

know of nothing that will make it any clearer to him ; and like the man who has no ear for music, we can only leave him to the practical consequences of his own misfortune. He will assuredly miss much of the joy of life, and will miss also the support and comfort in right living which comes from the sense of a personal relation to a personal God who cares what we do and what we are.

If these two points have been made clear, there will be little need to labour the further point of the value of faith as giving us the practical certainty of a future life. We may or may not think we can prove it. The arguments are at least debateable. But that does not seem a sufficient reason why we should give up a belief which, in one shape or another, has been characteristic of man under all civilizations and at all stages of his progress. It is surely not foolishness to follow the sages and poets of all lands who, whatever their religious beliefs otherwise, have almost without exception cherished this hope as dear to their hearts and furnishing them with a potent motive for right living. Man craves for immortality and finds it hard to believe that his craving is doomed to disappointment. The almost universal attitude has been nowhere better expressed than in the familiar lines of our own Tennyson.

Thou wilt not leave us in the dust;  
Thou madest man, he knows not why;  
He thinks he was not made to die,  
And Thou hast made him; Thou art just.

A poet's dream ! A poet's vain imagination ! It is open to any man who has not felt that craving to say so. But, for practical purposes, it is better to cherish such a dream than to be a mere logician who would clothe all the world in drab and confine all man's hopes to the petty sphere of our fleeting life on earth. I prefer to believe in that which, on the whole, seems consonant with the spiritual purpose of the universe, even if some philosophers are inclined to hold that it cannot be proved to a demonstration.

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