
The Manner of the Message

conscious throughout these conversations of a profound earnestness and of an almost yearning desire to render one last service to his countrymen. Like most Englishmen he was spiritually shy, and only now and then allowed me to see what was moving him—and moving him very deeply. Those moments were unforgettable. I seemed for a second to see his soul straining to know if I had apprehended the uttermost truth of his spirit which he shrank from uttering. He said to me once: “You know the idea of those words—he being dead, yet speaketh? A voice from the grave often gets a hearing. That’s what I’m after. I want you to try to make my voice sound from the grave. I want to say to people that there is a real way out of all this mess materialism has got them into. I’ve been trying to tell them for thirty years. It’s Christ’s way. Mazzini saw it. We’ve got to give up quarrelling. We’ve got to come together. We’ve got to realise that we’re all members of the same family. There’s nothing that can help humanity, I’m perfectly sure there isn’t—*perfectly sure*—except love. Love is the way out, and the way up. That’s my farewell to the world.”

Almost his last words to me, bidding good-bye,