

## SIXTY-SIXTH REPORT OF THE

Thy seed of truth would whiten all earth's fields  
 Tho' I from toil refrain,  
 Thy harvest would be gathered though I ne'er  
 Should help to load the wain.

Thou dost not need me Lord, 'tis I who need  
 Some work of thine to do—  
 Some work to rouse my dreamy energies  
 To life as high, as true.  
 Thou canst not need me yet; permit thy child  
 To aid thy vast design,  
 And in the work and worship to thy saints  
 Let some small part be mine.

Looking upon the past and summing up all the experience which the centuries lay at our feet, it is evident that there is no one thing which has been so necessary for a foundation of permanent civilization and spiritual progress as the existence and knowledge of the word of God. Where it has been wanting or neglected the results have been disastrous to the race. The shores of time are strewn with the wrecks of empire. Kingdom after kingdom has risen but to fall. Nation after nation has grasped the reins of power but to sink amidst the corruption of man unlightened from above. Where is the kingdom of Chaldaea, of Babel, of the Mede and Persian? Where that of Assyrian Egypt? Where that of Greece, first in intellect and arts, yet worshipping the unknown gods? Where Rome the powerful, the tramp of whose conquering legions shook the earth, struck terror into the hearts of the West, drove back the hordes of the east and swept over the northern portions of Africa? Where is she? Her Cæsars claimed the worship which is due to God only, and they became as dust in the balance. Her emperors disregarded the only source of strength and the nation crumbled before the force of the barbaric tribes. Just as evident are the facts gathered from history that whenever men, whether Jews or Gentiles, have neglected or cast aside the teachings of the Most High and have superadded systems of their own, the elements of destruction