

rich resort of company, anywhere, everywhere, "the Life is the Light of men." No problem puzzles him, no veil obstructs him, no net entangles him, no malevolence perturbs him, no danger daunts him, no indocility irritates him, no idle and prurient curiosity is fed by him. Every one willing to learn is instructed, every hypocritical questioner is unmasked, till at length no one dares approach him with frivolity or impertinence. What does all this amount to but the didactic demonstration of his divinity? As no man could do the miracles that he did, except God was with him, so no one could utter the words that he uttered, except God was in him.

In vain do men object to the miracles of the gospels. The gospels themselves are miracles. Old Egypt, proud Babylon, sagacious Nineveh, cultured Greece, dominant Rome, never knew aught like the Nazarene's wisdom. No other religious books are comparable to ours. There is nothing in the gospels of the frivolity, commonplace, falsity, secularity and impurity of the treasured writings of China, India, Persia, Greece and Arabia; and there is nothing in these like the elevation and depth, the originality and suggestiveness, the purity and pathos, the germinancy and potency, the comprehensiveness and adaptation of the words of the Lord Jesus.

Do men object to miracles? How could Christianity spring up without them in the very ripeness of Time? How can the miraculous words be dissociated from miraculous works? But is not Jesus himself the great Miracle of the world? The carpenter of Nazareth is conquering the Cosmos. All religious questions are resolving themselves into this—THE RELIGION OF JESUS OR NONE. The whole earth has been ransacked, even its graves have been emptied, to recover man's oldest wisdom; and