

You are skeptical. It matters not, so long as you are a seeker, and honestly endeavour with patient investigation, in a docile and reverent temper, to know the truth. Be skeptical, question if you please, admit nothing without questioning, weigh, examine, prove! Christianity fears not the severest scrutiny; it invites, it demands it. "Reach hither thy finger and behold my hands, and reach hither thy hand and thrust it into my side!" Its sublime truths do not rest on any thing which inquiry the most rigorous can overthrow. They do not depend on ink and parchment, on the carelessness or fidelity of records and translators. They are written in the fleshly tables of the heart. Their voucher is the moral sense. The Spirit of God is their ever-living witness and interpreter. Look at them thus witnessed and confirmed. Read the gospel as expounded by the heart. There is the character of Christ. Is that a fiction of the imagination, an invention of the human brain? Then why, in all the creations of genius, before or since, has there been no faint approximation to this sublime conception? There are the sayings of Jesus. Are they imaginary? What writer of fiction ever imagined such words as these?—"I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead yet shall he live." There are his precepts; love to God and love to man, forgiveness of injuries:—"Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them." "Be perfect, as your Father in heaven is perfect." Is there any thing questionable in these? Can any criticism overthrow these great commandments?

You believe all this. It is not your skepticism, then, that prevents your leading a religious life, but your practical