

We think that we have some adequate knowledge of our fellow-beings, because they resemble what we have a consciousness of within ourselves. Without stopping to inquire how we come by this knowledge, let us suppose some one to ask how we come by the knowledge of a God: we can only reply, as has often been done before, that we know him by his works, animate and inanimate, and by the written revelations he has given of himself. Should however this interrogator go on to say, that God speaks not to us through his works, but only through the words of his revelation, wherein he told us from the beginning that *He created the heaven and the earth*; we may then retort another question, and ask, What knowledge could mere sounds like these convey through the ears to the heart, were there not already placed within it some knowledge of the being of a God; or at least were there not in the soul some natural and inborn power of rising to the apprehension of a general religious truth when presented to it in the form of a mere abstraction?

That our knowledge of God is in a certain sense inadequate, whether it be conveyed to us as a truth of natural or revealed religion, no one can for a moment doubt. It may be suited to our wants, but it can bear no measure to his glory. *No man hath seen God at any time*, because he is every where. And if he has sometimes, during the brief history of man, given a sensible manifestation of his more immediate presence, it has been by stripping himself (if I may so speak) of his attribute of ubiquity, and condescending to put on the semblance of some material power, or the glorified similitude of the human form. So also in the language of his written word, he is either described by negatives, or divested of