

the image of God. The Church must combat sin, must edify souls, must keep vivid in a material world the sense of God, or there is nothing but darkness ahead.

To begin on common ground, it may be well, in this somewhat flippant age, that every man's common-sense tells him there is a presumption in favor of an institution which has borne the test of time. A commercial traveller likes to be on the road for a long-established house, a soldier likes to belong to an historic regiment, a teacher takes pride in his ancient university. For despite our craze for novelty we all recognize that only the genuine can stand the acid test of the years. The Church is one of the miracles of history, defying all the wear of the ages. Enemies have told her to begone, they have stoned her and left her half dead by the wayside, but she has arisen again and gone forth with more flaming vigor than ever from the place of the martyr's blood. Even the friends of goodness have at times suggested the Church's failure till it seemed she was being stabbed in her own house, but she only smiled at their unfaith and pressed on with the speed of youth in her step and the glory of God shining on her face. From the sacrifice of Abel's altar she has grown till her sacred fires encompass the world. From the eleven men who fled in the night of