

Christian civilization without having made one determined effort to take this dear old planet and swing it nearer the throne of God than it was when I was born upon it. The young man who can live to-day, beneath the skies of a new world, in the dawning of the twentieth century, and not have his blood grow warm, his nerves thrill, and his brain catch fire, could have stood beneath the frowning brow of Mount Sinai, with its flashing light and crashing thunder, unmoved and unconcerned.

"We are living, we are dwelling,
In a grand and awful time.
In an age on ages telling
To be living is sublime.

Oh, let all the soul within you
For the Truth's sake, go abroad,
Strike! Let every nerve and sinew,
Tell on ages. Tell for God."