

grew wider and deeper, the banks receded from view, the pilot left us, and the great ocean liners passed each other a mile apart. One evening as the sun was setting we could but see the hills on the distant shore as they touched the horizon. We bade farewell to Canada and glided out into the immensity of the Atlantic Ocean.

Nineteen hundred years ago a small stream for the moral and spiritual cleansing of the world issued from the hill Calvary just outside the walls of Jerusalem, when a daring young Galileean was put to death by the church. That stream, small and insignificant at first, has been flowing on through the ages. Men have tried to stem the tide, church councils have issued their warrants for its arrest, kings and governments have tried to turn it out of its course, but all of no avail. On it has swept, ever widening and deepening, and increasing its momentum. Everywhere it has come it has refreshed the nations, bringing life and peace and victory. It has swept slavery from its foundations, and has borne the slave aloft on its bosom. It has broken down the barriers of human inequality. It has abolished the old inhumanities and cruelties. It has swept around the fortress of war and already the walls are tottering. It is rolling on into heathen nations and already the superstitions of darkness and death are yielding before this river of light and life. The tide is rising, every day its power is becoming more irresistible. And it will flow on and on and on until it raises man from his old sin-stricken condition up to the very bosom of God. "Then will be brought to pass the saying that is written." "The kingdoms of this world have become the kingdoms of our Lord and of His Christ." "Thy will is done on earth as it is done in heaven." May God hasten the day.

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