

the myth theory is not reasonable, and besides, it won't work."

"Will the other work?" asked Rattray, with a sneer.

"Sure!" said Graeme, "I've seen it."

"Where?" challenged Rattray. "I haven't seen much of it."

"Yes, you have Rattray, you know you have," said Wig again. But Rattray ignored him.

"I'll tell you boys," said Graeme. "I want you to know, anyway, why I believe what I do."

Then he told them the story of old man Nelson, from the old coast days, before I knew him, to the end. He told the story well. The stern fight and the victory of the life, and the self-sacrifice and the pathos of the death appealed to these men, who loved fight and could understand sacrifice.

"That's why I believe in Jesus Christ, and that's why I think it a crime to fling his name about!"

"I wish to Heaven I could say that," said Beetles.

"Keep wishing hard enough and it will come to you," said Graeme.

"Look here, old chap," said Rattray; "you're quite right about this; I'm willing to own up. Wig is correct. I know a few, at least, of that stamp, but most of those who go in for that sort of thing are not much account."

"For ten years, Rattray" said Graeme in a downright, matter-of-fact way, "you and I have tried this sort of thing"—tapping a bottle—"and we got out of it all there is to be got, paid well for it, too, and—faugh! you know it's not good enough, and the more you go in for it, the more you curse yourself. So I have quit this and I am going in for the other."

"What! going in for preaching?"