

not that they are careless of time, for that would interfere with the convenience of others, but they manage to be its masters, not its slaves.

Behind these imperfect aspects of our hurry, however, there must lie a deeper cause, and I think that we find it in the element of Greed. The machinery of our modern civilization has Mammon for its stoker, and "make haste to be rich" for its war-cry. All trades and professions are corrupted by the money-getting impulse, and, in the mad race for wealth, the devil generally gets the foremost rather than the hindmost. Men are all so absorbed in the pursuit of riches that they can give no thought to the cultivation of the sense or the elevation of the soul. Home represents to these abject galley-slaves of the filthy lucre only a dormitory, where they may snatch a few moments of rest from their toil. Their sons follow the same succession; their daughters are carefully educated because it is the fashion, and when these young girls emerge into the social world and look for the men they are to marry, what do they find? Men who have no time to think, much less to read; who snatch a few hours for a hasty courtship between the acts at the opera, the figures of the dance, or the courses of a dinner; and then, as the brief honeymoon wanes, the inevitable gulf widens between the two and another tale of domestic unhappiness has begun. For the fever born of greed spreads into every realm of life. It keeps the man grinding at the counting-house, or slaving at the work-bench; it keeps the woman toiling over what she calls her "social duties," born of the same greed for more prestige, more fine clothes, more display than her neighbors.

Nor is the desire for riches or social position the only form of greed; there are others more subtle, less objectionable on the face of them, but all form a desire for the advancement or enrichment of self, and all pregnant with that element of hurry which is the infection of modern life. We, at least some of us, believe in the immortality of the life; but were it a real belief, it would, I think, give us that wide and far-reaching conception of life which alone should have power to calm our excitement, and make us say with Walt Whitman:—

"Whether I come to my own to-day, or in ten thousand or ten million years, I can cheerfully take it now, or with equal cheerfulness I can wait."