

Uncle Walt

The Sanctuary

I DO NOT LIKE the man who searches his mind for caustic things to say, about the preachers and the churches; he grows more common every day. The cynic is a scurvy tutor, whose head and creed are made of wood; he puts up little gods of pewter, and says that they "are just as good." He thinks that triumphs he is winning, and he emits a joyous laugh, if he can knock the underpinning from Faith, that is our rod and staff. He is a poor and tawdry victor, who would o'er dead religions walk; the church still lives, though fools have kicked her, since first she builded on a rock. I hear the mellow church bells ringing a welcome to that calm retreat; I hear the choir's sweet voices singing an anthem, reverent and sweet. And well I know the gentle pastor is pointing out the path to wend, and urging men to let the Master be evermore their guide and friend. And he, like all good men, is reaching for better, and for higher things; and so the message of his preaching—unlike the cynic's—comfort brings.