

out the writings and legends of past ages, and from it build anew some faint image of its forgotten beauty?

Surely in these days, when the imagination hurries to and fro on the earth, delving amid all that is low and evil and noisome for some new panacea wherewith to deaden, if only for a moment, the feverish pain in the hearts of men, it were a good thing to lift up the eyes of the soul to the contemplation of those days when the memory of the living Jesus was yet fresh in the hearts of His followers; when His voice still echoed in their ears; when the glory of the cloud which had received Him out of their sight lingered with transfiguring splendor on all the commonplace happenings of their daily lives; when the words, "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end," meant a living presence all comforting, all powerful.

We are wont to look longingly back through the dark mists of the ages and sigh, "Oh, that I had known Him as they knew Him! But in these hard, grey days there is no glory that shines, no voice that speaks, no ecstatic vision of the Son of Man standing at the right hand of power."

Yet had we lived in those days the life which many of us live to-day, going to church and to prayer because such attendance is a Christian duty; giving of our abundance to the poor because our