

The community wherein he spent half a century still testify to his sincerity, piety and usefulness.

The dear Lord's best interpreters
Are numble human souls;
The Gospel of a loving life
Is more than books and scrolls.

From scheme and creed the light goes out,
The saintly fact survives,
The blessed Master none can doubt
Revealed in holy lives.

J. H. HUNTER.

THE PRESENT OUTLOOK: GLIMPSES OF RELIGIOUS THOUGHT AND LIFE.*

(Continued.)

It is time now to turn from retrospect to prospect and to inquire regarding the present outlook. Since to-day is the child of yesterday the outlook for the present, in part at least, grows out of these facts of the past which we have been considering. To three points I invite attention, and my observations must be brief, and must continue to be of a very general character.

For one thing, in looking out on the present, we discern a marked re-action toward faith and toward a spiritual view of nature and of human destiny. The wave of materialism of twenty-five years ago, which found a voice in Professor Tyndall, soon spent itself and began to recede. It was followed by a wave of agnosticism, of which Herbert Spencer and Professor Huxley have been the most noted representatives. This also is spent and is dying away. Meanwhile faith, conviction regarding the reality of God, of the human soul, of an unseen world, has taken a new hold of the human mind. Many of you will recall Matthew Arnold's exquisitely beautiful, but most pessimistic poem, "Dover Beach," in which he sadly sings the dying away of Faith. He says:

"The sea of Faith
Was once, too, at the full, and round earth's shore
Lay like the folds of a bright girdle furled,
But now I only hear
Its melancholy, long withdrawing roar,
Retreating, to the breath
Of the night-wind, down the vast edges drear,
And naked shingles of the world."

* Address delivered at Annual Meeting of Alumni Association, May, 1899.