

ing place to-night—has taken place indeed to-day throughout the whole wide world. On this Sabbath day—the Sabbath day of God—there has risen from the lowly altars of bleeding hearts and from the lofty altars of ancient shrines the agonizing cry to God for peace. It was lifted in the severe and simple chapels of England by plain and earnest men with no other ordaining hand upon them than the unseen hand of the Eternal. It was echoed in the great cathedrals through “long-drawn aisle and fretted vault” by men behind whose ordination vows there stand the unbroken succession of a priestly order. It was uttered by the devout Roman Catholic in the shattered churches of Belgium, by the sad and reverent peasant over whose hearth there passed the devastating horrors of war. It resounded in the stately ritual of the Greek Catholic Church of Russia threading its way to God through heavy incensed air. It was wrung out of the anguished hearts of fearful wives who fear that they shall never see again the faces of men who are more to them than life itself. It was distilled in blood-drops from the souls of mothers who pass through their sevenfold