

that I speak—the teacher's faith. In the history of the world there are many lessons that we may read, lessons which emphasize the fact that when the human worker does his best he stands not alone, but by his side is the great Unseen Witness and the great Unseen Toiler, who takes the work that falls from the faltering hand of His human servant and perfects it. There are many illustrations I may draw for you from the history of humanity. There are three that come to me. One is the story from the ancient Scriptures, of a nation that had been led out from slavery into the wilderness to seek the promised land. Who shall forget the first time we read or heard that story? And the childish imagination, so much more vivid, so much less trammelled than the older imagination, has seen before it the whole of the glowing, wonderful scene—the host of slaves, the cloud flaming above them, and behind the chariot wheels of the tyrant who had been baffled. They stood upon the shore, and the slave spirit manifested itself. They cried out unto their leader, who had shown such magnificent daring, and would have offered him up as a sacrifice because of their fear and their unreasoning terror; and then when all had been done that the skill of human leader could devise, when there rolled before the feet of this slave host the waters of the sea, when the sound of the chariots of the avenging Egyptians rang in the frightened ears of the hosts, then Moses cried out to God. Then there rises before me another picture—the story of the monk who stood forth against the power that ruled the world, the Christian Rome that had forgotten the spirit of its Master. He had defied it, and if you had been able to take a poll of the multitude of the people who had heard of this German monk when he started on this journey to face the Diet at Worms, they would have said that nothing remained to Martin Luther but overwhelming defeat. I need not dwell upon the details of the story. He stood undaunted in the face of the force against him, and even his unknown friends were scarcely willing to say a word of cheer. He bore his testimony, and having done his best he stood and waited, and God delivered him; and the message that flamed from his tongue sped over the seas from land to land, and touched kindred hearts, until the mighty power of Rome shook to its base, and the German monk triumphed because his God was with him. There comes to me a third picture, and it has always placed itself before the eye of my spiritual vision as one of the most magnificent stories that have ever been told. The great emperor who succeeded Charles prepared his onslaught against Protestant Great Britain. As the months passed he gathered his mighty galleys, and launched them against the little island kingdom. They feared not; they went out with their little boats against those mighty vessels; but it was not England's power as enshrined in the brawny arms of her seamen, that defeated the Spanish tyrant. When England's power failed, and England's ammunition was insufficient then the artilleries of the Eternal went against the Spanish host, and the

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