

power. Were it mere inference, it would shake with every breath of disputation, but the love of God in Jesus Christ is a permanent revelation and continuous fact. If a man love Me he will keep My commandments, and I and My Father will come unto him and make Our abode with him. Could the eyes of the modern world be blinded to this glorious presence? Could we lose our Father in heaven, our elder brother, our blessed Holy Spirit, whose intercession for us is with groans unutterable? Could our lips grow cold and clammy, and amid this woeful dark no longer dare to plead, "Our Father who art in heaven," how soon the pale horse with his rider Death would come trampling down our civilization with all hell following him!

But Christ and His Bible are in the world to stay. He has not found us to forsake us. And so the relations of men with each other are no longer those of ancient times. Relations of husband and wife, of father and child, of master and servant, of ruler and ruled, of man to man. Granted that these are far from perfect now, still he must be strangely ignorant of ancient life who does not see that in contrast with the old they seem like new creations. The mind of Christ has so penetrated the thoughts of modern life that conditions which excited no surprise to the purest of antique minds are simply impossible to us. How could infanticide, whose common practice brought no shock even to Plato's soul, persist in the presence of that all-sheltering love which took the little children in its arms and proclaimed, "Of such are the Kingdom of Heaven"? How could men be butchered for a Roman holiday, when disciples of Him who died for men rushed into the arena to separate the combatants and left behind their own mangled bodies, to witness of their love for man? How could vengeance continue to be a virtue in presence of the miracle of Divine forgiveness? How could cunning and duplicity, the spoiling of the weak by the strong, survive the influence of Him that preached glad tidings to the poor? Slavery has passed away, might is no longer right, woman's love is next to God's, collisions of rank and race are vanishing, and a brotherhood is forming that must take in the world. Oppression still exists, but it no longer goes unchallenged. The weak are still destroyed, and innocence is often wronged, but they are not always undefended. Mighty voices swell the chorus of all good men's anger at every public wrong, and kings and statesmen are compelled to-day to reckon with a force that sometimes smites them as with the wing of death, the force of moral sentiment. War exists and avarice exists. Crime goes unpunished and the poor are yet with us.

The complexity of modern life has multiplied the problems of social happiness much faster than we can solve them. But an ever increasing number of earnest thinkers are grappling with every problem that organized humanity involves, and will neither faint nor let go their hold until they learn the angel's name. Workers here and workers there are busy with hand and brain to multiply the sum of human bliss, to lift their fellows up to the healing eyes of Christ, for love is the mainspring of all this thought, of all this noble stir. The mighty heart of Christ is sending its current to the utmost extremities of his mystical body, the world that he redeemed. Were that heart to stop its wondrous beating, were love and all its energies to perish from our social being, who would not wish to die, who would not be already dead? It is a long, far climb to that good will to man, that peace on earth that has been promised us. When I think of what is yet to do, my heart grows faint, my arms fall down, the blinding tears come gathering in my eyes. But love is mighty and must prevail. The trees shall yet clap their hands for joy, the waste places shall blossom as the rose.

Dark night and chaos faced him, and God said, Let there be light. And that word quivers and undulates to-day in every plant and flower, in every form of brute or human life that drinks in existence from the sun. Not all at once they came, but in the path of ages each day our planet turned a newer and lovelier face towards God. Gross darkness fell upon all the people, a chaos of struggling passions, of despair and wild clamour, of violence and sin;