THE OTHER SIDE OF THE HILL
AND HOME AGAIN

F. W. BOREHAM

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE HILL
AND HOME AGAIN

F. W. BOREHAM

The other side of the hill and home again

1. The other side of the hill and home again
2. Table of Contents

The other side of the hill and home again

Boreham, Frank, 1871-1959

This book was produced in EPUB format by the Internet Archive.

The book pages were scanned and converted to EPUB format automatically. This process relies on optical character recognition, and is somewhat susceptible to errors. The book may not offer the correct reading sequence, and there may be weird characters, non-words, and incorrect guesses at structure. Some page numbers and headers or footers may remain from the scanned page. The process which identifies images might have found stray marks on the page which are not actually images from the book. The hidden page numbering which may be available to your ereader corresponds to the numbered pages in the print edition, but is not an exact match; page numbers will increment at the same rate as the corresponding print edition, but we may have started numbering before the print book's visible page numbers. The Internet Archive is working to improve the scanning process and resulting books, but in the meantime, we hope that this book will be useful to you.

The Internet Archive was founded in 1996 to build an Internet library and to promote universal access to all knowledge. The Archive's purposes include offering permanent access for researchers, historians, scholars, people with disabilities, and the general public to historical collections that exist in digital format. The Internet Archive includes texts, audio, moving images, and software as well as archived web pages, and provides specialized services for information access for the blind and other persons with disabilities.

Created with abbyy2epub (v.1.6.7)

HE OTHER SIDEOF THE HILL

AND HOME AGAIN

~. W. BOREHAM





Glass.Book..

f-^ VV

(^ f.^ fi^^

mw.

CDPmiGliT DEPOSm

CONTENTSPART I

CHAP. PAGB

By Way of Introduction 7

I. Swings and Round-Abouts 11

II. The Ivied Porch 20

III. The Enjoyment of Sorrow 30

IV. The Other Side of the Hill 40

V. On the Old Man's Trail 49

VI. Sandy 58

VII. The Enchanted Coat 67

VIII. Companions of the Bush 76

IX. The Man in the Moon 84

PART II

I. Forgetful Green 97

II. I. O. U 105

III. A Scrap of Paper 114

IV. The Lattice Window 124

V. Luxuriating Among Cowslips 133

VI. A Chip of History 145

VII. Maxims of the Mud 154

VIII. Concerning Samuel Creggan 163

IX. Punch and Judy 172

X. Charades 180

5

6 CONTENTS

PART III

CHAP. PAGE

I. "Millions! Millions! " 191

II. White Elephants 200

III. "That Will Do It! " 208

rV. Anniversaries at Ebenezer 218

V. The Ministry of Nonsense

VI. The Grin

VII. My Tobacco 247

VIII. The Powder Magazine 255

IX. The Benediction 267

BY WAY OF INTRODUCTION

For over twenty years I lived among the moun-tains. Their rugged summits saluted me everymorning. Mountains are usually employed inliterature as emblems of immutability. My ownexperience is quite otherwise. To me they werepositively kaleidoscopic. I never saw a moun-tain look just the same two days running; whilstthe fantastic changes that overtook them as Iviewed them from different points of the com-pass were a perennial source of wonder andadmiration. It was always worth while seeingthe peak from the other side,

even if that sidewere windswept, bleak, and bare. We mightprefer the shelter of our own side; but, when wereturned, the view of the mountain from thedining-room window was always more satisfyingbecause of our ability to supplement the scenefrom our newly acquired knowledge of the landbeyond the ranges.

In this book I have tried to see The Other Sideof the Hill—and the other side of other things.We shall probably be glad to get home again and

7

8 BY WAY OF INTRODUCTION

to resume our usual outlook; but we shall atleast return to the old home with a new content,and, let us hope, with a few fresh landscapes inthe picture-gallery of memory.

FRANK W. BOREHAM.Armadale, Melbourne, Australia.

PART I

It was Regatta Day, There are few things inthis old world more fascinating than a crowd onpleasure bent. On my left was the river—a glit-tering expanse of blue w^ater alive with craft ofevery size and kind. To my right, as far as eyecould see, the green hills of the great domainwere smothered by one vast, surging concourseof holiday-spirited humanity. Everybody wasmoving, and the effect was kaleidoscopic. Thewhite blouses and waving gossamers of thewomen alternated with the more sombre appear-ance of the men. Hither and thither, childrenwith gay ribbons and bright sashes danced andromped. In and out, like the flashing threads onthe restless loom, the colours wove themselvesinto ever-changing patterns. The motley throngwas broken up here and there by the tents andthe booths, the Aunt Sallys and the side-shows.The seven wonders of the world were here!There could be no mistake about that. Brazen-throated showmen shouted it in a perfect frenzyof enthusiasm to the indifferent passer-by; and,

11

if any sceptics still doubted, the gaudy canvaseswhich furnished the most realistic presentmentsof the prodigies to be seen within should havesufficed to brush away all such base suspicions.And here, too, were the swings and round-

abouts! Oh, those swings and round-abouts!Will there ever appear upon this planet a sour-visaged generation for whom the swings andround-abouts will have no charm? As I caughtthe sounds of the wondrous organ, to the magicstrains of which the wooden horses prance, Ithought of Mr. Patrick R. Chalmers. It is oneof life's great refreshments to have met Mr.Chalmers's cheery showman, with his merry eyeand sunburnt face, his hungry lurcher and hisbrindled terrier pup, his painted caravan, and,above all, his swings and round-abouts, joggingdown the dusty old English lane.

*"Goo'-day/ said 'e; 'goo-day,' said I; 'an' 'ow d'you find

things go,An' what's the chance o' millions when you runs a travellin'

show?"I find,' said 'e, 'things very much as *ow I've always

found.For mostly they goes up and down, or else goes round and

round.'Said 'e, 'The job's the very spit o' what it always were;It's bread and bacon mostly when the dog don't catch a

*are;But lookin' at it broad, an' while it ain't no merchant king's.What's lost upon the round-abouts we pulls up on the

swings.'"

This, according to Mr. Chalmers, was thegenial showman's philosophy. After the conver-sation in the lane, the caravan moved on oncemore.

" 'E thumped upon the footboard, an* 'e lumbered on again.To meet a gold-dust sunset, down the owl-light in the lane;For 'up and down an' round,' says *e, 'goes all appointed

things.An' losses on the round-abouts means profits on the

swings!'"

Now this is worth thinking about. The show-man's philosophy must be taken to pieces, care-fully analysed and considered bit by bit. If itmeans anything, it means that there are two dis-tinct styles on which life may be lived. There isthe style represented by the swings, and there isthe style represented by the round-

abouts. Somelives are all ups and downs, like the experienceof the people on the swings. Others, again, areall round and round, like the experience of thepeople on the round-abouts. Or, perhaps, I shallget nearer to the heart of things if I say that lifehas to be lived sometimes on the principle of theswings and sometimes on the principle of theround-abouts. "Sometimes things goes up anddown and sometimes round and round."

As I sit here to-day, I look back on two sepa-rate years in my life's little story. The one waspositively crowded with eventfulness. Some of

the greatest triumphs and the most crushing dis-appointments of my life came to me in that year.In that year I tasted some of my sweetest joysand my bitterest sorrows. Everything was sen-sational. It was all ups and downs. It was ayear on the swings. The other year was livedon an exactly opposite principle. From Januaryto December nothing happened. I slept everynight, for the whole three hundred and sixty-fivenights, in the same bed. I preached every Sun-day for fifty-two Sundays in the same pulpit. Isaw each day the same faces. I went each daythe same accustomed round. There came to methat year no very great elation nor any over-w^helming grief. I was perfectly happy—ashappy as the laughing children on the revolvingwooden horses. But it was distinctly a year onthe round-abouts. I suppose that we all havetimes when life treats us like the swings, andtimes when it behaves itself towards us just likethe round-abouts.

The only thing to do is to set the one overagainst the other. If you are tired of the round-abouts, remember the fun that you had on theswings, and think of the enjoyment that theywill again afford you. Or if, on the other hand,your brain sickens with the violent movementof the swings, remember the pleasure that wasyours on the round-abouts, and make up your

mind that that satisfaction will soon be yoursagain. Most people, I fancy, prefer the swings.The showman in the lane hinted as much whenhe twice referred to the losses on the round-abouts and the profits on the swings. Obviously,the swings are the more popular. We love thethrill. You hold your breath as you soar sky-ward and the earth flies from you; your heartseems to rush to your mouth as you swooptowards the ground once more. You sail glori-ously forwards through the rushing air; and thenext moment you fall hopelessly backwardsthrough a vacuum in space. It is a series ofintoxicating sensations. Nobody who remem-bers the delirious joy of that sort of thing willwonder that the showman found that the swingspaid him best. But it would never have done,merely on that

account, to have travelled withswings only. People get tired of swings. Theylong for a change, and, longing for a change,they welcome the round-abouts. Life must betaken as a whole. It consists of swings andround-abouts. It is futile to cavil at the one andglorify the other.

"For up an' down, an' round an* round, goes all appointed

things.An' losses on the round-abouts means profit on the swings."

That is the point. The swings and the round-

abouts make up the one show. They are the sepa-rate parts of a complete whole. It is a waste oftime to consider the one except in relation to theother. The swings belong to the round-abouts;and the round-abouts belong to the swings.

Life is full of just such supplementary things.We are too fond of putting the swings in a classby themselves, and the round-abouts in a classby themselves, as though we were dividing thesheep from the goats. Then, having separatedthem, we proceed to compare them. We contrastthe up-and-down movement of the swings withthe round-and-round movement of the round-abouts. We magnify the pleasures of the one tothe disparagement of the other, until there comeslumbering down the lane a rumbling old caravan,driven by a wise but swarthy philosopher who as-sures us that it would never, never do to travelthe country either with swings alone or withround-abouts alone. You must have both swingsand round-abouts. A fine instance of this sort ofthing occurred in the middle of the eighteenthcentury. We were at the crisis of our fate. GreatBritain was at war on three continents. InEurope, in India, and in America things weregoing heavily against us. Disaster abroad ledto confusion at home. Riots broke out every-where, and the nation was for a moment entirelyout of control. For eleven weeks England was

without a responsible Ministry. And why? Itwas all a matter of round-abouts versus swings.

One crowd cried, ^^Let Pitt he MinisterF'

The other crowd cried, ^^Let Neivcastle be Miu'isterr

All England asked, ^^Shall it he Pitt or New-castle r

And then some genius inquired, ^^Why not Pittand Newcastle f^

Exactly! Why ask whether it shall be swingsor round-abouts? Why not swings and round-abouts? So England called Pitt and Newcastletogether to save the nation. "And thus it wasfound," as Macaulay says, "that these two men,so unlike in character, so lately mortal enemies,were necessary to each other. Newcastle hadfallen in November for want of that public confi-dence which Pitt possessed and of that parliamen-tary support which Pitt was better qualifiedthan any man of his time to give. Pitt had fallenin April, for want of that species of influencewhich Newcastle had passed his whole life inacquiring and hoarding. Neither of them hadpower enough to support himself. Each of themhad power enough to overturn the other. Theirunion would be irresistible." They united; andthe combination proved the salvation of thecountry. It is so silly to be always setting theswings against the round-abouts and the round-

abouts against the swings. The showman in thelane found that, by combining swings and round-abouts, he could make a decent living.

For that is the beauty of it all. People talkglibly of the law of compensation. Emerson hasan essay on the subject; Paley has a lecture; andMiss Havergal has a poem. It is all very goodso far as it goes, but it does not go far enough.If I lose a sovereign on Monday and find a sover-eign on Tuesday, I am compensated, it is true;but I am no better off. I cannot live on the gainsmade in the course of that profitless transaction.The showman in the lane was, Mr. Chalmerssays, ^'si cheery cove and sunburnt," and withgood reason. For there was something morethan the law of compensation at work in his be-half. The profits on the swings not only compen-sated for the losses on the round-abouts, but theprofits on the swings and the round-abouts as awhole gave him a clear surplus on which hecould live without anxiety. The whole thingwas a success, and it kept him smiling. That, Isay, is the beauty of it. When I am able to strikelife's balance-sheet; when I am able to reckonup all the losses I have sustained by going round-and-round, and the gains I have accumulated byall my ups-and-downs, I shall discover that theentire business has resulted in a profit far be-yond my dreams. I may sometimes have to run

my round-abouts at a loss in order to attractpatrons to my swings; such a proceeding is quitecommon in every line of business. But, dependupon it, when I at last take my swings and myround-abouts as a whole, and make up the grandaccount, I shall find that I have not merely beencompensated for my losses, but enriched beyondall thought. The showman who handles hisswings and his round-abouts at all wisely willfind the buttercups, the bluebells, and the haw-thorn in the lane looking lovelier every time hedrives the caravan along it; and each time hecomes his face W'ill have a cheerier smile and hissoul will be singing a sweeter song.

II

THE IVIED PORCH

1 AM no architect, and technical discussionsaffecting matters connected with that craft arenot in mj line. But I came upon a matter to-daythat greatly interested me. Should a house havea porch or should it not? What pictures thequestion calls to mind! The little country cot-tage by the side of the road, with its attics, itsquaint projecting upper rooms, and its crazylattice windows I And the porch—the prettylittle porch—covered in nine cases out of tenwith ivy or honeysuckle or tea-roses or Virginia-creeper I The porch is certainly one of the adorn-ments of the English countryside, and I do notwonder that the old folk are disinclined to seeit vanish. For a writer in a London journal,whose article has driven my own pen to paper,tells us that it is largely a conflict between theolder generation and the younger one. The newcottages now being erected have, it seems, noporch. The old people resent the omission.Some of their sweetest and most sacred mem-

ories cluster about the porch. In the porch, ourwriter explains, there is just room for a niceconversational party, four in all, two on eitherside. ^'The cottage porch is the summer fireside;it is the inalienable perquisite of the father andmother and their cronies. The fate of England,and the rest of the world also, has many a timebeen settled in the crude wooden seats that jutout into the garden. Generations of familieshave peopled some of these porches, for in the olddays good work was put into them, and solidtimber was used." That is so. But it would bea mistake to suppose that all the associationsconnected with the porch had to do with thoseoccasions when it was occupied by four. Eventhe oldest of

the old people were young once,although you might not think so. And therewere times in those days when the ivied or rose-covered porch was monopolized by two, andwhen any third comer would have felt instinc-tively that there was no room for him. The iviedporch is like Goldsmith's

"... hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade.For talking age and whispering lovers made."

The memories of the old folks may be failing;but they do not forget those honeyed hours. Andit is because of such golden recollections inmemory^s hallowed background that the thought

of the porch is to them so instinct with theatmosphere of romance.

Now this London writer who has had the mis-fortune to set me scribbling goes no farther thanI have indicated. He deals purely and simplywdth the architectural aspect of the question.On the architectural phase of the matter Ishall therefore have nothing to say. But thething strikes me in quite another light. I under-take to show that this problem of porch or no-porch is one of the most characteristic, one of themost grave, and one of the most tragic problemsof our modern life.

The porch represented the old-fashioned wayof approaching a thing. In passing through theporch you were entering the house gradually;in the absence of a porch you enter the houseabruptly. The porch somehow appealed to yourfaculty for preparation. In the porch you in-voluntarily reminded yourself of the respect dueto the people on whom you were calling, and yourefreshed your mind as to the business that hadbrought you to their door. The porch createda certain atmosphere; and the creation of thatatmosphere gave tone to the interview that fol-lowed. Now this fondness for paving the waywas eminently characteristic of the generationsthat built those porches. Take down any oldvolume of lectures, speeches, addresses, or ser-

mons. The first thing to strike you will be theelaborate introduction with w^hich the speakerled gradually up to his subject. What an oceanof words rolls turgidly between the first sentenceand the first head I In the old days our fathersspent endless pains on the exordium. They weregreat believers in the prologue, the preambleand the preliminaries. They liked to get enrapport with their audiences before they beganto grapple seriously with their themes. Theyliked a porch. But w^e have dispensed with thenecessity for such formalities. We see no moreneed

for a porch to a house than for a preface toa book; and has the twentieth century evercaught itself reading a preface? We demandthat our orators shall plunge right away intothe very heart of their subjects. There must beno beating about the bush; no hovering on thebrink; no preparatory scrapings of the violin.If the joint is ready for carving, why w^aste timein toying with the knives and forks? The ornateand carefully rounded introductory periods, sodear to the heart of an eighteenth-centuryspeaker or preacher, are like gravel in the teethto a twentieth-century audience. They are rarelyheard; and, when heard, are heard with ill-concealed impatience.

The theme has its social implications. Weboast, in our free-and-easy way, that we have

dispensed with the need for an introduction.We speak to whom we will nowadays, withoutwaiting to be formally introduced. It is good inits way. It may be that our grandfathers stoodtoo much on ceremony. But it may also be thatwe have too lightly discarded the things thatthey valued. There is a place for the introduc-tion. The porch has its own utility. Mr. H. G.Wells, in his 'New MachiavelU, shows how w^emanage without it. *^One evening," his youthfulhero says, *^I came by chance on a number ofyoung people promenading by the light of anumber of shops towards Beckington, and, withall the glory of a glowing cigarette between mylips, I joined their strolling number. These twi-light parades consisted mainly of shop appren-tices, workgirls, boy clerks, and so forth, stirredby mysterious intimations, spending their first-earned money upon collars and ties, chiffon hats,smart lace collars, walking-sticks, sunshades, orcigarettes, and coming valiantly into the vaguetransfiguring mingling of gaslight and eveningto walk up and down, to eye meaningly, even toaccost and make friends." Mr. Wells goes on todescribe what happened. ^Two girls passed me.I half turned, and the shorter one glanced backover her shoulder. I was instantly passionatelyin love with her. I turned and followed them.I flung away my cigarette ostentatiously, lifted

my school cap, and spoke to them. The girl an-swered shyly/' And so on. We have dispensedwith the old-fashioned porch; we need no intro-ductions nowadays; but it is an open questionas to whether or not we are the better for thechange.

Is it not by way of a porch that w^e enter intolife itself? We do not burst suddenly out of theeverywhere into here. There are long monthsduring which we

hover shyly on the threshold.It is a time full of mystery and wonder andfluttering anticipation on the part of those intowhose home we are about to enter. Whatthoughtful preparations for our entrance arethere going forward!

"Little caps in secret sewn.And hid in many a quiet nook."

And what dream-faces haunt their fancy as theytry to conjure up the likeness of the form theywill so soon embrace! The new-comer is in theporch; and a fresh sacredness enters into life atthe very thought of his entrance. It is part oflife's deep and awful sanctity.

And if this world is entered by way of a porch,so is the next. Let Longfellow explain:

"There is no death! What seems so is transition.This life of mortal breathIs but the suburb of the life elysianWhose portal we call Death!"

All the best things are approached by way ofporches. We enter our Sundays by way of ourSaturdays; and Saturday constitutes itself a kindof porch through which we pass into the goldenday. Mark Rutherford tells us that, at theestablishment kept by the Misses Ponsonby, itwas the custom for one of the girls, at half-pastnine precisely, to read aloud from a selectedbook. ^^On Saturday a book, not exactly re-ligious, but related to religion as nearly as pos-sible as Saturday is related to Sunday, was in-variably selected. On this particular Saturdayit was Clarke's Travels in Palestine.^' AndRobert Burns has cast a glory over our Satur-days for ever. If a day comes in which ourclassics are torn from us, we shall cling to theCotter's Saturday Night until the very, very last.It is part of our priceless heritage. The pictureit presents is one of the sweetest, strongest, andtenderest in our literature. The tired cotterputting away his plough with a sigh of gratefulrelief as he thinks of the whole day's rest in frontof him; the homeward trudge after a good week'swork well done; the welcome from the bairniesplaying by the gate; the cheerful room; the drop-ping in, one by one, of the elder children whohave been away at work since Monday; the shyarrival of Jenny's bashful lover; the loud humof eager conversation as they discuss the events

of the week by the glowing fireside; the bountifulsupper so thoroughly enjoyed; and the crowningact of family worship.

"Then homeward all take off their several way;

The youngling cottagers retire to rest:The parent pair their secret homage pay

And proffer up to heaven the warm requestThat He who stills the raven's clam'rous nest.

And decks the lily fair in flow'ry pride.Would, in the way His wisdom sees the best,

For them and for their little ones provide;But, chiefly, in their hearts with grace divine preside."

It was thus that the devout cottager fashionedfor himself and for his family a porch throughwhich they might pass into the sanctities of theSabbath.

The subject has other applications. There isthe important matter of religious conversation.It is a great art. There are few pleasures greaterthan a heart-to-heart talk with a kindred spiriton the greatest themes of all. And yet the pros-pects of so altogether profitable an experiencemay be ruined at the outset by a thoughtless orcareless approach to the theme. An abrupt in-vasion of so sacred a realm is as unseemly asbursting into church with a run and a bound.We instinctively pause in the church porch andremind ourselves of the Majesty into whoseaugust Presence we are about to enter. And,in the same way, there is a certain attitude of

soul without which holy themes can never besuitably approached. "Mr. Gardew," we aretold, "had a trick of starting subjects suddenly,and he very often made his friends very uncom-fortable by the precipitate introduction, withoutany warning, of remarks upon serious matters."Mr. Cardew may have his defenders; but on thewhole I am certain that he would have been allthe better for a porch.

It may be possible to go to the other extreme.Mr. Spurgeon thought that, in Pilgrim's Prog-ress^ John Bunyan overdid the porch. The dis-tance from the City of Destruction to the Crossat which the pilgrim lost his burden w^as, Mr.Spurgeon thought, too great. There were toomany preliminaries. "If," he says, "Bunyanmeant to show what usually happens, he w^asright; but if he meant to show what ought tohave happened, he was wrong." Bunyan was,of course, writing out of his own experience;and readers of Grace Abounding know that, inhis own experience, he spent some time in theporch. A porch there must

be. No man yetentered the kingdom of God without passingthrough some preliminary and preparatory ex-perience of penitence or desire. So far, beyondthe shadow of a doubt, Bunyan was right; butso was his critic. The man whose desire fordeliverance is as great as was Christian's when

he set out on pilgrimage will be wise to makehis way to the Cross with all possible speed.Into the porch every pilgrim must enter; butthere is no need for a long sojourn there. Theporch stands right against the door; and insidethat door there awaits the pilgrim such a wel-come as his fondest fancy has never dared toimagine.

Ill

THE ENJOYMENT OF SORROW

I WAS lounging in a cosy arm-chair among somecheerful companions by a friend's fireside theother evening when, looking up, my attentionwas arrested by a striking picture on the wallbefore me. It was a war picture, and a very sadone at that. It was entitled "The Tale of aGlorious End," by A. C. Michael. The mostprominent figure is a young fellow in khaki,with his arm in a sling, who is telling of theengagement in which he himself was w^ounded,and in which his comrade fell. He is evidentlyin his comrade's home. A soldier's photographstands on the table, and the wounded man haslaid his companion's sword beside it. On theleft hand of the picture is an arm-chair in whichthe bereft mother sits, convulsed in an agony ofgrief. Beside the chair, and with her arm uponit, is the lady's daughter, listening with tenseand strained attention to the story of thebrother's death. And beside her is her father,himself an old soldier. He is standing firm and

upright like an officer on parade. He is evi-dently struggling to avoid any display of emo-tion as he listens to the tale of his boy's last fatalstand. It is a sad, sad picture, and yet astrangely magnetic one; and during the eveningI caught my glance again and again wanderingoff to once more inspect it.

This picture of a cruel and crushing sorrowstarted a rather curious train of thought. Whyhad the artist, a man of taste, culture, and re-finement, chosen so

mournful a theme? Is therenot enough real sorrow in the world withoutadding to it such inventions of the imagination?And why had my friends bought and framed thispathetic picture? They are the very personifica-tion of gentleness and sympathy; what pleasurecan they find in this vision of grief upon theirwall? What deep and subtle philosophy under-lies this strange conjunction of ideas? I thinkI have a clue.

It is one of the proudest boasts of Art that, indays when the nerves are overwrought and theemotions overcharged, it has a special missionof succour and relief. I was reading the otherday a very fine book entitled The Origins of Art,by Dr. Yrjo Hirn, Professor of Aesthetic andModern Literature at the University of Finland.The volume contains a most suggestive essay on"Art the Reliever," in the course of which the

author claims that, by tempering and modifyingthe emotions, Art may render to public life apractical service the value of which it would bedifficult to exaggerate. Strong feeling, heargued, is the natural enemy of clear thinking.Abnormal excitement or undue depression isa menace to well-regulated life and conduct. Itis the peculiar province of Art, he goes on toshow, to calm and restrain these tumultuouspassions, and thus enable reason to resume herthrone. Under the spell of Art, excessive joyshould lose its defiant and barbaric character,whilst black despair should be dissolved intogentle sadness. Art moves among men. Pro-fessor Hirn declares, as Dionysos moved amonghis devotees, ennobling their joy and bluntingthe edge of their suffering.

Here we are, then, living in a time of unprece-dented tragedy and sorrow. As I write, the Warrages at the climax of its fury. Every day hun-dreds of homes pass through the terrible experi-ence portrayed in Mr. Michael's picture. Andhere, on the other hand, is Art, claiming that sheholds in her keeping a special ministry of com-fort. At first blush it does not seem at all prob-able that this exalted claim can be substantiated.One has but to permit his memory to roam fancy-free through the art galleries that he has visitedin days gone by in order to remind himself that

the artist has taken an almost morbid delightin portraying the saddest and most heartrendingepisodes in human experience. Nobody can visitthe Melbourne Art Gallery, for example, withoutbeing profoundly moved by pictures like "An-guish" and "The Crisis." The former depictsthe dumb agony of the sheep at her inability tosave her frozen lamb from the encircling crows.The latter represents

the awful suspense of aman who sits by the bedside of his apparentlydying wife. The distinctly Australian picturespartake of the same character. The great painting representing the return of the explorers,Burke and Wills, to the deserted camp atCooper's Creek, and Mr. McCubbin's famouspicture of "The Pioneer," are among the mostsaddening things that one could wish to see. AtSydney it is just the same. Sir Luke Fildes'masterpiece, "The Widower," in which the unhappy man is shown with his sick child on hisknee, and a look of inexpressible helplessness onhis face, is typical of many more.

Now the time has come to face a crucial ques-tion. Art claims to be our comfort in days ofsorrow and of weeping; yet Art gives us picturesthat are themselves sorrowful, and that them-selves move us to tears I Has Art lost her way,or is there some deep significance in all this thatdoes not lie upon the surface? Before we can

solve this problem, we must ask yet one morequestion. It is this: Why are these pictures sopopular? Why are the saddest pictures thegreatest favourites? The tendency to portrayexcessive grief is not confined to that departmentof Art over which the painter presides. Thenovelist, the poet, the dramatist, and the musician display the same propensity. More tearshave been shed over the misfortunes of OliverTwist and of Hetty Sorrel than over the miseriesof any two characters in actual history; but wedo not regard Charles Dickens and George Eliotas our tormentors on that account. We ratherlove them all the better for having caused ussuch superfluous grief. The most popular poemsare the poems of sadness if not of melancholy.^^Enoch Arden" and "Dora" will always appealto thousands who see no beauty in '^In Memo-riam" and ^^Maud." People who have careenough of their own will always crowd a theatreto share the poignant pathos of a great Shake-spearian tragedy. Kepresentations of acutemortal anguish such as marks the face of the^'Dying Gladiator" have ever been acknowledgedas among the purest and most applaudedtriumphs of the sculptor's art. And the ear willalways be conscious of a special charm that mys-teriously pervades the strains of plaintive music.Xow how are we to account for the pleasure

that we undoubtedly derive from these realisticdelineations of pain? It is not the rapture ofrevenge. We love, of course, to see Mr. Faginhanged and Mr. Quilp drowned, because we hadalready learned most heartily to hate them. Butwhy do we read again and again of the sufferingsof Smike and the death of Little Nell? Norcan we attribute to callousness or cruelty thisstrange fondness of ours for the sorrowful sideof Art. Historians declare that high-class Ro-mans used to dilate

with the enthusiasm of con-noisseurs on the innumerable shades and vari-eties of anguish depicted on the countenancesof the victims of the arena. But the mostcursory investigation would reveal the fact thatthose who most delight in a tender and patheticballad, in a sad and mournful drama, or in areally affecting work of art, are by no means themost hardened and brutalized specimens of humanity. And what about my friends besidewhose hospitable hearth I spent such happyhours the other night? Nothing would persuademe that it was some innate barbarism that ledthem to gloat over the anguish of the strickenfamily represented in Mr. Michael's picture.No; we must look in quite other directions fora solution of the problem, and we may find thatthe riddle is not really so hard to read as it atfirst appears.

The fact is that, considered in the abstract,there is always a peculiar pleasure, and there-fore a peculiar consolation, in pain. If, bymeans of some phase of Art, you can take painout of the internal world and transfer it to theexternal, if you can render it objective insteadof subjective, it becomes instantly transformedinto a thing of beauty and a joy for ever. Allforms of wretchedness and misery, even our own,are really enjoyable from some point of view.The only trouble, of course, is to discover theprecise standpoint from which the anguish mustbe surveyed, and it is just at this point that theartist comes to our assistance. Herbert Spenceronce pointed out that even people who considerthemselves to have been cruelly and unjustlytreated derive an immense amount of happinessfrom the mental process of contemplating theirown merits and contrasting their fate with theirdeserts. Is there not a pungent pleasure, pecul-iar to itself, in the nursing of a grievance? Isthere no substratum of sound philosophy under-lying the feminine fondness for "a good cry"?And does not Time, by an alchemy of its own,transmute pain into an object of pleasurablecontemplation? It is no uncommon thing to finda group of convalescents in a hospital ward pit-ting the tales of their recent sufferings oneagainst another; and it is easy to see that each

finds a peculiar satisfaction in recalling theagony that is now past. A well-known moun-taineer tells of the sickening sensations thatswarmed through his brain as, missing his foot-hold on a frozen pass, he fell down the face ofan Alpine glacier. But he adds that he has sincederived so much enjoyment from repeatedly tell-ing the story of his misadventure that, taken asa whole, he has come to regard the incident asone of the most pleasant that have befallen him.Many a man who has risen from poverty toaffluence is conscious of a pang of exquisite satis-faction as he reflects on the squalor of his earlierconditions.

Those who have read George Gissing's beauti-ful book, The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft,will remember the contrast between the abjectmisery and grinding poverty of the early days,and the perfect happiness found amidst subse-quent circumstances of comfort and beauty."Some day,'^ says Ryecroft, writing from hislovely home in Devonshire, "some day I will goto London and revisit all the places where Ihoused in the time of my greatest poverty. Ihave not seen them for a quarter of a century.Once I should have said that there were certainstreet names, certain mental images of obscureLondon, which would make me wretched as oftenas they came before me. Now I find that part of

life interesting and pleasant to look back upon—greatly more so than many subsequent times,when I lived amid decencies and had enough toeat. Some day I will go to London and spend aday or two amid the dear old horrors." Goethe,too, has told us of the abject wretchedness thatonce almost drove him to a suicide's grave. Heresolved, however, as an alternative, to write itall down and thus give it definite form and sub-stance. And when, afterwards, he picked it up,bound in boards, like a picture in its frame, heread and reread the story with an extraordinaryglow of exultation. "Like a picture in its frame"—the simile is his own, and it brings us back tothe point from which we set out.

Here, then is the striking and suggestive fact,brought vividly and unmistakably before us, thatlife derives half its pleasure and more than halfits consolation from its pain. And this remindsme of a conversation that took place in this verystudy of mine only a day or two ago. A youngfellow called and expressed some astonishmentthat, in the pulpit, I laid such emphasis upon theCross. "Is it not too sorrowful a theme for aworld that has sorrow enough without it?" Butis not the argument that I have just stated themost complete reply to such a question? Artrelieves our overwrought nerves and comfortsour aching hearts, not with pictures of gaiety.

but with pictures of grief. Sorrow is mocked,not soothed, by laughter. And is not the effec-tive appeal of the Cross to the hearts of all meneverywhere the best possible answer to my ques-tioner's inquiry? Little children sit spellboundbeneath the pathos of that tender and tragicstory. Old people turn back to it and quietlybrush away their tears. The dying cling to itlong after all other

narratives have lost theircharm. And strong men, bearing the burdenand heat of the day, find in it a marvellous incen-tive to goodness and a matchless spur to courage.It fits the human heart as a key fits its lock.Here, if anywhere, is Art the Reliever; the high-est, holiest art; the art of which all other art isbut a faint shadow and a dim reflection. Thesame principle holds steadily all through.

"O Cross, that liftest up my head,

I dare not ask to fly from thee;I lay in dust life's glory dead.And from the ground there blossoms redLife that shall endless be."

It is from pictures of pain that a pain-rackedworld derives comfort and courage. It is fromthe dereliction and darkness of the Cross thatthe world draws strength and hope and the lifethat knows no ending.

IV

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE HILL

"But what is on the other side of the hilW

That was the question. That is always thequestion. Mj friend and I had been spinningalong in the car, the towering mountain and theshining harbour behind us, whilst each bend inthe road presented us with a fresh unfolding ofthe ceaseless panorama of woodland, pasture,and stream. We were bound for nowhere, andso far as we could see the road led there. Wewere out for the pure sake of being out. All atonce a sense of chilliness crept over us, and wewere reminded that even the wealthiest days be-come bankrupt at last. Should we turn roundand go home? There was only one objection.Right ahead of us lay a long range of hills. Theyhad attracted our attention a few hours earlieras we sat under a big tree by the side of the roadenjoying an al-fresco lunch. During the after-noon their massive forms had crept nearer andnearer, as the car had sped swiftly towards them.They captivated our fancy and lured us on.There was something taunting and challengingabout them.

"Shall we turn round and go home?""But what is on the other side of the hill?"That, I say, is the question. It is the oldestquestion in the world and the greatest questionin the world. All the pathos and the tragedy ofthe ages are

crammed into it. It was the firstquestion that man asked; it will be the last thathe will try to answer. Wherever on this planetyou find a man, you find him with eyes turnedwistfully towards the distant ranges, repeatingto himself again and yet again the old, old ques-tion, "The hill! The other side of the hill! Whatis on the other side of the hill ?"

That is how history and geography—andeverything else—came to be. The first man, toil-ing amidst his weedy pastures, earned his breadin the sweat of his brow. But often, in the coolof the evening, he sat outside his primitive dwell-ing and pointed away to the hill tops that hereand there broke the skyline. "I wonder," he saida hundred times to his companion, "I wonderwhat is on the other side of the hill I" It neverfell to his happy lot to sweep with delighted eyethe valleys that stretched out beyond thoseranges; but his sons and his grandsons conqueredthose tantalizing heights. They went out, north,south, east, and west; climbed one range andcaught sight of, another; were lured on and on—always by the old, old question; wandered be-

yond reach of each other; lost touch with theold home; settled here and settled there; and soyour tribes, your races, your nations, and yourempires came to be. It was the other side of thehill that did it.

And if it was the other side of the hill thatmade them, it was also the other side of the hillthat made them great. For the great peopleshave been the exploring peoples; and what is ex-ploration but an attempt to discover the landthat lies on the other side of the hill? Here, inAustralia, explorations began with the conquestof the Blue Mountains. Settlement was con-fined to a narrow strip of land on the far eastof the continent. And there, to the west, werethe hills. And every evening, as shepherds andsquatters watched the sun set over those huge,rugged peaks, they itched to discover what laybeyond the ranges. Again and again they at-tempted to solve the eternal secret; again andagain they were baulked and defeated. Thencame that never-to-be-forgotten day, a hundredyears ago, when Blaxland, Lawson, and Went-worth crossed the mountains. They found thata great continent with fertile valleys, spreadingplains, and rolling prairies lay on the other sideof the hill. And on that memorable day the his-tory of Australia began.

It has been so everywhere. What was the

opening up of America but the constant desire todiscover what was on the other

side of the hill?Think of that great moment—only twenty-oneyears after the epoch-making voyage of Colum-bus—when Vasco Nunez de Balboa

"With eagle eyeFirst stared at the Pacific—and all his menLooked at each other with a wild surmise.Silent upon a peak in Darien."

Why the "wild surmise"? Simply becausethey had found an ocean without looking for it!They were not searching for the Pacific; theywere simply trying to find out what was on theother side of the hill! That was all.

Yes, that was all; and yet, after all, it is a finething to know what is on the other side of thehill. Who can read the fiery theological con-troversies of days gone by without wishing thateach of the angry disputants had been able topeep over the brow of the ridge? Think of thelanguage with which Luther and Calvin assailedeach other! Think even of the correspondence ofWesley and Toplady. Wesley, the greatestevangelical force that England has ever known,wrote of the author of "Rock of Ages," "Mr.Augustus Toplady I know well; but I do notfight with chimney-sweeps. He is too dirty awriter for me to meddle with; I should only foul

my fingers.'^ Toplady was quite capable of repay-ing the founder of Methodism in his own coin.Wesley, he declared, was a hatcher of blasphe-mies; his forehead was impervious to a blush;he had perpetrated upon the public a known, awilful, and a palpable lie! But it is too bad ofme to drag these amenities of eighteenth-centurycontroversy from the dust that has so long cov-ered them. Let me bury them again at once; andlet us remember Wesley only as the greatestspiritual force in the making of modern England,and let us remember Toplady only as the authorof our favourite hymn.

For, after all, what do these angry sentencesprove? They only prove that, for a little season,neither Wesley nor Toplady was able to seewhat was on the other side of the hill. I neverread a newspaper controversy, or listen to aheated debate, without feeling that. It is soobvious that each of the disputants is standingon his own side of the hill, shouting at his oppo-nent over the ridge that separates them.

"The bush consists principally of wattleP' criesA., looking around him at the swaying tassels ofgold.

"I tell you that the bush consists principallyof gum!" replies B., as he hears the flapping ofthe great strips of bark on every side.

"It is wattled cries A.

"It is gumr cries B.

"You're distorting the facts I" shrieks A.

"You are telling lies I" returns B. And so thequarrel goes on; both A. and B. getting hotterand angrier as it proceeds. But anybody whostands on the ridge, looking down into bothvalleys, can see that both are right. On A.'s sidethe soil and the general conditions favour thegrowth of the wattle, and the wattle undoubtedlypredominates. Just over the hill, the eucalyptusis in its element, and, as a consequence, the blue-gum reigns without a rival there. If only A.and B. could each have taken a peep over thehilltop! If only Calvin could have seen thingsas they presented themselves to the eye ofLuther; and if only Luther could have looked atthe universe from Calvin's standpoint! If onlyWesley could have taken Toplady by the arm,and they could have walked together first to theone side of the hill and then to the other! Ifonly all our controversialists could be convincedof the very obvious truth that a peak is the meet-ing-place of two separate valleys! But alas,alas; it is very difficult. So many people seem tosuppose that a hilltop crowns one valley and onevalley only. So few are willing to see whatgrows on the other side of the hill.

And yet, for the matter of that, every manknows what is on the other side of the hill. Im-

mensity is on the other side of the hilL Infinityis on the other side of the hill. From my door-step to the hilltop is a matter of a mile or twoat the most; but who can measure in miles theland that lies on the other side of the hill? Be-tween me and the hills lie a cluster of farms;but all the continents and oceans lie over theranges—on the other side of the hill. Thereinlies the consecration and the glory of the Church.On a pinnacle in South America, at the verysummit of a lofty range of mountains, an im-mense statue of Jesus was recently placed. Thereis a deeper significance in the incident than thesculptors themselves saw. For Christ is alwayson the hilltops pointing His Church to the im-mensities beyond. The Church has always in-clined towards parochialism; she has contentedherself with those few miles that lie between her-self and the distant foothills. But the Masterhas stood ever on the sunlit summit pointing tothe infinities beyond. It is the story of Kipling's"Explorer":

"There's no sense in going further—it's the edge of cultiva-tion!So they said, and I believed it—broke my land andsowed my crop-Built my barns and strung my fences on the little borderstation.Tucked away below the foothills where the trails runout and stop.

Till a voice, as bad as conscience, rang interminablechanges,On one everlasting whisper, day and night repeated—so :'Something hidden! Go and find it! Go and look behindthe ranges!Something lost behind the ranges! Lost, and waiting foryou—GO!'"

"Go," said the Master. "Go ye into all theworld." In that tremendous "Go," the Churchhas caught a glimpse of the other side of the hill,and has herself been saved from narrowness bythe discovery.

Yes, immensity and infinity are on the otherside of the hill. Immensity and Infinity—andEternity. That is why the pilgrims of the ageshave been struggling with bleeding feet up thoseprecipitous slopes. They hoped that, from thesummit, they might catch one satisfying glimpseof the Beyond. Sages and savages alike havegazed with awe at the hilltops, wondering whatlay on the other side. No tribe or people hasever been discovered but in some tent or wigwamor kraal there dwelt some priest or fakir or medi-cine-man who guessed and muttered of the thingson the other side of the hill. Oh, the witcheryand the mystery of the other side of the hill! Oh,the lure and the fascination of the other side ofthe hill! There is, I say, a deeper significance inthat South American statue than its constructorsimagined. For Jesus stands on the hilltop. He

sees what is on our side of the hill, and He seeswhat is on the other. And, since He knows, Ineed no fakir, no guesser, no medicine-man. Hehas brought life and immortality to light throughthe gospel. And there He stands! And so longas He commands that eminence, there is no terrorfor me on either side of the hill.

"This woman/' said Greatheart to Gaius, "is thewife of one Christian, a pilgrim of former times,and these are his four children. The boys takeall after their father, and covet to tread in hissteps. Yea, if they do but see any place wherethe old Pilgrim hath lain, or any print of hisfoot, it ministereth joy to their hearts, and theycovet to lie or tread in the same." I always thinkof that as one of the most charming and affectingpassages in the whole of Bunyan's

wonderfulallegory. "7/ they see any place where the oldpilgrim hath lain, or any print of his foot, itministereth joy to their hearts, and they covetto lie or tread in the same/'

Now I believe this sentence of Bunyan's to bethe best, and most searching, and most illuminat-ing exposition of a striking question of Paul's.It occurs in the course of one of his most statelyand majestic arguments. In the range of thatmagnificent and monumental passage, some por-tion of which is read at every Christian burial,the vision of the apostle seems to sweep all

worlds. Nothing is beyond Ms ken. And heabruptly asks, ^^What shall they do who are bap-tized for the deadr' Now it is a thousand pitiesthat we should allow this radiant and pregnantphrase to drift among the barren sands and shal-low pools of ecclesiastical debate and theologicalcontroversy. We must find a place for it in thewarm atmosphere of our happiest and mostevangelistic ministries. The setting is sp ex-quisitely simple. Paul always felt very acutelythat he was a late arrival. He has just said thathe came afterwards ^^as one born out of duetime." The romantic day seemed past. He hadnever companied with Jesus. Perhaps he neversaw, except in vision, the Saviour's face. He wasdistinctly and emphatically representative of anew generation. But he sees that there is roomfor heroism still. He is determined that thesecond generation shall be worthy of its prede-cessor. He himself remembers vividly, and witha shudder, the death of Stephen. He stood by,consenting, perhaps even applauding. He feelsnow that that unforgettable revelation on theroad to Damascus was a call to perpetuate thesplendid testimony of those heroic spirits whohad fallen—some of them at his own hands. Hehas been baptized for the dead. Paul was bap-tized for the dead Stephen, as later on Timothywas baptized for the dead Paul. And so the

world goes on. God buries His workmen, butcarries on His work.

The fact is that the principle enshrined in thisneglected text is the divine answer to one of thedeepest and most tender cravings of which hu-manity is capable. It is akin to a man's yearningfor a child of his own body, a woman's silent andunutterable longing for motherhood. This oldworld of ours holds nothing more truly andintensely pathetic than a dying man's anxietyabout the perpetuation of his life-work. GeorgeEliot has twice portrayed this hunger of the soulwith a very delicate and tender touch. Who canread Romola and not be

affected by the scenesbetween the blind old philosopher, Bardo, andhis vigorous young son, Dino? The aged thinkerfeels life literally oozing out of him. Every dayhis body is more frail, his mind less acute. Buthe delights in the manly strength of Dino, andrejoices in the fond hope that his son will takeup the glorious task when at last he lays it down.And the agonizing climax of the old man's griefis reached when Dino repudiates the charge, andleaves his father to die without a successor. Itis hard for the standard-bearer to feel the steelof the foe, and to know that there is no otherhand to seize the flag as it falls from his dyinggrasp. Again, in Daniel Deronda we have all feltthe exultation of the aged Jew who could not

contain his delight that Daniel T\ould echo hisvoice and continue his work after he was gone.Yes; it is a great thing for Stephen to have hisSaul, for Paul to have his Timothy, for the dyingman, as he turns his face to the wall, to feel thatanother has been baptized on his behalf. It isgood for a man to make his will, to leave all hisaffairs in perfect order, to die with no anxietyconcerning things in this world or in any other.But surely that man can greet the angel of Deathwith a radiant face who can point to another—youthful, virile, enthusiastic—who will grasp thetools as they fall from wornout hands and carrythe good work to perfect completion. That manrears his own immortality w^ho prudently toilsto raise up to himself, whilst his sun is high inthe heavens, spiritual successors whose voiceswill be heard when his sun has set for the lasttime.

Now a great spirit often does his best work,not in his own proper person, but by means ofthe disciples who rise up to succeed him andcarry on his w^ork. The eighteenth century, forexample, was dominated by three very remark-able men—Immanuel Kant, Samuel Johnson,and John Wesley. We owe very much, of course,to the work done by each of them; but we owestill more to the influence which they exertedover their disciples and successors. After the

death of Kant we had a great philosophical re-vival ; after the death of Johnson we had a greatliterary revival; and after the death of Wesleywe had a great religious revival. Johnson diedin 1784; Wesley died in 1791; Kant died in 1804.Immediately upon the death of Kant, we havethe work of Hegel and Schopenhauer, of Schleier-macher and Herbart, of Goethe and Schelling, ofThomas Brown and Jeremy Bentham, of SirThomas Mackintosh and Sir William Hamilton,of Johann Fichte and of many others. In the sameway, Dr. Johnson was scarcely buried when therearose Coleridge and Wordsworth, Southey andLamb, Sir Walter Scott and Thomas Moore,James Hogg and Lord

Byron, George Crabbe andPercy Shelley, Thomas Campbell and WalterSavage Landor, Leigh Hunt and John Keats.These, and a host of contemporaries, form agalaxy of literary brilliance unequalled in Eng-lish story. It is no wonder that when, not longafter the death of Johnson, the poet-laureatedied, the Government of the day was embar-rassed by its wealth of riches and knew not whomto appoint. Of John Wesley exactly the samemay be said, save that in his case it would befutile to mention names. Strictly speaking,Wesley was a childless old man when he died;yet we all know that the sons of John Wesleyform a host that no man can number. In each

case we are reminded that a really colossal per-sonality often wields a more widespread, if lessdramatic, influence through the instrumentalityof the disciples who succeed him than is possibleto his single individuality.

And, of course, looking at the matter the otherway, it is an equally fine thing for a man, withhis life all before him, to accept a sacred chargefrom dying lips. A thought like this was surelysurging in the mind of Abraham Lincoln whenhe dedicated the battlefield of Gettysburg as aplace of public burial. "We cannot dedicate,we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow thisground," he said. "The brave men who struggledhere have consecrated it far beyond our powerto add or detract. It is for us, the living, ratherto be dedicated to the unfinished work which theywho fought here have thus far so nobly advanced.It is rather for us to be here dedicated to thegreat task remaining before us, that from thesehonoured dead we may take increased devotionto that cause for which they gave the last fullmeasure of devotion. Let us here highly resolvethat these dead shall not have died in vain." Itwould be very difficult indeed to find a finerexposition of PauFs famous phrase.

Two missionary records occur to me, each ofwhich strikingly illustrates my theme. We havejust celebrated the centenary of the opening of

Baptist mission work in the West Indies—a mis-sion that will always be associated with thehistoric name of William Knibb. But we cannever forget the extraordinary way in whichWilliam Knibb became the apostle of Jamaica. .William Knibb's father had two sons—Thomasand William.' Thomas left Kettering to be ap-prenticed to Mr. Fuller, the friend of Carey, and,catching his missionary enthusiasm, he after-wards sailed for Jamaica. He landed in Janu-ary, 1823, and died within three months. Whenthe melancholy tidings reached home, William,the younger brother was so impressed by the.pathos of it all that he

begged to be allowed togo in his brother's place and finish his brother'swork. And thus William Knibb was baptizedfor his dead brother, and became the heroic mis-sionary of that oppressed people and the breakerof their chains. Similarly, in the great days whenDr. Thomas Chalmers was arousing the Churchof Scotland to her duty in respect of the heathenworld, a young man named John Urquhart waspowerfully affected by the burning passion andresistless logic of the great professor's plea. Hevolunteered to carry the gospel to India, butdied before effect could be given to his nobleresolve. He had a bosom friend, however, oneAlexander Duff. They were as brothers. Duffhad never thought seriously of missions, but he

was profoundly moved by the spectacle of Msfriend's lofty design and its tragic frustration.He hurried home, told his parents what had hap-pened, and asked permission to take up Urqu-hart's cloak. Consent was given, and Duff wentto India in Urquhart's place. He left a namew^hich must be fragrant for evermore. He wasbaptized for his dead friend.! Now it does seem to me that, without descend-ing to anything that might even appear maudlinor merely sentimental, we have here the ground-work for a very effective evangelistic appeal. Letour preachers call upon their young men in thecongregations to perpetuate the integrity of theirfathers. Let them challenge the daughters tocontinue in a fresh generation the piety of theirmothers. Who will be baptized for the dead?"^Who will plant his foot in the prints that the oldpilgrim has left? The time has come to dareour young people, to taunt them, to put them ontheir mettle. In all our churches we find a dimin-ishing band of aged men who, in their day, borea valiant witness for the truth, and, in manycases, reared the buildings in which we worship.We honour them, and say of them as the Spartanyouths said of their grandsires, ^^They have beenbrave F' And most of us are surrounded byexcellent and devout men, who hold office in ourchurches to-day. These, too, we honour with

grateful delight. We owe them much. ^'Theyare brave!" But when we look around for thenext generation of stalwarts, it must be con-fessed, without yielding to pessimism or panic,that things are not so promising. The multipli-cation of popular pleasures is working sad havoc.They are few upon whom we can look with prideand say, ^^These will he hraveV' But let us soundthis new

note! Let us tell of the splendid hero-ism and noble self-sacrifice and beautiful devo-tion of their fathers. And as, with one hand, wepoint to the honoured graves of the standard-bearers who have fallen in the fight, and, withthe other, to the battle still hotly contested andstill unwon, surely, surely, surely we shall dis-cover those whose memories will twine them-selves about the tender grace of a day that isdead, and whose soul will respond with eagernessto so searching and pathetic a challenge! Letus say to them, "Elijah, my servant, is trans-vlated: now therefore arise!" and peradventureElisha will step forth and claim the mantle thathas fallen. Let us say to them, "Moses, my serv-ant, is dead: now therefore arise, and lead my"^people Israel!" and peradventure Joshua willstep into the breach! It may be that some youngpilgrim will plant his foot in the old man'sprints! Let us dare men, by the graves of theirsires, to be solemnly baptized for the dead.

VI

SANDY

Old Sandy McAlister was a perfect godsend tohis minister; and, in his own peculiar way, herendered the church most excellent service. Mos-giel is a scattered district, and Sandy lived somedistance from the church. He was not strong;and his attendance depended to a large extenton the state of the weather and the condition ofthe roads. I confess that it took me a good whileto fathom Sandy. He said very little; and some-how I came to think of him as a man with asecret. I was not far out, as this record willshow. I knew Sandy for years before I dis-covered the hidden depths of sweetness andchivalry that his brusque and rugged exteriorso cleverly concealed. That is one of the delightsof a lengthy pastorate. It takes a long time toget to know some of the most lovable people.Had I left Mosgiel after three years, I shouldhave cherished no amiable memory of Sandy.As it is, I stayed long enough to find him out;and he became one of my fastest and most confi-dential friends.

It was a queer little house in which Sandylived all by himself. He had been a widower formany years; of children he had none. He hadneither the means nor the inclination to engagea housekeeper; and he was too fond of his ownlittle

ways to seek board and residence withothers. And so he lived alone in his little two-roomed cottage—his "but and ben," as he calledit. The cottage lay back from the road with allthe garden in front. Sandy was no aesthetic.He had a frugal mind. I can see now the tallrows of French-beans; the sprawling marrowplants; the tangle of potato haulms; the beds ofgigantic cabbages punctuated here and there bythe headless stalks of those that had surrendereddear life for Sandy's sake. Sandy took inordi-nate pride in these departments of horticulture.I remember his taking me out by moonlight toadmire a magnificent cauliflower; and, in wintertime, when the snow had buried his frozen gar-den, he would sit in his rocking-chair by theglowing fire and glance lovingly at the enormousvegetable marrows that reposed on a shelf nearby. Save for the roses that clambered over theporch, and a tall row of yellow sunfiowers thatflourished near the fence, Sandy devoted no at-tention to flowers.

Although he was frail, and a martyr to rheu-matism, Sandy was rarely ill. Once or twice I

visited Mm in Ms ^'ben"; but it was usually inthe other room that he and I overhauled the uni-verse. I always occupied the rocking-chair onthese occasions. Not all the coaxing or cajoleryin the world would persuade Sandy to take thatchair when his minister was in the house. I triedonce or twice to wheedle him into it, but I foundhim adamantine. "It wudna be recht!" he usedto say; so I capitulated, and, ever afterwards, *^followed the line of least resistance and took therocking-chair as a matter of course. It was morethan forty years since he left the Homeland; buthe always had something to say about Scotland.The latest Hawick newspaper was never far fromhis chair, and it was from that geographicalstandpoint that he looked out upon the world.He was fond of history, although I sometimesfancied that his sense of proportion was slightlydefective. To him, Waterloo was a mere skir-mish in comparison with Bannockburn; whilst tothe puny heroes of whom I sometimes talked soglibly, he would introduce Bruce and Wallace,like a pair of monstrous colossi, and all my idolswere dwarfed and shamed out of countenance.It was good for me; it humbled my southernpride; it made me feel how jaundiced my Eng-lish view of things had evidently become. Andif, in an unguarded moment, I rashly referredto some mere lowland poet, that pale and sickly

luminary was instantly extinguished by thedazzling effulgence of Burns!

I noticed as soon as I settled at Mosgiel that,although Sandy was frequently

absent from theordinary services, he was invariably in his placeat the business meetings of the church. Even onbleak wintry nights, ts^hen he had to fight his wayalong muddy roads through a perfect hurricaneof rain or sleet, he was always there. I marvelledat this, for Sandy was not fond of debate. Hetook his seat against the wall, and manifestedonly the most languid interest in all that wasbeing said and done. Sometimes he did not eventrouble to vote. It was some little time beforeI could lay my hand on any clue to the mystery.But one night Sandy actually spoke. I had intro-duced the names of several candidates for mem-bership. In only one case w^as there the slightesthesitancy. Alan Fairmaid had been somethingof a scapegrace in the neighbourhood. The changefrom the old life to the new was so sudden as tosavour, in the judgment of some, of impetuosity.It was suggested that he should be subjected toa probationary period of three or four months.If, at the end of that time, he still ran well, re-ceive him by all means. Owen Davids, a Welshsailor, who had had experiences of his own, wason his feet in a moment.

"Mr. Chairman," he said, "if Alan gets the idea

into his head that we suspect him, it will do hima lot of harm. We've got to take a risk. If wereceive him straight away, we run the risk thathe may disappoint us and prove unworthy of ourfellowship. If we receive the other candidates,but place him on probation, we may discouragehim and turn him back to his old ways. In thefirst case we have our remedy; in the second,we have none. I move that all the candidates beapproved."

It was the case of Paul and Barnabas overagain. There was something to be said for tak-ing Mark, and something to be said for leavinghim. I admired those who were jealous for thehonour of the church, and I admired those whotrembled for the soul of Alan Fairmaid. At thecritical moment, Sandy arose. I was amazed. Ihad no idea that he had it in him to make aspeech.

"Mr. Chairman,^' he said, ^^there is no Com-munion Service for over a fortnight, so that evenif we pass these names to-night they cannot bewelcomed until then. I move that this meetingstand adjourned until this night fortnight, andI shall make it my business to see Alan in themeantime."

The proposal was eagerly adopted. During thenext fortnight Sandy and Alan were inseparable.Twice of an evening I strolled along the grassy

road to the little cottage behind the French-beansand the sunflowers, and on each occasion I foundAlan in the chair opposite Sandy. And when thechurch assembled for its adjourned meeting,Sandy had such a glowing tale to tell of the timesthat Alan and he had spent together that thename was passed without the utterance of an-other word. All the candidates—Alan amongthem—were welcomed to fellowship at the Com-munion Service on the following Sunday eve-ning; the fortnight's intercourse between Sandyand Alan ripened into a fast and lifelong friend-ship ; and Alan adorned for many years the mem-bership and service of the Mosgiel church.

Sandy made that his life-work. He was thechampion of all doubtful cases. It was not thathe wished to oppose those who counselled cau-tion. He recognized that their alarm in certaincases pointed to circumstances of special peril inthe candidates—circumstances that naturallyawakened such serious apprehension. AndSandy felt himself called to prevent a collapse.He therefore devoted his attention to thosepoints at which a collapse was most to be feared.I remember strolling down to the cottage oneevening and finding five of the younger membersof the church sitting with him. One of the girlshad brought him a lovely bunch of flowers, andhad daintily arranged them on the table-centre.

Sandy's big Bible was lying open near him, andI guessed that he had been making good use ofhis opportunity. As I glanced round the roomat the faces lit up by the firelight, the first thingthat struck me was that each of Sandy's guestshad been the subject of the gravest misgivingwhen the name was first submitted to the church.And very possibly those sinister alarms wouldhave been fully justified by subsequent events—if it had not been for Sandy. As it turned out,however, Sandy's proteges invariably proved ourmost loyal and most devoted workers.

The illness that took Sandy from us was not along one. I was out visiting in the township oneafternoon when, looking down the long straightroad, I was surprised to see the doctor's gigstanding at Sandy's gate. I was soon at his side;but he did not take his sickness seriously. In-deed, he was rather more talkative than usual.He was in a reminiscent mood.

"I've been thinking about auld times," he said,as he took my hand. "I've never told you how itcame about that I first joined a church. Go andget the rocking-chair, and put it beside the bed,and I'll tell ye all aboot it!"

I brought the rocking-chair from the "but" tothe "ben," placed it so that I sat facing him, andhe went on with his story.

"Weel, ye ken," he continued, lapsing, as he

often did, into his native brogue, "I was gey wildin my early days. But the guid Lord had mercyon Sandy, and I asked the meenister if I couldjoin the kirk. He shook his head, and said thatit Avould have to be considered very carefully. Afew weeks afterwards he told me that I had beenput on probation, and that if I did well my appli-cation would be again considered. It was like awet blanket. I was wrong and wicked to thinkit; but I felt that they did not want me, and Iwent back to my auld companions and my auldlife. It was ten years before I ever troubled thekirk again; and those ten years were the mostwretched years that I ever spent. I never kneeldown beside this auld bed without asking thegood Lord to blot out the memory of those dread-ful years. And now ye ken why I took a weebit interest in Alan Fairmaid and the ither ladsand lasses. I canna do much; but if I could savea single one of them from years like those tenyears of mine I should feel that I had dune aguid day's work."

It was the last talk I ever had with him. Athis funeral I spoke for a few moments on TheGlory of the Rearguard—that obscure detach-ment that follows the army, gathers up all thestragglers, and saves all those who would other-wise fall out. Sandy left nothing—he had livedon a little pension that lapsed with his death—

but a few of his admirers erected a modest stoneabove bis grave. And I noticed that, in raisingthat monument, Alan Fairmaid and the youngpeople I met in Sandy's room were among thelargest contributors.

VII

THE ENCHANTED COAT

I HAVE met it three times now—that romance ofinvisibility. As a small boy, I came across it ina fairy-tale. How vividly it all comes back tome! That was a great day in my little life.When I scrambled out of bed and looked out ofthe window, the earth was buried deep in snow,and the flakes were still falling thick and fast.At the breakfast-table a lively debate took placeas to whether it was safe for me to go to school.The spirit of adventure seized me: I should feellike a polar

explorer; I begged to be allowed togo. I well remember fighting my way throughthe storm and the snowdrifts; and when I atlength reached the half-buried school there werenot a dozen of us there. "We can't have classes,"said the schoolmaster; "you had better go to thelibrary and get some books and sit round thestove and read them!"

It so happened that I had been school librarianthe week before; and in overhauling my librarycharges I had discovered a volume of fairy-tales.

I knew just where to lay my hand upon it. Whata day I had! But it all turned upon that in-visible coat. How could Jack have conqueredthe giant; how could he have slain the dragon;how could he have escaped from the ogre's bone-littered dungeon; how could he have rescued thecharming princess whom he afterwards married,but for that enchanted garment? He had but tothrow it over his shoulders and, like a flash, bothit and he were instantly invisible. How Ichuckled, as I sat beside the stove that day, inthe enjoyment of Jack's magic secret. I watchedthe most gruesome and terrible monsters drawnear to destroy him; but I felt a wild, unutter-able joy in their stealthy approach, for I knewthat, at the critical moment. Jack's wondrouscoat would wave above his head and the horridbrutes would be destroyed. I felt my cheeksflush with excitement; and all mundane things—even the deepening snow—were millions of milesaway. If I had possessed that enchanted coatmyself, it could scarcely have afforded me morepleasure. It was a great experience.

I left the fairy-tales behind me in the oldlibrary cupboard at school, but not the enchantedcoat. I met it again in Plato. Every reader ofthe Republic remembers the ring of Gyges.Gyges, according to the philosopher, discovereda wondrous ring w^hich, when placed upon the

finger and turned in a certain direction, renderedthe wearer totally invisible. Here again was theold story, that I first read beside the stove, re-appearing in a slightly altered form.

A year or so ago I came upon it yet once more.I one day bought everything that Mr. H. G.Wells has written, his Invisible Man among therest. Here is a man who discovers some chemicalsecret, and he straightway becomes invisible. "Ishall never forget," he says, "the strange horrorof seeing my hands become as clouded

glass andwatching them grow clearer and thinner as thedays went by, until at last I could see the sicklydisorder of my room through them, though Iclosed my transparent eyelids. My limbs becameglassy; the bones and arteries faded, vanished."He was invisible! I need not recount the adven-tures that followed. But, clearly, here we haveJack's enchanted coat and the ring of Gyges overagain.

Now, strange to say, this thrice-told tale hashad an effect upon me exactly the opposite tothat which might have been expected. Insteadof making me yearn for an enchanted coat likethat of Jack, or for a magic ring like that ofGyges, or for a chemical secret like that of Mr.H. G. Wells's hero, I have been made to feel thata good substantial body—immune from all possi-bility of invisibility—is a very useful contrivance

to carry about with you. I know that it is gen-erally considered the correct thing to abuse thebody and to call it ugly names. I dare say that,like myself, it has its seamy side; but at thismoment I am more disposed to dwell on the otherphase of the picture. Circumstanced as I nowam, a body is a distinct convenience. That ithas material advantages, any one can see. I amafraid that my friends would cut me dead on thestreet if I ventured forth without it. They couldscarcely be expected to recognize me. Like theaddress at the heading of my note-paper, mybody enables my friends to locate me. It pro-claims to all and sundry my precise whereabouts.If I form the bad habit of writing my letters onpaper that bears no address, my correspondentswill be compelled to direct their replies by guess-work. As a natural and inevitable consequence,their communications will go wandering aboutthe world, and perhaps never find me. In thesame way, if I contract the vicious habit of goingout of an afternoon without my body, I shallplunge my friends into endless confusion. Thinkof the difficulties that must be theirs when theyattempt to converse with me! I can imaginethe start that Jones will give when, seeing himstanding on the post-office steps, I approach andbid him good-day! I can fancy the wild, distress-ful glances that he will hastily bestow upon all

the points of the compass as he sweeps the hori-zon in search of the owner of the voice that hasso startled him. I shall soon be able to put himat his ease by explaining that I have inadver-tently left my body in the study; but the awk-wardness will remain. Passers-by will naturallysuppose that he has taken leave of his senses.They will see him gazing into empty space con-versing all the time with characteristic anima-tion, and they will exchange significant lookswith one another, tapping their foreheads as theydo so. Moreover, it is conceivable that

my de-parture will be as unknown to poor Jones as myapproach, and he will still be addressing me onthe post-office steps whilst, as a matter of fact, Iam a quarter of a mile farther up the street. Theposition will be decidedly uncomfortable.

But it is not the mere matter of discomfortthat has most impressed me. I am convincedthat my body serves a moral as well as a materialpurpose. I am a better man for having a bodyto carry about with me. I hear people speak ofthe body as though it acted as a brake upon good-ness. It may occasionally do so; but far moreoften it acts as a restraint upon badness. Takeour criminal courts. What has led to the arrestof these men? Was it not the fact that theywere under the necessity of carrying their bodiesabout with them? Had they possessed Jack's

enchanted coat, they could have outraged thelaw with impunity. Let us suppose, for the sakeof an illustration, that I am tempted to becomea burglar. There is really only one serious diffi-culty. If it were not for that one difficulty weshould have a hundred times as many burglariesas now trouble us. I need scarcely add that thatone supreme difficulty is my body. Nature, benton dissuading me from becoming a burglar, saysto me, "Well, if you have really made up yourmind to earn your living by breaking into otherpeople's houses, you must take your body withyou wherever you go I" It is a terrible conditionfor Nature to impose upon me. My body weighs,let us say, at least a hundredweight. Here am I,about to fare forth on an exceedingly delicatebusiness, a business in which secrecy and silenceare absolutely essential to success, and Naturecompels me to carry a hundredweight of solidmatter with me as I go! You might as wellattire an athlete in a suit of mail before startingMm on his race! I shall have to drag that hun-dredweight of flesh from my house to the housethat I propose to rob, and the wretched thing willmake a noise all the way. Under its weight twigswill snap, gravel will crunch, stones will rattle,floors will scroop, stairs will creak, and a multi-tude of echoes will be started by such a cumbrousload. All sorts of accusing and incriminating

noises will be made, and any one of them mayprove my undoing. Moreover, my body appealsnot only to the ear, but to the eye. Nature saysto me, "If you dare to attempt a burglary, youwill have to take your body with you, and thensomebody will see itF^ You can see what she isdriving at: she means to turn me from my evilpurpose. A body is such an easy target for aprying eye. My only chance—since I must needstake it with me—is to go about my felonious taskat dead of night, wrapping up my body in inkydarkness. When I see anybody approaching, Imust instantly hide it in a culvert or behind ahedge. It is a horrible thing to be

bothered with,and multiplies the chances of detection immeas-urably. Thinking it over in this way, I find therisks are too great, and I decide that a burglari-ous life is not the life for me. As a matter offact, thousands decide in that way, and for theselfsame reasons. It is just because a burglaris obliged to take his body with him whereverhe goes that so few men, comparatively speaking,become burglars.

I confess that when I was a little fellow, gloat-ing over Jack's famous exploits with his fairy-coat, I thought that such a garment, if I couldonly get hold of it, would represent a very valu-able addition to my wardrobe. But that wasobviously a very small boy's way of looking at

things. By the time that I came upon Gyges andhis ring I had grown wiser. I could not helpnoticing that, although Gyges intended to usehis magic power wisely and well, the temptationsthat it suggested were too much for him; andbefore he knew what had happened he had com-mitted every crime in the calendar. This lefton my mind a mere hazy and uncomfortable im-pression; but that impression was crystallizedinto conviction when I came to Mr. H. G. Wells.His Invisible Man started innocently enough;but when the rascal found that he could do whathe would without the slightest fear of detection,he stole, plundered, and murdered until every-body longed for the day when earth should berid of so terrible a monster.

I then made up my mind, once and for all, thatthere are considerable advantages, of a moraland ethical character, in being visible, audible,tangible, incarnate. And when I read, as I some-times do, the anonymous letters that appear inour newspapers, the feeling comes back upon me.The anonymity of a newspaper is the nearestapproach to an enchanted coat or a magic ringthat I know. It enables a man to act and speakwithout being seen at all. And, somehow, veryfew men seem able to avail themselves of thatpeculiar privilege without being horribly spite-ful. As soon as human nature flings an en-

chanted coat over its shoulders, it becomes in-stantly malicious. The spirit of a man is safestwhen embodied. When I can be trusted withouta body I shall no doubt be permitted to lay thatencumbrance aside. For the present I need abody for the preservation of my character andthe salvation of my soul. I dare not fancy

thedepths of degradation into which I might de-scend if I were relieved of the flesh that iswrapped around me. And was not the redemp-tion of the world achieved not by a disembodi-ment, but by an incarnation? Who can say hardthings about his body after that?

COMPANIONS OF THE BUSH^

With the Companionship of the Bath I neverexpect to be honoured in this world, but to theCompanionship of the Bush I was admitted yearsago. There are mystic rites of initiation of whichonly bushmen know; secret sights and soundsthat would convey no meaning to those who havenever cultivated the intimacy of these vast Aus-tralian solitudes, but which, to the confidants ofthe forest, are pregnant with wealthy signifi-cance and instinct with wondrous symbolism.An Englishman who saw this house from whichI write, perched as it is like an eyrie on thecliffs, would take it for granted that I was en-tirely destitute of anything in the nature of com-panionship. Here I sit, looking out upon alonely sea, whilst the great virgin bush clothesall the plains and slopes around me. This is theeighth long, delightful holiday that I have spenthere, and the better I know the spot the more do

1 The •'Companions of the Bush" first made their appearance in the columnsof the Christian World; and I gratefully acknowledge the courtesy of the editorof that journal in permitting me to provide them, in this volume, with a per-manent home.—^F. W. B.

I marvel at those who could suppose that I waslonely. I have, it is true, left the world behindme. The scream of railway-trains, the shout ofnewsboys, and the hum of city life are miles andmiles away. If, in the course of my rambles, Ichance to fall and break my leg, the task of get-ting myself found, and then of arranging for abarge to take me forty miles over a rough seato a doctor, will present difficulties of its own;but who bothers his head about such morbidpossibilities? In exchange for the crowds of thecity I have the companions of the bush. Allowme to introduce you.

First of all, let us go down to the beach. Comewith me along this narrow track through thescrub, and down over the cliff on to the sands.That sudden hissing

noise? Oh, it is nothing—just an army of crabs, thousands and thousandsof them, frightened out of their wits by our in-vasion of their domain, and all trying to burythemselves in the sand at the same time. Butlook out there at the water's edge! On the fringeof the sandpit stand twelve grey storks. Theylook as solemn as judges, although their numberis more reminiscent of juries. They strut sedatelyup and down, stooping occasionally to devoursome tasty morsel that the lapping waves flingat their feet. Let us go nearer. They will allowus to approach within fifty yards of them, and

then away they go all together, their long legstrailing out behind them. They will not fly far,for they know we mean them no harm. A coupleof hundred yards along the shore they settleagain, and go on fishing as serenely and silentlyas though we had never disturbed them.

A strange contrast to the solemn, silent storksare the noisy parrots up there in the blue-gums.Parrots of many kinds and colours flock to thesegiant trees around the house. They seem as fondof human companionship as the magpies thatcluster round the door. In these trees I havebrought down at one shot three fine birds of mostexquisite and brilliant plumage, and have feltashamed of the havoc that I have wrought untilI remembered that the farmers and orchardistsaway back would unite in blessing me. Thenoisy birds in the branches above us just now,however, are big grey parrots, with black faces,and their sombre garb is in striking contrastwith the gay feathers of those that sometimesvisit us.

Returning to the house, I must introduce youto Darby and Joan. Darby and Joan, be itknown by these presents, are the two largeiguanas who make their home under the floorof the back verandah. Darby is about eighteeninches long; Joan is an inch or two shorter. Ona warm day like this you will generally find them

out in the sun within twenty yards of their base.Here, surely enough, is Darby just creeping intothe woodshed. A big, plump, scaly thing he is,shining in the bright sunlight, his furtive, rest-less little eyes watching you with evident sus-picion. He is a repulsive creature. Stoop tostroke him, or to pick him up, and he will looksavagely at you, and dart out his long bluetongue with lightning rapidity. But when youget to know him you will ignore such threats andhandle him as you will. They say that he is morethan a match for the deadliest snake in the bush,but I have never known of any human beingbeing harmed by him; and I have seen boys maula poor iguana in such a way that, had I been theiguana, I would have bitten if I could!

I should like you to meet Jack, but Jack iswofully shy. Jack, you know, is the bandicoot(perameles ohesula) that lives in the scrub abouta hundred yards along the track behind thehouse. I usually come upon him as I return tothe house in the gloaming. He sits under a wispof scrub right on the edge of the track until I amalmost up to him, and then away he goes—hop,hop, hop—through the grasses and up the bank.The uninitiated might mistake him in the semi-darkness for a rabbit; but there is a great dif-ference. A rabbit, getting out of your way, goesa few yards—lippety-lip, lippety-lip, lippety-lip

—and then pauses to take fresh observations,his little white tail betraying his identity all thetime. But Jack never behaves so foolishly.When once he starts, he goes on and on, jumpingon his hind legs like a kangaroo, until he is wellout of your sight. Your only chance of observinghim closely is just before he starts. He sits upstaring at you. How wise he looks, with his longnose, long whiskers, and cunning little eyes I"Here, Jack, don't be frightened I We won't hurtyou I" But Jack takes no risks. There he goes I

I w^as strolling along the track the other day,a quarter of a mile or so from the house, when Icame on old Bristles, the porcupine or ant-eater(echidna aculeata). Such a rustle and a clatterhe was making in the undergrowth that a deafman could scarcely have missed him. I steppedtowards him, and he almost dived into solidearth. The rapidity with which he can hide him-self even in the hardest ground is incredible.With the greatest difficulty and by the exertionof all my strength I at last turned him out withmy stick, and holding him by his hind foot —theonly safe handle—held him up for examination,and then, having passed the time of day, I set himdown, and he vanished, as if by magic, before youcould say Jack Robinson.

I have left Satan until the last. Satan is thebig black snake who lives down by the gate. I

have never seen Satan, but every day I see hiswriggling track across the sand by the gate, anda friend once caught sight of the flash of his tailas it vanished in the fern. That is the one re-deeming feature of our Australian snakes. Theyare the deadliest in the world, and they are evi-dently plentiful. I find their tracks everywhere,but I have never seen one yet. Dead ones I havefound, and skins that have been sloughed, butnever a real live snake. I have brought the chil-dren here, and sent them scampering throughthe bush in search of orchids, and although theyhave scoured hills and valleys for weeks on end,no one of them has ever

come upon a snake. Thewhole place swarms with them; a bite meansalmost certain death; and yet so elusive are thereptiles that the bush is almost as safe as anEnglish common. I suppose more children dieof wasp-stings in England than of snake-bites inAustralia. We have no wasps.

I have said nothing about my maritime com-panions. From the boat I sometimes look downinto clear, translucent depths, and, among themagnificent forestry far down in the waters, Isee fish by the thousand. From the shark, fifteenfeet long—who sometimes lies alongside andstares at me, and then goes gracefully awaythrough the depths beneath—to the swarms ofperch and cod, trevally and trumpeter, mackerel

and flathead, the sea is simply moving with fish.Here is the food supply of our sojourn in thebush.

These are the Companions of the Bush; butthere are K.C.B.'s as well as C.B.'s. Let metell of two. Two or three miles over the hillthere I could take you to a lonely orchard. Asyou approached the house a gentle English ladywould come out to meet you; and if you told herthat you also came from England it would besome minutes before she could speak to you. Isshe sorry that she left the crowded homeland forthis solitude amidst the wilds? She is too braveto say "Yes/' but it takes the heart of a lion toleave all the dear associations of the old countryand settle down in a desolate spot like this. Thewomen of the bush! As George Essex Evanssang:

"The red sun robs their beauty, and, in weariness and gain.The slow years steal the nameless grace that never comes

again;And there are hours men cannot soothe, and words men

cannot say—The nearest woman's face may be a hundred miles away."

I know a little shanty a few miles farther back.I should scarcely have noticed it, but I saw abullock w^agon drop a big box under a bluegum-tree beside the track. Presently I saw a youngfellow not much bigger than the box emerge from

the trees, pick up the box, and stagger off withit. I called to him. He was a Lancashire lad.He had come out by himself, penetrated intothese wilds, taken up this selection, burned downthe bush, torn up the stumps, ploughed the soiland planted an orchard, with never a soul tabreak the silence or listen to his voice. The boxcontained his stores for another month. Hecarried it through the bush and up the hill to thelittle one-roomed house that he had built for him-self. We talked for awhile of England before weparted, and his eyes moistened. ^^Are you sorryyou came out?" I asked him. "No," he answered;"this is the place for a young fellow. It's grandto be opening up a new country!" If there hadbeen another present I would have called forthree cheers. Three cheers for the pioneers—three cheers for the KC.B.'s!

IX

THE MAN IN THE MOON

It is high time that I turned my attention to thisextremely eminent personage. It is usual to saythat one knows no more about a thing than theMan in the Moon. But this constant assumptionof the ignorance of the Man in the Moon is—likeso many of our assumptions—a baseless fallacy.Depend upon it, there are some things of whichthe Man in the Moon knows far more than wedo—the moon itself, for example. The Man inthe Moon is absolutely unique in that particular.He is the one man in the entire universe whocherishes no illusions about the moon. Every-body else has been moonstruck at some time orother. Did not Du Maurier declare that we all'^haunt the moon until we are forty? But at thatage we begin to content ourselves with the drabcommonplaces of dear old Mother Earth; andthen, for the first time, we really enjoy ourselves.There may be a spice of pardonable exaggerationin the statement; but it is not all exaggeration.Paul says, in the course of one of his most stately ,and tremendous arguments, that there are celes-

tial bodies, and there are bodies terrestrial. IfI may wrest his words from their context, anduse them in a sense slightly different from thatin which he employed them, I should state thedistinction in this way: celestial bodies circle,for the most part, round the sun; terrestrialbodies circle, for the most part, round the moon.Look, for example, at our literature. Whatbudding poet would have the temerity to addresshimself to any other theme until he had writtenan ode to the

moon? Or what novelist would/dare to write a triumphant "Finis" on the lastsheet of his ponderous manuscript unless thatmanuscript somewhere contained a vivid descrip-tion of an affecting and romantic moonlightscene? Or what composer would dream of atvtempting more serious w^ork until he had com-mitted himself to a moonlight sonata? Or whataspiring artist would think of proceeding toother subjects until he had exj^ressed his soulin a picture of "The Bay by Moonlight"? Thething is out of the question; it would be a fla-grant defiance of all the great historic prece-dents; an iconoclastic outrage of the eternalfitness of things. Literature and music and artare drenched in moonbeams and saturated withlunar effects. What with the harvest moon, thecrescent moon, the rising moon, the waningmoon, the clouded moon, and the silvery moon,

our literature seems to resolve itself into a kindof moonlight serenade. We are hopelessly moon-struck. I am afraid there is no escape from thatunamiable conclusion. But we are only in lovewith the moon because we do not know the moon.We sing our love-songs to the moon—at a dis-tance; and distance lends enchantment to theview. No man who has ever lived on the moonwould dream for a single moment of writing anode to it. No man who has ever really seen themoon would talk any more about moonlighteffects. You will never persuade the Man in theMoon to wax sentimental on the subject. SirJ. W. Dawson, the great geologist, describes themoon as a dry, dead, withered world. The lugu-brious Ko-Ko, in speculating as to the possibilityof falling in love with the elderly and fadedKatisha, reminds himself that

"There's a fascination franticIn a ruin that's romantic,'*

but I fancy that even he would draw the line at a"dry, dead, withered'^ affair! Who can get upany enthusiasm for a world that is blasted, burnt-up, played-out, exhausted, desolate, and cold?Any man who has spent five minutes on the moonknows that it is the most dreary, dismal worldthat swims in space; a world in which no flowerever blooms, in which no bird ever sings, in which

no dewdrop ever glistens, in which no brightnessor beauty are ever seen. It is a weird and mon-strous wilderness—arid, grey, silent, and mo-notonous ; with nothing to make it tempting andnothing to make it terrible. It is sullen, sinister,sardonic, and grim. And this is the world, mayit please you, to which we address our odes andsonatas! The Man in the Moon knows better.If he sang any song he would sing Cowper's

"I am out of humanity's reach,

I must finish my journey alone.Never hear the sweet music of speech;

I start at the sound of my own.Oh Solitude! where are the charms

That sages have seen in thy face?Better dwell in the midst of alarms

Than reign in this horrible place!'*

The Man in the Moon is the one man in the entireuniverse in whose brain the moon inspires noillusions.

I am scarcely prepared at this moment to enterinto biographical details concerning the Man inthe Moon, although I am not totally destitute ofinformation. In a lonely part of the Waikatodistrict of New Zealand, I once met an old Maoriwho seemed to have known the Man in the Moonpretty intimately. As he leaned against a giantkauri that had recently been felled, this tattooedand war-scarred veteran assured me that the

Man in the Moon was once a New Zealander. Itflashed upon me that peradventiire it was noneother than Macaulav's famous New Zealander—the New Zealander who, according to the his-torian, is one day to take his stand on a brokenarch of London Bridge and sketch the ruins ofSt. Paul's I Is it possible that, beneath somelunar influence, he has lost his way to Londonand landed on the moon? And does he fancy ashe pensively gazes on the charred and battereddebris that litters the surface of that soullessorb, that these shapeless piles of ashes representall that remains of the proud British metropolis?But when I had heard the entire narration, Isaw that this ingenious hypothesis would scarcelysquare with my old Maori's story. For, onceupon a time, he explained, a certain chief, whosename was Utuhina, was on a journey. He pressedon and on, but came upon no water, and histongue was swollen with thirst. But, on a brightmoonlight night, as he thridded a deep andwooded valley, he heard the silvery laughter of astream. The bush was dense, and he couldscarcely see his way from one tree to another.But it was moonlight, and he struggled on. Justas he was approaching the musical water, how-ever, a great cloud veiled the face of the moon,and he could see nothing. Then Utuhina shookhis fist at the sky, and cursed the moon that

would not help him to the hidden stream. Andthen, as soon as the cloud had

passed, the mooncame down, seized Utuhina, and threatened tobear him away. Poor Utuhina clutched a treein his terror, but the moon was too strong forhim. She carried him off, tree and all; and ifany Maori child is so sceptical as to doubt thestory, all that he has to do is to take a good lookon a clear moonlight night, and there, in themoon, he can see Utuhina for himself, still bear-ing the tree about with him I

I give the story exactly as I received it: I can-not, of course, vouch for its historicity. Butassuming, for the sake of argument, that the Manin the Moon is an earthman who has been trans-ferred to, or stranded on, that drear abode, Iwonder what he thinks of our rhapsodies aboutthe moon! As he remembers the enchantingloveliness of the sphere from which he was sorudely snatched, and as he surveys the madden-ing gloom of the charnel-house to which he hasbeen exiled, I wonder what he thinks of our odesand our romances, our pictures and our sonatas.As Utuhina recalls the snow-capped mountains,the evergreen bush, and the magnificent land-scapes upon which he gazed in the course of thatlast fatal journey in New Zealand, and as hesurveys the barren horrors of his lunar land-scapes, I wonder if he feels inclined to write

sentimental songs about the moon! If we onlysaw things in their true perspective, we shoulddiscover that our very ability to break intopoetry on such a theme is itself an eloquenttribute to the charms of the world on which welive. Jud Brownin, in his familiar account ofRubinstein's playing, says that the illustriouspianist made him feel that he had fallen in lovewith somebody—he didn't know whom! Pre-cisely! It was the music that did it. His con-fession of tenderness for some person or personsunknown is his tribute to the witchery of theplayer. And, in precisely the same way, oursentimentality about the moon is simply the out-flowing of those waves of inspiration which haveswept over us as we have feasted our eyes uponthe beauty of our own world.

Sou they tells of a curious drean; that oncevisited him. He dreamed that the Man in theMoon was dead, and that everybody was compet-ing for the vacant place. The poet seems toimagine that there is something grotesque aboutthe notion; but he is mistaken. Nothing couldbe more true to life. If he had asked me to tellhim the dream and the interpretation thereof,my task would have been a very simple one. ForI am certain that if the Man in the Moon wereto absent himself for any length of time from hisaccustomed place; and if the proper authorities

gave permission to assume that death had takenplace; and if application for the

vacant post wereto be publicly invited, the post offices would beglutted with the stacks of communications thatwould instantly pour in. For everybody wantsto be the Man in the Moon. That is the explana-tion of the ebb and flow of population that is soprominent a characteristic of our own time. Weare always on the move. We are afflicted by achronic weariness of our actual conditions anda chronic yearning after some ideal conditionsthat never were and never will be. Hundreds oftimes I have visited families that were leaving -the district for fresh fields and pastures new.As they compared the conditions they were quit-ting with those they were embracing, how drabseemed the old life, how romantic seemed thenew I In each instance I recognized the old, oldstory. The Man in the Moon was dead, and herewere the people who had been appointed to thevacant place! Scores of times I have discussedthe situation with ministers who were leavingone pastorate for another. In nearly every caseI could see at once that the good man was goingto be private chaplain to the Man in the Moon!The church that he was leaving had so manydrawbacks; it was of the earth, earthy. But thechurch to which he was going! Oh, that churchto which he was going!

The Man in the Moon very rarely goes tochurch. It is extremely important that I shouldstate this with the utmost clearness, not for thesake of casting a slur upon the character of theMan in the Moon, but as a hint to myself and tomy brother ministers. For, truth to tell, I havesometimes fancied that our sermons were pre-pared on the assumption that the Man in theMoon will be the only person present. The ques-tions we discuss are not human questions; theproblems with which we deal are not humanproblems; the language we speak is no humanlanguage. It may be lunar; I am not sure. But,however that may be, it is all addressed to theMan in the Moon.

Think of Thomas Chalmers. The most sensa-tional discovery of his life was the discovery thatfor more than twelve years he had been preachingsermons at Kilmany that bore no relationshipwhatever to the actual lives of the people towhom he ministered. For more than twelveyears the parish minister at Kilmany had beenpreaching to the Man in the Moon! Then camethe great awakening. Chalmers was seized bysudden illness. During his convalescence hismind underwent what he himself called a greatrevolution. He found the Saviour, and enteredinto an experience of which he had previouslynever dreamed. It is difficult to read with dry

eyes his own telling account of that great trans-formation. In due time he returned to his pulpit.The people were electrified. The minister was nolonger preaching to the Man in the Moon; he waspreaching to the men of Kilmany! And Kilmanywas touched to tears in consequence. "He wouldbend over the pulpit," says an old hearer, "andpress us to take the gift as if he held it thatmoment in his hand and could not be satisfiedtill every one of us got possession of it!" Theeffect was instantaneous. As long as Chalmerspreached to the Man in the Moon, the Man in theMoon made not the slightest response; but whenhe preached to the men of Kilmany, Kilmanybecame a new village.

PAKT II

A boy's insatiable curiosity may occasionallyserve a very useful end. Certainly, if it had notbeen for the sprightly inquisitiveness of Samuel,one of the sons of Christiana, we should neverhave known the name of the place at which Christian fought with Apollyon. In the classical storyof that famous struggle the name of the localityis nowhere disclosed. But when Christiana setout on pilgrimage, she, motherlike, took her boyswith her. And boys will be boys. They pokedinto a hundred places that she would never havetroubled to notice, and asked their guide a hun-dred questions that would never have occurredto her. Poor Christiana never thought withouta shudder of her husband's terrible encounterwith the fiend; and the less she heard about itthe better. But the story of their father's triumphwas very much to the taste of the boys, and theirwhys and wherefores were innumerable.

*^Sir," said Samuel, "I perceive that in thisvalley my father and Apollyon had their battle;but whereabout was the fight? for I perceive thatthis valley is large."

97

"Your father had that battle with Apollyon ata place yonder, before ns, in a narrow passagejust beyond Forgetful Green. And indeed thatplace is the most dangerous place in all theseparts. For if at any time the pilgrims meet withany brunt, it is when they forget what favoursthey have received, and how unworthy they areof them. This is the place also where others havebeen hard put to it. But more of the place whenwe are come to it; for I persuade myself that tothis day there remains either some sign of thebattle, or some monument to testify that

such abattle there was fought."

And, surely enough, when they came to Forget-ful Green, there stood the monument!

Forgetful Greeny said Greatheart, is the mostdangerous place in all these parts, and he wasnot the first person to say so. Moses wrote awhole book on the subject. In the old days mendid not consider it essential that a book shouldbear an attractive title. The book that Moseswrote is therefore known as The Book of Deu-teronomy. If it had been written nowadays, itwould have been entitled "The Dangers of For-getful Green." Anybody who takes the troubleto glance through it will see at once that thatis its natural title. Every chapter urges the im-portance of not forgetting. "Beware lest thouforget the Lord which brought thee up from the

land of Egypt." "Beware lest thou forget theday when thou earnest forth out of the land ofEgypt." "Beware lest thou forget that thou wasta bondman in the land of Egypt." "Beware lestthou forget all the way which the Lord thy Godhath led thee." "Beware lest thou forget whatthe Lord thy God did unto Pharaoh." "Bewarelest thou forget what the Lord thy God did untoMiriam." "Beware lest thou forget what Amalekdid unto thee by the way when ye were comeforth out of Egypt." "Beware lest thou forgethow thou provoked the Lord thy God to angerin the wilderness." ^^Beware/' he cries, againand again and again, ^^heware of ForgetfulGreen r' For Forgetful Green is, as Greatheartobserved, the most dangerous place in all theseparts.

Now this brings to my mind a most strikingand suggestive coincidence. For Israel was twicein captivity—once in Egypt and once in Babylon.And the singular thing is that when the peoplewere about to be set free from their Babylonianbondage, another prophet echoed his predeces-sor's warnings about Forgetful Green. Isaiahimplored the people, as they turned their facesonce more towards Jerusalem, never to forgetthe things that lay behind them. "Look unto therock whence ye were hewn," he cried, "and to thehole of the pit whence ye were digged." He

pointed them back to the lowly origins of theirnational life—the pastoral tents of Mesopotamiaand the brick-kilns beside the Nile—and he en-treated them to keep

those modest beginningsalways in mind. It is good for a merchant princeto remember that, in the early days of the busi-ness, his father hawked his goods from door todoor. It is good for the millionaire to recall thedays when his forefathers dwelt in huts andhovels. It is good for an empire to dwell uponthe time when it was a nomadic and barbaroustribe. Men are not likely to bump their headsagainst the stars as long as they keep one eyesteadily fastened on the past.

As a young fellow, Macaulay was invited todine with Samuel Rogers, the poet. "What adelightful house it is I" he says, in his descriptiveletter to his sister. And, in telling her of theinnumerable beauties of the place, he selects forspecial mention a fine mahogany table on whichstood an antique vase. And to that table hangsa tale. For he goes on to say that, some littletime previously, Sir Francis Legatt Chantrey,R.A., the eminent sculptor, had been the guestof Rogers. Sir Francis had a good look at themahogany table on w^hich the vase was standing,and then asked by whom the table was made. "Itwas made by a common carpenter," said Rogers."Do you remember the making of it?" asked Sir

Francis. "Certainly," replied Rogers, in somesurprise, "I was in the room while it was finishedwith the chisel, and gave the workman directionsabout placing it." "Yes," said Sir Francis, ^^Iwas the carpenter! I remember the room well,and all the circumstances." Macaulay remarksto his sister that the story is honourable, bothto the talent which raised Chantrey from ob-scurity to eminence, and to the magnanimitywhich kept him from being ashamed of what hehad been. In a word, it showed that the greatsculptor, whose work is still the pride of hiscountrymen, w^as fully alive to the importanceand peril of Forgetful Green. It is almost asgood as the story that Andrew Fuller tells ofWilliam Carey. Carey was attending a receptiongiven at Calcutta to the Governor-General ofIndia. His lordship was struck by the mission-ary's appearance. "Who is that gentleman?" heinquired. "Oh," drawled one of the attendants,"that is Dr. Carey. He is Professor of Sanscrit,Bengalee, and Mahratta, in the College of FortWilliam. He was once a shoemaker." "Excuseme, my lord," interposed Carey, who had over-heard the conversation, "/ was only a cobblerF'

When you come to think of it, almost all ourreligious observances and ordinances are cun-ningly devised contrivances to save us from thedangers of Forgetful Green. We close our shops

and factories on one day of the week, and gatherourselves together in the house of prayer, inorder that we may remind each other of thethings that we cannot afford to let slip. Andeven the Communion Table is a feast of memory."This do in remembrance of Me.'^ It is all "lestwe forget."

I spent Saturday evening glancing afresh overthe pages of Down in Water Street. What arecord it is! Mr. Sam Hadley deserves to beranked amongst the greatest philanthropists ofour time. During the last years of his life he wascourted and admired in the most prodigalfashion. If ever a man was tempted to forgetthat he had been a bondman in the land of Egypt,it was he. But to the very last he kept his eyeon the rock whence he was hewn, and the hole ofthe pit whence he was digged. He rememberedthe depths of degradation from which he hadhimself been rescued. He kept constantly inmind that terrible night in which, like the prodi-gal, he came to himself. It was on April 23,1882, in his lonely prison cell that he had soughtand found the Saviour. And, from that day tothe close of his useful and eventful life, he alwaysmade a pilgrimage to that cell on the twenty-third of April, and kneeled again on the veryspot on which he had first found mercy.

Forgetful Green, said Greatheart, is the most

dangerous place in all these parts! That, I sup-pose, is why old Thomas Goodwin, before enter-ing his pulpit, liked to ^^take a turn up and downamong his old sins." ^^When," he says, in hisletter to his son, "when I was threatening to be-come cold in my ministry, and when I felt Sab-bath morning coming and my heart not filledwith amazement at the grace of God, or when Iwas making ready to dispense the Lord's Supper,do you know what I used to do? I used to takea turn up and down among the sins of my pastlife, and I always came dow^n again with a brokenand a contrite heart ready to preach, as it waspreached in the beginning, the forgiveness ofsins." "I do not think," he says again, "I everwent up the pulpit stair that I did not stop fora moment at the foot of it and take a turn upand down among the sins of my past years. Ido not think that I ever planned a sermon thatI did not take a turn round my study table andlook back at the sins of my youth and all my lifedown to this present; and many a Sabbath morn-ing, when my soul has been cold and dry for lackof prayer during the week, a turn up

and downin my past life before I went into the pulpitalways broke my hard heart again, and made meclose with the gospel for my own soul before Ibegan to preach." That, I suppose, is why Paul,in his last Epistles, refers so frequently and feel-

ingly to the weight of his earlier transgressionsand the wealth of his wonderful forgiveness.And that, I suppose, is why Peter, in depictingthe spiritual destitution of the man whose soulhas become withered and stunted and dead, con-cludes his sad description with this tragicclimax: "He has forgotten," says Peter, "he hasforgotten that he was cleansed from his old sins."Forgetful Green is the most dangerous placethrough which the pilgrims pass. Christian metApollyon there and completely vanquished him.He was very fortunate. If Samuel, or any otherof Christiana's sons, had taken the trouble toturn up a spadeful of the soil of Forgetful Green,he would most certainly have come upon thebones of pilgrims who had perished there.

II

I.O.U.

I USED to think—simple soul that I was!—thatwhat everybody said must be true. Everybodysaid that it was very wicked to borrow. I there-fore resolved, in the guilelessness of my soul,that, as long as I lived, I would never be guiltyof such an offence. I need scarcely say that Ihave not kept that too heroic resolution. I havebecome an incorrigible borrower. I scarcelymeet a man in the street but the sight of his facesets me calculating how much I owe him. Iborrow whenever and wherever I get the chance.I begin as soon as I rise in the morning, and Ikeep it up until the last thing at night. I beganit before I got into my cradle; I shall continueit after I get out of my grave. I never pay foranything I purchase; at least, I only pay a part,and get credit for the rest. When I really mustpay, I pay, if it be at all possible, as Mr. Micaw-ber paid—with an I.O.U. Everybody knows thestory. Mr. Micawber was leaving London; buthe owed Mr. Traddles forty-one pounds ten shill-ings and eleven pence half-penny.

"To leave this metropolis/' said Mr. Micawber,"and my friend Mr. Thomas Traddles, withoutacquitting myself of the pecuniary part of thisobligation would weigh upon my mind to an in-supportable extent. I have, therefore, preparedfor

my friend, Mr. Thomas Traddles, and I nowhold in my hand, a document, which accom-plishes the desired object. I beg to hand to myfriend, Mr. Thomas Traddles, my I.O.U. forforty-one, ten, eleven and a half, and I am happyto recover my moral dignity, and to know thatI can once more walk erect before my fellowman."

With this introduction, which greatly affectedhim, Mr. Micawber placed his I.O.U. in the handsof Traddles, and said he wished him well inevery relation of life. "I am persuaded," saysDavid Copperfield, "not only that this was quitethe same to Mr. Micawber as paying the money,but that Traddles himself hardly knew the dif-ference until he had had time to think about it.Mr. Micawber walked so erect before his fellowman, on the strength of this virtuous action, thathis chest looked half as broad again when helighted us down the stairs." I take my stand thisday, not only as Mr. Micawber's defender, but ashis disciple. I am a convinced believer in thevirtue of the I.O.U.

Some people may consider this a shocking state

of things; but I am not in the least ashamed of it.I know that everybody still says that it is verywicked to borrow. I used to believe it; but I nowsmile up my sleeve. For since I first heard thestatement that it is very wrong to borrow, Ihave knocked about the world a bit, and, in theprocess, have made several discoveries. I havediscovered that, when everybody says a thing,and when everybody says it as confidently as ifit were one of the Ten Commandments, every-body is generally talking nonsense! I have dis-covered that everybody else borrows, pretty muchas I do; and that those who are loudest in theirdenunciation of the habit are often the mostaddicted to it; I have discovered that, whetherI borrow from other people or not, they willinsist on borrowing from me; and, in sheer self-protection, I am driven to a policy of retaliation!And—to come still nearer to the point—I havediscovered that I must borrow or die; and, asdying has no immediate attractions for me, Iprefer to borrow. I have referred to it as ahabit. A habit it certainly is. It is wonderfulhow it grows on you. I sometimes even catchmyself, as I shall presently explain, borrowingthings that I do not want, things for which Ihave no earthly use! And now I have told thehumiliating story. If it be true, as everybodysays, that open confession is good for the soul,

then my soul ought to enter upon a new lease oflife as a result of my having thus

made a cleanbreast of things!

I began borrowing early. When I was makingmy plans for invading this planet, I came to theconclusion that my equipment would be veryincomplete unless I brought a body with me. Inan earlier chapter of this book—that on *'TheEnchanted Coat'^—I have depicted the incon-venience of being without one. But a body wasthe one thing that I did not happen to possess.A body is composed, I was given to understand,of certain chemical substances. It consists of somuch iron, so much phosphate, so much salt, somuch soda, and so on. Now^ here w^as a dilemmain which to be placed at the very start! I couldnot begin without a body; a body required allthese substances, and I did not chance to haveany of them about me! What was I to do? Icould only borrow! But from whom? It is beg-ging the issue to say that I borrowed from myparents. They no more possessed these chemi-cals in their own right than I did. If they hadthem, it was because they too had borrowedthem; and to the extent to which I borrowedfrom them, I merely borrowed w^hat they hadalready borrowed. Iron, phosphate, salt, and allthese chemicals belong to the earth beneath myfeet; and, strictly speaking, it was from her that

i.o.u. loa

I borrowed my body. *'The Lord God formedman of the dust of the ground." From the earth,then, I borrowed my body. It was distinctly aloan, and not a gift. I had to faithfully promisethat, as soon as I have finished with it, I willreturn it to the earth again. "Ashes to ashes,dust to dust." The chemicals that I borrowedfrom the earth must all go back to the earth.Nature makes her advances only on the bestsecurity. She holds the mortgage in a very firmclutch, and will exact, to the uttermost farthing,all that she has lent.

It is so all through life. Never a day comes tome under these clear Australian skies but I amtouched to tears at the memory of the goodness—the self-sacrificing goodness—that my father andmother lavished upon me in the dear old Englishhome. But now that I have left them far behindacross the seas, I find myself surrounded by happychildren of my own. And I see now that, in thoseold untroubled days across the years, I was bor-rowing, merely borrowing. And all these smallerhands stretched out towards me are the handsthat Nature has sent to demand the repaymentof the loan. If I refuse to show them love andtenderness and sympathy, I shall feel like a manwhose cheque has been dishonoured at the bank.The time has come for the repayment of the loan;I repudiate the obligation;

and the faces of my

father and my mother rise up in judgmentagainst me.

Now, in glancing over what I have written, Isee that I have made a pair of statements forwhich I shall certainly be taken to task. Let metherefore fortify them in anticipation of theinevitable assault. I declared that, so persistentdoes the borrowing habit become, it frequentlyleads me to borrow what I really do not want.That is an absolute fact. Instead of contentingmyself with the worries of to-day, do I not veryoften borrow the burdens of to-morrow? I foundmyself the other evening staggering along undera load that was heavy enough to crush half adozen strong men. Out of sheer exhaustion I putit down and had a good look at it. I found thatit was all borrowed! Part of it belonged to thefollowing day; part of it belonged to the follow-ing week; part of it belonged to the followingyear; and here was I borrowing it that it mightcrush me now! It is a very stupid, but a veryancient, blunder.

"There's a saying, old and rusty,

But as good as any new;'Tis 'Never trouble troubleTill trouble troubles you.'

"Don't you borrow sorrow;

You'll surely have your share;He who dreams of sorrowWill find that sorrow's there.

I.O.U. Ill

"If care you've got to carry.

Wait till 'tis at the door.For he who runs to meet itTakes up the load before."

This borrowing business must be done on verysane lines, or it leads to disaster. I know a manwho borrows every Saturday all Sunday'senergy; and on Sunday he is bankrupt. Hewould not dream of going to a picnic on Sundayafternoon, or of attending a picture-show onSunday night. But he so exhausts himself onhis picnics and his picture-shows on Saturday,that it takes all day Sunday to get over it. Ourforefathers—the cotter of Burns's great poem andthe rest—used to store up Saturday's energiesso that they might be at their best on the Sunday.On the whole, I prefer their way of arrangingthe matter. When good old Dr. Johnson

calledhimself to account, before entering on his fiftiethyear, and set himself to live henceforth moredevoutly, he wrote down, as the first step towardsthat high end, ^^I resolve henceforth to go to sleepearly on Saturday night/^ There is more soundphilosophy in the great man's brave resolutionthan appears on the surface.

But I made one other statement that may bechallenged. I said that I never pay for anythingI purchase, but only pay a part of the price andget credit for the rest. That is quite true, and,

as a consequence, I am in debt to all the world.What of the soldier who hazards his life in mydefence? Do I dispose of my obligation to himwhen I pay my taxes? What of the miner whodares the perils of the mine? Do I square ac-counts with him when I pay my coal bill? Andwhat of the toilers who obtain for me my food?James Nasmyth, the inventor of the steam-ham-mer, tells us in his autobiography of the pictur-esque scenes that he witnessed as a boy in theold fish-market in Edinburgh. After a stormynight, he says, during which the husbands andsons had toiled at the risk of their lives to catchthe fish, intending buyers would ask the usualquestion of the fish-wives:

"Weel, Janet, and hoo's baddies the day?""Haddies, mem?" Janet would reply mean-ingly, "ou, haddies is men's lives the day!"

The shining fish would be sold, however, for afew coppers; but did those few coppers settle thescore? "How little we pay our way in life!"exclaims Eobert Louis Stevenson, in An InlandVoyage, "Although we have our purses continu-ally in our hand, the better part of service stillgoes unrewarded." Said I not truly that I neverpay for anything I purchase, but only pay a partand get credit for the rest? Let me make no mis-take. Unless I give back to the world somethingthat costs me blood and agony and tears, I shall,

when I quit the planet at last, be in the positionof the man who leaves the neighbourhood with-out first discharging his just and honourabledebts. I set out, be it noted, to justify borrow-ing; I have nothing to say in defence of theft.

I knew a man once who thought it very wickedto borrow.

"My dear fellow," I said, "you can't getthrough life without it I"

"Oh!" he answered, visibly shocked, "but doesnot the Bible exhort us to owe no man anytliing^'f

"No," I replied, "the Bible says nothing of thekind. The Bible says, ^Owe no man anythingtut ,' and that exception is the greatest ex-ception to a general principle that has ever beenstated in human language. ^Owe no man any-thing, hut to love one anotJier/" And since thenhe has been struggling bravely to discharge thattremendous obligation.

Ill

A SCRAP OF PAPER

When I was a very small boy I made a very greatdiscovery—in some respects the most impressiveand surprising discovery that I have ever made—and what I then found out I here set down. Be itknown, then, that I was the eldest son of a verylarge family—mostly boys. In the later daysof its domestic history—after the commandinginfluence of my seniority had been, through mytransference from a scholastic to a commercialcareer, somewhat relaxed—a couple of girls wereadmitted to the charmed circle. But that wasobviously an afterthought; and I regarded it asa somewhat daring innovation on the part of mynext brother, to whom I had relegated my au-thority. In the days that marked these femininearrivals I no longer considered myself a boy.Like my father and my grandfather, I requireda couple of numerals in which to state my age;and I therefore looked upon the family with alofty, patronizing air; and poked fun at mybrother when things went awry.

But with that later and more complicated eraI am not concerned. When I was a boy, we wereall boys; and it is of that iron age that I am nowwriting. Sunday was with us the great day ofthe week. No crack regiment ever made morepunctilious preparation for Church Parade thanwe made every week. We marched out in proces-sion like a small detachment of infantry. I andthe brother next in seniority walked in front;the others followed two by two; our parentsformed an effective and formidable rearguard.Marching orders came from behind; and wenever knew, when we filed out of the front gate,by what route the church was to be approached.Our commander-in-chief had an astonishinggenius for discovering

new twists and turns bywhich the walk to the sanctuary might be varied.We always set out, therefore, in a perfect feverof curiosity, and every step of the way was madebrimful of interest. The church itself w^as sosituated that, come by what roads we might, italways broke grandly upon our view some timebefore we reached it. What a massive pile itlooked with its old grey walls, its spacious portals, and the stately spire which seemed to us topierce the very sky. As a boy I was subject toa strange infirmity—I do not know if it is com-mon in boys. I sickened at the contemplationof a height. I vividly remember three such occa-

sions. Standing on the deck of Nelson's old flag-ship, the Victory, my father bade me look at theheight of the masts. I did so, and my brainreeled, so that I almost fell. Again, my fathertook me to London and, standing in St. Paul'sChurchyard, he told me to look at the goldencross surmounting the cathedral dome. I obeyedhim; but the sickening sensation overtakes meeven now as I recall that upward gaze. And onceI remember looking up from the road beneathto the top of the old church spire. I never triedit again. But whenever our little procession filedsolemnly into the quiet old church, I was awedby a dim, subconscious sense of the vast, the sub-lime, the infinite that towered above me.

II

Ours is a long pew, and I, in virtue of mydignity of primogeniture, sat at the far end,whilst the row of heads sloped downwards in aninclined plane which reached its lowest point inthe baby head that generally nestled, fast asleep,upon my mother's lap long before the ministerhad got to thirdly. My father sat in the seat ofhonour next to the aisle. We had each sat next tomother in turn, and had each learned the mys-teries of kneeling, standing, sitting, responding,and so on, before a later comer claimed the

favourite place and pushed us farther along thepew. I have a notion that, as boys go, I w asfairly attentive and reverential. I still possessthe prayer-book which I used in those days, andits well-thumbed pages show that I must havefollowed the liturgy pretty closely.

I felt a profound respect for the old minister.I still treasure a fine portrait of him, and when-ever I gaze upon those benevolent and strikingfeatures, he seems to me to be the beau-ideal ofall that a minister should be. And I had so oftenheard my parents speak of him in glowing termsof admiration, of affection, and of gratitude thatmy boyish fancy was-completely captivated. AsI saw that good

grey head emerge from the vestrydoor, and as I watched the familiar form, allgowned in cassock and stole, proceed to thebeautiful marble pulpit, my veneration knew nobounds. Carlyle, in his work on Heroes, makesthe saint lead all the rest. Certainly this oldminister was the first of mine. I think he musthave detected my hero-worship, for, many yearsafterwards, w^hen I had grown to manhood andhad turned my own face wistfully towards theministry, he—then very old and very frail—ex-pressed a wish that some of his most cherishedvolumes should be transferred from his shelvesto mine. And the Bible which has been my com-panion through all my ministry was the gift of

his widow—^Hn memory of the past, and idthbest wishes for the future'^—on my accepting thecall to my old church at Mosgiel.

But again I have rushed ahead of myself. Letme get back to my boyhood. As I sat there at theend of the pew, I was tortured by one ceaselessperplexity. I was impressed by the beautiful oldchurch, its lofty roof, its stately pillars, itsstoried windows, and its ornate and solemn serv-ices. We were always taught that it was anawful thing to come in late, as though we gaveour time grudgingly to worship. I remember nosingle occasion on which such a disaster befellus. Care was always taken that w^e should bein our places some minutes before the ministerissued from the vestry door; and no one dreamedof stirring at the end of the service until thepreacher had again retired to that seclusion.

But the thing that puzzled me was this: Icould see no utility in it all. I used to wonderwhat end was served by it. It all seemed so hope-lessly remote from real life and from the pleas-ures and pursuits of the week. I failed to detectany practical purpose in this aspect of things. Ithought my father the very personification ofeverything that was upright, everything that waschivalrous, everything that was noble, unselfish,and true; but it never occurred to me that therewas any connexion between his inflexible in-

tegrity on the one hand and his attachment tothe sanctuary on the other. I thought mymother the sweetest and most queenly woman ofwhom I had ever heard or read; but I never onceimagined that her affection for these sacred andawful mysteries accounted in any measure forher gentleness and charm. Until—but that is aseparate story.

In the dear old home at Tunbridge Wells, thehome that sheltered my earliest infancy, thehome in which my parents still abide, therehangs a framed text. It is only a plainly printedscrap of white paper, cut from the corner of apenny sheet-almanac; and yet, if something hadto go, I fancy the finest pictures in the housewould be sacrificed to save it. It reads like this:

HITHERTO

HATH

THE LORD

HELPED US

It occupies a place of honour over the mantel-piece in my mother's bedroom. It has been therefor more than thirty years; but I remember, asthough it were but yesterday, the day when it

appeared there for the first time. We boys hada dim consciousness that things were goinghardly with father and mother. He lookedanxious and worried; her eyes were often redand swollen; both were unusually silent. Thenone day the newly framed text made its appear-ance on the bedroom wall. We boys were onlysmall, but it struck us as strange that this smallscrap of white paper should have been thoughtworthy of such conspicuous promotion. Werethere not hundreds of pretty cards lying aboutthe home, any one of which would have made amuch more tasty and beautiful adornment? Butsomehow we felt that things at home vrerebrighter. It was as if the weather had clearedup; the fog had lifted; drizzling rain had yieldedto summer sunshine; father and mother werehappier. One morning we mustered up courageto ask some explanation. Why had the plainlittle text been cut from the almanac in thekitchen and been honoured with a frame in thebedroom?

But it was never in the morning, amidst theclatter and the bustle, that mother opened herheart to us. Our golden hour came on Sundayevening. On Sunday evening father went tochurch alone, or taking with him just one of usfor company. I do not know to this day whether:we were most pleased to go or stay. What walks

and talks those were in the evening cool of sum-mer, by the starlight of autumn, or as we trudgedthrough the winter snow! A boy tells his fatherunder such

conditions things that he would neverdream of mentioning at any other time. Whatquestions; what confidences; what revelations!There, surely, stands the true confessional! Andit was grand to see the old church at night. Itseemed strange to see the great stained-glasswindows showing their glories to the passer-byinstead of to the worshippers within. And yet,pleasant as all this w^as, it was costly. For itmeant forsaking the circle round the fire. Theremother gathered her boys about her; read withus the collect and the lesson that were being usedin church; and then held us spellbound with achapter or two of some delightful book. It isw^onderful how many books we got through onthose Sunday evenings. And before we said good-night we just sat and talked. Most of us weresprawling on the hearthrug, sitting on hassocks,or kneeling beside the fender. And it was thenthat mother told us all the secrets.

"You said the other morning, mother, that youwould tell us why you framed the paper text inthe bedroom."

"Well, I will. You know that father and Ihad a great trouble, and we feared a muchheavier one. On Tuesday of last week I was

feeling dreadfully worried. I do not know whyI felt it so terribly just then, but I did. I hadto drop my work, pick up the baby, and walk upand down the kitchen feeling that I could endureit all no longer. My burden seemed more thanI could hear. It was crushing me beneath itsweight. In pacing up and down I paused for asecond in front of the sheet-almanac on the wall.The only thing I saw was the text in the corner.I felt as if it had been put there specially forme. It was as if some one had spoken the words:^^Hitherto hath the Lord helped us/^ I was soovercome that I sat down and had a good cry;and then I began again with fresh heart andtrust. When father came home I told him allabout it, and he cut out the text with his pen-knife, had it framed, and hung it where you nowsee it."

IV

It was here that I made my discovery. Herewas the long-lost secret! Here was the con-nexion between religion on the one hand andreal life on the other. I saw for the first timethat there was a strong and subtle link betweenthe services of the old grey church and thedaily struggle in which my father and motherwere so valiantly engaged. The discovery ofthat day took to itself all the elements of a

great

A SCRAP OF PAPER 123

sensation. My eyes were opened and the wholeworld seemed changed. And among the bigthings of my little life the revelation of thatmemorable day stands out in bold and heroicrelief.

IV

THE LATTICE WINDOW

Bill Sikes and his burglarious companionsreached, at dead of night, the house into whichthey intended to break. They had taken poor,timid, shivering little Oliver Twist with them,and Sikes drew the attention of the child to atiny lattice window, about five feet and a halfabove the ground at the back of the house. Itbelonged to a scullery, or small brewing-place,at the end of a passage. The aperture was sosmall that the inmates had probably not thoughtit worth while to defend it more securely, but itwas large enough to admit a boy of Oliver's size,nevertheless. A very brief exercise of Mr. Sikes'art sufficed to overcome the fastening of the lat-tice ; and it soon stood wide open.

^^Now, listen, you young limb!" whisperedSikes, drawing a dark lantern from his pocket,and throwing the glare full on Oliver's face, "I'ma-going to put you through there! Take thislight; go softly up the steps straight afore you,and along the hall to the street door; unfastenit, and let us in!"

Only a lattice window; a very tiny window; awindow so extremely small that the inmates

124

thought it scarcely worth securing. But it waslarge enough to admit the frail little form ofOliver Twist, and Oliver Twist was big enoughto slip through the silent corridors and open thedoor for the burglars. I am convinced that halfthe tragedy of life is bound up with that littlelattice window.

One gets a little tired at times of the endlessdisquisitions on the causes that lead to painfulmoral collapses, and of the learned discussionson the decline of public morality. For the dis-cussion always concerns itself with the frontdoor. "Let us

put heavier chains on the frontdoor! Let us fix stouter bolts to the front door!Let us at any cost secure the fastenings of thefront door!" But of what use are your boltsand bars, your clanking chains and safety locks,if the front door is approached from the inside!It is time that we gave up concentrating all ourenergies on the fortification of the front door,and began to pay some attention to the littlelattice window. In our lamentations over somesudden individual collapse, or over some evi-dences of a decay in public morality, we very,very rarely put our fingers on the real root ofthe trouble. We are afraid to look far enoughback. We forget that the disease may be verymuch deeper and very much older than itssymptoms. And among the symptoms on the

surface, neither the root or the remedy of theevil are to be discovered. We shall never makemuch progress in dealing with the mischief untilwe awaken to the fact that there is such a thingas a lattice window. The front door is not theonly aperture by which burglars invade ourprivacy.

To make my meaning perfectly clear, I mustcall another witness. Let it be John Milton. Inthe fourth book of his immortal poem, John Mil-ton describes Eve as Satan saw her when he firstresolved to compass her ruin. In her beauteousbower she slept, the tangling network of laureland myrtle, roses and jessamine, arching aboveher head; the violets, hyacinths, and crocusescarpeting the ground about her and loading thedelicious air with a medley of sweet perfumes.It was whilst thus she slumbered beneath thesentinel stars that the Tempter came the firsttime:

"Him there they foundSquat like a toad, close at the ear of Eve,Assaying by his devilish art to reachThe organs of her fancy, and with them forgeIllusions as he list, phantasms, and dreams;Or if, inspiring venom, he might taintThe animal spirits that from pure blood arise.**

This is very significant. A mother in my con-gregation assured me the other day that she hadbeen greatly assisted in the training of her chil-

dren by forming the habit of talking to them intheir sleep. "I go round," she told me, "fromcot to cot; I bend over them and suggest to themthe holiest, sweetest, and most beautiful thoughtsthat I can collect. If they are sleeping soundly,I speak softly; if they are sleeping lightly, Iwhisper faintly. I tell them that I know theywill grow up to be pure and good and unselfish,to follow the Christ, serve their fellows, and loveGod above all. And when I gather them aroundmy knee, I fancy that, when I approach suchthemes, their minds seem prepared to

w^elcomethe thought. It is as though a something alreadyimplanted in their hearts springs up to welcomethe idea that I then openly suggest to them." Ido not know how far this is psychologicallysound, or how far it is a mere freak of a fondfancy; but I have a notion that there is some-thing in it. It was thus that Milton describesthe earliest approach of evil to our first mother.And the singular thing about this first form oftemptation was that when Eve awoke with thesunrise, she was conscious only of a general hazi-ness and uncertainty as to all things eternal anddivine. It was but a dream, yet that dream wassufficient to shake her primitive faith in the jus-tice, wisdom, and goodness of her great Creator.Her early confidence was clouded. She was lesscertain of the necessity for His singular prohibi-

tion, and more inclined to pit her own discretionagainst His clear and explicit commandment.

Now, it will be seen, we are back to the philoso-phy of the lattice window. No tragic collapsein the soul of Eve followed immediately upon thewhispered insinuations of the toad, but the workof the serpent later on was made easier by thispreliminary overture of evil. When the subse-quent temptations came, they appeared the lessloathsome, and the arguments by w^hich theywere commended seemed the more feasible, be-cause of these illusions, phantasms, and dreamsthat the toad had already so slyly insinuated intothe slumberer's brain. The toad prepared theway for the serpent, just as Oliver Twist, enter-ing through the lattice window, prepared thew^ay for Bill Sikes.

Milton makes it perfectly plain that the workof the toad w^as to disturb the primitive serenityof Eve's faith. She awoke full of doubt, full ofuncertainty, full of terrible suspicion. No greatharm was done; and yet the faith in the divineauthority and goodness, the faith that wouldhave made it so easy to have afterwards resistedthe wiles of the serpent, was in ruins. Hersimple trust and childlike confidence were shat-tered. That is life's great initial tragedy, andit is the tragedy that the statesmen and philoso-phers who indulge in learned disquisitions on

the decline of public morality are too apt toignore. They forget one thing. They see thehorrid trail of the serpent, but they fail to recog-nize the influence of the toad who went before.They forget that a shattered faith is the prepara-tion for a ruined life. Our greatest loss is notthe loss of morals; that is but a symptom. It isthe loss of faith; that is the disease. The toadsaps and undermines the faith,

because he knowsthat a man without a faith falls an easy prey tothe serpent, who will bring more concretetemptations to bear on riper years.

In a pretty little poem, Francis Browne pic-tures a band of pilgrims sitting by the sea re-counting their past adventures. They tell thetale of their losses. One speaks of a tiny grass-grown grave; one of a fortune made and lost;one of a ship that never came to port; and oneof a beautiful but buried bride.

"But when their tales were done,There spake among them one,

A stranger, seeming from all sorrow free:'Sad losses have ye met,But mine is heavier yet,

For a believing heart hath gone from me.'

"'Alas!' these pilgrims said,'For the living and the dead.

For fortune's cruelty, and love's sore cross,For the wrecks of land and sea;But howe'er it came to thee.

Thine, stranger, is life's last and heaviest loss!'"

That is precisely the philosophy of CharlesDickens and his little lattice window; it is pre-cisely the philosophy of John Milton and hisParadise Lost. First came Oliver Twist, andthen came Bill Sikes. First came the toad, andthen came the serpent. First came the doubt;then came the devil. Until Satan had appearedas a toad, unsettling faith and obscuring theissue, he dared not appear as a serpent enticingto definite and open rebellion.

Obviously, therefore, the thing to be done isto fortify the little lattice window. Multiplyyour bolts and bars on the heavy front door ifyou will; but such precautions are of little availas long as you leave the lattice window so in-secure that it yields to a tap or a push. And asto Milton's parable, there can be no doubt as tothe reading of his riddle. Milton is nothing ifnot practical. His moral here is practical enoughin all conscience. In the nature of the case hecould not place his toad at the ear of a child.Paradise had no children. The world's firstbaby-face peeped out upon a world that its par-ents had ruined. That in itself constitutes oneof childhood's strongest claims upon maturity.But the swiftness with which Milton introducesthe toad to the ear of Eve seems to indicate thatdoubt loses no opportunity through delay. Par-ents may shudder at the thought, but let them

be certain, as they brush back the flaxen curlsand kiss the foreheads of their sleeping treasures,that the toad is already squatting at those ears.If, amid the sanctities of home, from lips thatto little children have a divine and awful authority, those infant minds do not drink in asublime, vigorous, and intelligent faith in thethings that are too beautiful to be seen as yet,then they will go out into life pitilessly disarmedand disqualified for the struggle that lies beforethem. The work of the toad has been made veryeasy. And in a few years' time the serpent willmake desperate shipwreck of their conduct andtheir characters. But if the lattice window bestoutly secured, Bill Sikes will be at his wits'ends.

Milton tells us that whilst the toad still spathis horrid doubts into the ear of Eve, Ithurielcame. His spear had the singular property ofcompelling every disguised form that it touchedinstantly to return to its own true character.

"Him thus intent Ithuriel with his spearTouched lightly, for no falsehood can endureTouch of celestial temper, but returnsOf force to its own likeness: up he starts.So started up in his own shape the Fiend."

I have attempted in this modest way to rendera similar service to those who possess at oncethe glowing opportunity and the fearful responsi-

bility of the charge of young children. The toadis busy; so must they be. It is not enough to doall that lies in our power to hold our young menand women to the paths of chastity and virtue.That is good as far as it goes; just as it is goodto secure carefully the great hall door; but thereal peril lies one step farther back. We muston no account forget the little lattice window.

Shall I, I wonder, be haled before my grave andreverend seniors, and tried for heresy, if I admitthe right of any two private members of the con-gregation to criticize the minister? At any rate,that is exactly what was taking place on theoccasion of which I now write, and I, for one,am not at all sorry that it happened. CatherineFurze, according to Mark Rutherford, was walk-ing rapidly along the homeward road alone.Suddenly, she heard behind her the sound ofwheels, and an open carriage overtook her. Itwas Dr. Turnbull's. He stopped and insistedon her riding. A very interesting conversationfollowed, in the course of which Catherine andthe doctor discussed the world in general andthe minister in particular. Catherine was in-clined to idolize Mr. Cardew; but the doctor wasa

plain, blunt man, with no illusions.

"A remarkable man in many ways," he ad-mitted, "but he is luxuriating among cowslips/^

It was the doctor's way of saying that the min-ister was out of touch with reality. "He is not

a man I much admire," the doctor said. ^'Hethinks a good deal, and when I am in his com-pany I am unaccountably stimulated; but histhinking is not directed upon life. But his wifenow! There is a woman for you—a really won-derful woman, unobtrusive, devoted to her hus-band, annihilating herself for him. While he isluxuriating amongst the cowslips, in what hecalls thinking, she is teaching the sick peoplepatience, and nursing them. She is a saint, andhe does not know her worth." I am delighted tofind that the doctor has so exalted an opinion ofthe minister's wife. His well-merited tribute toher makes it impossible for me to resent hissevere strictures on myself.

Now we are on delicate ground. We musttherefore go carefully, and deal with the doctor'scriticism bit by bit. And, to begin with, the doc-tor's real grievance seems to be that, whilst Mr.Cardew lives in a dream-world of his own, lux-uriating among his cowslips, he completely failsto appreciate the beauty of the things rightunder his nose. Roving fancy-free, he peopleshis world with shining angel-faces; yet, rightopposite him at every meal, there is a pale andwistful face which, kissed by him, would be in-stantly transfigured. But, however satisfyingthe meal may be, those patient eyes always goaway hungry. ^*She is a saint, but he does not

know her worth. He is luxuriating among cow-slips." It is very sad, and it is all the more sadbecause it is so common. We have a very uglyhabit of glorifying the unfamiliar at the expenseof the things close at hand. Many a man paysto see a painted heroine on a gaudy stage dothings very much less heroic than she is doingwhom he has left darning and sewing at home.

I wish it were possible to introduce a characterfrom one story to a character from another. Ishould certainly introduce Mr. Cardew to TimLinkinwater. Tim is in some respects the mostlovable character in Nicholas NicJclehy. Afterhe had spent forty-four years in their service,Messrs. Cheeryble Brothers thought that

Timshould be to some extent relieved of his duties,so they proposed an arrangement by which hewould be able to live in the country, and comeup to town for a few hours every day. But Timwould not hear of it. "It's forty-four year," heexclaimed, making a calculation in the air withhis pen, and drawing an imaginary line beforehe cast it up, "foFty-four year next May since Ifirst kept the books of Cheeryble Brothers. I'veopened the safe every morning all that time(Sundays excepted) as the clock struck nine,and gone over the house every night at half-pastten (except on Foreign Post nights, and thentwenty minutes before twelve) to see the doors

fastened and the fires out. I've never slept outof the back attic one single night. There's thesame mignonette box in the middle of the win-dow, and the same four flower-pots, two on eachside, that I brought with me when I first came.There ain't—I've said it again and again, andI'll maintain it—there ain't such a square asthis in the world. I know there ain't," said Timwith sudden energy, and looking sternly abouthim. "Not one. For business or pleasure, insummer time or winter—I don't care which—there's nothing like it. There's not such a springin England as the pump under the archway.There's not such a view in England as the viewout of my window. I've seen it every morningbefore I shaved, and I ought to know somethingabout it. I have slept in that room," added Tim,sinking his voice a little, "for four-and-fortyyear; and if it wasn't inconvenient and didn'tinterfere with business, I should request leaveto die there." Poor Tim! Or, rather let me say,poor Mr. Cardew! Mr. Cardew is luxuriatingamong cowslips. He is living in a world of un-reality, and is getting very little fun out of it.Tim scouts the very suggestion of cowslips; heis so perfectly happy without them. It is a greatthing to be in love with life as it is.

In justice to Mr. Cardew, however, I am boundto say that he is not the only man on the face of

the earth who indulges the habit of luxuriatingamong cowslips. A minister is always a fairtarget for criticism; but, really, ministers arenot the only people who say good-bye to realityand get their heads entangled in the clouds. Irecognize that it is the poorest possible defenceto plead that others have been guilty of the samecrime. Yet it is just as well to see that poor Mr.Cardew does not stand alone. As examples ofa crowd of other offenders let me instance the ^scientist and the schoolmaster. For centuries,Science merely luxuriated among cowslips. Itthought and thought and thought, just as Mr.Cardew did, but its thinking—to quote Dr. Turn-bull's impeachment of his minister—was notdirected upon life. It

was Lord Bacon who didfor Science what Dr. Turnbull did for Mr. Car-dew. Precisely three centuries ago that brilliantessayist and statesman hurled the thunderboltsof his vigorous denunciation into the academiesof scientific learning and into the halls of philo-sophic thought, and charged the learned specu-lators with making no real contribution to thepractical welfare of the race. "Words, and morewords, and nothing but words, had been all thefruit of all the toil of all the most renownedsages of sixty generations." Curiously enough,the old philosophy had been singularly shy ofmeddling in matters that might serve some utili-

tarian end, lest it should be supposed that aca-demic pursuits were simply followed for the sakeof the vulgar purposes that they promoted. "Inmy time," exclaims Seneca, "men have inventedtransparent windows; tubes for diffusing warmthequally through all parts of a building; andshorthand, which has been carried to such a per-fection that a writer can keep pace with the mostrapid speaker. But the inventing of such thingsis drudgery for the lowest slaves; philosophy liesdeeper. It is not her office to teach men how touse their hands; the object of her lesson is toform the soul." For many hundreds of yearsthe most capable thinkers were content to dealin nebulous theories, abstract speculations, mys-tifying hypotheses, and occult disquisitions.They were obviously luxuriating among cow-slips. Science was in the world like a spider inthe water, with its own native atmosphere gath-ered closely about it, and fearful lest any generaladmixture should take place between the elementthat was the breath of its own nostrils and theturbid body of affairs beyond it. Even after thegreat revival of thought and learning thatmarked the fifteenth century, this perniciousssuperstition still survived. Between that revivaland our own time. Bacon stands almost midway;and to contrast the three centuries before himwith the three centuries that have followed is

to contrast darkness with light. In season andout of season he preached his doctrine that noth-ing can be too insignificant for the attention ofthe wisest which is not too insignificant to givepleasure or pain to the meanest. Until thenScience, like Mr. Cardew, had been luxuriatingamong cowslips. Its thinking had no bearingupon reality. But Lord Bacon startled theschools and brought them to their senses.

And Macaulay bears witness to the fact thatthe doctrine that Bacon then preached soforcibly has, in the result, wrought untold good.It has lengthened human life, he says; it hasmitigated pain; has extinguished diseases; hasincreased the fertility of the soil; has given newsecurities to the mariner; has

furnished newarms to the warrior; has spanned great rivers;has guided the thunderbolt innocuously fromheaven to earth; has lighted up the night withthe splendour of the day; has extended the rangeof human vision; has multiplied the power ofthe human muscles; has accelerated motion; hasannihilated distance; has facilitated intercourse;has enabled man to descend into the depths ofthe sea, to soar into the air, to penetrate securelyinto the noxious recesses of the earth, to traversethe land in cars which whirl along withouthorses, and the ocean in ships which defy bothwind and wave.

I do not mean to imply that the scientisthastily abandoned his fondness for cowslips. Onthe contrary, he forsook them slowly and reluc-tantly. Everybody laughed immoderately atShelley, when, only a hundred years ago, theromantic young poet discoursed to his fellowstudents at Oxford on the vast possibilities ofScience for making men happy. A day w^ouldcome, the youthful freshman gravely predicted,when chemistry would teach agriculturists howto turn deserts into cornfields, when even the airand the water would yield fire and food, andwhen Africa would be explored by aviators, theshadows of whose aerial craft, passing over thejungles, would emancipate the slaves. JeffersonHogg tells us that, when the young dreamerenunciated these fantastic ideas, the under-graduates regarded them as the most frenziedof all the flights of their brilliant young com-panion's vivid fancy; yet who, knowing w^hat weknow, can fail to see in his declaration somethingdistinctly prophetic? He was simply statingthat Science w^ould not always be satisfied withcowslips.

The impeachment of the schoolmaster may bestated more briefly for the simple reason that thewitnesses are tumbling over each other in theireagerness to give evidence against him. Dr.TurnbuU was Mr. Cardew's only critic; but the

schoolmaster has critics galore. Mr. H. G. Wells,both in Kipps and in The New Machiavelli, hastellingly portrayed the chasm that yawns be-tween the atmosphere of the schools on the onehand and the stern realities of life on the other.Mr. Wells, it is true, carries the assault intomoral as well as into intellectual realms, but hiscriticism is robbed of none of its force on thataccount. He describes the schools and univer-sities pouring their stream of medalled and cer-tificated scholars into the glare and tumult ofLondon life, whilst those bewildered young prize-winners find themselves as unprepared for theworkaday requirements and flaunting tempta-tions of the city as if they had suddenly arrivedfrom Mars or from the moon. Mr. A. C. Benson,in Water Springs, makes his hero, Mr. HowardKennedy, Fellow and Classical Lecturer atBeaufort

College, Cambridge, pause in the midstof his quiet academic routine and startle himselfwith the question as to whether or not his seques-tered world is in touch with reality at any point.And Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch has, in his ownway, been directing attention to the same press-ing problem. Clearly, therefore, the propensityto luxuriate among the cowslips, however charac-teristic of Mr. Cardew, is by no means a mo-nopoly of his.

One of these days Mr. Cardew, and his com-

panions among the cowslips, will suddenly dis-cover that there are other flowers in the worldbeside cowslips. There are dandelions, for ex-ample. As a matter of fact, Catherine was com-ing from among the dandelions when she metDr. Turnbull. Nobody can have read Mark^Rutherford's great story without rememberingfor ever afterwards the wretched hovel in whichPhoebe Crowhurst was dying, and the little bury-ing-ground, choked with dandelions, sorrel, anddocks, not far off. Catherine had been to visitpoor Phoebe.

" ^I will read the Bible to you before I go,Phoebe; what would you like?'

^Thoebe chose neither prophecy, psalm, norepistle, but the last three chapters of St. Mat-thew. When we come near death, or near some-thing which may be worse, all exhortation,theory, promise, advice, and dogma fail." Cow-slips, that is to say, are at a discount. "The onestaff which will not break under us is the victoryachieved in a like situation by One who has pre-ceded us; and the most desperate private experi-ence cannot go beyond the garden of Geth-semane. Catherine read through the story ofthe conflict, and when she came to the resur-rection she felt, and Phoebe felt, as millionshave felt before, that this was the truth ofdeath."

Depend upon it, the dandelions are in theworld to save us from the cowslips. If only Mr.Cardew could have forsaken the cowslips and gotamong the dandelions, it would have been hissalvation. If a man is inclined to luxuriateamong cowslips, let him go straight off to thehaunts of human misery; let him grapple at first-hand with all the problems of sin and dirt anddisease and death; let him grasp the hand of thetempted, hear the tale of the desolate, and watchthe last struggle of the dying, and the cowslipswill instantly lose their glamour. In one of hisbooks, George Borrow describes a specially en-chanting Spanish landscape. "I sat down

on thebroken wall," he says, "and remained gazing andlistening, and shedding tears of rapture; for ofall the pleasures which a bountiful God per-mitteth His children to enjoy, none are so dearto some hearts as the music of forests andstreams, and the view of the beauties of Hisglorious creation. An hour elapsed, and I stillmaintained my seat. . . . The sun burned myvisage and I heeded it not, and I believe that Ishould have remained till night, buried in thesereveries, which I confess only serve to enervatethe mind and steal many a minute which mightbe more properly employed, had not the reportof a gun of a fotvler in the valley caused me tostart to my feet." What a pity that that par-

ticular fowler is not always handy when thecowslips become too seductive for us!

But Mr. Cardew was saved from the cowslipsafter all. He looked one day into the eyes of adying woman, and it acted upon him as thereport of the fowler's gun acted upon GeorgeBorrow. He saw for himself what Dr. TurnbuUhad seen years before. His ministry had beena matter of luxuriating among cowslips. "Mr.Cardew resigned his living," Mark Rutherfordtells us, "and did not preach for many years.Later in life he took up his work again in a far-distant, purely agricultural parish, but his ser-mons were of the simplest kind—exhortationsto pity, consideration, gentleness, and counselsas to the common duties of life. He spent muchof his time in visiting his parishioners, and inhelping them in their difficulties. Before Mr.Cardew was set for evermore the face which hesaw white and saintly that May morning whendeath had entered." Mr. Cardew had beendelivered from the tyranny of the cowslips.Blessed be the sharp startling report of thefowler's gun!

yi

A CHIP OF HISTOEY

I DO not propose to tell again the whole sad storyof the Burke and Wills expedition. That tale—the most tragic and touching in the entire his-tory of world-wide exploration—is too familiarto need retelling now. But there is one phaseof the great and thrilling episode which I havereceived at first-hand, and which, as far as Iknow, has never before been recorded. I contentmyself with being the chronicler of that solitaryincident. I base upon it no doctrine or argu-ment. I state the facts precisely as they havebeen told to me.

I was talking the other day with an old ladywho witnessed both the jubilant departure andthe melancholy return of the great expedition.It set out from Melbourne, as everybody knows,in August, 1860. What crowds lined the streetsto cheer the men who were to be the first to crossthe continent of Australia! The preparationshad been made regardless of expense. A trainof camels had been imported from India, and, in

contrast with the modest equipment of theearlier overlanders, the baggage of the party raninto a score of tons. My lady friend was a mem-ber of the Chief Secretary's party. The Hon.William Nicholson had invited her to accompanyhim to the camp to see the sendoff. "How brightand gay it all seemed!" she says. "I rememberas clearly as though it were yesterday those lastscenes in camp. There was the luncheon, withits loud hum of excited conversation and itsrepeated outbursts of laughter. There were thespeeches, all so full of hope and confidence. Irecall the handshakes as the camp broke up.Everybody crowded round the men as they pre-pared to mount. Their hands must have achedwith the much shaking. ^Good luck to you I'everybody cried as they mounted. All eyes wereon the camels as, with swaying heads and longungainly stride, they trooped out in a long strag-gling procession. The air was rent with cheersas Burke himself rode past, his face flushed withelation and hope. We watched them all untilthey passed into the shadows in the distance, andthen we turned back towards our homes in thecity." Never, surely, did men go to their deathsin the desert more gaily than did these.

II

Burke was accompanied by Wills, Brahe,

Gray, and King; and it is with King that mypart of the story is concerned. These five menmade up the first detachment of the expedition.The second part was to follow later and join theleaders at Cooper's Creek. All were then toproceed together .on their march across the conti-nent. But vexatious delays took place. Thehead of the expedition got tired of waiting atCooper's Creek for the tail to crawl up. At lastBurke decided to proceed without the balanceof his party. Leaving Brahe at Cooper's Creekto welcome and bring on the belated rearguard,he set out with Wills, Gray, and King across thedesert. The rest is common knowledge. Howthe four men crossed the continent; how theyendured

unutterable tortures of hunger, thirst,and weariness on the way back; how Burkealmost died through eating a venomous andloathsome snake; how Gray actually perished;how the three survivors paused for twenty-fourhours beside the grave of their comrade; howthe loss of those precious hours eventually in-volved both Burke and Wills in a similar disas-ter; how the three men—emaciated, starving,and almost demented—staggered into Cooper'sCreek a few hours after the other detachmenthad deserted it; and how both Burke and Willsdied out in the scrub,—these are an integral partof our Australian records.

III

In Melbourne a rumour was fast gainingground that all was not well with the expeditionfrom which so much had been expected. Thestories especially alarmed King's sister. Kingwas the youngest member of the expedition, andhis sister was deeply attached to him. She wasa member of the Methodist Church in FitzroyStreet, which faces the St. Kilda Park gates.As the ugly stories became more persistent andcircumstantial, she determined, in her distress,to take counsel with her minister. He, in histurn, laid the matter before the congregation,and suggested that, as King was a member oftheir church, they should hold special meetingsfor prayer, and enter into a united concert ofintercession until the fate of the party shouldbe known. The people took the matter up withavidity, and applied themselves to it with com-mendable constancy. '^During all those longand trying months that followed," my ladyfriend tells me, "the prayers of that congregationascended like incense in private and in public tothe Throne of the Heavenly Grace. King's sisterwas always there. How they prayed! And themore persistent the tales of disaster became, themore earnestly these people gathered togetherfor prayer. The most circumstantial stories of

the utter extinction of the exploratory partynever daunted them. Until the worst was con-firmed, they clung desperately to their faith.Night and day they called upon God to sparethe youth who had gone to hazard his life in thewilderness. The one encouraged the other; andlong after any individual of that group would,by himself, have abandoned the case as hopeless,the gregarious instinct kept faith from flagging,and all together persevered where any one, ifleft to himself, would have allowed the sacredflame to languish.

IV

!Now what was happening out in the desertwhilst those Methodists prayed in the

city? Wehave seen the three men stagger back to the campat Cooper's Creek, only to find that their com-rades had a few hours previously forsaken it.Has anybody ever gazed with eyes quite dry onthe great canvas in the Melbourne Art Gallerythat so vividly and tellingly portrays that ter-rible and historic scene? All the way across thesandy uplands the three have struggled on, ner-vously measuring their failing strength, andanxiously calculating the chances of its holdingout until they could once more reach their base.And now, after an hour of indescribable excite-ment, they have reached it—and reached it just

a few hours too late! The letter left in the for-saken camp bore the date of the day on whichthey read it! Oh, for the four-and-twenty hoursthat they squandered at the graveside of Gray!But it was no time for vain regrets. What wasto be done? They set out for home, but withlittle hope of ever reaching it. Famished andexhausted, they fell in with some blacks who fedthem on roots and native foods. But they soondiscovered that such fare, although it satisfied,did not nourish them; and they were starving inthe midst of plenty. Burke resolved to makeone desperate effort to get back to Cooper'sCreek. Taking King with him, he started. But,alas, the task was too great. Burke sank ex-hausted on the sands. He is the only man ofwhom I know who ever wrote an account of hisown death. So anxious was he that his journalshould be complete that he wrote it right downto that last sad scene in the desert. He askedKing to remain with him to the end, to place inhis dead hand the pistol with which friends inMelbourne had presented him, and then to leavehim, not buried, but lying with his face to thestars. And so implicit was his confidence inKing's loyalty and obedience that he describedin his journal that last sad scene. As thoughsurveying his death in retrospect, he says of thatfinal act of reverent homage:

^^King has behaved nobly. He has stayedicith me to the last, and placed the pistol inmy handy leaving me lying on the surface as Iwished/'

I really believe that to be the most touchingpersonal record ever written. Having stretchedout his dead leader on the sands, King hurriedback to Wills. But he, too, had paid the lastpenalty of the pathfinder. King sorrowfullyburied him, and then sat down to map out hisown course. Of the original party—the partythat had crossed the continent—he alone sur-vived. He had buried Gray; he had left Burkelying in solemn state beneath the stars; and nowhe had buried Wills. And all the time, at Fitz-roy Street, prayer rose like a fountain from thedepths of a

sister's soul and from a company ofkindred spirits bound together by a covenant ofintercession.

The ugly stories that had startled Melbournewithout daunting the praying band had at lastto be reckoned with. If they were not true, whathad become of the explorers? A relief expeditionwas organized. After a long search they oneday came upon a strange and ragged creature,neither black nor white, with tangled and dis-hevelled hair, with gaunt form and haggard eye,

a creature to whom speech seemed at first im-possible. He was wasted to a shadow, and onlythe remnants of his clothes indicated his formercivilized condition. They soon made out thatthis was King; and in due time they gleanedfrom him, bit by bit, the terrible story of hisexperiences and adventures. Later on, theyreverently gathered up the bones of his com-panions that they might be brought to Melbournefor honourable burial. And then—we are inMelbourne again, and my lady friend, who wit-nessed the scene, shall herself tell the story.

"It was a bright clear day," she says, "and thepeople turned out in thousands. For hours theythronged in sad and sombre silence every pointof vantage. Then, hark I the deep diapason ofthe Dead March in Saul comes sullenly up onthe wind. To the heavy tramping of the proces-sional pageant—^voices all hushed and headsreverently bowed—the catafalque passes. Thereare smothered sobs, and strong men brush awaya tear. That casket contains all that is left ofthose gallant men who rode so proudly forth,accompanied by a cavalcade of camels, andencouraged by the plaudits of the people. Iheard the cheering and the music as they went;I stood amidst the sorrowing crowds when themournful cortege re-entered the city. It was astrange contrast."

yi

But did that casket contain all that was leftof them? Not quite. For down at Fitzroy StreetKing stood beside his sister, surrounded by agroup of grateful friends. He heard the story oftheir steadfast and unflagging ministry of inter-cession. And as he sat among them whilst theyreturned solemn and heartfelt thanks for hispreservation, both he and his sister found theirhearts too full for utterance.

VII

MAXIMS OF THE MUD

Hurrah for winter! Winter brings the long eve-nings and the blazing fires. Winter teaches usthe love of home and the worth of books. It isgood to sit w^ith a great story by a roaring fire,surrounded by familiar faces, and to hear thebleak wind whistle round the house, and the pelt-ing rain rattle on the window. Winter brings ahost of really good things, and among the treas-ures in its train I sing to-day the praise of mud.I always feel thankful to Tennyson for giving usa phrase to set over against Kuskin. Ruskinwrote on the ^^Ethics of the Dust," so Tennysontold us of the ^'Maxims of the Mud." The sen-tence occurs, of course, in the Idylls of the King.Says Vivien:

"... gracious lessons thine.And maxims of the mud!'*

"Maxims of the Mud!" That is good! But whatare they? Now, as a matter of fact, mud mayteach us one of the most salutary lessons thatour cynical generation needs. It is a common-

place with us that "all is not gold that glitters.'^It is one of our favourite platitudes that "thingsare not what they seem.'^ And these pitiableplatitudes and cant commonplaces ring in ourears from morning to night, preaching theirhideous philosophy of suspicion. And as a resultwe find ourselves analysing and criticising every-thing and everybody, fearful lest every angelthat greets us should prove only a fiend in dis-guise. But the mud gives us a happier, perhapsa holier, conception of life's attitude. For whatis mud? The dictionary says that it is "mire,slime, sediment, soft earth as in a puddle," &c.That is all the dictionary knows! But let us goback to Kuskin. He knew something of themaxims of the mud as well as of the ethics ofthe dust. The great philosopher was one dayw^alking along the streets of an English manu-facturing town. The weather had been very wet,and the mud was most abundant and tenacious.The thought occurred to him that he would havethe mud analysed to find out its organic ele-ments. This was accordingly done, and theblack and grimy mud was found to consist ofsand, clay, soot, and water. Musing upon them,the thought occurred to him that these are thevery substances from which our precious gemsare formed. From the sand or silica are formedthe onyx, chrysolite, agate, beryl, cornelian,

chalcedony, jasper, sardius, amethyst; from theclay are formed the sapphire, ruby, emerald, andtopaz; from the soot is formed the diamond; andthe water is the same as that which, in the formof a dew-drop, sparkles in the heart of a rose.So that, in wading through the ugly mud, hehad really been splashing among sapphires.Here, therefore, is the true meaning of mud. Ittells us that the toothless epigrams of our com-mon chatter are true in letter but false in spirit.It tells us that "all is not gold that glitters,"simply because that which glitters may be muchmore precious than gold. It tells us that "thingsare not what they seem" because they may be athousandfold better than they seem. It tells usthat, instead of being so swift to suspect the

(angel of being a devil disguised, w^e should rathersuspect the ragged stranger of being in truth an

' angelic visitant. Sir Launfal found the Christin the guise of a leper. The mud of life maybe jingling with jewels.

And, after all, even when the worst comes tothe w^orst, the mud is rarely inevitable. There isusually a way round or a path across. Those whohave threaded the narrow tracks that intersectthe boiling mud in the volcanic region of NewZealand will appreciate the point. It may bewith us as with those poor Londoners of whomMark Kutherford so sadly writes: "The sky over

their heads is mud; the earth is mud under theirfeet; the muddy houses stretch in long rows—black, gaunt, and uniform. The very Park iswrapped in impenetrable mud-grey/' But whatof that? It is nevertheless easily possible for aman to w^alk through London, from Whitechapelto Kensington, without soiling his patent shoes.^^You needn't think there are no more mud-holes,matey, for there are!" writes the brave little^^Lady of the Decoration." "When I see themahead I climb the fence and walk around!" Ex-actly ! That is a maxim of the mud well worthhaving learned. I am very fond of that greatstory that James Nasmyth tells in his Autobiog-raphy. When he was quite a boy he found hisway to London. His father—a rare and saga-cious Scotsman—accompanied him to help himin the choice of lodgings. They found a verysuitable room just behind the Surrey Theatre.To the younger Nasmyth's surprise, however, hisfather abruptly declined it. When they got out-side, James asked his father for his reasons."Well," the older man replied, "did you not seethat extremely gay bonnet lying on the bed? Well, James, I think that, in the vicinity of atheatre, that looks suspicious." And then hesagely added, "At all events, James, you wdllfind that though there are

many dirty roads inlife, if you use your judgment you may alicays

he able to find a clean crossing.'^ And so I repeatthat, even when the worst comes to the worst,when the mud is everywhere, it is never quiteinevitable. There is always a way round or away through.

And surely, if we see the muddy side of life, itis usually because our eyes are down to theground. Is it not Kingsley who tells us that

"Two women looked through their prison bars;The one saw mud, the other saw stars?'*

The mud w^as there for both of them to see; thestars of God smiled down on each; but the onelooked down in despair, while the other lookedup in devotion. That is invariably the case.There is a bright light in the cloud, but men donot see it because they focus their attentionupon the centre of the gloom. There is mud, andthere are the stars. There is the blackness ofthe cloud, and there is the silver lining. Youmay feast your eyes on which you will. "Ireached Folkestone on a rainy day, after a so-journ on the Continent,'^ writes Professor Hux-ley. "The streets of that little southern townwere thick with mud, but," he continues, "Icould have lain down and rolled in it; I was soglad that it was English mud!" So that eventhe mud need not always look muddy; and thefact clearly is, that the things we look upon take

to themselves their gay tints or their dark huesaccording to the colours of the spectaclesthrough which we view them.

But the finest word ever written about mudwas perhaps the earliest. It is a singular andintensely significant fact that, even in this scien-tific age of ours, we invariably find that the lastword has to be said, and the greatest pronounce-ments delivered, on almost every conceivablesubject, by those holy men of old who spake asthey were borne along by the Holy Spirit. Inthe infancy of the race there lived a sufferernamed Job, who chanced also to be a philosopher,as sufferers so often are. Day by day he scannedhis little horizon in search of comfort. One dayhis eyes rested upon the muddy banks of a stag-nant pond; and out of the mud the sword-likereeds and the tall papyrus stalks were growing.And he exclaimed, "Can the papyrus grow upwithout mud? Can the reed grow without thestagnant water?" Now the papyrus stood to theancients for literature; just as the reed repre-sented music. And the joy of Job consisted inthis: that the

literature and the music of theages seemed to him to be growing out of thatrepulsive mud about the banks of the tarn. Andthis meant much to poor Job. For it became asclear as noonday to him that, if the fluid mudcould afford life to the papyrus and the reed,

then nothing need be altogether useless in aworld like this. There are many who feel them-selves to be as useless as the mud of a stagnantpool, and yet they may, by the quiet and graciousinfluence of their obscure lives, make it possiblefor others to be great and noble and good. Themud ministered to the papyrus and the reed.Did not Lord Shaftesbury confess that he owedall the power of his life and service to the silentChristian influence of the girl who nursed himas a child? The reed grew out of the stagnantwater, the papyrus grew out of the mire. Thatwas Job's cheery philosophy concerning mud.Emerson may well say that

"In the mud and scum of thingsThere's always, always something sings!"

Yes, there are voices in the mud which rival thenotes of the larks and the linnets, voices to whichmany prophets and mighty men have listenedwith rapture and inspiration.

Just one word, and that of strictly colonialapplication, ought to be said under such a head-ing as this. I have often discovered, especiallyin New Zealand, among the bluegum- and thewattle-trees near many a fine residence, the oldmud-hut which served as a mansion for the firstsettlers. And round about the grounds, almosthidden by a more pretentious and more beautiful

boundary-line, is the old mud wall which markedthose early divisions of property. That mud,too, is eloquent,

"For it rarely stirs the bloodTo see cities in the bud.And to feel a nation growingOut of sticky prairie mud."

In lands like these we cannot afford to forgetthe privations and hardships endured by thosepathfinders of a century ago. They heard thepoet's call:

"Far, far off the daybreak call—^hark! how loud and clear I

hear it wind!Swift! to the head of the army!—Swift, spring to yourplaces,

Pioneers! O Pioneers!"

And they answered it. And the men and womenof to-day, who "dwell in ceiled houses," utilizingtheir father's mud-hut as a toolhouse or a lum-bershed, will do well to cherish a profound rever-ence for those who carved a way for themselvesthrough almost insuperable obstacles, and lefta heritage of comfort and prosperity to the gen-eration that Cometh after. Would it seem veryfoolish if we were to raise our hats as we passthose old mud-huts? It is one more illustrationof the eternal principle that "other men laboured,and we are entered into their labours."

No, no, no! Let us say no hard things aboutthe winter mud. If we do, the swallows and thebeavers and the mason bees will certainly riseup in judgement against us. For where wouldthey be without the mud of which they build tothemselves their lovely homes? "He hath madeeverything beautiful in His time,'^ said a verywise man a long time ago; and it is only becauseour eyes are dim that we fail at times to see thebeauty of the mud.

VIII

CONCERNING SAMUEL CREGGAN

Samuel Creggan is no frolic of my fancy—norof any other man's. Samuel Creggan is a realcharacter, or at least he was. Indeed, he is theoriginal on whom one of our greatest pieces offiction has been founded. It was he who sug-gested to Robert Louis Stevenson the conceptionof Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. "I was in Steven-son's company/' Mr. Charles H. E. Brookfieldtells us, in his Random Reminiscences, "I w^asin Stevenson's company at the moment that heconceived the germ of the idea. He was inveigh-ing against a man named Samuel Creggan withwhom he had done business, and with whosemethods he was dissatisfied. "He's a man whotrades on the Samuel,^^ Stevenson declared inhis rather finiking, musical Scotch voice. "Hereceives you with Samuel's smile on his face;with the gesture of Samuel he invites you to achair; with SamueVs eyes cast down in self-depreciation he tells you how well satisfied hisclients have always been with his dealings; butevery now and again you catch a glimpse of the

Creggan peeping out like a white ferret; Creg-gan's the real man; ^amueVs only superficial.'^So much by way of introducing Samuel Creggan.The episode

reminds me of an incident of mycollege days. A lecture was in progress, and aslight discussion arose. A student, whose valouroutran his discretion, ventured to join issue withthe professor, and had duly fortified himself withponderous authorities.

"But, sir," he observed, "does not John AngellJames—Dr. Dale's predecessor at Birmingham—say so-and-so?"

"If," replied the learned lecturer, withoutturning a hair, "if John Angell James ever saidthat, Mr. Robinson, it must have been at a mo-ment when the John and the James had got theupper hand and the Angell was asleep I"

So there you are I It is the old, old problem.

"Be sure," said Margaret Howe, in discussingthe complexities of Drumsheugh's character withDoctor Maclure, "be sure there's twa fouk inevery ane o's. There's twa Drumsheughs—oneDrumsheugh ^at fought wi' the dealers an' livedlike a miser, an' anither Drumsheugh that giedthe money for Tammas MitchelFs wife an' nursitma laddie."

The doctor argued the other way, and stoutlymaintained that there was but one Drumsheugh;but Ian Maclaren's readers, who are in the

secret, know that, not so long before, the doctorhimself had given Drumsheugh to his face a bitof his mind.

"Drumsheugh," he exclaimed, "ye're the maistaccomplished lear 'at's ever been born in Drum-tochty, an'—the best man a^ ever sawF^

And so—I repeat—there you are! But are weto leave it at that? Ought we not to grapplewith the problem? In his Reminiscences, SirHenry Hawkins tells of a woman whom he oncedefended. She was so utterly abandoned anddepraved that she had undertaken to assist herhusband and son in murdering a servant-girl.Whilst the two men committed the revoltingcrime, the woman held down the victim. Andyet, when the issue of the trial was trembling inthe balance, this same woman came forward withan astounding proposition. "If the trial goeson," she said, "we may all three get off, or wemay all three be hanged. I wish to place myhusband and my boy beyond the pale of soterrible a risk." And then she pleaded that shemight be sent to the gallows, and that, with herexecution, justice might be satisfied! "Here,"as Sir Henry says, "was a strange mingling ofevil and

good—of diabolical cruelty and nobleself-sacrifice—in one breast! I leave others towork out this problem of human nature." Thatis precisely what we have all been doing—leaving

others to work out the problem. But it will notdo. We must tackle it. Which is the real man—Samuel or Cregganf Which is the real Drum-sheugh—the niggardly Drumsheugh of themarket-place or the noble-hearted Drumsheughwho secretly sustained the widow and the or-phan? It is worth spending five minutes inwrestling with these alluring conundrums.

I respectfully submit that it is begging thequestion to say that there is neither a Samuelas such, nor a Creggan as such, but a SamuelCreggan one and indivisible. Robert LouisStevenson's book notwithstanding, a man cannotbe both Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. He must beacting a part in the one character or in the other.If, peering down into the fearsome recesses ofthis soul of mine, I sometimes catch glimpses,not of one man, but of what appears to be two,how can I determine which of those two is reallyand truly myself? That is the question.

And in casting about for some clue to thismost intricate maze, I came upon that man towhom the Saviour said, "If thou canst believe,all things are possible to him that believeth!And straightway the man cried out and saidwith tears, Lord, I Relieve: help Thou mine un-belief/'

Lord, I helieve—it is the voice of Samuel theSaint!

Eelp Thou mine unbelief—it is the voice ofCreggan the Sceptic I

Now which is the real man, Samuel or Creg-gan, Saint or Sceptic? The question is of first-class importance, because no prayer so exactlyexpresses the cry of the universal heart. It ismy prayer; it is your prayer: it is everybody'sprayer. In the biography of Bishop Westcottthere is an affecting description of Dr. West-cott's visit to the death-bed of Bishop Lee, ofManchester. "People quote various words of theLord," said the dying prelate to his distinguishedvisitor, "people quote various words of the Lordas containing the sum of the gospel—the Lord'sPrayer, the Sermon on the Mount, and the like;but to me the essence of the gospel is in simplerand shorter terms—'Fear not; only 'believe.'"And then, as he reflected a moment, the feelingswept over him that those words were not assimple as they seemed. He was frightened bythe frailty of his faith.

'^ 'Only believe/ '^ he repeated, " 'only believe,—ah, Westcott, mark that 'onlyJ '^

Tears filled his eyes. "Only believe.^' But didhe believe? And at last his soul found expres-sion and consolation in the old, agonizing cry,"Lord, I believe: help Thou mine unbelief"

But we are still staring at the problem insteadof solving it.

Lordy r believe—it is the voice of Samuel theSaint.

Help Thou mine unbelief—it is the voice ofCreggan the Sceptic. Which is the true man?Is there any clue? I think there is.

When faith and unbelief are struggling in mysoul as they struggled in the soul of the man wholooked through his tears into the Saviour's face,and as they struggled in the soul of the dyingbishop, the question is, "Where do I myselfstand?" Faith and Unbelief are at war withinme; but I myself do not consist of Faith and Un-belief. My personality is greater than my faith,greater than my doubt. Where do / stand? DoI range myself alongside my faith, or do I rangemyself alongside my doubt? Am I with Samuelor am I with Creggan? The fine thing about theman in the gospel story, and about the dyingbishop, is that they took their stand beside theirfaith, and put their doubt from them as a thingto be pitied and deplored.

Lordy I believe—it is the identification of theMan himself with his faith.

Help Thou mine unbelief—it is the repudia-tion by the Man himself of his doubt.

Everything hinges there. A man may identifyhimself with his faith and repudiate his unbelief;this is the triumph of Samuel. "This is the vic-tory that overcometh the world." Or, on the

other hand, he may identify himself with hisunbelief and renounce his faith; this is thetriumph of Creggan. That is what Pliable did.Christian and he fell together into the Sloughof Despond. Let Bunyan tell the story:

"Here, therefore, they wallowed for a time^being grievously bedaubed with the dirt.

"Then said Pliable, 'Ah, Neighbour Christian,where are we now?'

a ^Truly,' said Christian, 'I do not know.'

"At that. Pliable began to be offended, and,giving a desperate struggle or two, got out of themire on that side of the slough which was nextto his own house. So away he went, and Chris-tian saw him no more. Wherefore Christian wasleft to wallow in the slough alone, but still heendeavoured to struggle to that side of the sloughwhich was farther from his own house, and nextto the Wicket-Gate; the which he did."

Here, then, with his usual sure and skilfultouch, Bunyan probes to the very root of thewhole matter: Christian and Pliable alike floun-dered in the bog; just as we all alike find our-selves simultaneously the subjects of Faith andthe victims of Unbelief. But here was the differ-ence. Pliable, identifying himself with thebasest instincts within his breast, and repudiat-ing the faith that had called him out on pilgrim-age, turned sordidly to that side of the slough

that was next to Ms own house; whilst Christian,identifying himself with his pilgrim spirit, andrepudiating the promptings that suggested a re-treat, turned wistfully towards the opposite bank.It is a great day in the life of Samuel Cregganwhen he discovers that his soul is the tenantof irreconcilable incompatibilities. There is theSamuel element, and there is the Creggan ele-ment. Which shall he repudiate? With whichshall he identify himself? He will never, ofcourse, get rid of either. He will be SamuelCreggan to his dying day; and Samuel Cregganwill be carved upon his cofiin. If he takes sideswith the Creggan against the Samuel, he willfind, whenever he glances over his shoulder, thatSamuel is following all the way in the fond hopethat some day the man, his master, will tire ofthe baseness of Creggan, and give his reason andhis conscience a chance. And if, on the otherhand, the man identifies himself with Samuel,and dismisses Creggan, Creggan will steal alongbehind him, like a dog with his tail between hislegs, hoping against hope to be one day calledto his master's side. A man may decide forUnbelief, but Faith will always follow him, long-ing for a happier day. A man may decide forFaith; but Doubt w ill stealthily dog his footstepsto the last. Samuel and Creggan will never bevery far apart.

Still, it makes all the difference as to whichof the two walks proudly by his master's side,and which follows, in disgrace, behind him.

^^I believeF' cries the man in the Gospelbravely.

^^I believe!^' cries Bishop Lee, on his death-bed, cheerily.

^^I believe!^' cry I; and all my soul is in thatglorious credo.

^^My unbelief!^' cries the man in the Gospelsadly.

^^Mij unbelief F^ cries Bishop Lee, on his death-bed, tearfully.

^^My unbeliefr cry I; and I hang my head inshame as I say it.

^^Lordy I believe; help Thou mine unbelief!^*It is Christian in the slough; but it is Christianin the slough with his back to the City of De-struction, and with his face towards the CityCelestial.

IX

PUNCH AND JUDY

When I reached home last night, a little tired, Ithrew myself into a cosy arm-chair that the angelof the house had prepared for me beside the fire,and picked up what I took to be an illustratedmagazine. It turned out, however, to be theAcademy Pictures; and, to my delight, it fellopen at a really fine engraving of Punch andJudy. Here is the village green, with the famousshow set up beneath the trees. Everything issimply perfect, particularly the expressions onthe faces of the country folk. Nothing couldhave been more restful than to survey this seaof smiles; and by the time I had finished with thepicture I felt as a man feels after a good sleepand a refreshing cup of tea.

Now wherein lies the secret of the perennialfascination and universal appeal of Punch andJudy? Look at this motley crowd on this villagegreen. The artist has sampled humanity at allpoints, and yet every face is brightened by theantics of the puppets. I am afraid I should thinkthe less of a man's religion if I discovered that

Punch and Judy held no place in his affections.As I glance around my study-shelves, and scanthe names of my favourite authors, I like tothink that they were

men who could laugh atPunch and Judy. If I caught one of them scowl-ing at Punch and Judy, I should certainly hence-forth scowl at him. Dickens introduces theshowman scores of times; but he always handlesthe subject lovingly; and there is abundant evi-dence that he always paused to see the fun when-ever he heard the strains of the showman's flute.And if I turn from the shelves that hold myfiction to the more sombre departments of mylibrary it is just the same. Here, for example,are the works of Professor Drummond. "Nopower on earth," says Ian Maclaren, "could dragHenry Drummond past a Punch and Judy show—the ancient, perennial, ever-delightful theatreof the people—in which, each time of attendance,he detected new points of interest." And hereis one of the last glimpses that we catch of him.Mr. Hunter Boyd met him at the GeneralAssembly in Edinburgh not long before he died.He went with hundreds of others to hear Dr.Parker's celebrated address in the AssemblyHall. "I noticed," said Mr. Boyd, "that whilethe rest of the company hurried quickly to theAssembly Hall, he inclined to linger in PrincesStreet and on the Mound. At the foot of the

Mound there was a Punch and Judy show. Hestopped and looked at me attentively. I knew hemeant to say, ^Shall we miss Parker or shall wemiss Punch and Judy?' How he loved to seethe show and to watch the faces of the crowd!"I did not pause to draw attention to Ian Mac-laren's own tell-tale adjectives—"the ancient,perennial, ever-delightful theatre of the people"—but if they do not imply that he had himselffallen under the magic of Punch's wand, I shouldmake a very poor private detective.

One could go on like this indefinitely, but Imust be permitted to sample the bookshelves inyet another corner. A Doctor of Divinity, if youplease; and a Scottish Doctor of Divinity at that.There was no nonsense about Thomas Guthrie:a doctor of the good old school was he. Andhere, at the close of his life-story, I find twopregnant passages. His great ministry isfinished, and every utterance now is born of richand ripe experience. And out of that wealthyexperience, I find him talking lovingly of Punchand Judy I The passage occurs in one of his lastletters. He dreads lest, as the end approaches,he should lose the buoyancy and sprightlinessof his faith. "I hope," he writes, "I hope I mayever be child enough to enjoy Punch and Judy,or anything that brings a sunlight smile to chil-dren's faces." When, later on, the old doctor

lay a-dying, they asked him what he would likethem to sing to him. "Just sing me a bairn'shymn!" he replied. And somehow I am dimlyconscious of a vague association of ideas connect-ing that letter about Punch and Judy with thatdying

utterance.

Punch and Judy prove conclusively that weare all in love with life. Why are we so fond ofnursery-rhymes, fairy-tales, love-stories, novels,plays, and all the rest of it? There is only oneanswer possible. We love them for the sake ofthe life that is in them. Give a child a cake;and, if he likes it, he will cry for all the cakesin the confectioner's shop. It is his way of pay-ing a compliment to the cake that he is eating.And in the same way I have so thoroughlyrelished the little bit of life that was doled outto me that I find myself clamouring for all thelives that I can see. I want the life of Humpty-Dumpty and Jack the Giant Killer; I want thelife of the lovely princess and the fairy god-mother; I want the life of the beautiful heroinein the romance, and I want the life of the gallanthero in the novel. I am delighted when some-body offers to tell me a story, because I knowthat it will present still another phase of thething I love so well. The same hunger underliesmy passion for biography, and even my fondnessfor the Bible. The Bible is the divinest book in

any language—and the humanest. It differsfrom all other sacred writings in one essentialparticular. It is so throbbingly, pulsingly per-sonal. It is the story of human struggle, hu-man suffering, human experience, and humantriumph. It appeals to my love of life. It isfull of stories. My love of such things is likemy love of the kaleidoscope. Once I have putit to my eye, it is very difficult to lay it down.You are so entranced by the lovely mosaics thatyou have already seen that you feel that youmust turn the glass just once more and see an-other—and another—and another. Life has beenso sweet to me that I like to mark the relishwith which others tell of their enjoyment of it.Life has played so many pranks on me that Ilove to stand and see the grotesque fashion inwhich she handles Punch and Judy.

I sometimes fancy, too, that Punch and Judyoffer us a striking instance of the grouping oflife's affinities. Punch always gets Judy, andJudy always gets Punch. Jack always gets Jill,and Jill always gets Jack. Not by the mostfrantic flight of fancy can you conceive of Punchand Jill going up the hill to get a pail of water;or of Jack and Judy playing their parts in thefamous show. The thing never works out thatway. It is always Punch and Judy; it is alwaysJack and Jill. It is never Jack and Judy; never

Punch and Jill. There are certain magneticforces at work, unseen and only dimly under-stood, that arrange such matters for us. Thisaspect of the question is the

more striking if weremember the origin and significance of Punch.~f-For Punch and Judy is the last lingering sur-vival of the old mediaeval miracle play. In thosedark ages the drama was born, and was born inchurch. The priests thought to instruct thepeople by performing in character the sacredstories. Punch and Judy, are, of course, Pontiusand Judas. Punch, as a Koman governor, speakswith a foreign accent, has a Roman nose, and ahump on his back. The hump grew out of thetradition that, after the crucifixion of theSaviour, Pontius w^as haunted by the devil, whosat on his back to the end. In the subsequentdisgrace and exile of Pilate, he was followed dayand night by his dog. And so Toby appears inthe Punch and Judy show, his name being de-rived from the dog Tobias in the Apocrypha. ^Judas has been transformed into a woman, partlyto suit the exigencies of the play, and partly be-cause he wore a flowing robe after the fashion ofthe East. So there you have the whole story.And, seen in that light, what could be more strik-ing than the association of Punch and Judy, ofPontius Pilate and Judas Iscariot? What wasthere to bring together Pontius, the haughty

official of Imperial Rome, and Judas, the ob-scure Galilean peasant? Nationality, geography,racial prejudice, rank, temperament—everythingfought against any such conjunction. And yet,and yet, Punch belongs to Judy, and Judy be-longs to Punch, and so it came to pass that, inthe culminating tragedy of this world's story,Judas guiltily betrayed the Saviour and Pontiusguiltily condemned Him, and Pontius and Judas—Punch and Judy—^have been indissolubly asso-ciated through all the ages since.

Surely, too, the perennial popularity of Punchand Judy is an evidence of the latent chivalry ofthe race. A mob may not be mealy-mouthed inmatters of morals; yet, in the tales that it readsand the plays that it patronizes, it dearly lovesto see vice put to shame, and virtue made trium-phant. The villain must always go to the felon'scell, and the hero must always lead the fairheroine to the altar. The most debased crowd inthe world would insist upon that; and it is inter-esting to seek a reason for their inflexible de-mand. Is it not a proof of the enthronement ofconscience? However far action may lag behindknowledge, it shows that the recognition of rightand wrong is there. However besmirched thelife itself may have been, there remain in thesoul regnant voices that will not speak falsely.They will not lower the purity of their lofty

standard. And thus it strangely happens thatthe man who has himself dipped his fingers intohis neighbour's pocket vociferously applauds thecapture of a thief; and a man who has violatedthe seventh commandment cheers to the echo theultimate vindication of outraged virtue.

And, travelling along this line, we come uponthe crowd laughing immoderately at a Punchand Judy show. And in their laughter I detecta profound spiritual significance. It is whatVictor Hugo would call the laughter of the soulat itself. For Punch is Pontius. The man wholaughs at Pontius may all the while be crucifyingto himself the Son of God afresh and puttingHim to an open shame; but his laughter is anunconscious witness to the fact that, in hisdeepest soul, he recognizes that the rejection ofthe Christ is worthy of the derision of the ages.Judy is Judas. And he who laughs at Judas,though he may himself be selling his Lord forthirty pieces of silver, witnesses by his laughterto the eternal contempt that such a betrayaldeserves.

CHARADES

They were playing at charades—those childrenof Galilee—and the Lord stood in the midst ofthem. Perhaps more often than we think Hestands among the children at their play. RobertLouis Stevenson said as much years ago:

"When children are playing alone on the green.In comes the Playmate that never was seen,When children are happy, and lonely, and good,The Friend of the Children comes out of the wood.

"Nobody heard Him, and nobody saw.His is a picture you never could draw.But He's sure to be present, abroad or at home.When children are happy or playing alone."

At any rate, it is very pleasant to think of theworld's saddest and most pathetic Figure ten-derly watching the frolics in the Galilean mar-ket-place. Around Him swept the storm of rompand revelry. The furious fun and mad merri-ment made their own peculiar appeal to Him.And in those rich and wondrous after-years, thatriot of exuberant child-like and mad-cap laughtercame unexpectedly back upon Him. ^^Where-

unto shall I liken the men of this generation?"He asked Himself one day.

^^Whereunto?'^ Heseems to have exhausted all His usual similes,and stands hesitating and perplexed. Could Henot liken men, as we do, to soldiers in the strenu-ous clash of battle, or to labourers stained withthe sweat and dust of toil? No; these figureswill not fit. It is the old scene in the playgroundthat rushes back upon Him. He remembers thecharades. "This generation is like unto childrensitting in the market-place and calling unto theirfellows and saying, We have piped unto you andye have not danced; we have mourned unto youand ye have not lamented.' " The charades, be-neath His touch, flashed into parable. They re-flected the three greatest spiritual tragedies ofHis age and of ours. Men are very silly, andvery superficial, and very sulky.

Jesus was painfully impressed by the sillinessof men. Their levity grated upon Him. Theycould only be likened to children romping in themarket-place. And the market-place was noplace for such sport. In the market-place thestern conflict of commerce was being waged.Competition was keen. Hard-headed men wereconstantly on the alert for the cheapest marketin which to buy and the dearest in which to sell.

In the market-place fortunes were made and lost.Frugal house-wives wrestled there with the press-ing problems of their domestic purchases. Menwere made and men were ruined in the market-place. But what did boys and girls care? Theyscampered helter-skelter, hither and thither.They made the old place ring again with theirpeals of merry laughter. To them the market-place was a playground; and it was nothingmore. And Jesus told the fathers that they wereno better than their boys. They treated life withlevity. They were like children playing in themarket-place. They lacked the undertone ofseriousness. They were incapable of gravity.Nothing worse could be said of any people.

I fancy that if some old Galilean who listenedto that stinging rebuke could revisit Christendomto-day he would suggest to us that his generationheld no monopoly in levity. He would look uponthe greatest Christian peoples of the modernworld. And then he would think of the compara-tive simplicity of Galilean tastes. And he wouldbequeath the Master's rebuke to our generationas being much more worthy of it than his own.Nothing in human experience is more exasperat-ing than for a man, to whom you are speakingon matters of weight and urgency, to smirk, andgrin, and leer whilst you are doing so. We needdread nothing more than the horror of becoming

a smirking people; a nation from which highseriousness has vanished and in

which solemnityhas decayed; a volatile, frivolous, giggling com-munity ; a generation like unto children rompingin the market-place.

II

Jesus was painfully impressed by the super-ficiality of men. Even when they did at lastappear to be serious, it was really only mimicryand make-believe. They were "just pretending."As He stood in the market-place that day Heheard the pipes and saw the dance. But it wasonly an imaginary wedding. Again He heardthe melancholy mourning and the plaintive wailsof lamentation. But it was just for fun. It wasnot a real funeral. It was all a charade. Andthe pathos of it all is that mimicry never getsbeyond the mere external drapery of the thingit imitates, and usually makes itself ridiculousin consequence. Macaulay says that, after thedeath of Byron, men sought to persuade them-selves that they possessed his genius by adoptinghis style of necktie. After the Restoration, menattempted to recall the Puritanism of Milton andof Cromwell by talking through the nose withthe same horrible whine which had characterizedsome of the most distinguished leaders of theCommonwealth! The students of Melanchthon

emulated their master in the unevenness of hisshoulders! And aspiring young tenors whoadored Sims Reeves used to ape his peculiar wayof stepping on to the platform! That was asfar as these poor imitators could get. And, inexactly the same way, the make-believe weddingsin the market-place only got as far as the out-ward trappings of the ceremony. The depths ofthe soul were not broken up; the poignant pas-sions were not stirred; the strange admixtureof bridal smiles and tears were conspicuouslyabsent. And the make-believe funerals copiedonly the outward pageantry of the solemn obse-quies. The tortured cry of a lonely soul, thequivering anguish of a breaking heart, were notthere. That is the mockery of superficiality.

"That boy," said the doctor, in one of MyrtleReed's best-known stories, "that boy has genius."

"Possibly,'^ replied the great music-master, towhom the remark had been made, "but he has noheart, no feeling. He is all technique F^

Is it not often so? Two men sit side by side inthe same pew; two women sing the same piecesin the same choir; two brothers walk up to thehouse of God in company; two sisters kneel to-gether at the same family altar. In each casethey

seem so much alike. But they only seem somuch alike. The one is as deeply moved as thebride at a wedding, or the widow at a funeral.

The other is acting a part. It is all technique!That was Christ's awful meaning when He spokeof the charades. There is no sin like the sinof seeming.

Ill

Jesus was painfully impressed by the sulkinessof men. There were certain children in themarket-place who, when the game of weddingswas proposed, danced as soon as their com-panions piped. There were others who, whenfunerals were suggested, wailed as soon as theircompanions mourned. But there was a thirdclass. There were those who complained thatweddings were far too gay and that funerals werefar too glum. They would respond neither to thepiping nor the mourning. It was unto thesepeevish and petulant children that Jesus likenedthe men of His generation. Like the childrenwho would not play at funerals, they would notrespond to John, who came fasting. And, likethe children who would not play at weddings,they would not respond to Jesus, who came feast-ing. This third class represents the Church'severlasting problem. There are those who areimpressed by a stately liturgy and an ornateritual. There are others again who are onlyaffected by severe and Puritanical simplicity.But what of those who respond to neither? There

are those who are allured by the wooing note ofBarnabas; and there are others who are alarmedby the warning note of Boanerges. But whatof those who can be neither coaxed nor cowed?That is the problem that breaks a minister'sheart. It broke the heart of Jesus. "It wasamazing to me/' Mark Rutherford confides to usin his Autobiographyy "that I could pour myselfout as I did, and yet make so little impression."And, in his Deliverance^ he reverts to the sameagonizing mystery. "The tradesman who makesa good coat enjoys the satisfaction of havingfitted and pleased his customer; a bricklayer, ifhe be diligent, is rewarded by knowing that hismaster understands his value; but I never knewwhat it was to receive a single response."

And what then? The Master's application ofHis graceful parable to the irresponsive soulswho had answered neither to the austere monas-ticism of John, nor to the tender melody of Hisown message, is unmistakable. We, too, are

faceto face with colossal silliness, amazing super-ficiality, stupendous sulkiness. But we are topreserve our sanity. We must not becomehysterical on the one hand nor nonchalant on theother. In the presence of the world's appallingapathy, we are not to adopt the language ofdespair, as though the great victorious note ofthe gospel had been prematurely struck. Nor,

on the other hand, are we to reconcile ourselvesto things as they are, accepting those conditionsas final and irrevocable. The progress of theChurch is to be neither a dirge nor a dance. Therollicking optimist and the cheerless pessimisthave both lost their way. Jesus was neither. Weare to avoid both Scylla and Charybdis. Wemust be songful, but we must be serious. We areto look out on the world, as He did, with triumphin our hearts and tears in our eyes. And—whoknows?—it may yet come to pass that theChurch's dauntless certainty of conquest, and hertender eloquence of tears, will impress even thethoughtless children who are playing in themarket-place.

PART III

A FEW friends of mine made it their custom tomeet together for prayer very early on Sundaymornings. At length there came a pouring wetSunday morning—a perfect drencher. Whenone of these sturdy souls came down to the ordi-nary service at eleven o'clock that morning, hewas playfully saluted by a weaker brother, whousually admired his friend's sunrise devotionfrom within the security of his blankets. "Ah!"he said; "and how many did you have at earlyprayers this morning?" But the good man wasnot to be shamed in that way. He is a ratherrough diamond and no scholar, but he is oneof Nature's most perfect gentlemen, and an un-conscious poet into the bargain. "Oh," he replied,"it was grand! We had all the Shining Onesthere this morning!^' I thought the reply oneof the most adroit and charming that I had everheard. It reminded me irresistibly of that fineentry in Grant Duff's Notes from a Diary. Anold priest was trudging home through the deepsnow after early Mass on the morning of AllSaints' Day, when a man stopped him to ask how

many had been at his service. "Millions!Millions!" he replied. Farther on Grant Duffagain refers to the incident, and quotes a com-ment of a friend: ^That is a

lovely story aboutall the saints at Mass; quite lovely. It remindsme of a line I always liked:

'Multitudes, multitudes stood up in bliss.'

One imagines them as a field standing thick withcorn."

Now these two stories, one from my own ex-perience and one from literature, have come tomy mind with quite captivating force to-day,for it is All Saints' Day. It is one of the fewdays of the Christian year for which I can getup much enthusiasm. I would not miss it frommy holy days on any account whatever. I havea great deal of sympathy with James EussellLowell:

"One day, of holy days the crest,

I, though no Churchman, love to keep,All Saints'—the unknown good that rest

In God's still memory, folded deep:The bravely dumb that did their deed,

And scorned to blot it with a name.Men of the plain, heroic breed,

That loved heaven's silence more than fame."

I

A man must be very blind to spiritual values

if he sees no stern practical significance aboutthis matter of the Millions. The writer of theEpistle to the Hebrews saw something far morethan sentiment in it. He reels off that soul-stirring list of historic memories which we knowas the eleventh chapter—"the WestminsterAbbey of the Bible," as Dr. Jowett calls it—and then he thinks of my friend's Shining Ones,the old priest's Millions. "Wherefore," he adds,"seeing we also are compassed about with sogreat a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside everyweight, and the sin which doth so easily besetus, and let us run with patience the race that isset before us." The imagery is vivid and clear.The great cloud of witnesses suggests the spa-cious amphitheatre, with its tens of thousandsof spectators, rising tier above tier like an encir-cling cloud and overawing the performer as hefirst enters the arena. But a deeper meaninglies beneath the surface. For the word impliesthat the spectators include those who havealready played their part in the arena. The com-batant of the

morning is the onlooker of theafternoon. And may not the very presence andplaudits of the hero of the morning, as he watchesthe contest of the afternoon, inspire the wrestlersand the runners to more strenuous effort? Thatwas Loweirs thought. Or, at least, it was Mrs.Lowell's. Perhaps her poems are not as well

known as they deserve to be. At any rate, shesays in one of them:

"If Death uplift me, even thus should I,Companioned by the silver spirits highAnd stationed on the sunset's crimson towers,Bend longing over earth's broad stretch of bowers,To where my love beneath their shades might lie;For I should weary of the endless blue,Should weary of my ever-growing light.If that one soul, so beautiful and true.Were hidden by earth's vapours from my sight."

II

The action of the hero, with his laurels onhis brow, in taking his seat among the spectators,obviously means that the performance is not yetover. He has done his part, but his part is notthe only part. He now looks on to see others dotheirs. And the respect that is everywhereshown to him, and the coveted green leaves uponhis brow, are an evidence to those in the ringthat victory is possible. Heroism did not ceasewith his coronation. Which reminds me of astory, and a good one. It occurs in the life ofWendell Phillips, the heroic conqueror of slav-ery. They had been sitting by the fire, the oldhero of a hundred fights on one side of the hearth,and a young friend on the other. The youngerman never understood how that memorable eve-ning slipped so swiftly away. Memory hadflushed the cheeks of the veteran abolitionist;

the heroic days of the long ago came rushing backupon him; his tongue was unloosed; and "the oldman eloquent" completely lost himself in thethrilling recital. The youth sat enthralled. Atlast he recognized, with a start, that the eveningwas gone. He rose to leave.

"Mr. Phillips," he said, as he took the oldman's hand, "if I had lived in your time, I think/ should have been heroic too I"

The veteran, who had accompanied his youngvisitor to the door, was roused. He pointed downthe street, and drew the attention of his com-panion to the glaring saloons and to all theflaunting indications of audacious vice. Hisvoice was tremulous with indignation.

"Young man," he said, "you are living in mjtime, and in God's time! Be sure of this: Noman could have been heroic then who is notheroic now. Good-night!"

Ill

Those millions of eyes are like a sky full of

stars. There is something very searching about

them. They seem at times to look us through

and through. I do not wonder that Tennyson

asks, in In Memoriam:

"Do we indeed desire the dead

Should still be near us at our side?Is there no baseness we would hide?No inner vileness that we dread?"

They remind us that we have something to liveup to. "If you lose what I've won/' cried theold Prussian, Frederick Wilhelm, to his son, "I'lllaugh at you out of my grave!" And, in thegreat after days, the old man's eyes seemed to beever upon the Emperor as he passed from victoryto victory. I like to think of those Scandinavianveterans who, when a young recruit was bucklingon his armour for the first time, took him to thehalls of his ancestors. As he gazed at one ruggedold face after another, some scarred laureatewould recite the exploits of those heroic fore-fathers. And as the youth heard story afterstory of splendid sacrifice and doughty deed, hewould feel his soul glow with intense desire toprove himself worthy of so valiant a descent. Inhis Yenetia, Lord Beaconsfield, too, tells of theold tutor who, having completed the educationof a young heir of a noble house, took him, beforeparting from him, to the picture-gallery of thecastle. And then, having told his pupil of thevirtues that had distinguished all his line, heimplored him to acquit himself as a worthy sonof such worthy sires. It is the same thought;it is the philosophy of the Millions; it is the in-spiration of the Shining Ones. We are com-passed about by a great cloud of witnesses. Theheroes are looking on; and the very fact that theyare looking on shows that there is still something

for which they look. They account the world'srecord of valour unfinished until

our part hasbeen played. Their eyes are strained to beholdthe deeds with which we match their splendidrecords.

And surely there is something very inspiringabout that sky full of eyes! There is nothingsupercilious, nothing hypercritical, nothing con-temptuous about those enthroned spectators.What a pleasant thing it is at a good cricketmatch to see the heroes of a previous generationdelighting in the prowess of the players of to-day! And, speaking of cricket, I am remindedof a good story; is it not Henry Drummond's?An old county cricketer had lost his sight. Hewas stone blind. And it was the grief of all hisdays that he could not see his own boy play thegreat game. The son became the crack bat ofthe school team, and used to lead his father tothe ground. But, beyond hearing with inexpres-sible delight the comments of the crowd on hisboy's play, he got small satisfaction from it. Oneday he suddenly died. The following Saturdayan important match was to be played. Othermembers of the team, who knew of the lad's affec-tion for his blind father, took it for granted thattheir best bat would be absent. But, to theirsurprise, he strolled down in his flannels, andpresented himself for play. And he batted that

day as he had never done before. He snickedand cut and pulled and drove with magnificentaudacity and judgement. His companions werebewildered. He rattled up a century in no time,and won the match with ease. After the applauseof the pavilion had died down, he turned to acomrade and asked:

"How did I play?"

^^Never better; you outdid yourself. What didit all mean?"

"Why, you see," said the young hero, "i^ wasthe first time my father ever saw me hat!'^

It would be a pity to labour the point after astory like that. Napoleon knew what he wasdoing when, in his Egyptian campaign, hepointed to the Pyramids and cried, ^^Soldiers,forty centuries look down upon youF^ It mustbe a sluggish soul that cannot respond to such anappeal.

And so I sit here in my study on this AllSaints' Dslj, and think of the Millions.

"Saints of the early dawn of Christ,

Saints of imperial Rome,Saints of the cloistered Middle Age,

Saints of the modern home;Saints of the soft and sunny east.

Saints of the frozen seas.Saints of the isles that wave their palms

In the fair Antipodes;

"MILLIONS! MILLIONS!" 199

Saints of the marts and busy streets.

Saints of the squalid lanes.Saints of the silent solitudes.

Of the prairies and the plains;Saints who were wafted to the skies

In the torment robe of flame.Saints who have graven on men's thoughts

A monumental name."

Yes, my friend is right; without a doubt all theShining Ones are here this morning!

II

WHITE ELEPHANTS

I CANNOT exactly claim the reverence and atten-tion which we all accord without stint or ques-tion to the hunter of big game. I have nevershaken the dust of civilization from my feet andset off for the interior of Africa, the jungles ofBengal, the Western prairies, or the hills ofCeylon. I have, however, read all that SirSamuel Baker, Major Stevenson-Hamilton, Mr.Stewart White, and other big-game hunters haveto say; and some of the most exciting momentsI have ever known have been spent in their veryexcellent company. It is great sport to sit ina cosy chair in a sheltered corner of a shadyverandah and to experience, one by one, all theglorious thrills and indescribable sensations ofthe chase. You hear the distant trumpeting ofthe herd; you share all the hopes and fears ofthe hunter as he creeps nearer and nearer to hisquarry; you hear the great trees bend and

breakas the angry monsters rush and charge; andthen, with a flush of excitement that almostmakes your heart stand still, you see the hugebeast roll over beneath the sportsman's magnifi-cent aim. This is as near as I have ever got—

or ever expect to get—to adventure of this heroickind. Yet I have been doing a little big-gamehunting on mv own account. I have been on thetrack of white elephants; and certainly I haveno reason to complain of lack of sport. Noneof the herds that I have ever seen described byvisitors to Africa or Ceylon can compare withthose upon which I have come in the course ofmy recent quest.

Let me, after the approved fashion of literarysportsmen, begin by describing the creature.And here the subject becomes instantly compli-cated, for there are, I must explain, severalvarieties of the beast. There are white elephantsand white elephants. In its original setting theterm connoted "a gift which occasions the recip-ient more trouble than it is worth; a whiteelephant being a common gift of the Kings ofSiam to a courtier they wished to ruin." Nobodywould suggest that, in this sinister form, thephenomenon is particularly conspicuous amongus. At the opposite pole, it may be reasonablymaintained that all the operations of the ordi-nary commercial world resolve themselves intoa perfectly innocuous bartering and marketingof w^hite elephants. Here is a grocer with tonsof sugar in his cellar. What does he want withtons of sugar? Considered only in relation tohimself, his stock is a white elephant; but he

deliberately finds houseroom for that white ele-phant in order that he may serve his customersand enrich himself in the process. The samethought inevitably occurs to one on being shownthe prodigious stores of any other tradesman.The miles of neatly folded materials on theshelves of the draper; the casks of drugs andpowders in the storeroom of the chemist; theformidable array of carcases displayed by theenterprising butcher,—these represent so manyreminders of the fact that the commerce of lifeis largely manipulated by the wholesale purchaseof white elephants. But between these two inter-pretations of the phrase—the one as repugnantas the other is serviceable—there is anotherphase of the matter; and it is this aspect of thequestion that has brought me to my desk. It isthis particular variety of white elephant that Ihave just been hunting.

Surprising as it may seem, I came upon a verylarge herd of white elephants almost under theshadow of Windsor Castle. A newspaper lyingat this moment on

my desk tells of a White Ele-phant Exchange, inaugurated under royal aus-pices and opened by Princess Alexander of Teck,which was the other day conducted at Windsor.The white elephants concerned consisted of vari-ous articles which the donors found in theirpossession but for which they had no real use.

Each donor received as he entered the exchangea ticket bearing a number, which entitled him tosomebody else's white elephant; and if he didnot fancy the gift which fell to his lot, he re-turned it, and it was sold for the augmentationof the patriotic fund. It is averred that whenthose who desired to assist in this original formof philanthropy ransacked their homes in searchof white elephants, they were astonished at themultiplicity and variety of those animals to befound among their household gods. I can easilybelieve it. Some time ago the residents of thecity in which I dwell were invited to search theirhomes in a very similar quest, and to donate topatriotic purposes any goods or chattels forwhich they had no further use. Carts passedalong the streets to convey these articles to theauction rooms. You never saw such a processionof white elephants! No menagerie since theworld began could hold a candle to it. Comedyand tragedy jostled each other in the roadway.Here were the toys of little children who hadpassed beyond the need of all such entertain-ment; here was an old-fashioned mangle and astill older spinning-jenny; and here were ram-shackle old bits of furniture that had long agogiven place to successors of a later pattern, andhad since their displacement, only littered up thehouse.

As I passed, in the course of my hunt, fromone herd of white elephants to another, I wasdriven to the conclusion that our haphazard andsomewhat ridiculous etiquette of gift-making hassomething to do with the enormous quantitiesof game that I discovered. There are certainoccasions—weddings, birthdays, Christmas, andthe like—when, according to our present socialusage, decency demands that a present shall besent. Nobody would rebel very bitterly againstthis engaging custom if only his mind could beentirely emancipated from the torturing appre-hension that, sooner or later, the dainty giftw^hich he is at such pains to purchase will takeits place among the melancholy ranks of thewhite elephants. Nine times out of ten the un-w^ritten law that renders a present mandatoryforbids any sane investigation as to the desiresor requirements of the prospective recipient. Itis equally indelicate, if not actually impossible,to ascertain the intentions of other donors. Theresult is inevitable. One has to determine be-tween the dreamily aesthetic or the severelyutilitarian. He purchases, in the one case, abeautifully bound edition-de-luxe, knowing thatit will be rapturously admired and eternally un-read ; or, in the other, he fixes his

choice on someeminently useful article, feeling as he does sothat in all human probability half a dozen other

articles almost exactly like it will be simulta-neously received. And, in either instance, thedanger of adding to the stock of white elephantsis sufficiently grave to awaken embarrassinganticipations.

We ministers are sinners above all men on theface of the earth in this respect. We allow whiteelephants to multiply about us like rabbits in adistrict to which a gun never comes. Unless wetake care, we shall be trampled to death by them.Look at our libraries—at least, look at mine I Allround the room, into which I should be ashamedto show a lady, there are uncomely stacks ofbooks that ought to find hospitality on theshelves. But the walls are crowded with shelves,and the shelves are packed with books. At least,it looks like it. But it is purely an optical illu-sion, and deceives everybody but myself. As amatter of fact, however, these latest arrivals,packed up so unceremoniously on the floor, arebeing cheated out of their rightful places on theshelves by an enormous herd of white elephants.There are books that we bought by mistake;books that we know to be valueless; books whoseroom is of much more value than their company.Yet, by an odd trick that books play upon us, welet them stay on the shelves whilst their superiorssprawl in undignified debasement on the floor!"I have read," says Sir W. Kobertson Nicoll, ^'I

have read, and I find it to be true, that a manwho loves books, unless he is exceptionally rich,is always more and more tormented to find roomfor them. They grow and grow, and the wallspace does not grow, and the shelves do not grow.There is only one course possible, and it cannotbe postponed for very long. The library mustbe weeded, and the weeding must be of a ruthlesscharacter.'^ This has driven me to make for my-self a good resolution. I happen to have a birth-day once a year. I intend for the rest of mylife, whenever that auspicious date comes round,to set off after breakfast hunting white elephants.I shall go to the study first of all, and anybodywho listens at the door will hear the thud, thud,thud, as the beasts fall upon the floor, and hewill know that I am having good sport. Andfor a few days thereafter it will be reasonablysafe for a lady to enter the room.

The problem is, however, capable of still largerimplications. Looking round us

here in Aus-tralia, it is impossible to blink the fact that thegreatest problem in the development of the Com-monwealth faces us just at this point. It is allvery well for me to be sitting here beneath theSouthern Cross calmly discussing the subject ofwhite elephants. But what about Australia it-self? Australia is a huge continent, only thesouthern fringe of which is at present being

exploited. The remainder is to all intents andpurposes a white elephant. How is it to bedelivered from that obnoxious classification?The man who can satisfactorily answer thatquestion is the statesman for whom the Empireis anxiously waiting.

And just once more. My friend Arthur Jen-kinson is a good fellow. He is exceedingly popu-lar in the office; he is always welcome at the cluband in other places where men do mostly congre-gate. His wife thinks there is nobody like him,and his children clap their hands as they hearhim come whistling up the gravel path. Butthat is as far as it goes. You never see him atchurch; he is doing no work for which the worldwill bless him when he is gone; and, as far asone can judge, he is laying up for himself notreasure in the world invisible. Years ago he satspellbound at his mother's knee while she un-folded to him that sweet and gracious story withwhich no other story can compare; and in thosedays his unspoiled heart responded to its charm.The treasure of the ages was poured into hissoul, but he has never made use of it. He hasallowed the holy faith of his childhood to takeits place among the ranks of the white elephants.It is like the family Bible on the whatnot—veryprecious, but never used.

Ill

"THAT WILL DO ITT'

It was at the Palace Beautiful. Christian hadbeen opening his heart to Prudence, one of thesisters of that lovely place. He confesses withshame that he still thinks occasionally of theCity of Destruction, and even cherishes withinhis breast some of the gross imaginations thatonce delighted him. He bears witness, too, thatat other times he is able to completely overcomethese inward and carnal cogitations, "and they,'^he says, "are golden hours in which such thingshappen to me."

"Can you remember," asks Prudence, "by whatmeans you find your annoyances

at times as ifthey were vanquished?"

"Yes," replies Christian, "when I think what Isaw at the Cross, that will do it; and when I lookupon my broidered coat, that will do it; alsowhen I look into the roll that I carry in mybosom, that will do it; and when my thoughtswax warm about whither I am going, that will

do itr

The conversation was a remarkable one, andis worth thinking about.

"When I think of what I saw at the Cross, thatwill do it I" There can be no mistaking Bunyan'smeaning. The Cross was to him the centre ofeverything, the sun around which every otherplanet revolved, the hub of his spiritual universe.^*So I saw in my dream that just as Christiancame up with the Cross, his burden loosed fromoff his shoulders, and fell from off his back, andbegan to tumble, and so continued to do, till itcame to the mouth of the Sepulchre, where itfell in and I saw it no more. Then was Christianglad and lightsome, and said with a merry heart,*He hath given me rest by His sorrow and lifeby His death.' Then he stood still for a while,to look and wonder, for it was very surprisingto him that the sight of the Cross should thusease him of his burden. He looked therefore,and looked again, even till the springs that werein his head sent the waters down his cheeks."And whenever, from that time forth, Christianwas troubled with enticements to evil, he had butto reflect upon what he saw upon the Cross, andhis annoyances were as though they were not.

There can be no doubt but that Bunyan is inline with all the great masters, the prophets and

princes of the inner life. Isaac Watts lias re-flected the same profound experience in thegreatest of all his hymns:

"When I survey the wondrous CrossOn which the Prince of Glory died,My richest gain I count but loss.And pour contempt on all my pride."

And on Christian's testimony to Prudence, Mr.Mark Guy Pearse has modelled one of the mostaffecting and effective passages in "DanielQuorm." Poor old Frankey Vivian, it will beremembered, was dying. He lay propped up

withpillows and breathing heavily. Daniel Quormwas his class-leader, and visited him regularly.On the very last day of his life Frankey toldDaniel of a dreadful struggle in which he hadbeen engaged with the Tempter.

"Last night," he said, "I had a terrible boutwith un, sure enough, but, bless the Lord, I cameoff more than conqueror."

Daniel inquired as to the secret of his victory.

"Well," said the old man slowly and solemnly,"I took him up the Hill of Calvary. Ah, whata sight that is, dear leader, isn't it? And allfor me! Why, it do melt my heart for to thinkabout it.

" There,' I says, 'thou poor old Tempter, canstthou see Him now? Pushed by the crowd; hooted

"THAT WILL DO IT!" 211

at from all sides; there is my Lord, my ownBlessed Jesus! Dost see that crown of thornsupon His holy head? Look! He staggers underthat awful Cross—for me: for poor old FrankeyVivian! And canst thou see Him hanging onthe Cross—for me: naked, bleeding, torn, dyin^for my soul? There—that is how He loves me—He gave Himself for me!'"

Frankey's voice failed him for a minute or two.His eyes were fixed as if the scene stood out therevisibly before him.

"My own Blessed Lord! an' to think that Icould ever have doubted Thee I"

Then presently he went on again in a cheeryway, turning his face to Dan'el: "Well, my dearleader, I looked round to see what the oldTempter thought o' that—and, bless 'ee, he wasgone, clean, clean gone! I tell 'ee what I think,—I don't believe he can set foot 'pon Calvary'sHill; so I do mean to keep right up under theCross, out of his road if I can. Bless the Lord,I am right in under there now, my dear leader;and 'tis wonderful shelter—a beautiful place, hidin the clefts o' the rock."

Then Frankey sank back exhausted. Dan'elstill held the wasted hand in his own, but hisheart was too full for speech.

Yes, that will do it! "When I think what Isaw at the Cross, that will do it!"

II

"And when I look upon my Broidered Coat,that will do it." Oh, that broidered coat!Carljle has written a philosophy of clothes, buthe never struck so deep a note as this. How wellI remember that, in the dear old home that shel-tered my childhood, the home in which my par-ents still abide, there were two huge beautifully-bound volumes. In the best room in the housethey occupied a shelf on the what-not all to them-selves. A stranger, glancing at them, would havesupposed them to be family Bibles. One was.The other was a magnificent large-type editionof Pilgrim^s Progress, with handsome steel en-gravings. On Sunday afternoons, as a greattreat, we were allowed, under suitable guidance,to look at the pictures. And I remember, asthough it were yesterday, that they divided them-selves, in our minds, into two distinct classes,according to the clothes that Christian w^ore. Itwas the same with Rohinson Crusoe. If weopened the book at random, we could tell thestage in the story by the clothes in the picture.If Crusoe was dressed in his goatskin suit andfurry cap, we knew that he was on his island; ifnot, we knew that he had left it. So in Pilgrim'sProgress, there were the pictures that repre-sented Christian in rags and tatters, and with

the burden on his back; and there were the pic-tures that represented him either with his beauti-ful broidered coat, or with the shining armourby which that coat was afterwards covered. Ifhe was dressed in rags, we knew that he had notyet reached the Cross; if he wore the broideredcoat, we knew that the great change had takenplace. For it was "as he stood looking and weep-ing before the Cross that, behold, three ShiningOnes came to him and saluted him with Teacebe to thee I' So the first said to him, Thy sinsbe forgiven'; the second stripped him of his ragsand clothed him with change of raiment; thethird gave him a roll with a seal on it. So theywent on their way. Then Christian gave threeleaps for joy, and went on singing."

The broidered coat was therefore the visibleemblem of a great change, and in adopting thissingular imagery, Bunyan was following themost exalted precedents. "Now Joshua wasclothed with filthy garments, and stood beforethe angel. And he answered and spake untothose that stood before him, saying, Take awaythe filthy garments from him. And unto him hesaid. Behold, I have caused thine iniquity to passfrom thee, and I will clothe thee with change ofraiment." And what of the man out of whomthe devils had departed, who was found

"sittingat the feet of Jesus, clothed, and in his right

mind"? And what of the Prodigal Son? Hereis a philosophy of clothes, then, that leavesSartor Resartus far behind!

"When I ,look upon my broidered coat, thatwill do it!" Bunyan means that when he thinksof the change that Christ has already effected inhis life, the idea of denying his Lord appears pre-posterous. In his Living Christ and the FourGospels, Dr. Dale maintains that, if by someextraordinary collapse, all the evidence on whichour faith appears to rest suddenly failed us, thosewho have once experienced the grace of Christwould go on just as if nothing had happened.Their faith does not rest upon evidence that canbe shaken. They glance at the broidered coat;they remember the rags that they once wore; andit is enough.

Ill

"Also when I look into the Roll that I carry inmy bosom, that will do it I" It is needless tolabour the point. Bunyan had the very highestauthority for his confident declaration. For ofwhat can he have been thinking but of theTemptation in the Wilderness? That thrice-repeated ^^It is written^' is among the monumen-tal things in the sacred records. That preciousscroll in the carpenter's home at Nazareth musthave been bought at enormous sacrifice; but it

was evidently not for ornament. Dr. CampbellMorgan remarks upon the Saviour's marvellousfamiliarity with even the most obscure passagesof the Holy Word. His quotations are notable,he points out, for their immediate applicabilityto the need of the moment. Such quotationscould only be made by one who, from a child, hadknown the Holy Scriptures. Who can fail toadmire the foresight and divine sagacity whichmarked the wise carpenter's purchase of thatcostly roll?

This is a great secret, this secret of being fore-armed. A man cannot snatch up a sword andrush into the battle. He must, together with thepossession of a sword, have learned the art ofswordsmanship. He must know how to use hisweapon. In his stirring description of the battleof Killiecrankie, Macaulay vividly portrays theend of that famous fight. Dundee gave the High-landers the order to charge. The men threwaway everything but their broadswords, andrushed forward with a fearful yell. "The Low-landers prepared to receive the shock; but thiswas a long

and awkward process; and the sol-diers were still fumbling with the muzzles oftheir guns and the handles of their bayonetswhen the whole flood of Macleans, Macdonalds,and Camerons, came down upon them. In twominutes the battle was lost and won." How often

have I seen a tempted spirit in a similar plight!In the hour in which faith is challenged, andhonour threatened, he rushes frantically for aBible. But he knows not how to use it, and whilsthe is still fumbling among the unfamiliar pages,the foe makes himself master of every part of thefield. The Duke of Wellington said that Water-loo was won on the playing-grounds of Eton.Certainly, the victory in the wilderness was wonin those long and leisured evenings when Marytaught her holy Son the wondrous Word. AndChristian's triumph was achieved in the studyof that roll to which he applied himself for thefirst time at the Cross. "Thy Word have I hidin my heart," explained the sagacious Psalmist,"that I might not sin against Thee." "When Ilook into the roll that I carry in my bosom, thatwill do it r

IV

"And when my thoughts wax warm aboutwhither I am goings that will do it I"

"And what is it," inquired Prudence, "thatmakes you so desirous to go to Mount Zion?"

"Why, there I hope to see Him alive that didhang dead upon the Cross. For, to tell you truth,I love Him, because I was by Him eased of myburden, and I would fain be with the companythat shall continually cry ^Holy, holy, holy I' "

Thus abruptly ends the interview. Prudencehad no more to ask. She saw clearly enough thathe that hath this hope in him purifieth himselfeven as He is pure. '^When my thoughts waxwarm about whither I am going, that will do it.'^

The Cross—that will do it!

The Coat—that will do it!

The Boll—that will do it I

The Citj—that will do it!Happy is he who is thus four times fortified, likea city four-square and impregnable on every side.

IV

ANNIVERSARIES AT EBENEZER

Ebenezer was celebrating its anniversary. Fortwenty-five years, or, as tlie speakers expressedit, a quarter of a century, the little sanctuaryhad received within its walls the faithful soulswho found its worship a delight. But the joy-which is almost inseparable from anniversarygatherings was on this occasion a chastened one.A rumour was afloat to the effect that the meet-ing-house had been sold. Everybody knew thatfor many years the cloud of debt had hung likea pall over the worshippers; and now that thebuilding had grown old-fashioned, unattractive,and sadly out of repair, it was even questionableas to whether or not it could be sold for a suffi-cient sum to extinguish existing liabilities. Mostpeople were of opinion that Ebenezer had seenbetter days. And they w^ere right. Years ago,when Attleden w^as proud at being called a vil-lage, the newly erected chapel occupied a plotof ground in a prominent position, and was theadmired of all observers. Among all the neigh-bouring counties, the South of England held no218

chapel to compare with it. So thought, at least,the Ebenezerites. But now a carnal progresshad lifted Attleden up from the low level of vil-lagedom, and had converted it into a thrivinglittle market town. And, what was still worse,the main thoroughfare had, for some unaccount-able reason, wended its way some hundred andfifty yards from Ebenezer, leaving the cherishedabode of the Attleden saints at the very bottomof a narrow side-street. Nor had the progress ofAttleden meant corresponding progress in theaffairs of the meeting-house. The new generationof Attleden cared little for the old-fashionedchapel and its slow-going worshippers. Theyexpressed a decided dissatisfaction with its serv-ices, and Frank Fulborough—an exceedinglypopular young man, although a son of one of thechurch members—had on one occasion givenutterance to a desire for "something more lively."This showed the good folk at Ebenezer that theworld, the flesh, and the devil were doing theirworst for the youth of Attleden, and they re-solved with more determination than ever toworship the God of their fathers in the old ways.And now that the little church had reached itstwenty-fifth

birthday, everybody felt that a crisiswas at hand; and the report that the buildinghad been sold only served to confirm the generalapprehension.

The attendance at the meeting that Mondayevening was larger than usual. The interior ofthe meeting-house was plain to a degree. Thewalls were coloured—a long time ago—with apale-blue distemper, whilst rude, unvarnishedbeams were more useful than ornamental to theupper portion of the chapel. The one aisle ranup the centre towards the platform, which con-sisted of a portable arrangement, like a big in-verted box, just large enough to hold the dealtable, which served for a pulpit, and a couple ofchairs. The chair behind the table was occupiedby an old, grey-headed man of patriarchal ap-pearance, who was regarded as the father of thechurch. Deacon Samuels it was who first agi-tated for its formation and for the erection ofEbenezer. It was his clear, silvery voice thathad announced the hymns Sunday after Sunday,with hardly a break, during all those twenty-fiveyears; and when the weather had forbidden the"supplies" to come, he was always there with aprinted sermon to read to the assembly of thesaints. He had presided at all the anniversarygatherings, and had generally occupied the chairbehind the table when it was covered with theneat little white cloth on which stood the brokenbread and the wine which showed forth, as theold deacon always put it, "the dear Lord's deathuntil He come." And old Mr. Samuels had

seemed almost as changeless as Ebenezer itself.He had always had grey hairs; he was alwaysvenerable and fatherly. He seemed no older nowthan he did when he presided at that CommunionTable for the first time, twenty-five years ago,albeit he was then fifty-eight, w^hilst now he waseighty-three. Everybody loved him, and it wasin a large measure owing to his vigorous person-ality that the assembly had struggled on for somany years.

The chapel was fairly w ell filled, for nearly ahundred people had gathered beneath itsweather-beaten roof. Some had come out of sheercuriosity; others out of sympathy, although theynever knew before that they had any sympathyfor poor Ebenezer. A few—regular attendants—had come across the fields as the sun was settingon this lovely evening in the late summer. Howthat very sun, as it gradually sank over thehorizon, leaving the world to darkness, and thesummer, fading as it was into death-bringingautumn, seemed in mournful sympathy wdththeir thoughts as they had pondered on Ebenezer IPunctually at the time appointed. BrotherSamuels announced the first hymn. There wasa touch of pathos in the words as he read them;"Thus far my God hath led me on,And made

His truth and mercy known;My hopes and fears alternate rise,And comforts mingle with my sighs."

It was sung to the Old Hundredth. After prayerand the reading of the psalm, commencing,"Lord, Thou hast been our dwelling-place in allgenerations," Mr. Fulborough, sen., a little oldman who looked out from behind a large pair ofspectacles, read the annual report, after whichMr. Samuels rose to deliver the speech of theevening.

First of all, he expressed his deep gratitudeto God for having been spared to see this anni-versary. "For a quarter of a century," he said,"the hand of our God has been upon us. Howwell I remember that evening, twenty-five yearsago, when we sat round this Communion Table,and I extended to the other members the righthand of fellowship as we were formed into achurch. There were just seven of us. Since thentwo have fallen asleep, but the other five remainfaithful unto this day."

He seemed utterly regardless of the fact thatperhaps it might have been desirable had someadditions been made to the roll. To him figureswere carnal things, and in these days of changeand fluctuation it was cause for devout gratitudethat the five living members had stood sound inthe faith, proof against every wind that blows.Then he narrated the painful circumstances thathad driven them to free themselves from debt atthe cost of their much-loved meeting-house; and

at least five of those present, including thespeaker, were in tears as he explained that thismust De at the same time their anniversary andtheir leave-taking of their beloved Ebenezer. Apainful touch of melancholy was felt in the utter-ances of the speakers who followed, and therewas an audible sigh of relief when Mr. Samuelsrose and gave out, in a voice choked now andagain by sobs, the concluding hymn,

"Come on, my partners in distress."

Several hearts ached as they looked roundEbenezer that night after the meeting. What ifit was plain and old-fashioned? It was therethat often their hearts had been comforted. Andwhat if all the long-metre hymns had been sungto the Old Hundredth, and the services beendubbed "slow" by the worldly-minded Frank Ful-borough and his companions? It was here, notonce, nor twice, that they had derived "help fromthe sanctuary." Once more they looked at thelittle platform

with its ragged Bible and itssimple candle-stick; once more they cast affec-tionate glances round at the hard seats, the plainwalls, the rude beams, and at the CommunionTable hallowed by a thousand sacred memories,and then they "wen.t out, and it was night."

II

For the next few Sundays the five members,

and one or two faithful friends, met for prayerat the house of the venerable deacon, Mr.Samuels. They could not bring themselves toattend the Established Church and countenanceits ritualism, nor could they persuade themselvesthat there was not a spirit of unholy levity inthe services conducted by the Methodists. Andso they met in Brother Samuels's kitchen andprayed for the peace of Jerusalem. They wouldread a psalm together, and twice in those fewSabbaths the hundred and thirty-seventh wascalled into requisition. In a trembling voicetheir leader read, "By the rivers of Babylon therewe sat down; yea, we wept w^hen we rememberedZion."

"Shall we sing, brethren?" one of the congre-gation ventured to suggest on the first Sunday inthe kitchen.

"How shall we sing the Lord's song in astrange land?" replied the veteran in w^hoseabode they were assembled; and so, for the pres-ent at any rate, even the Old Hundredth had tobe numbered among the treasures of memory.

But five weeks after the closing of Ebenezer anew announcement appeared on the notice-boardin front of the porch. It was to the effect thatafter the building had undergone thorough reno-vation, repairs, and improvements, serviceswould be held in it every Lord's Day morning

and evening, conducted by the Rev. Arthur Stan-ton, late of Chelsham College. It seemed thatMr. Stanton's invasion of Attleden was the out-come of a forward movement on the part of thedenominational authorities.

The announcement was received with indiffer-ence by those who attended the church; but thetown gossips made it a matter of general dis-cussion.

"It'll break old Samuels's heart," said one, "tosee th' old place done up all spick and span, anda parson in the pulpit."

"Mebbe, mebbe," replied his companion, "butth' Ebenezerites ain't likely to trouble thereverent genelman with their presence over-much I"

And so it turned out, for Mr. Samuels had re-minded his brethren that they were not to becarried about by every wind of doctrine, but tocontend earnestly for the faith once deliveredto the saints.

The Rev. Arthur Stanton proved to be a youngman possessed of many personal attractions andof considerable ability, and Attleden gave him ahearty greeting. The young men and maidensfrom the shops and stores attended the services,and the walls of Ebenezer almost groaned at thestrain put upon their dimensions. Needless tosay, the old table and candlestick had disap-

peared, and the dim religious light of earlierdays had given place to a number of bright,though less Puritanical, electric lights. Onecould hardly bring himself to believe that he wasback at old Ebenezer again. Mr. Stanton an-nounced the hymns in a clear, ringing voice, andthe sermon—thoughtful, liberally illustrated,and delivered in earnest tones and grave—wasin strange contrast with the solemn and almostsepulchral utterances to which the interior ofEbenezer had become accustomed.

In Mr. Samuels's kitchen, on the fourth Sun-day after Mr. Stanton's advent into Attleden,the faithful few were gathered for prayer andthe devout worship of God. Mr. Samuels hadjust read a psalm, when Mr. Fulborough rose,and, in a voice husky with emotion, proceeded toaddress the company:

"Brethren, I never was a speaker after nofashion, but I ask ye to rejoice with me, for myFrank has been called by divine grace, and iswalking in newness of life."

There was a momentary look of suspicion onthe faces of two or three of his hearers, butBrother Fulborough continued:

"I've allers been faithful to the cause at Ebe-nezer, and have humbly sought to adorn by aconsistent life the doctrines as we've defended;but I feel as the Lord is at Ebenezer still, and

I'm going back again, and my lad shall serve hisfather's God in his father's sanctuary."

Ill

Ebenezer was celebrating its anniversary—thethird since the Rev. Arthur Stanton's settlement.The building had been enlarged and renovatedbeyond all recognition since the young minister'sadvent. A well-attended public tea had beenheld, and the evening meeting was about to com-mence. The chapel was well filled, and at theappointed time the pastor took the chair. Theminister from the Methodist church occupied aseat on the platform. Prayer and singing werefollowed by the annual report, read by "ournewly appointed Church secretary, Mr. FrankFulborough." Next, Mr. Stanton himself de-livered a cheering and earnest address in har-mony with the gladness that prevailed. Otherspeakers followed, and when the hour was get-ting late, the chairman said:

"I think we can hardly do better than ask ourvenerable friend and brother. Deacon Samuels,to say a word or two, and close the meeting."

The old man's white hairs were even whiternow. There was a slight stoop at the shoulders,but he might have been an old soldier, such wasthe dignity and stateliness of his bearing. Therewas a glory upon his brow that is more easy to

record than to define; and had the chairman andaudience known that this would be his last anni-versary, nay, his last appearance at Ebenezer,and that, ere another Sabbath came on its way,they would have laid the veteran in his wreath-crowned grave, maybe it would only have en-hanced that mystic glow.

He rose and repeated slowly:

"When the Lord turned again the captivity ofZion, we were like them that dream. Then wasour mouth filled with laughter, and our tonguewith singing. Then said they among the heathen:^The Lord hath done great things for them.' TheLord hath done great things for us, whereof weare glad."

"Brethren," he continued, "let us sing:

*Praise God, from whom all blessings flow.Praise Him, all creatures here below.Praise Him above, ye heavenly host.Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.' **

And once more the tune was the Old Hun-dredth.

It was at Wedge Bay that I first made up mymind to say a good word for nonsense. I had ashort illness a few years ago, and as soon as Icould clamber out of bed I took a cab and asteamer and made straight for Wedge Bay.There the bush and the beach, with all the otherbeauties that I have previously described, con-spired to set me on my feet again. Medicine, too,I took; but one of the most precious packets ofphysic reached me by the first mail after myarrival. I have no idea who sent it. He was agenius, whoever he was. The package containedsix issues of the London Punch; and as I saun-tered about the sands in those days of convales-cence, and snatched bits of Punch whenever thehumour took me, I discovered for the first timewhat the ministry of nonsense means. Mr. G. K.Chesterton, in one of his frolicsome moods, de-clared the other day that the discovery of non-sense was the most notable discovery of the Vic-torian era. He was not far out. That stirringage was pre-eminently an age of daring ingenuityand masterly manufacture; but Mr. Chestertonthinks that the finest of all its innumerable pro-

ductions was the making of good jokes. All thatwas really illustrious in the literature of thatfruitful period emanated, he believes, from theawakening of an altogether fresh and altogetherdelightful sense of exquisite humour. An en-tirely new vein was exploited; and the English-man of those great days excelled himself, in Mr.Chesterton's judgement, as a humorist, and oneof the best humorists in Europe. A sly twinklehaunted the eye of the typical Victorian, and ahearty peal of laughter was never far away.

The humorist is beset by two opposite tempta-tions, the temptation to buffoonery and thetemptation to cynicism; and it is to the honourof the men who inaugurated the new style halfa century ago that, speaking generally, they con-trived to steer skilfully between the rocks ofScylla on the one hand and the whirlpool ofCharybdis on the other. The pre-Victorian criticswere fond of extolling Addison as the beau idealwhose humour should be regarded as the modelof the younger writers; and it is difficult toquarrel with their choice. Macaulay contrastsAddison with Voltaire on the one hand and wdthSwift on the other. The humour of Swift, hepoints out, was marked by a severity whichgradually hardened and darkened into misan-thropy. The humour of Voltaire, on the otherhand, was constantly disfigured by irreverence.

"The mirth of Swift," he says, "is the mirth ofMephistopheles; the mirth of

Voltaire is themirth of Puck." Against this dark background,the historian shows us the pure, clean, wholesomemirth of Addison, "a mirth consistent with ten-der compassion for all that is frail, and withprofound reverence for all that is sublime." Butwhilst the merriment of Addison is certainlyinnocent of the ugly blemishes that disfigure thejests of Voltaire, and of the satire that embit-tered the witticisms of Swift, we all feel that itcuts a very sorry figure when compared withthose spacious realms of magnificent nonsensewhich the litterateurs of a century later sobravely discovered and so thoroughly explored.The flickering mirth of the Georgian authorsseems scarcely more worthy of comparison withthe rich creations of the Victorian school thandoes the humour that Heinrich Heine saluted inhis kittens. There is nothing in the older litera-ture that can hold its own against the magnifi-cent gusto of Mr. Pickwick, the excruciatingabsurdities of the March Hare, the rollickingdrolleries of Pooh-Bah, or the polished subtletieswhich, for so many years, have made famous Mr.Punch's Wednesday dinner-table—the old ma-hogany tree in Bouverie Street. Every manwhose appreciation of the ludicrous enables himto catch the spirit of these irresistible concep-

tions will gratefully acknowledge that the non-sense discovered by the great Victorian humor-ists was in every way worthy of the distinguishedgenius engaged in the adventure.

One of the very choicest spirits that I ever metwas a man who knew how to turn a ministry ofnonsense to the highest possible ends. I amthinking of the Rev. J. J. Doke, who died, a yearor two ago, in the course of an exploratory jour-ney through Rhodesia. He officiated at my wed-ding; and he and I worked together for someyears in New Zealand, understanding each otherpretty thoroughly. I shall never forget thetriumphs that he achieved by his faculty for fun.I never knew a man in whom holiness andhumour blended as they did in him. I haveknown many good men who loved to laugh; butthe goodness and the laughter seemed somehowto dwell in separate compartments of their being.When they were laughing you temporarily forgottheir devoutness; and when they were prayingyou forgot their peals of merriment. But withMr. Doke it was quite otherwise. The ingredi-ents, both of his humour and of his piety, weresuch that they blended most perfectly, and youcould never tell where the one ended and theother began.

And this remarkable trait was used by Mr.Doke for all it was worth. It happened that his

sojourn in New Zealand synchronized with atrying period of storm and stress in the historyof our Missionary Society. It was a most graveand anxious time for all of us, and I shall neverforget how, time after time, his tactful wit savedmost delicate and threatening situations. Mr.Chesterton says that the discovery of nonsensewas the greatest revelation of the nineteenth cen-tury. That being so, Mr. Doke deserves to beranked as one of our greatest discoverers, for hesaw, as few men saw, the inestimable value ofthat magic and potent force. I can recall occa-sions when we had been sitting for hours, anx-iously discussing a depressing and apparentlyimpossible situation, until our patience was ex-hausted and our nerves unstrung. Out of sheerweariness and vexation we might easily havecommitted any sort of indiscretion. But overthere in the corner sits Mr. Doke. I can see himnow. He is taking out his pencil. In a momentor two he has finished his w^ork. With a fewdeft strokes he has struck off an irresistibly comi-cal cartoon, caricaturing some ridiculous phasein the trying affair, and focusing, in the drollestpossible way, the humorous side of the knottyquestion. The cartoon is handed round, and welaugh immoderately over the product of Mr.Doke's captivating genius. A new atmospherestraightway envelopes the debate. The interrup-

tion is as refreshing as an hour's sleep or adelicious cup of tea. It is as though a windowhas been opened in a stuffy room, and the placehas suddenly been filled with fresh and perfume-laden air. We settle down to work again withclearer brains, cheerier hearts, and sweetertempers.

This was in committee; but he waved the samemagic wand over our assembly. I remember avery painful debate that took place in those try-ing days. The question was as to whether or notcertain letters ought ever to have been written.Some telling speeches had been made, and feelingwas running very high. At length the time forvoting arrived, and it looked as though theassembly would not only censure its officers, butperhaps precipitate a cleavage that many yearswould scarcely heal. The chairman rose to putthe motion. The atmosphere was distinctly elec-trical and charged with tensest feeling. In thenick of time, Mr. Doke cried "Mr. President,"and came striding down the aisle. I can see himnow as he turned to address us. "Mr. Presi-dent," he said, "is it not possible that both sidesare right? Is it not possible that we are eachreading into these troublesome letters our ownstrong feeling? Let me tell you a story. Onceupon a time a man had two children, a boy anda girl. In course of time, the boy became refrac-

tory and ran away from home. He was not heardof again for many years. The

girl remained ather father's side, and was his constant stay andcomforter. Just, however, as the old man hadgiven up all hope of again hearing from his son,a letter arrived. But neither father nor daugh-ter had been to school, and they could not readit. ^Let us take it down to the butcher, father!'the daughter suggested. *He can read, and hewill tell us what Tom says.' To the butcherthey accordingly hastened. Now the butcherw^as a gruff, sour, surly old man, and they wereunfortunate enough to find him in one of hisnastiest moods. He tore open the letter with agrunt, and read, in a snappy, churlish voice—^Dear father, I'm very ill; send me some money.Yours, Tom.' *The rascal!' the old man exclaimedindignantly, ^he only wants my money. Heshan't have a single penny!' They turned awaysorrowfully, and set off towards home. But onthe way another thought visited the daughter,father," she said, ^what do you say to going tothe baker? The butcher may have made a mis-take. The baker can read, too; and he is a kind,Christian man. Let us go to him!' And to thebaker's they went. Now the baker was a genial,gracious soul, with a voice tremulous with feel-ing and resonant with sympathy. He gentlytook the letter from its envelope and read: ^Dear

father, I'm very ill; send me some money,—Yours, Tom.' ^The poor boy/ the old man cried,brushing away a tear. 'How much can we sendhim?'"

The whole assembly was in the best of goodhumour at once. The application was obvious.It was as though the lowering thundercloud hadbroken in refreshing summer rain. The air wascleared, and the flowers were exhaling theirchoicest fragrance in the sunshine that followedthe storm. Mr. Doke's beautiful personality hadcast its spell over us all. We felt that we wantedan interval in which to shake hands with eachother. He made a suggestion in closing thatwould obviate all risk of further complications.Both sides snatched at it eagerly; and the pain-ful episode closed with expressions of the mostcordial goodwill.

Here, then, we have the ministry of nonsense;and a very sacred and beautiful ministry it is.What tragedies might have been spared if onlynonsense had been discovered a few centuriesearlier! Who can review the strifes and squab-bles of centuries gone by without deploring theutter lack of humour which so often character-ized the angTy combatants. "Isn't it desperatelycomical," George Gissing makes one of his char-acters to exclaim, "that one human being canhate and revile another because they think differ-

ently about the origin of the universe?" SoameJenyns, a quaint old writer of two centuriesback, gravely affirmed that a fine sense of humouris one of the chief delights of the seraphim andof just men made perfect. He writes as thoughhe knew what he was talking about, and I am inno mood to contradict him. "Is there humour inthe divine mind?" asked one of his students ofold Rabbi Duncan one day. "It's true and it'sno true I" answered the canny old Scotsman. Iwish that Heinrich Heine could have been there."How can w^e think that God has no humourwhen He made kittens?" Heine asks. I shouldlike to have seen the old Rabbi fencing with thatconundrum. To be sure, the world would be aglum old place if all the laughter died out of it;and how did the laughter get into it if God didnot put it there? That's what I should like to

know.

"I love my God as He loves me—Merrily.

I feel His kisses in the breeze,And so I carve His name on trees—Why not?

Ten thousand years misunderstoodHe needs my laughter in the woodA lot."

Yes, I think that old Soame Jenyns must beright, and that there must be some fondness offun among the angels.

VI

THE GRIN

Of all Alice's "Adventures in Wonderland/' italways seems to me that her adventure with theCheshire Cat was by far the most illuminatingand significant. The March Hare is good, andthe Mad Hatter is better, but the Cheshire Catis best of all. The cat was sitting on the boughof a tree not far from her, when Alice was firstmade aware, with a start, of its existence. "Thecat only grinned when it saw Alice. It lookedgood-natured, she thought; still it had long clawsand a great many teeth, so she felt that it oughtto be treated with respect." Alice addressed thecat, and was pleased to see that it "only grinneda little wider." The extraordinary thing aboutthe cat, however, was not the suddenness of itsappearance, but the gradual way in which itvanished. It went and came again several times.

"I wish," said Alice, "you wouldn't keep ap-pearing and vanishing so suddenly; you makeone quite giddy."

"All right," said the cat, and this time itvanished quite slowly, beginning with the end ofthe tail, and ending with the grin, which re-mained some time after the rest of it had gone.

"Well, I've often seen a cat without a grin,"thought Alice; "but a grin without a cat! It'sthe most curious thing I ever saw in my life!"

Poor little Alice I I daresay that there was atime in my own life when, in my childish sim-plicity, I thought that the grin was part andparcel of the cat, and that you had simply tomake an end of the cat in order to get rid of thegrin. If there was such a time, it was long, longago, and I must have laid such a fantastic notionaside with my faith in fairies and elves. Foreverybody who has reached the years of maturityand reality has discovered that it is the easiestthing in the world to get rid of the cat. A bucketof water or sixpennyworth of poison will makean end of its nine lives all at once. But thegrin! You may sink your cat into the unfathom-able depths of the ocean, or administer to it themost powerful poison that the PharmaceuticalSocieties of the world, gathered in solemn con-clave, can prescribe, but you will not kill thegrin. Alice discovered, as we have all discoveredsooner or later, that the grin always survives thecat. Anybody who has ever tried to drown a catknows perfectly well that, even as you leave thescene of the tragedy, feeling as guilty and aswretched as the vilest felon who was ever hanged

at Newgate, the cat grins at you from the boughof every tree and the top of every wall. LewisCarroll's picture of little Alice marvelling at thegrin still left in the tree after the cat had goneis one of the most touching and satisfying de-lineations of childish simplicity in the language.

II

In point of fact, this matter of the cat and thegrin has been very prominent of late. Perhapsno philosopher has ever stirred the thought ofthe world quite so deeply as has Henri Bergson.Bergson's philosophy is a philosophy of move-ment. And the whole controversy that has ragedaround his person and work has concerned itselfwith the question as to whether you can have amovement apart

from an object moving. "Is itpossible," as Mr. H. W. Carr asks, "to imaginethat movement is itself reality, that it can subsistby itself, and that the things that move are notprior to, but productions of, the movement? Thisdifficulty goes to the very heart of the problemof philosophy." Here, then, w^e have the verylatest word of the most advanced academies re-duced to this question—Can you have movementapart from a thing moving? Which, I aver, issimply another way of asking. Can you have agrin apart from a cat? And as I have alreadycommitted myself to the philosophy of Lewis

Carroll, I am bound as an act of intellectualdecency and consistency, to ally myself with Pro-fessor Bergson. I am not quite sure that HenriBergson and Lewis Carroll have ever been intro-duced, and I feel that I owe them some sort ofapology for jumbling up Alice in Wonderlandand U Evolution Great rice in this unceremoniousway. But the two gentlemen are each in excel-lent company and will agree admirably. For, ofcourse, as Bergson teaches, you can have puremovement apart from a thing moving. And—equally, of course—you can have a grin left inthe tree after the cat has gone. But it is timethat we emerged from the nebulous mists of theabstract, and began to examine the illustrativephenomena. Very well, let us go out.

Ill

I remember once being in serious troublethrough having quite innocently grieved a friendwhose confidence I highly valued. It was purelyan accident. A thing had happened that wasobviously ambiguous and capable of several in-terpretations. The most unhappy constructionwas put upon it, and the matter soon assumedan exaggerated importance. There were twocourses open to me: I could go to my friendpleading my innocence and vindicating my posi-tion. I knew, however, that his mind was so

poisoned that he could not be expected to acceptmy assurance without discussion, and discussionwould prove tedious and fruitless. I thereforeresolved upon the other course. I went to himand confessed that I had moved without suffi-ciently calculating the possible construction thatmight be placed upon my action, and I cravedhis forgiveness.

"Yes," he answered, "I forgive you!" Thusvanished the cat.

"But," he added, "we can never be the sameagain!" Thus lingered the grin.

IV

Now forgiveness is one of the highest arts oflife. I had almost said that it is the highest artof life. It is the highest because it is the divinest.It is a great thing to be a really good forgiver.And the difference between a good forgiver anda poor forgiver is simply this: A good forgivertakes care that the grin vanishes with the cat.Here are a couple of illustrative stories, selectedfrom two great biographies, one of a poor for-giver, and one of a good forgiver. The first isfrom Coke and Moore's Life of Wesley. On Wes-ley's voyage to America, he heard one day anunusual noise in the cabin of General Oglethorpe,the Governor of Georgia. Wesley stepped in toinquire the cause. It turned out that Grimaldi,

the Governor's servant, had devoured the entirestock of the great man's favourite wine. "But Iwill be revenged!" cried the Governor. "I haveordered him to be tied hand and foot, and tobe carried to the man-of-war that sails with us.For, you know, Mr. Wesley, I never forgive!""In that case, sir," replied Wesley, "I hope younever sin!" The General was quite confoundedat the reproof; and putting his hand into hispocket, took out a bunch of keys, w^hich he threwat Grimaldi, saying, "There, villain, take mykeys, and behave better for the future!" In thisflinging of keys at the unhappy sinner, and inthis "There, villain," we feel, as I felt in the caseof my friend, that, although the cat had vanished,the grin was still there. Oglethorpe was but apoor forgiver.

Now, side by side with this, and by way of con-trast, let me set an incident from the life of Glad-stone. Gladstone was at the time Chancellor of theExchequer. He sent down to the Treasury officeone day for a sheaf of statistics on which he basedhis budget proposals. Now it happened that, incompiling the statistics, the clerk had made a mis-take that vitally affected the entire situation. Theblunder was only discovered after Mr. Gladstonehad elaborated his proposal and made his budget

speech in the House of Commons. The papers im-mediately exposed the fallacy, and for a momentthe Chancellor was overwhelmed with embarrass-ment. He was made to appear ridiculous beforethe entire nation. He sent down to the Treasuryfor the clerk to come to him at once. The clerkduly arrived, trembling with apprehension, andexpecting instant dismissal. He began to stam-mer out his apologies, and his entreaty for for-giveness. Mr. Gladstone stopped him. "I sentfor you," he said, ^^because I could imagine thetorture of your feelings. You have been formany years dealing with the bewildering intri-cacies of the national

accounts, and you havedone your work with such conscientious exact-ness that this is your first mistake. It was be-cause of your splendid record that I did nottrouble to verify your calculations. I have sentfor you to compliment you on that record andto set you at your ease." The cat had vanishedfrom the tree, and had left not the shadow of agrin behind. If the Kew Testament means any-thing, it means that a man who can forgive withsuch gallantry and chivalry is a very great Chris-tian indeed.

VI

I am not at all sure that our great ChurchCourts—our Synods and Assemblies and Con-

gresses—will not have to take this matter of thelingering grin into serious consideration. It isgood and pleasant, as the Psalmist said, to seebrethren dwelling together in unity. But whenI see a basis of organic union being drafted bybodies that once quarrelled like Kilkenny cats, Iam nervous lest, with the formal extinction ofthe cat, some ghostly wraith of a grin should stilllinger. One of the most stinging passages inGibbon's Decline and Fall is that in which hetells how, at the Synod of Florence, the Greekand Latin Churches embraced, subscribed, andunited. But the grin lingered. A spectral spiritof mutual suspicion haunted their intercourse."These signs of friendship," says Gibbon, "wereperfidious or fruitless; and the baseless fabricof the union vanished like a dream." Macaulayhas a passage in his History dealing with asimilar experience in England in 1688. Theunion of Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Independ-ents, and Baptists was, he says, like a golden agebetween two iron ages. And, commenting on thetying and cutting of these bonds of unity, Ma-caulay says that "it must be remembered that,though concord is in itself better than discord,discord may indicate a better state of things thanis indicated by concord." That is to say, if Iunderstand the historian rightly, that it is -evenbetter to have the Cheshire Cat itself than to get

rid of the cat and find the grin still smirking andleering on the bough.

VII

There is just one other word of which thisfantastic spectre reminds me. There are fewthings more pitiful than the lingering of theghostly shadow after the actual

substance hasvanished. I have known Christian workers togive up working, and givers to give up giving,and teachers to give up teaching, and preachersto give up preaching. And this is bad enough.But it does not sound the lowest depth of spirit-ual squalor. The worst tragedy of all occurswhen the worker goes on working, and the givergoes on giving, and the teacher goes on teaching,and the preacher goes on preaching, after thefaith and rapture that first prompted these gra-cious activities have fled. The first love is lost;the old enthusiasm is dissipated; and the mock-ing shadow alone remains. Ichabod is stampedupon the soul; but that soul still moves habitu-ally and mechanically through its accustomedround. The life itself has disappeared; yet thegrin still haunts the changed but familiar scene.

VII

MY TOBACCO

My friend Anderson is a great smoker. He is aminister, and I have once or twice heard someof his own people express the wish that he werea little less ardently devoted to his pipe. It isnot for me either to excuse or to condemn him.Our friendship has lasted now through a goodmany years; I have therefore had the oppor-tunity of observing him pretty closely; I havemyself never smoked a pipe in my life; yet I haveoften felt that in some respects he has the advan-tage of me. Let a couple of examples suffice.Both incidents occurred last evening.

I rose from tea at half-past six. I had had aheavy and trying day. The only engagement thatlay before me was an appointment here at thehouse at eight o'clock. Now I felt that, if I werewise, I should take things easily until then. Isauntered into the study in a haphazard kindof a way; and in five minutes found myselfengrossed in a variety of matters that neededattention.

"Come, now," I said to myself, "this won't do!You said you were going to rest for half an hour;

and here you are, at it as hard as ever! Go outon to the verandah!"

To the verandah I accordingly went, takingwith me a book. But why a book? Why not leteverything go for a few minutes? Stroll up anddown bareheaded; watch the clouds or the peo-ple ; and do nothing I I tried it, but it was hardwork.

Yet Anderson would have found it theeasiest thing in the world. He would have goneout to the verandah, lit his pipe, put his handsin his pockets, enjoyed feeling the breeze playingwith his hair, and would have walked up anddown as happy as a king. So much for the firstof my promised examples. Now for the second.

Eight o'clock arrived. My friend came up thefront steps just as the clock was striking. Hetold me beforehand that he wished to discusswith me a matter of some delicacy. It w^as toochilly by this time to remain on the verandah.I lit the gas in the dining-room, and pointed himto an arm-chair. I seated myself in the chairopposite him. So far all had gone perfectly well.But now the trouble began. We found ourselvesstaring awkwardly at each other. There w^as acertain stiffness in the situation that it was diffi-cult to overcome. To begin by talking about theweather would have been an affectation, for heknew that I w^as absorbed by curiosity as to thesubject that had brought him. And I, in my

turn, knew that that subject—whatever it was—engrossed all his thought. To sit there facingeach other seemed absurd; yet to plunge into thematter in hand before he had well got his breathwould have appeared artificial and abrupt.There is a psychological moment for the com-mencement of a conversation. In this case, ithad not come. And so an awkward pause ensued.I looked at him in a stand-and-deliver kind of away, whilst he, I could see, was revolving thetroublesome subject in his mind and wonderinghow best to approach it. Now a pair of smokerswould have managed things much more pleas-antly. They would have lit their pipes andpuffed away, and neither would have cared howlong the other took before he spoke. I shouldhave been saved from appearing unduly inquisi-tive, and he would have felt under no obligationto break the silence until he was perfectly ready.I was glancing yesterday through the Life ofViscount Wolverhampton—better known as SirHenry Fowler. His daughter tells us, in thecourse of this fine biography, that Sir Henry wasan inordinate devourer of newspapers. Andwhen criticized for his prodigious appetite formagazines and periodicals, he, a non-smoker,replied, ^They are my tobacco F' It was this sug-gestive phrase that drove me to my desk. If aman does not smoke, he must carefully make

other arrangements for developing the graces towhich a pipe will help a smoker. Unless I cancultivate by some other means that perfect rest-fulness, that fine poise of spirit, which I so ad-mire in Anderson, I must confess myself de-feated. He has the better of me. In my case,Sir Henry Fowler's newspapers will not exactlyfill the bill; but they will serve as a starting-point. How are we to enjoy a

smoker's advan-tages, and cultivate a smoker s graces, withoutrecourse to tobacco? That is the question.

There are moments when it is absolutely neces-sary that a man should say nothing and do noth-ing. It is in those crucial moments that the non-smoker finds himself at a disadvantage. He isfidgety and restless; impatient for action, eagerfor the time to come at which he can profitablywork or speak. The smoker gets over the diffi-culty without any such agony of nervous fretful-ness. Old Izaak Walton is a case in point. Ininstructing us as to the best way of catchingbream, he says that, at about four o'clock in theafternoon, we must repair to the bank of the^stream, and, as soon as we come to the waterside,must cast in one-half of our ground-bait andstand off. *^Then, whilst the fish are gatheringtogether, for they will most certainly come fortheir supper, you may take a pipe of tobacco; andthen, in with your three rods!" Now w^hy that

pipe of tobacco? There is a certain interval tobe filled in; a period in which it would be disas-trous to say anything or do anything. It is justsuch a period as my friend and I spent in thearm-chairs—silently, awkwardly facing eachother. The most convinced anti-tobacconist willscarcely deny that here again—whilst the fishare gathering round the ground-bait—the smokerhas the best of us. At that point Anderson wouldput me to shame. It is more easy for him topatiently await the time to whip in the rods thanit is for me. All this I frankly confess, and anyhonest non-smoker will agree with me.

Now half the art of life lies in being able onoccasions to do nothing—and to do it easily.Newman found this grace so difficult of acquire-ment that he gave it up as a bad job. "He filledup," says Mozley, "his whole time, taxed hiswhole strength, and occupied his whole future.He reduced retrospection to a very narrow com-pass, to a few faces, to flowers on a bank or awall, to a fragrance or a sound. He never tooksolitary walks if he could help it. He would notbe alone and left to his own thoughts when hew^as neither studying nor writing nor praying."Darwin was as bad. His one defect was an utterincapacity for idleness. "I wish," writes hiswife, "I wish he could smoke a pipe or ruminateThere is such a thing as a genius

for repose. It is a great thing for a man to bethe captain of his soul; to have every facultyunder command; and to be able to drop anchorand be perfectly at ease when nothing is to begained by continued activity.

Here, then, is the problem—how to be still? Ihave confessed that there are moments when Ienvy my friend Anderson with his pipe. Itstrikes me as being a fine thing, a very fine thing,to be able to do nothing so naturally. I wouldgive half my goods and chattels to be able to waitunder the willows, for the bream to come roundthe ground-bait, with the perfect self-possessionof old Izaak Walton. And I would give morethan half to be able to sit in the arm-chair ineasy, restful silence, never breaking that silenceuntil the exact moment had arrived. But I con-fess that it is not in me.

Yet, I confess, too, that, although I envy thesmoker, I am still a non-smoker. I once learnedswimming. In the baths I saw boys with blad-ders, belts, and all kinds of similar contrivances.I envied them their ability to keep afloat. Turn-ing to my swimming-master, I said:

"Lend me a belt like that, and I shall soonlearn to swim."

"If you once use a belt like that, you will neverlearn to swim," he replied firmly. I stood cor-rected.

The application is obvious. I wish to swim;

but it must be without belts and bladders. I

wish to walk; but not with crutches. I wish my

child to count; but I would not have him always

count with beads. I shall never be satisfied until

I can possess my soul in perfect poise and restful-

ness; until I can do nothing, and do it well, and

do it easily; and so ambitious am I that I aspire

to do it one day without any adventitious aids.

A woman can be at her ease—^if you pass her her

knitting. A man can be still—if you give him his

pipe. But was the soul made to rest only by

means of such adventitious aids? Mr. M. J.

Savage has sung to us of the man who has learned

to manage without them:

"I haste no more.At dawn or when the day is done,

The sun comes calmly to his place:I've learned the lesson of the sun.

"I haste no more.For Spring and Autumn earth decrees

The leaves shall bud, the leaves shall fall:I've learned the lesson of the trees.

"I haste no more.At flood or ebb as it may be.

The ocean answers to the moon:I've learned the lesson of the sea.

"I haste no more.Whate'er, whoe'er is mine—these must

On God's ways meet me in God's time:I've learned the lesson, and I trust."

To-day I look on Anderson with his pipe as Ionce looked at the "little wanton boys that swimon bladders," and it may be that, as long as I live,he will have the laugh at me. Yet, after all, menlearned to do nothing, and to do it well, longbefore Sir Francis Drake and Sir Walter Raleighbrought the fragrant weed from the golden West;and I am therefore not quite without hope that Ishall yet be able to possess my soul beneath thewillows, untortured by a single twinge of rest-lessness or impatience, until the ground-bait hasattracted a perfect shoal of bream. When thatday comes, I shall laugh at Anderson and hispipe.

I HAVE a special fondness for explosive people. Ican never persuade myself that dynamite got intothe world by accident. I intolerantly scout thetheory that the devil built all the volcanoes, andthat his minions feed their furious fires. I haveadmired an indescribable grandeur in the hurri-cane. I have felt the cyclone to be splendid, andthe tornado to be next door to sublimity. Eventhe earthquake

has a glory of its own. And howa thunderstorm clears the air! How deliciouslysweet my garden smells when the riven cloudshave passed, and the glittering drops are stillclinging like pendant gems to the drooping petalsand the bright green leaves! And, in the sameway, I have discovered something terribly sub-lime in those stormy elements that sweep therealm within.

There was a time when my eyes were closed tothis side of the glory of God's world. I used tothink it a dreadful thing for Paul to be crosswith Barnabas. I thought it shocking if Bar-

nabas spoke sharply to Paul. For Barnabas was"a good man and full of the Holy Ghost/' AndPaul was "a good man and full of the HolyGhost." And I thought that so lovely and tran-quil a little world had no room for dynamite.Till, one day, a thing happened that made me feelas though a volcano had burst into eruption atmy feet! I was thunder-struck! The circum-stances are briefly told. Paul and Barnabas hadjust completed one adventurous, triumphant,and historic campaign together. Together theyhad crossed the tumbling seas in crazy littlevessels that would scarcely now be permitted tocruise about a river. Together they had trudged,singing as they went, along the lonely forest trailthrough the lowlands of Pamphylia. Togetherthey had climbed the great pass over the moun-tains of Pisidia. Together they had felt the ex-hilaration of the heights as they surveyed, shad-ing their eyes with their hands, the lands thatthey had come to conquer. Together, at the riskof their lives, they had forded streams in fulltumultuous flood; together they had known hun-ger and thirst; together they had shared un-speakable hardships; together they had faced themost terrible privations. Together they hadbeen deified one day, and together they had beenstoned the next. Together they had made knownthe love of Christ in the great capitals; together

they had rejoiced over their converts; and then,together, they had made that never-to-be-forgot-ten return journey. I have often tried to imaginetheir emotions, as, on the homeward way, theycame in sight of one city after another that theyhad visited in coming. In coming, those citieswere heathen capitals and nothing more. Inreturning, there were churches there and fondfamiliar faces! And what meetings those musthave been in each city when the members againwelcomed Paul and Barnabas; when the twoscarred heroes told the thrilling tale of theirexperiences elsewhere; and when, in each church,ministers and

officers were appointed! And,leaving a chain of thoroughly organized churchesbehind them across the land, as a ship leaves herfoaming wake across the waters, the two valiantand dauntless companions returned home. Howall this had welded these two noble souls to-gether! They are knit, each to each, like thesouls of David and Jonathan!

And now a second campaign is suggested. Bar-nabas proposes that they should take with themMark. Mark, who was the nephew of Barnabas,had started with them on their former journey;but, at the first brush of persecution, he hadhastily scampered home. Paul instantly vetoesthe proposal. He will not hear of it. He willnot have a coward at any price. His soul loathes

a traitor. Barnabas insists, but Paul remainsadamant. "And the contention was so sharpbetween them that they departed asunder theone from the other/' and, probably, never metagain. If I had not been actually present andwitnessed this amazing explosion with my owneyes, I fancy my faith would have staggered. Asit is, the surprising spectacle only taught me thatGod has left room for dynamite in a world likethis; and, much as I admired both Paul andBarnabas before the outburst, I loved them stillmore when the storm was overpast.

II

I have said that I saw this astonishing out-burst with my own eyes. That is so, or at leastso I fancied. For it seemed to me that I washonoured with a seat on a committee of whichboth Paul and Barnabas were valued and reveredmembers. We all loved them, and treasuredevery gracious word that fell from their lips.For "Barnabas was a good man and full of theHoly Ghost." And "Paul was a good man andfull of the Holy Ghost." Now Mark had appliedto the committee for engagement as a missionary.And Barnabas rose to move his appointment. Ishall never forget the charm and grace withwhich he did it. I could see at a glance that thegood man was speaking under deep feeling. His

voice reflected his strong emotion. He remindedus that Mark was his relative, and he felt a cer-tain heavy responsibility for his nephew^s spirit-ual well-being. He trembled, he said, lest heshould be condemned as one who risked his lifefor the heathen over the seas, but who displayedno serious solicitude concerning his own kith andkin. He had wept in secret over his young kins-man's former treachery. But it had made him themore eager to win his soul in spite of everything.He was alarmed lest the rejection of his relativeshould lead to his

utter humiliation, total exclu-sion, and final loss. He admitted with shameand grief all that could be alleged against him.He had been weighed in the balances and foundwanting. He had turned his back in the hourof peril. But what of that? Had we not allour faults and failures? I remember that, as hesaid this, Barnabas glanced round the council*table, and looked inquiringly into each face.There was moisture in his own bright eyes, andeach man hung his head beneath that searchingglance.

And then, he went on, surely there was some-thing admirable in Mark's original venture. Hehad nothing to gain by going. It was his enthusi-asm for the cause of Christ that prompted him togo. It proved that his heart was in the rightplace. And the very fact that he was anxious to

set out again, with a full knowledge of the perilsbefore him, proved indisputably that he had sin-cerely repented of his earlier unfaithfulness, andwas eager for an opportunity of redeeming hisname from contempt. How could we ourselveshope for forgiveness unless we were prepared toshow mercy in a case like this? Once more thosesearchlights swept the faces round the table.And then, with wonderful tenderness, Barnabasreminded us of the bruised reed that must notbe broken and of the smoking flax that must notbe quenched. And, in the name of Him who,after His resurrection, found a special place forPeter, the disciple who had thrice denied hisLord, Barnabas implored us to favour hisnephew's application. There was a hush in theroom when the gracious speech was finished. Weall felt that Barnabas was a good man and fullof the Holy Ghost.

Ill

Then Paul rose. One could see at a glancethat his whole soul rebelled against having tooppose the partner of so many providentialescapes, the comrade of so many gallant fights.The affection of these two for each other wasvery beautiful. Paul admitted frankly that hehad been deeply touched by the gracious wordsthat had fallen from the lips of Barnabas. His

heart leaped up to greet every one of thoseappeals. Each argument met with its echo andresponse in every fibre of his being. For oldfriendship's sake he would dearly like to accedeto the request of Barnabas. Was it not throughthe influence of Barnabas, and in face of strongopposition, that he himself was admitted to thesacred service? And because Mark was his oldfriend's nephew he would especially wish toentertain the proposal. But we were gatheredtogether, he

reminded us, in the sacred interestsof the kingdom of Christ. And for the sake ofthe honour of that kingdom we must be preparedto set aside considerations of friendship, andeven to ignore the tender claims of kinship. Thefriendship of Barnabas was one of earth's mostprecious treasures; but he could not allow eventhat to influence him in a matter in which he feltthat the integrity of the cause of Christ was atstake. The relatives of Barnabas were as dearto him as his own kith and kin; but there werehigher considerations than domestic consider-ations. Mark had once—perhaps twice—provedhimself unequal to the claims of this perilousundertaking. He might render excellent andvaluable service in some other capacity. But forthis particular enterprise, which required, aswell as a warm heart, a cool head and a steadynerve, Mark was clearly unfitted. He became

terror-stricken in the hour of danger. Theycould not afford to run such risks. A defectionin their own party gave the enemy cause to blas-pheme.. It exposed them to ridicule and con-tempt. The heathen cried out that these menwere prepared to follow Christ so long as Christnever went near a cross. The Jews, who hadthemselves suffered for their faith, laughed at anew doctrine from which its very teachers mightbe scared and intimidated. And the young con-verts would find it immensely more difficult toendure persecution for the gospePs sake if theybeheld one of the missionaries turn his back inthe hour of peril. He had long ago forgivenMark, he said, for his former failure. Indeed, hescarcely recognized any need for forgiveness. Hefelt sorry for his young friend at the time, andhe felt sorry for him still. Mark was a gentlespirit, not made for riots and tumults; and, inthe shock of opposition, he was easily frightened.His love for Christ, and his zeal for service, werevery admirable; and they all loved him for hissimplicity and sincerity and enthusiasm. But,knowing his peculiar frailty, they must notexpose either him or the cause to needless risk.The welfare of Mark, and the reputation of theCross, were very dear to him; and he would onno account whatever agree to submit the delicatesoul of Mark to a strain that it had already

proved itself unable to bear, or the gospel to anunnecessary risk of being brought into disfavourand contempt. He implored the committee todeal wisely and considerately with the subtleand delicate and complex character of his youngfriend, and to prize above everything else thehonour of the gospel. Personally he was quitedetermined that it would be a wicked and unjustand unkind thing to expose the soul of Mark tosuch imminent peril, and the Cross of Christ tosuch grave risk of further scandal. He wouldon no account take Mark. The speech was sotempered with tenderness, as well as with firm-ness and

wisdom, that it created a profound im-pression. We all felt that Paul was a good manand full of the Holy Ghost.

IV

Neither would yield. How could they? Eachhad heard a voice that was higher and more im-perative than the voice of sentiment or of friend-ship. It is ridiculous to say that they shouldhave "made it up" for old sake's sake, or for thegospel's sake, or for any other sake. Barnabasbelieved, in the very soul of him, that it wouldbe wrong to leave Mark behind. And Paul be-lieved, in the very soul of him, that it would bewrong to take Mark with them. You cannotbridge a gulf like that. Each tried to convince

the other. The contention became sharp butfutile. And they parted. And I, for one, honourthem. They could not, as "good men and full ofthe Holy Ghost/' have done anything else. I donot pretend to understand why God has maderoom in the world for earthquakes and volcanoes.I see them tear up the valleys and hurl downthe mountains; and I stand bewildered andastonished. But there they are! I do not pre-tend to understand these other explosive forces.But there they are! And I, for one, love bothPaul and Barnabas the more that they willneither of them sacrifice, even for friendship'ssweet sake, the interests of the cause of Christ.

In my New Zealand days I knew two men,almost aged. I have told the story in detail inMushrooms on the Moor. These two men hadbeen bosom friends. Time after time, year afteryear, they had walked up to the house of God incompany. In the days of grey hairs they cameto differ on important religious questions, andcould no longer conscientiously worship beneaththe same roof. They met; they tried to discussthe debateable doctrine; but their hearts weretoo full. Side by side they walked for milesalong lonely roads on a clear, frosty, moonlightnight, in the hope that presently a discussionwould be possible. I walked in reverent silencesome distance ahead of them. But speech never

came. Grief had completely paralysed the vocalpowers, and the eyes were streaming with an-other eloquence. They wrung each other's handsat length, and parted without even a "Good-night." They still differ; they still occasionallymeet; they still love. They even admire eachother for being willing

to sacrifice old fellowshipfor conscience sake. There is something herewith which the more flippant advocates of churchunion do not reckon. Paul and Barnabas aregood men, both of them, and full of the HolyGhost. But they cannot agree. Face to face,the contention becomes very sharp. They wiselypart. As I say, I do not pretend to understandwhy God left so many explosive forces lyingabout His world; but there they are!

It all turned out wonderfully well, as it wasbound to do. Barnabas, whatever became of him,made a hero of Mark. He became perfectly lion-hearted. "Bring Mark with thee," wrote Paulto Timothy, when he himself was awaiting hismartyr-death at Rome. "Bring Mark with thee,for he is profitable to me for my ministry." AndI like to think that when Peter felt that the timehad come to put on permanent record the holymemories of earlier Galilean days, he employedMark to pen the precious pamphlet for him.

Peter and Mark understood each other. And asthey worked together on that second "gospel/^they had many a tearful talk of the way in which,long before, they had each played the coward'spart, and had each been greatly forgiven andgraciously restored. To those of us who look upto Paul and Barnabas as to a terrific heightabove us, it is splendid to know that there isroom for Peter and for Mark in the heart thatloves and in the service that ennobles.

IX

THE BENEDICTION

It is not often that a minister sits among hispeople listening to the voice of another. Thatrare privilege fell to my lot last Sunday; andhow thoroughly I enjoyed it my friends knowvery well. The hymns, the prayers, the sermon—each part of the service in its turn—seemedwonderfully refreshing and uplifting; and theBenediction seemed the climax of the whole. Thefeeling may have arisen from that sweet sadnesswhich invariably enfolds the last moments of allearthly pleasures; or it may have been that therereally is a grandeur in those stately cadencesthat had never before so powerfully impressedme. However that may be, I shall never forgetthat hushed and solemn moment in which, thecongregation standing with bowed heads, theminister pronounced those sublime simplicities,those simple sublimities. Like the breath ofheaven there fell upon us those ancient butwealthy words:

The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, and thelove of Gody and the communion of the HolyGhost, he with you all. Amen.

267

A moment's stillness followed; and then wequietly turned homewards; but, whichever waywe went, the tender grace of that beauteousbenediction seemed to follow and enfold us.

I suppose that the simple words derive theirgrandeur from the fact that they state, with thegrace of the poet rather than with the techniqueof the theologian, the mystery of the Trinity. Itis an awful theme, and suited only to just such asetting. There are things which, like the songof the lark and the perfume of the violet, do notlend themselves to definition. When I let mymind play about that stupendous thought whichis embalmed in the phraseology of the Benedic-tion, I fancy that my modest ventures in photog-raphy have given me a hint or two towards itscomprehension. For my camera Ijas taught methat there are three ways of looking at every-thing. They are—

1. The Way of my Right Eye.

2. The Way of my Left Eye.

3. The Way of my Camera.

That the way of the right eye differs from theway of the left eye can be demonstrated by thesimple process of closing each of the eyes in turn,and examining the object first with the one eyeonly and then with the other eye only. Each sees

the thing from its own angle. The camera cannotadjust itself to both eyes, so it effects a compro-mise. Its single lens sees things as they wouldappear to me if I had but one eye, and that oneeye in the middle of my forehead. But, obviously,no one of these three ways is, in itself, the correctway of looking at a thing. As I reflect thus,along comes my more fortunate friend with astereoscopic camera. He takes, not one viewwhich is a compromise between my right eye'sview and my left eye's view, but two views—theview of the object as my right eye sees it and theview of the object as my left eye sees it. Thenhe places the two views behind glasses, which,applied to my two eyes, blend the two into one,just as my eyes are accustomed automatically todo. The result is that the

picture is real andvivid and lifelike. I tried, once upon a day, tothink of God the Father, and to think of Godthe Son, and to think of God the Holy Spirit.But I became hopelessly confused. And then Iheard the voice of Jesus declare that "He thathath seen Me hath seen the Father," and I under-stood that in the person of Jesus I have thestereoscopic view of God.

II

And then, as I walked home from church, withthe music of the Benediction ringing in my ears,

it seemed like a declaration that all the treasureof heaven is for each mortal on earth. "Thegrace of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the love ofGod, and the communion of the Holy Ghost, hewith you all/' The best things are indivisible.If you divide material treasure between a thou-sand people, each has a thousandth part; but ifyou divide the heavenly treasure between a thou-sand people, each has the whole. I am very fondof that fine passage in the Compleat Angler inwhich the gentle author tells of the delight thathe found in thousands of things that did notstrictly belong to him. The actual owner of theestate on which he fished was worried to deathby vexatious disputes and threatened litigation;but, as for Izaak, he was in the seventh heaven.He strolled down through the leafy woods andshady groves; he crossed the fragrant meadowsin which he saw a tousle-haired schoolboy gather-ing lilies and a rosy-cheeked lassie with an arm-ful of cowslips; he cast his line into the sparklingstream and saw the great silvery trout flashthrough the laughing waters; and he was in blisswithout alloy. "As I sat thus," he says, "joyingin my own happy condition, and pitying this poorrich man that owned this and many other pleas-ant groves and meadows about me, I did thank-fully remember that my Saviour said that themeek possess the earth. Anglers and meek, quiet-

spirited men are free from those high and restlessthoughts which corrode the sweets of life, andthey therefore enjoy what others possess andenjoy not/' Is it not true that, in the best things,the whole is for each? The truest treasure isindivisible. What is it that Miss Ella WheelerWilcox sings in her poem, "All for Me"?

"The world grows green on a thousand hills—

By a thousand willows the hees are humming.And a million birds by a million

rills

Sing of the golden season coming.But, gazing out on the sun-kissed lea.

And hearing a thrush and a bluebird singing,I feel that the summer is all for me.

And all for me the joys it is bringing.

"All for me the bumble-bee

Drones his song in the perfect weather;And, just on purpose to sing to me.

Thrush and bluebird come here together.Just for me, in red and white,

Bloom and blossom the fields of clover;And all for me and my delight

The wild wind follows and plays the lover."

Yes, all for me, all for me, all for me! That waswhat I caught myself saying to myself as Iwalked home from church in the sunshine of thatspring Sunday morning. The grace of our LordJesus Christ—all for me, all for me! And thelove of God—all for me, all for me! And thecommunion of the Holy Ghost—all for me, all

for 7ne; "The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, andthe love of God, and the communion of the HolyGhost, be with you all." Yes, with us all—itwas all for me, all for me!

Ill

This was good, but better was to come. For,just as I came in sight of the golden wattle be-side my own gate, another thought arrested me.Looking at the Benediction once again, I sawthat it is not so much the Father and the Sonand the Holy Ghost who are to be with me; butthe grace of the Saviour and the love of theFather and the communion of the Holy Ghost.The service that I have just attended must leaveits fragrance, that is to say, upon my own spirit.It is as though the preacher had said, "You havebeen rejoicing in the inexhaustible grace ofJesus: now be yourself gracious I You have beenin the presence of God, and God is love: now beyourself tender-hearted and affectionate! Youhave enjoyed the radiant fellowship of the HolySpirit: now be yourself companionable and in-

spiring!" I remember to have read of a Valleyof Roses. It is so extensive, and the lovelyodours hang so heavily about the beauteous vale,that the traveller who passes through it carriesthe perfume on his person for days afterwards,and people look knowingly at each other as he

enters the room. They know without being toldthat he has been in the Valley of Roses. As Iprojected my memory back to that tense closingmoment of the service I had left, it seemed asthough the Benediction was an exhortation. Itcalled upon me to share with others the boonthat had been mine, by carrying with me the fra-grance in which I had been revelling. It seemed,as I contemplated my restless spirit and mydusty heart, a mere counsel of perfection; andyet, and yet—

"A Persian fable says: One day* A wanderer found a piece of claySo redolent of sweet perfumeIts odour scented all the room.'What art thou?* was the quick demand,'Art thou some gem from Samarcand?Or spikenard rare in rich disguise? Or other costly merchandise?"Nay, I am but a piece of clay!"Then whence this wondrous sweetness, pray?"Friend, if the secret I disclose,I have been dwelling with a rose!' "

I fancy that is what the preacher meant. If,within the house of the Lord, I had been reallyenjoying the society of that holy Saviour who isHimself the fountain of all grace, surely I musthereafter be myself more gracious! If, duringthose hallowed moments, I had gazed upon theLove that will not let me go, surely I must there-

after be myself more loving! If, there in thesanctuary, I had revelled in the fellowship of theComforter, surely there can be no soul beneaththe stars to whom I can henceforth deny my ownsympathy and friendship. Yes, that was whatthe preacher meant—"^^The grace of the LordJesus Christy and the love of God, and the com-munion of the Holy Ghost, he with you all.AmenJ' And as I put my hand to the latch ofmy own gate, I involuntarily murmured ^'Amen/'a second time.

Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process.Neutralizing agent: Magnesium OxideTreatment Date: May 2009

PreservationTechnologies

A WORLD LEADER IN COLLECTIONS PRESERVATION111 Thomson Park DriveCranberry Township, PA 16066(724)779-2111

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 014 642 930 0