

"We've a persistent custom here, son ; and men do not play the fool for generations after one manner, at least, without cause.

"These attempts to press into the court of Pleasure to cajole her ; all men do that ; these have chosen merely an old way. They cling to the myth of Saturn, the subduer of the Titan of fiction. They say that deity, dethroned in the god-world, fled to Italy, where he gave happiness and plenty through life, and the freedom of air and earth after death, which latter he made to be only a little sleep."

"That was not more than a mock golden-age ; it never came, I think."

"But very alluring to those that long for it ; they dance half-naked, typifying the primitive times when men had fewer cares, because fewer wants."

"Can one laugh hard fates out of countenance, and make his troubles run with a guffaw ?"

"The devotees of Saturn were wont to offer their children in his altar-fires, and so evermore it happens ; he that bends to the materialistic solely, kindles altar-fires for his posterity."

"After to-day what comes to these, peace ?"

"Nay, a year all dark and colourless ; then another spasm called a feast—a brief lightning-flash revealing the darkness."

"And so the years come and go ; one generation of madmen, then another ; death the only variety ?"

"Nay ! I'd have you look upon pleasure of sense deified, taking its pleasures under the shadows of Chemosh, for a purpose. You remember we read together, under the palms at Babylon, how the holy Daniel saw in vision the four winds of heaven striving on the sea ?"

"I remember the prophet's reverie or revel."

"The four winds and the sea ! the meaning, opened, is conflict on every hand on earth ! Out of the follies and turmoils David's White Kingdom will emerge at last. Listen to the words of the inspired seer :

"Behold one like the Son of Man ! There was given Him a dominion and a glory that all people should serve Him ; an everlasting dominion !"

"It is coming ; my poor faith, amid the conflicts and revels of man, hears the voice of God crying through the night, as in Eden's dark hour : 'Where art thou?' My last lesson to my son awaits us at Bethany ; let's be going."