

It. He will have his way. Whatever ought to be, in the end will be.

The world will not come to an end until God has been justified in history. The blood of the martyrs demand the reconstruction of the verdicts of history. Witness Joan of Arc, standing amid the smoke and fire of a fearful execution and exclaiming: "My Jesus, My Jesus, My Voices, My Voices!" Surely God will answer that cry! Somewhere, before the world ends, you will find God's answer to that appeal, written in characters of light, upon the page of history. Robert G. Ingersoll affirmed that the martyrs were fools; that any man was a fool who would lay down his life for a principle. And infidelity has lived up to that foolish statement of Ingersoll. Infidelity has nothing to die for; no Bible to read; no hymns to sing; no prayers to repeat; no altars to dedicate; no institutions to preserve and little history to write. But the story of the Christian centuries has been written in blood and blood speaketh unto heaven. The world will last until every righteous ideal has been enthroned and every mean, miserable and unholy error has been driven from the earth. God and good will be justified in history.

The world will not end until Jesus Christ has been crowned King of Kings and Lord of Lords. That must happen. Every knee shall bow and every tongue confess. The day will come when the kings, czars and emperors of all kingdoms, dominions and empires will crown Him. The day will come when the presidents of all republics will ascribe glory unto His name. The day will come when the representatives of all tribes, nations, and sovereignties will bow in His presence. When the Archbishop of Canterbury preached before Queen Victoria on the subject of The Second Coming of Christ, the good queen called the archbishop into her presence and thanking him for his discourse, exclaimed: "I wish that Christ would return to the earth during my reign." And when the venerable man of God inquired why she expressed such a fervent wish, the noble sovereign replied: "Oh, I should like, so much, to lay my crown at His feet." May God grant to the dynasty of Victoria a thousand years of history as bright and glorious as her own.

The vital thing is to begin and not to end. We are at the beginning of things—the beginning of theology, the beginning of geology, the beginning of astronomy, the beginning of biology, the beginning of botany. We have not yet written one complete line of ancient history. The real truth is, we have not yet learned how to write. All