

this, that God's thoughts are not as our thoughts. His conception of truth must be on a different plane—as well as on a different scale—from ours. How else do the best men reach such different results? How else do the best men seem sometimes to make the biggest mistakes? One is almost tempted sometimes to think that the Almighty wishes to spell out saint in the individual, truth only in the race.'

The speaker is losing touch with his audience—fortunately perhaps—and he feels it,—feels the need of winning them back. But he is still very pale, and his voice has not even now quite regained the old ring of boyish assurance.

'All through the discussion this evening,' he says, with a sudden change of manner, 'I have been thinking about a poem I came upon the other day. It was about a ship, the *Lauresmina*, that made a voyage from Bremen to London in mid-winter. The weather became fiercely cold, and the compasses were frozen. Of course the risks of disaster were terrible, but the captain steered his course by the stars, and the ship came safely into port, "a white Christmas ghost." The whole poem was good, but the last two quatrains were the best.

' " When hearts are heavy and wits are worn
With the gloom of some crumbling creed,
When the old is dim and the new unborn,
Your riddle is here to read :—

' " The *Lauresmina* has held her path,
All sound are her gallant tars;
For the compasses froze in their alcohol bath,
But the captain steered by the stars."

He resumes his seat in a wave of approbation that goes far to drown the criticism and censure. ('Played, sir, indeed!' whispers Jones.) Of course it is a great piece of audacity for a young man to speak at such length, but there is something very disarming about Dalglish's audacity: it gives the impression that he is expressing his thoughts quite honestly, and keeping nothing back. The apt quotation has gone home to almost every heart, and has sent a refreshing breeze through the heavy moral atmosphere of the room. The old problems are there unchanged, but there is not a man nor a woman present who does not at least *wish* to 'steer by the stars.' When the senior deacon and the Pastor rise to close the discussion, they speak mournfully, indeed, from the conservative plat-