

in mind, and the greatest preacher in America. One day he was crossing the Atlantic. Some one passing his state-room heard a voice, and overheard the words. The bishop was talking to Jesus, and this was what he said: "Lord Jesus, thou hast filled my life with joy and peace, and to look into thy face is earth's most exquisite delight."

When you find a great and strong man like this talking to Jesus—not as to some one that can be seen, but as to a spiritual presence in his own heart,—you see what it is to say that Jesus is living his life amongst men.

Already one-third of the human race owns Jesus as its religious teacher and leader. But more than this, in every part of the world the other religions begin to recognize in him the One they have always wanted. Slow as we have been in making known the story of Jesus to the nations, wherever that story is told men and women turn to him, and believe, and he begins to live in them. There is hardly a branch of the human family now in which Jesus is not living by the faith that human hearts place in him. We who believe in him know that this will go on until at his name every knee shall bow, and every tongue shall confess that he is Lord.

An Englishman in India was watching not