

"I don't quite follow you, sir. Oughtn't one to try to be safe?"

"One ought to try, yes. That is common prudence. But the point is that, whatever you do or get you aren't after all secure. There is no such condition; and the harder you demand it the more risk you run. So it is up to a man to take all reasonable precautions about his money or his happiness or his life, and trust the rest. What every man is looking for is the sense of having the mastery over life. But I will tell you, boy, there is only one thing that really gives it."

"And that is . . . ?"

Lannithorne hesitated perceptibly. For the thing he was about to tell this undisciplined lad was his most precious possession; it was the prize of wisdom for which he had paid with the years of his life. No man parts lightly with such knowledge.

"It comes," he said with an effort, "with the knowledge of our power to endure. That's it. *You are safe only when you can stand everything that can happen to you. . . .*"

And this is the point to which conversion should bring a man, else he is not (to borrow a Salvation Army phrase) soundly converted. It is to have achieved the sense of a standing from which nothing can dislodge us, to be able to face the world without fear, and to fare forth gaily into the dark of the future. One who had endeavoured with some faithfulness to serve his fellows was asked by a well-meaning stranger whether he was saved. And the answer gravely given was: "I do not care; I am not concerned about it." To have lost concern about