

wisdom. We may be acquainted with the analysis and combinations of bodies, with all that the subtlest chemistry has unfolded, as well as the profoundest geology has explored, and we may be able to direct the discoveries of these sciences to the most useful purposes, and yet not possess wisdom. Wisdom is another thing than this. This may indeed lead us so far on our way to the discovery of wisdom; for it may teach us the existence of God; it may disclose to us his attributes; it may exalt our conceptions of these so that we may be led to cry out at last, "What is man that thou art mindful of him, or the son of man that thou shouldst visit him?"—but it may stop short of this, and it is not true wisdom itself. The deepest skilled, the most profoundly versant, in these sciences have not always been the profoundest admirers of God or his attributes, or the most practically godly men. The reverse has often been the case. Nor do the researches into mind any more than matter constitute or conduct us to true wisdom. These often rather tend to confuse and perplex the mind; they breed a haughty and sceptical spirit; they lead away from wisdom, from the truth itself, and bewilder the understanding, "in wandering mazes lost." "The depth saith it is not in me."

"The sea says, it is not with me." The ocean possesses many a treasure. Fleets have gone down in it, burying all their wealth. Age after age it has been accumulating its possessions, its treasures. The spoils of ransacked continents and kingdoms have been engulfed in it. "Barbaric pearl and gold" are there, which man, thinking to enrich himself therewith, has been obliged to relinquish and see swallowed in the devouring deep; and he has gone down with them himself, when he would have given them all to save him from the drowning waters. The caves of ocean conceal many a gem, many a pearl, but not "the pearl of great price." Divers go down into the depths of ocean to fetch up these pearls, and wealth is acquired in the traffic of them, but wisdom is not found by the most skilful diver, the most successful pearl-fisher. Our friends, perhaps, bring home from foreign climes the curious productions of the sea, but did they ever find wisdom there? Ask them when they lay out the treasures which are found on other shores, the shells which other seas than ours have washed, which carry with them the sound of other tides than those which in-

vade our beach, if they have found wisdom in all their search among those curious objects of nature, and they will answer—no. "The sea says, it is not with me." Though we could reach its most fathomless depths, explore its remotest shores, and examine all its productions, we would not find wisdom there.

Or these words may mean that wisdom is not to be found in the traffic or trade of the seas, in the riches which that traffic yields, in all that merchandise can purchase or ships bring home. We may store our warehouses with the goodswich traffic has bought. Our cities may be crowded with such warehouses, and these with all the wealth of Ind: thousands of ships may expand their sails to the winds, and may plough every sea, and coast on every shore, but all this would not bring home wisdom. It is not a part of such merchandise. "It cannot be gotten for gold, neither shall silver be weighed for the price thereof" But wisdom is "hid from the eyes of all living" (21st verse), or, as the 13th verse has it, "neither is it found in the land of the living;" and it is kept close from the fowls of the air." There is a kind of wisdom which man can never discover in this world, and which God retains to himself; his secret counsels, or the mysteries both of his own being and of his works: this God has not revealed; and he will not reveal on this side of the grave. He will not give an account of himself. This we are taught is his glory: "it is the glory of God to conceal a thing." This, then, is hid from man. No one has ever understood, or can ever understand, the mysteries of the Divine nature; undervived, self-existent, eternal, infinite, unseen, he besets us behind and before, and lays his hand upon us: such knowledge is too wonderful for us: it is high, we cannot attain unto it. Clouds and darkness surround him. He maketh darkness his secret place: his pavilion round about him are dark waters and thick clouds of the skies. And as his being is thus shrouded in mystery, so are his ways. The providence of God is often unintelligible to us. There is so much of regularity as to allow us to act with certainty in all the ordinary and necessary business of life, but there is in respect to many events such uncertainty, such *irregularity*, as to baffle all comprehension, and to lead us to say: "how unsearchable are thy counsels, and thy ways past finding out!" And here every intellect is on a level, the most soaring