

search and do not fairly weigh certain kinds of testimony. In dismissing the claims of Christianity, they adopt the scientific method for one set of facts, but forget to apply it to another set of facts, assuming what suits their theories to be true and rejecting what conflicts.

The history of the church is in itself a strong argument, but the believer not only finds much to convince him in history,

. . . "The lesser faith  
That sees the course of human things."

He is confirmed by experience. Such faith is reasonable—the hope of immortality being grounded in instinct, revelation, and "the witness of the spirit,"

"The joy that mixes man with Heaven."

The Christian is satisfied with the evidence for it, "believing where he can not prove." The scientist also believes where he can not prove, proceeding from the known to the unknown and confidently awaiting the results expected.

Experimenting perpetually goes on. The boundaries of the known and the unknowable, so-called, are forever shifting. What is deemed at one time to be most sure and solid is found later to be resting upon shaky foundations, and what appeared highly improbable turns out to be fact. We can not individually investigate everything. We must and do draw inferences from the data at hand, leaving the matter of verification to the future. Since we can not prove or disprove that the soul is immortal—this being beyond the ken of mortal sight—it seems like a piece of colossal folly not to take into account the future with its possibilities.

There is a difference between honest doubt and destructive skepticism. The one germinates the seeds of reform; the other engenders pessimism and social degradation. The persistent performance of duty is an effectual antidote to religious doubt. Young Hallam, tho "perplexed in faith," was "pure in deeds," and this was an essential factor in laying "the specters of the mind." Mental difficulties are cleared up or recede into the background when one is occupied with good works.

. . . "And since  
The key to that weird casket, which for thee  
But holds a skull, is neither thine nor mine,  
But in the hand of what is more than man,  
Or in man's hand when man is more than man,  
Let be thy wail and help thy fellow men,  
And make thy gold thy vassal, not thy king,  
And fling free alms into the beggar's bowl,  
And send the day into the darken'd heart;  
Nor list for guerdon in the voice of men,  
A dying echo from a falling wall."

The message which Tennyson had for the skeptic was to keep his doubts to himself and not try to destroy the "comfort clasped in truth