



## THIS BOOK.

### BY WAY OF PREFACE

There is no consistency in this little book—no sequence of ideas: It is just a stock pot. From week to week it jumps from one mood to another, from gay to serious, from wise to foolish. But it is all the work of one cook—or to speak without metaphor, it is all the thought of one mind. We are perverse enough to rejoice in this jumble. We delight in the blatantly inconsistent. Nothing in this world is consistent until it's dead. Life itself is a glorious old mix-up, a patch-work of many colors. Maybe there IS a consistency, nay CERTAINLY there is a consistency somewhere, and if we could see the perfect consistency of all things we should see God. Only it isn't on the surface, and it is not in the experience of one human mind or system. The attempt to be perfectly consistent, logical, orderly, legally accurate reduces us to a deadly commonplace. It is the Teutonic long suit; breeds Kaiserism, ecclesiasticism, pharisaism, the unco' guid, and the "Church Times."

No—We do not set out to show ourselves consistent. We are just a sheaf of thoughts, fancies, speculations, and anything you please—suitably clothed like any other man, and ready to go wherever we may find a welcome.

W. H. B.