

will appear to you strangely futile. You will be very sure that, whatever criticism may say, those are the words of Jesus, as strong and fragrant at this hour as when they fell from His lips into the troubled hearts of the Eleven in the Upper Room.

It may, however, be objected that all this is nothing more than illusion. You remember the poet's picture of the hapless maiden whose lover was lost at sea, and who would not believe it but haunted the cliff, watching for his lingering sail on the far horizon and, as each night fell, still hoping for the morrow. Her faith was an illusion, benign yet unsubstantial.

Not illusion.

'Mercy gave, to charm the sense of woe,
Ideal peace, that Truth could ne'er bestow.'

And the thought of Jesus has indeed brought peace to many a troubled heart, but may it not be an 'ideal peace,' born of a beneficent illusion?

'While we believed, on earth he went,
And open stood his grave.
Men call'd from chamber, church, and tent;
And Christ was by to save.