

How a man can be an agnostic has always been beyond my comprehension. Napoleon pointed to the stars when his officers wondered if there was a God. Look up at the stars and be assured that they did not grow of themselves any more than you did.

And now with my opinions unchanged on the subject of fashionable churchianity, and fashionable ministers I, like many others, have to thank that Christianity which to-day keeps our weary old world from becoming completely rotten. The best Christians are those who do their work in the world and are seldom heard of, while the honor often goes to the ecclesiastical flag-wavers, but there is another court of appeal where a good many of our judgments will be reversed.

I have told the truth in this book. It has all happened just as I have described it, although to tell it fully would take half a dozen volumes, but it would simply be a repetition of what I have repeated perhaps too often with the idea of driving the lesson home. The enemy in our case is not only at the gates, he is within the citadel and he has murder in his heart.

I have a great many pleasant memories of the struggle: it was not all one-sided, but it is needless to say that I do not mean to meet my friends again in any other way than God has been pleased to arrange until we meet face to face, and I have come out of it with the consciousness that but for the help we all receive every hour of our lives, I would be up to the neck again, and that is worth something,—

"I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on,
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead Thou me on.
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears
Pride ruled my will; remember not past years."

I had a deep conviction that I would come out of it scared a little, perhaps, but still fit for service, and this