

will throw out sarcasms. Woe to the man who cannot brave the laugh of fools.

Dante says,—

"Not on flowery beds, or under shade
Of canopy reposing heaven is won."

Thank God victory is possible. But we must pay the price of courage for it. My friend, it is the first step that costs. The courage that faces the cannon's mouth is grand; but grander is that which braves the tyranny of false custom, and dares to be true and good. Canon Farrar tells a noble story. "There was at Eton, not many years ago, a boy, hale and strong and athletic—a boy, not particularly clever, but always high in his form, captain of the boat, in the cricket eleven: very popular, yet very good. It was a bad custom there, that at certain gatherings songs were sung which were not fit for gentlemen to sing. This boy declared that in his presence such songs should not be sung. It seemed presumptuous for him to say it before his elders; it was to risk popularity, to face sneers. But he was brave. When the song was sung he got up there and then and left the room. The brave action stopped the bad custom. That boy was Coley Patteson in 1845; that man was Dr. Coleridge Patteson, the martyr bishop of Melanesia, in 1871." Ah, it was not only