the British Museum, with a hundred thousand volumes, or so, of biography ! Think of the tons of congressional reports every year printed, of committees raised to investigate this and that. Yet here, where the world was waiting, and all times and nations were to be interested, and instructed and saved, you have it all in your vest pocket—and room to spare ! This is not like *men*.

Nor is the *manner* of the record a human manner—so simple, calm, concise, without superlatives, when dealing with supernal matters. The tone so judicial, the language so quiet, even when the most amazing, the awfulest, things were done. He touched the bier ; the widow's son sat up ; he began to speak ; the Lord delivered him to his mother ; and all feared and glorified God. Seven lines tell the whole story ; and there are two adjectives, one of which describes the man as "dead," and the other as "young." Look at the most wonderful scene of ail—the raising of Lazarus. He cried with a loud voice ; and he that was dead (and corrupted) came forth, bound hand and foot with grave-clothes ; and his face wrapped in a napkin ; Jesus said, "unloose him, and let him go ;" then many of the onlooking Jews believed, but some went to the Pharisees and told them. Six lines and not one adjective ! Could anything go beyond this ?

For eighteen of the most important and interesting years of the life of the Lord—after He was twelve, and before He was thirty—we have just one