
A P P E N D I X N O T E S

NOTE 3.—Truth-Hunting.—One's heart aches for the poet Clough in his wistful search for the Aim^e of life, its goal and the means to obtain it. We have learned of his consuming desire to know what is the Truth, of his way harrassed with unrest and uncertainty, before and after he resigned his professorship at Oxford. We know of the sad end when he went to sleep like a child in the dark, to awake, one surely hopes, in the tender light of his Father's face. For he had honestly sought the truth.

But in "these trivial, jeering, withered, unbelieving days"—which phrase will readily be recognized as from the tempestuous Carlyle and not the urbane Archbishop—Truth-hunting, of another sort, is a favorite avocation for restless minds outside the Church. Even a brief stay in England suffices to convince one that it is there, as Augustine Birrell says in a delightfully serio-satirical essay, "a most fashionable pastime, and one which is being pursued with great vigour." It is to be met with in Canada, and the Archbishop was painfully aware of it, as his poem "*Aminta*" reveals.

It is not always a prayerful study of "comparative religions" entered on by earnest souls, dissatisfied and determined to accept truth at any cost. It is not always prompted by that curiosity of the humble soul which is said to be the seed of faith, but is rather a travesty, a chase after Truth in company with such congenial minds that stumbling over truth