

nature shrinks from them and is wearied by them. Men feel that they live in the midst of mysteries; they dwell in the world like children in a dark room. Dangers from the unseen spiritual world, dangers from the unfathomed passions of other men, dangers from the forces of nature :—these all haunt the minds of men and make them fear to change from whatever experience has proved to be at least safe and endurable. And change is not only fearful, it is tiring. As men try to perceive and judge a new plan, the effort tires and overtakes their powers. The faculties of judgment and discernment ache within them. Why depart from the known which is safe to the unknown which may be dangerous? None would be so mad as to run the risk without much search and scrutiny. And this means perplexity, effort, confusion of mind, weariness. Why not let it alone? Why be weary instead of at rest? Why rush into danger instead of staying in safety? "I was well," says the often-quoted epitaph of an Italian tomb; "I would be better; I am here."

To all men considerations of this kind are urgent and powerful. Not a day passes but we are swayed by them. The post arrives in the morning and brings us a prospectus of a company offering attractive terms for an investment. But we do not invest in it. We