

The laws are more just; mercy and pity to the suffering grow; men more and more devote their strength and their knowledge to help and to bless one another. The day seems to be coming when men will be free, when they will be able to earn their bread without fear, and to live with one another in harmony; when the nations will not learn war any more, but the great engines of destruction will be turned into instruments of help and blessing. The dawn of that day is in sight, though the morning skies are still lowering. There is a dove flying abroad over the waste of the waters of human passion and hate, and she bears in her bill a twig of olive.

It is in this, and the many other signs of the times which point in the same direction, that you can trace Jesus living in the world and carrying out the work which he began so quietly on the flower-clad hills of Galilee.

If he had lived in Galilee and died at Jerusalem, and the grave had held him, and nothing had come of his life and death, we should still have read the sweet story, and been thankful that once there had been a human life so good, a human voice so true, a human death so brave. But if Jesus had ceased to live on the cross, it is not likely that millions of people now would be called Christians, nor would the religion of