

but, to his surprise, he found the man was weeping, and as he knelt there he was convulsed all over with irrepressible emotion. When he arose, he said, 'My friend, I came from a Christian land, a pagan, to this pagan land, and here I find Christianity; and on my knees to-night I have vowed to God that when I return to my own country I will return a Christian.' Well," said the stranger, "that is all my story. I think that even the Bushman is capable of being brought to civilization."

Here is a book equally adapted to the Oriental and the Occidental mind; adapted alike to the Mongolian and the Caucasian mind; a book that can address itself to the reason of man and to the heart of woman, a book that has a voice and a message for all the different stages of life—from old age to middle age, youth, and childhood. Here is a book that is adapted to all the different divisions into which society is divided, by rank, and birth, and wealth, and fashion; a book that can permeate all the trades of men—the merchant, the mechanic, and the professional man; a book that suits the sailor that is tossing upon the sea just as well as it suits the scholar in the university; that suits the stunted man that works in a manufactory as well as the man of pleasure and wealth, that roams where he pleases and rifles all the sweets of life that he can gather; that fills the heart with happiness amid the sanctities of our Christian homes, and comforts the wanderer in a strange land; that gives its benediction to fast and festivity, to baptism and marriage; that ennobles life and tranquilizes death, and gives to man the hope of glory, which no human genius can bring.

Suppose you were permitted to select from the writings of the best authors of the world whatever was sweetest in song, whatever was wisest in proverb, most instructive in biography, most suggestive in parable, most profound in philosophy—would the result of the whole be a book comparable to the Bible? Could you select from Homer and Plato and Thucydides, from Newton and Ba-

con and Locke, from Baxter and Bunyan and Butler, and from all this world's greatest authors, and produce a volume that would so speak to the world's reason, and so sing to the world's sadness? No; we could not frame another book that has this universal adaptation.

I remark again, in my positive argument, that the Bible is sufficient for the world's need, and always will be, because it goes down to the very foundation of man's mental and moral structure, and takes hold of that which is sinful in his soul's life. And so, when it tells us how sin came into the world, and the connection between sin and sorrow, if it stopped there we would not care much for the information; but it goes on to tell us how our sins may be forgiven, and how our very sorrows may be sanctified and made serviceable to our everlasting joy. And, therefore, as long as sin and sorrow are in the world, as long as unrest has its home in the human bosom, as long as the desire to peer into futurity stirs the soul of man, as long as hope overleaps the boundaries of the seen and visible—so long will this book take hold of that which is deepest and truest and profoundest in the soul's immortal life. Here is the book that gives us the most perfect ideal that human power can conceive, the most perfect standard that the human mind can form—a standard beyond which there is nothing higher, and an ideal beyond which there is nothing more perfect.

It will not be denied that the Bible gives us a perfect ideal in the character of our blessed Savior. We know how the disciples in the early Church regarded Christ. You recollect that Canon Farrar says, in one of his books, that Jesus Christ, in the middle ages, was to the knights the pattern of chivalry; to the monks, the pattern of asceticism; and to the scholar he was the founder of all philosophy. A man like Murat has said that the character of Christ leaves nothing to be desired. A man like Goethe has said, that the New Testament shows the exemplar, the pattern of all virtue. A man like John