

same battle with no armor and with everything to hinder us. No, Parson, you got at the reality. Jesus and you and I are in the same battle, with the same armor."

"But, Captain, I did not say 'mere man,'" anxiously urged the minister, who still was the slave of words.

"No, Parson, 'most man' was your thought, whether or not it was your word. And it is the thought of all in their hearts, whatever may be their creeds." The captain was much in earnest.

"And, more, you made us feel God near us. And here let me tell you a story. It will be the one to most remember this vacation by. You know that during the winter some fifteen or twenty of our town folk meet at my house every Friday evening. We gather around the long table in the dining-room. I sit at the head of the table, for I was made the leader. We take a Bible chapter or some foundation truth in religion. There is perfect liberty and true reverence. The folk bring little blocks of