

INSPECTOR BUCKIE'S NARRATIVE 381

—until her heart's blood, spurting, drenched her tender, childish, little brown hands?

"Laugh! For tears are weak things, drops of salty water, running to mere waste; but laughter is like a crackling fire flaming up to God! Laugh, for the sun is laughing above the clouds, our God who sees what little troubles give us so much pain."

He raised himself, his eyes alight with a strange fire, his voice quivering with passion.

"Do you blame the blade, or the hand that drives it? Do you blame the wild beast, or the man that keeps it? Do you blame the man, or the God who rules him?

"I blame, not the beast I killed, but the man who owned it. And if I shot that man for owning such a beast, blame God for making me what I am, the hand which wielded justice!

"If you want peace, don't drive brave men to war. If you want war, don't be surprised at the killing. Hear the low thunder rolling, see the air quiver with white light: the flash and roar of storms come out of clouds, the passion and death of men come from injustice. Deal justly with men and there will be no slaying.

"Was I not driven to fight, and goaded like a bear until I turned at bay, hunted by day and night