

us sometimes; but we, earth-bound creatures that we are, do not hear their quiet coming, do not rise to let them in. That is a delicate fancy of Barrie's (the middle name of the boy of whom I have been writing was given him in honour of that gentlest and truest and perhaps profoundest of present-day writers) in the little play, "A Well-Remembered Voice," in which the spirit of the soldier-laddie appears not to the table-rappers, but to an unbeliever in such crude devices, the boy's father. He comes not in the uncanny fashion familiar to us in the old-time ghost stories, but in a dear and natural manner, and chats in the old boyish way. And, though he may not stay long, he promises to come again when he can get the password—"Love bade me welcome"—and meantime his father must be brave and cheery.

Yes, though the laughter has died out of our lives, we should dishonour our beloved dead if we did not try to emulate their marvellous courage and good cheer. We must "carry on" as best we may, and each do our little part in the reconstruction of a world that has been turned topsy-turvy; and we must somehow see to it that neither Caesar nor Demos shall henceforth have power wantonly to destroy the fair handiwork of God or man. We shall have to recast our theology, perhaps after the manner suggested by the clear-visioned Student in Arms. But we cannot lose faith in the human