

the torches and candles seemed almost to add to the gloom. Now and then a gust from an open window extinguished some flickering tapers. It took much time, but we could see by the flickering lights and lines of sparks that the great building was being illumined, and was marking its dim outline up against a dark sky. As I watched the tedious process, I thought, This is not altogether unlike the work of the Church in the early centuries lighting the world. The messengers and torch-bearers stumbled along through the great masses of heathenism and pagan superstitions, here and there kindling a taper and awakening tribes and nations; many of these tapers were extinguished by the migrations of the people, and many quenched in blood by the red hand of war, yet slowly gaining on the darkness and spreading the circle of the light.

I have seen another illumination that suits our time better. It was yonder in the White City of the World's Fair. It was in the Manufactures and Liberal Arts Building. That was a vast structure, covering over thirty acres of ground. Beneath its ample roof were gathered all the nations of the earth. Here the English and there the Russians exhibited their merchandise. The Germans, French, Italians, Scandinavians, all the families of Europe, had their departments. Turks, Arabs, Japanese, Chinese, Hindoos, Africans, representatives from the teeming families of Asia and Africa, presented their various products; Mexico, the South American Republics, and those from the islands of the sea, were busy with their merchandise and products. The lighting of it was a modern problem. Modern genius ran wires and electric apparatus everywhere over the building, along the rafters, up the bents, along the girders, about the galleries, over the booths, through the aisles, everywhere. It took work and time and money and genius and thought to run all the wires, place all the switches, har, all the arcs, swing all the tubes, plant all the batteries, and make all the complicated machinery converge upon one point under one button. But when this wire-running and light-placing was done, the work of illumining the building was about accomplished. At the appointed time, in the gathering darkness, one hand turned on the current, and in an instant the whole scene was changed. Quick as thought, light flashed from roof and gallery, from brace and girder, from booths and towers along the aisles, through the passages, in the

tents and pavilions, everywhere. Over the section of the Briton and the camp of the Russian, over the resting-place of the Turk and of the Hindoo, over the palaces of the German and of the French, everywhere over the quarters of the Chinese and of the Japanese, flashed this light, like the light of the new sun risen in the evening, and the whole vast building was one blaze of light.

So it seems to me that the Christian Church has been patiently preparing the way for illumining the world. The stations have been planted, churches built, schools opened, presses started, dictionaries compiled, grammars braided, literature created, great lines of communication secured—railroads, steamships, telegraphs, printing-presses, Bible societies, everything seems to be in readiness. Millions of believers have a rich experience, and good theology, and increasing zeal. High schools and colleges and universities are making ready a great army competent to teach the Word. Fortunes beyond the necessities of their owners are being accumulated by the hundred millions; all things now seem ready. My faith is humbly and hopefully looking to see the Holy Spirit come upon the Churches, and flash along these lines, lighting all lands. Already I see light shining on the summits of the Himalayas and pouring down upon the upturned faces and uplifted hands of the millions in the valley of the Ganges, and streaking over the plains of China, and streaming over the islands of Japan, and flashing like heat lightning over the Dark Continent. The time is not far distant when a nation shall be born in a day, and the whole earth shall be covered with the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the great deep.

In yonder Southern Hemisphere, on the South Atlantic, I have stood on the deck and gazed up at that most attractive constellation, the Southern Cross. Once to see it is always to look for it when the night comes down. On that southern sea the sailors watch it with unflagging interest. In the lone hours of the night you can sometimes hear the watch on deck calling out to the watch on the lookout, "Ho, Watch, what of the night?" The answer comes back, "The night is passing and is far spent, and the morning is at hand, for the cross begins to bend." So to-day, standing in the lookout, looking over the dark sea and darker lands, am I asked, "What of the night?" I can answer, "The night is passing and is far spent, and the morning is at hand, for the Cross begins to bend."