

believe the things which are reasonable. Second, the best use of the Human Reason has produced the best civilization—our civilization in mental achievement, moral worth and spiritual power outranks all past civilizations. Third, the last and best civilization—our Christian civilization—has in its possession, the best literature of the world, past, and present. The literature of the Anglo-Saxon race, when considered from the standpoint of its original productions and incorporated material, is the most universal literature in existence in the world today. Fourth, the best specimen of literature in the possession of the best civilization, is known as "The Book." The Bible has produced the civilization which crowns it and crowns the civilization which it has produced.

This precious book I'd rather own
 Than all the golden gems
 Which e'er in monarch's coffers shone
 Or on their diadems.
 And were the seas one chrysolite
 This earth a golden ball—
 Gems were all the stars of night,
 THE BOOK were worth them all.

Christianity is the hope of Humanity. The guarantee of Christianity and the hope of humanity is JESUS CHRIST. "Lord, to whom shall we go—Thou hast the words of eternal life." In the city of Paris, I found the Arch of Triumph, standing like a focal point enthroned in granite and bronze, at the exact spot where twelve great avenues converged. Every avenue of light in our Christian civilization leads up to an Imperial Christianity and to an enthroned Christ.

There is one God and one mediator between God and man, the man Christ Jesus. Other religions have had their heroes, saints, sages, and teachers. No other religion presents a Christ, a redeemer, a saviour. The world has only one Saviour! "There is none other name, given, under heaven, among men whereby we must be saved."

I know of a world that is sunk in
 shame
 Of hearts that faint and tire.
 I know of a name, a name, a name
 Can set this world on fire.
 Its sign is a Cross. Its letters, flame,
 I know of a name, a name, a name,
 Can set this world on fire.

Holman Hunt, the artist, said: "I am only a poor man, but I can say, in serious truth, that I would give one-third of all I possess for a real likeness of Jesus Christ." Some of us are in possession of that picture. Painted on the inner walls of the soul we possess a real likeness of the real Christ. We would give up all we possess rather than sacrifice the vision of that face. Henry Ward Beecher was an old man and his hair snowy white when, standing one day, at sunset, on a broad western prairie, he