

other has so blessed or shall so bless mankind. He was not wont to give undue praise to Christianity or its ministers who penned the lines:-

Servants of God !—or sons
 Shall I call you ? because
 Not as servants ye knew
 Your Father's innermost mind,
 His, who unwillingly sees
 One of His little ones lost—
 Yours is the praise, if mankind
 Hath not as yet in its march
 Fainted. and fallen, and died.

Soon we shall be scattered far and wide to preach the message of hope, an echo of that hope which springs eternal in our own breasts. No pessimists are we. The gospel that we bear breathes the grandest promise of righteousness and victory. The doctor cures men's bodies, the lawyer settles their disputes, the politician grapples with questions relating to social order and peace. All honor to them in their work! They battle with results of evil. The gospel we are to preach goes deeper, it touches the secret springs of life and action, it sweetens the fountain. There is no romance in our proposing and hoping to forward a great moral revolution on the earth, for this religion is intended and adapted to work deeply and widely and to change the face of society. It comes from heaven with heaven's power and life. It comes to change and to transform the world, "to make the wilderness glad and the desert to blossom as the rose."

The pessemist may point to the plague spots of society and reiterate the mournful refrain that the world is growing worse;

"Our own hope is, a sun will pierce
 The thickest cloud earth ever stretched."

The history of the past confirms our hope. Evil never rose save to meet a greater fall.

I stood upon the seashore of my native island and watched the tide. Wave after wave advanced and receded, advanced