

ing Corinthian would say, "How are the dead raised?" And Nicodemus asks at once, "How can these things be?" Could we see into the origin and history of any mystery, that would not affect its present validity. Make out any hypothetical scheme for the derivation of conscience through the dog's remorse or the ape's loves and hates and social instincts, and yet the human conscience remains as imperious, as sublime, as mysterious in insight as ever.

Another temptation of genius is to sit in judgment upon what can, or cannot be. Such a declaration assumes a knowledge of all that has been, and all the potencies and possibilities of the universe. Whoever presumes to say that a miracle has not taken place, because in his judgment it is impossible, or improbable, must assume omniscience. Moreover, if anyone assumes to set the limitations of human knowledge and say, this much you can know, and beyond that you cannot know, the very faculties by virtue of which the denial is made, are the same as those by which the contrary assertion can be made; and if their testimony is unreliable at one point, it is unreliable at every point, and we must end in Nihilism. Thus we see that the master minds of the world, to whom we are so much inclined to pin our faith, may be but blind leaders of the blind; and we must every one judge for himself, and our safest guide is our God-given common-sense.

We are devoutly and thankfully glad for the fairy tales of science and the long results of time to which we have fallen heirs. Other men have labored, and we are entered into their labors. Labyrinthine bowers of delight are thus opened up to us. Storehouses and laboratories of useful skill are at our service. But let us pause a moment in presence of the claims of the self-conscious nineteenth century, to ask how much has been added to the sum of human knowledge. Has it not been more in the revision and correction of the form of truth than in additions to its matter and content? Solomon "spake of trees from the cedar that is in Lebanon, even unto the hyssop that springeth out of the wall; he spake also of beasts, and of fowl, and of creeping things, and of fishes"; and I expect he spoke just as wisely as our modern savans, although probably he could not