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CERTAIN of our wise men of today have shaded away sin till it becomes an expression of temperament. They tell us that we sin because our grandfather sinned, and because our home is situated in the wrong block. These are clever words of clever comforters, and surely they ought to wipe away forever the tears from our eyes. But they do not speak to human need. They leave life blighted and the heart ashamed. They leave the sinning one to continue in despair. He does not ask that his sin shall be explained away. He wishes forgiveness and a fresh start. In the Book, which is not read as once it was, there are no soft words about sin. But the way out is shown. And not only is forgiveness offered in this Book, but man's need of comfort is met. There is comfort in plenty. These writers knew the human heart. They saw him broken by his toil and his grief. And for this, too, they had the answer. They told of a Being of love, hidden just back of this rude and temporary universe. This love, they said, is conscious of how the littlest child and the old man are sick at heart for one to come close to their loneliness. When again will any company of writers say the things they know in such telling words, such pictures of humble life—the boy far away from the faces of his home and far gone in shame—such true stories of lowly devotion breaking through into beauty? Much is swept away between us and them, but not one accent of Naomi's voice is lost to us, and still the "Turn again, my daughters," is as wistful as when it breathed through the alien corn. What richer consolation are we hungry for that we turn from Judea? Has the human heart changed under the wear of the centuries, so that sin no longer seeks forgiveness, and grief has no need of a comforter? Have our ships sailed so far that they have revealed to us a braver continent than the fields where pain once reigned? Is our science so acute that it has banished failure from man's life? Is man's heart at last self-sufficient and all-sufficing?

"The heavens shall vanish away like smoke, and the earth shall wax old like a garment, and they that dwell therein shall die in like manner. But my salvation shall be forever, and my righteousness shall not be abolished." (Isa. 51. 6).