

INTRODUCTION

BEFORE the war, it seemed almost unnecessary to find time for the Bible. Many of us were making money, others were busily earning it. Our children were getting on nicely at school. Certainly there were grave evils, like drink, and bitter social inequalities, and rancorous political quarrels, and reckless extravagances, which gave us uneasy twinges of conscience. But we drifted, in tens, hundreds of thousands, from public worship. We ceased to pray. We quietly laid aside the Bible.

Then—suddenly—we were brought face to face with facts which we had forgotten. One of those facts was Death—another was Pain—another was Hatred—another was National Duty—another was Suspense. We learnt that life is not a game, but a grim, heroic combat between good and evil.

For this crisis, we found that we were unprepared. Men and women fled for refuge, in some cases, to spiritualism, crystal-gazing, and fortune-telling. Pleasure and Romance played their part as comforters. Lives that had been frivolous were consecrated to war work. And there was the growing splendor of national unity and personal sacrifice. Hopes of a better dawn have encouraged us. We are sure that Faith will return.

Yes—but Faith in what? Faith in Whom? In our hearts, we know that we want something far deeper than Treaties and someone far stronger than