Democratic Watchman.

Bellefonte, Pa., February 18, 1927.

"HAVEN'T GOT TIME."

Opportunity tapped at a door
With a chance for the brother within;
He rapped till his fingers were sore,
And muttered, "Come on, let me in,
Here is something I know you can do,
Here's a hill that I know you can climb."
But the brother inside, very quickly replied
"Oh fellow, I haven't got time."
Opportunity wandered along
In search of a man who would rise.
He said to the indolent throng;
Here's a chance for the fellow who tries."
But each of them said with a smile,
"I wish I could do it, but I'm
Very busy today, and I'm sorry to say
That I really haven't got time."
At last opportunity came
To a man who was burdened with cares,
And said: "I now offer the same
Opportunity that has been theirs.
Here's a duty that ought to be done.
It's a chance if you've got time to take it."
Said the man with a grin, "Come along pass it in!
I'll either find time or make it."
Of all the excuses there are
By which the world is accursed,
This "haven't got time" is by far the worst,
A delusion it is, and a snare;
If the habit is yours, you should shake it,
For if you want to do what is offered to you
You'll find time to do it or make it.

FREEDOM.

As she sat there, in her quiet room, with slim hands folded softly in the lap of her black silk frock, Elizabeth Murray felt a swift sense of let-down—a sense of being untrammeled, untied, free. The very stillness of the room intensified this feeling, just as her idle fingers intensified it. And yet this let-down brought with it no tide of exhilaration—no exuberance, no excitement even. The memory of that latest grave—on the green hillside, just beyond the city—was too fresh, too poignantly new.

Her drawing board, just across the room, was mutely expressive, with its neatly-sorted papers, its accusing-clean brushes, its pile of waiting pens and pencils. Ordinarily, at this time in the afternoon, Elizabeth Murray would have been seated in front of it at work. Busy, perhaps, on some complicated lay-out. But now? The work could wait! What, she asked herself fiercely, did work matter, anyhow? If she didn't finish her picture on time, the art editor could get some one else to do it. The world was full of commercial artists—car cards and magazine pages and trade-marks would be dsigned long after her fingers were forever still. What did it matter if she didn't do any work for the next week, the next month, the next year! What did it matter now? She was all alone. She had only herself to consider. If she chose to be idle, her lack of energy would hurt no one but herself. If she chose to be penniless, only she would go hungry. If she chose to throw away chances at large accounts—well, the chances involved her future, alone. No one depended upon her now. No one! At the thought she covered her eyes suddenly with her hands. And for the moment her slender shoulders quivered with her convulsive sobbing . . .

All her life—ever since she could remember, almost—Elizabeth Murray had taken care of people. Her father had been a helpless cripple—through no fault of his own he had been forced to rely, an invalid, upon his daughter's willing help. Her mother had suffered from a nervous ailment—the last seven years of her life had been spent in a narrow bed beside a narrow window. Elizabeth had kept the sill of that window a-boom with flowers and had bought an endless supply of cheery books to fill the tense hours which her mother had been forced to spend alone. She had loved caring for her father—she had met uncomplaining cheeriness with a devotion that was always spontaneous. She had adored looking after her mother—she had planted beautiful thoughts and exquisite tenderness in the heart of the invalid, just as she had planted flowers upon the window-sill.

And she had loved, too, caring for the great-aunt who had come to her suddenly, after her mother's death, from a little country village. A blind woman with a gentle smile and a voice that fairly sang with radiant faith and sublime trust. The great-aunt—silver-haired, feeble—had been a joy to cherish, to protect. And yet she had been even more of a responsibility than the crippled father who could wheel himself from room to room in his mechanical chair. Than the ill mother who could read endless novels with a seemingly endless appetite. The great-aunt's death had come suddenly—and it had been as if a candle—dimly but gaily lighted—had flickered out at the gesture of a passing breeze.

Her grave—of the three upon the green hillside—was the most recent. It was only a matter of days since she had gone to her rest there.

Yes, all her life Elizabeth Murray had cared for people. Working with a persistence, a rush, a dogged endurance so that she might care for them properly. Often she had thanked God for the talent with which he had blessed her—a talent that allowed her to earn a fairly large income. So that doctor's bills never came too high, so that little luxuries never cost too dear!

She had seldom taken vacations—not Elizabeth. For she could never afford either the time, away—or the money involved. There were so many things to do with the hours—and the dollars—for those whom she loved. And she had never missed the vacations: her life had been too crowded, too intensely busy. But now that she was suddenly and completely alone, the thought of a vacation—a long vacation in a far place—came to her. Came with such a sudden forcefulness that it fairly caught at her throat. Her hands dropped from her eyes—until they came to rest again, softly, in the lap of her black frock. And—all at once—her eyes began to dream. The word spelled out by her heart might have been release.

Oh, have I made you see her—Elizabeth Murray? Not glad of the word her heart was spelling! Not glad of her release from care, from responsibility; not reaching joyously toward her freedom. Stretching wistful fingers, rather, through a lonely place—in search of a less lonely place. Elizabeth—not quite realizing why her drawing-board was so idle and so neat. Not quite caring and wondering why she did not care with a wonder as intense as it was curiously detached.

Perhaps, had she been left free at twenty, her reactions might have been slightly different. But Elizabeth Murray was thirty now, and life had drained some of the thrill, the glory of rhythm, from her soul. She smiled readily—but audible laughter was hard to manage. She had learned to stifle audible things to a certain degree. And yet—this thought of a vacation, taking possession of her so suddenly, carried a real splendor with it. She could manage it, she told herself swiftly—but, of course, she could! She had nearly five thousand dollars in the bank, and not an unpaid bill in the world. She could always earn enough money to live on, even if her art failed her—if, during a long absence, her name and address were stricken from agency lists and magazine directories. She had no need of hoarding a nest-egg now—and there was only herself to consider. Strange how the thought kept recurring to her mind. Strange, indeed!

Oh, with any one of those loved, dependent people alive, Elizabeth Murray would not have thought of touching that savings account! It would have been profane, irreverent, to do so. The money had been guarded in case—in case something happened to her first. Something that would leave her dear ones helpless, cast upon the uncertain charity of a busy city. But now it could be touched, the five thousand! In her new freedom it could be used—every penny of it—toward following a rainbow trail.

Leaning back in her chair Elizabeth closed her eyes against the fading light of the afternoon. And saw, in vision, a series of dream places. Places that she had never dared see before, even in imagination. She spoke names in a whisper, names that belonged to story-books and to motion picture plots.

"New Orleans," she said softly. "Bordeaux, Paris, France. London. Algiers. Rome! Venice—Venice, with gondolas—Rio," she smiled, "Rio de Janeiro. Madrid. Seville. Perhaps Calcutta. Perhaps even—Bagdad!"

Of course, there were plans to be made, loose ends to be gathered up, to be tied safely together. One can not easily break the habits of a lifetime, the habits of work and of staying at home. Elizabeth still found herself buying bulbs to be planted for her mother—bulbs that she had to remind herself, later, would never be planted! She still found herself cutting jokes out of the morning paper—jokes to be sent to her father on his breakfast tray. Jokes that she crumpled up, on remembering facts, and tossed into her waste-basket. Often she said—as she went into the shops from which her new clothes, clothes that she planned to purchase against the coming vacation, would be bought:

"I must think to tell Auntie how bright the new sliks are . . . I wonder if I can make her see the gay colors. . . ."

Oh, often—

But, for all that, the plans began to crystallize. It wasn't very long before a pile of catalogues (illustrated, for the most part, with alluring photographs that had not even been retouched!) cluttered the room in which Elizabeth Murray worked. It was not long before her bureau drawers showed a sign of preparation. Soft crepe underthings, that could be laundered easily on boat or train, filled them. And the new coat that she bought was a sturdy one—built to resist the dampness of sea air.

At first, she had to remind herself that it wasn't all a phantom—this vacation that she was planning. She found it difficult to confide to the first art editor that she was not in the market for the handling of a soap-selling campaign—a campaign that would have thriled her a few short months before.

"Oh, I'd like to take it on," she said hesitatingly—"but I'm afraid—I can't. You see," all at once she was blushing, "you see, I'm going away!"

The art editor was a little fat man with great spectacles. He had missed romance, himself—and so he spelled sentiment into the blushes of other folk.

"Not," he questioned with a heavy playfulness, "not planning to be married?"

Still more brightly Elizabeth Murray blushed. But she surprised even herself by her sudden brusk manner. "I should say not!" she answered. "I'm not thinking of anything so foolish. Quite the contrary! I'm free—alone—for the first time in my life. I'm going—" she had hardly, before, voiced the thought, even in her own heart—"I'm going to stay free. I'm going around the world, all by myself. You understand? All by myself. Around the world!"

The art editor smiled. But under his breath he murmured something about "these modern women." And later gave the campaign—it was a large one, destined to popularize a new kind of laundry soap—to a man.

It was easier, after that, for Elizabeth to confide her plans to people. Before long she was able to put her glorious adventure into warm words. She sang it to the envious folk who worked in the offices where she went to deliver her drawings. Envious folk who, for the most part, were not free. Young women who had to pay part of the home expenses. Older men who were bringing up sizable families. Middle-aged couples who were buying frame houses in the suburbs—houses with parquet floors and tiled baths and built-in ice-boxes. Envious folk who looked at Elizabeth with wide eyes, and admired her courage (it isn't easy to cut loose, you know, from routine!), and pitied her when they thought of her, in the dark hours of the night. "She's so alone," they murmured, when they pitied her!

And so it went, until that most decisive day of all, when Elizabeth Murray inserted an advertisement in a newspaper. A small, conservative advertisement.

"To sublet," read the advertisement, "an apartment. Comfortably furnished. Sunny, quiet rooms. Very reasonable."

A tiny, unsensational item. But it was to be the final snip of the shears that would cut the even fabric of Elizabeth Murray's life. For, when the apartment was sublet, she would be able at once to purchase her tickets. Free, even, of the small cares of a home, to start upon her pilgrimage!

There were a number of applicants who came, on the morning of the advertisement's appearance, to see the apartment. People who sniffed at the location—and thought the very reasonable price "absurd!" People who, with no real idea of subleting, looked askance at some of the drawings that Elizabeth had done in life class. People who thought the rooms too small, and others who thought them too large. And, at last, at the noon hour, a woman with a small, pathetic face and a shabby cloak. A woman who delighted in the wide windows and thought Elizabeth's furniture "too sweet for anything!"

"But I can't pay a great deal," hesitated the woman, "for I don't make a very large salary. I'm a private secretary in a big bond house. And I—I have a little boy to take care of. I—you see, I'm all alone in the world, except for him. I'm a widow. You—" all at once the small, pathetic face was touched with apprehension—"you don't object to children, do you? He's a very good little boy. He's just four. He was born a month after—" the woman stopped suddenly, and her hands clenched hard upon the scrap of a cambric handkerchief—"after his daddy—died! He's not a destructive child—he won't scratch the chairs or hurt any of your pretties. He's always lived, you see, with things that belonged to other folks, in furnished rooms."

Elizabeth, looking at the woman, was moved to take her into strong, sympathetic arms. She stifled the impulse sternly—this woman was none of her affair! But the rent that she named was twenty dollars less than the figure that she had given to the last one who had come to inquire. And at sight of the woman's wistfully considering face she lowered it another ten dollars, lowered it quite voluntarily! She would lose money on the proposition—but her home was charming, and she wanted the woman to have it. Wanted the careful little boy, who had always lived in furnished rooms, to know the sunshine and pictures and flower-boxes that she herself had enjoyed. Silly? Of course! But—now she could afford to be silly! The woman's face brightened at the last named figure.

"Oh," she breathed, and her slender hands, in their old gloves, came together rapturously. "Oh, you're more than kind! I know that the rent you're asking is ridiculous. You could get much more surely. But—it seems as if staying in this place would be almost like giving my child a—a real chance! He's never lived in a lovely home—not ever!"

Elizabeth, looking into the woman's lifted eyes, wanted desperately to lower the rent another ten dollars. But again she stifled the impulse. This stranger was not her responsibility. After all, she was already losing money. The rent she had asked was ridiculous! Only—

"Suppose you think it over," she said, speaking involuntarily, "until this evening? And then you can call me your decision. And perhaps—"

She left the sentence unfinished, but she scribbled a telephone number upon her card. Eagerly the woman with the pathetic face took the card.

"I'll give you my address, too," she said. "But—oh, I'll scarcely need to call you again! For I guess I have already decided. Only—well, I would like to tell you what Bobby"—almost girlishly she laughed—"Bobby, he's my little boy, will have to say! He's a quaint, old-fashioned kiddie. I've got to get back to the office now. But I'll hurry home to him the moment I've finished, this afternoon. I'll call you as soon after five as I'm able—" already she was moving toward the door, "and I can never tell you—in words—"

Elizabeth's upraised hand was checking the woman's turbulent thanks. But her smile was sweet with understanding.

All during the afternoon Elizabeth Murray was restless. Almost irritably she turned away various people who made inquiry concerning the advertisement. She even turned away the man in the fur coat, who took a fancy to the place—and would have given fifty dollars more than the asking price.

"It's already spoken for," she said quite shortly.

All during the afternoon she fidgeted. The mother and baby that she was doing for a full page in a huge national magazine? She grew nervous over it. The mother persisted in looking the pathetic woman—who was not at all the conventional mother type for a magazine page. The baby insisted upon remaining a blur. It wasn't fair that her imagination should run away with her, she told herself crossly. Other people could be business-like, hard. Why did a stray woman and a child whom she had never seen continue to haunt her? Why?

When five o'clock came, she was waiting tensely for the telephone call. Waiting—and ready, if necessary, to cut the rent still further. So that Bobby—the four-year-old—might have his chance at loveliness!

The call came, sooner than she had expected. It was only ten minutes after five when her telephone clanged its impatient summons. Elizabeth, answering it, told herself that the woman must live very close to her office. That it must have taken very little time to tell the small boy about the place. Perhaps—she took down the receiver—perhaps the woman had decided not to move. Perhaps—

But it was a man's voice, not the excited tone of the pathetic woman, that greeted her.

"This is Miss Murray? questioned the voice. "I—I have some news for you that isn't very pleasant. I am a doctor, and a woman has just been brought into my office. She was run down by a truck, just in front of my house. Hurrying to get across the street, to the subway, I suppose, and—"there was annoyance in the man's voice—"and not bothering to look about! The only identifying mark on her is your card. Perhaps she's a—" the annoyance had left his voice—"a relative?"

Elizabeth Murray raised a hand to her tightening throat. It was with an effort that she spoke. "No," she answered, "she's not a relative. Only—an acquaintance. Is she badly hurt?"

The doctor's voice had again lost its note of sympathy. It was crisp, impersonal. "Then, perhaps," it said, "you can put me in touch with her family. Yes, she's very badly hurt. It's only a question of an hour—perhaps less. . . ."

Elizabeth, standing with the receiver in her hand, felt suddenly faint. The room with its pleasant furnishings, its four picture-crowded walls, was whirling about her. But through the chaos, the confusion, she was remembering. Remembering the woman's own words, spoken so short a time before— "I've a little . . . just four . . ." so the womain had told her—"I'm all alone, but for him!"

The doctor was speaking again—"Are you there?" he was questioning. "Yes? Well, can you make any suggestions? Is there any one who can be notified?"

Perhaps some women would have found it easy to answer the doctor in tones more or less casual. But not Elizabeth! Desperately, for a moment, she wished that she might give to this stranger the woman's home address. Curious that she should have it. Desperately she wished that she might impart matter-of-fact information about the small boy. But the wishing did not help. All in a second she knew acutely that her freedom was slipping, slipping. That certain tickets (she had thought vaguely of purchasing them on the morrow!) would never be bought. For one moment she longed to cry into the telephone:

"This is not my affair. They have no claim—no possible claim—upon me!"

For one moment, but only for one moment. Even as the wild thoughts went rushing through her brain her calm voice answered the doctor.

"Do everything that you can to save her," she instructed swiftly. "And I'll be at your office as soon as a taxi can bring me there!"

The woman's broken body was lying on a couch in the doctor's spotless room. Her eyes were closed, but she still breathed with faint, terrible, little gasps. Somehow, at this time, her look was no longer pathetic. The great great thing that she was facing had lent to her a certain majesty. A certain glory, almost. As Elizabeth knelt swiftly beside her, the tired eyes flew open. And, for one moment, the two women were alone in a space between worlds. For one moment Elizabeth found herself looking into a soul as hurt, as a gaping wound. And then, with an effort that must have been tremendous, the woman spoke. She said one word only. It was as if, ever since the accident, she had been saving her strength to ask a question with that word!

"Bobby?" she questioned, and that was all.

Elizabeth Murray had knelt, before, at other death-beds. She had cried out, before, against the shadow of the Dark Angel. She knew that the woman had come to her silent hour. And she knew, too, that this going would affect her life as no other going had ever before been able to affect it. Even though this woman was a stranger—and those others had been of her own flesh and blood! With the knowledge torturing her heart and—curiously enough, lifting it on high—she made answer. And dared to smile gallantly as she spoke.

"Don't you worry about Bobby," she said swiftly, distinctly, and—thank God!—gladly—"I'll see to him!"

Into the other woman's eyes came a sudden radiance, an indescribable peace. And then the eyes closed, quite naturally. She might have drifted, at the moment, into a restful sleep.

At the gesture of the doctor—at the shudder, uncontrollable, of his white-lipped office assistant—Elizabeth arose to her feet. Stiffly, as though she had been kneeling in one position for hours, instead of minutes. Her lips were moving—one wonders if the doctor thought that they were moving in prayer? Perhaps, in a way, it was a prayer that Elizabeth said to herself—for her lips were silently forming words. A prayer of—shall we say—renunciation? For these were the words that her heart spoke:

"New Orleans," she was whispering (oh, the merest thread of a whisper, under her breath), "Bordeaux. Paris—Paris, France. London, Algiers, Rome. Venice—" (oh, the drifting of the gondolas) "Rio de Janeiro, Madrid, Sevile. (Hot moonlight and castanets and bright shawls!) "Calcutta. . . . Bagdad . . ."

These were the words that formed themselves, prayer-like, upon her lips. But in her heart she was planning already, in another vein. Planning, already!

"Five thousand dollars," she was saying, "nearly five thousand dollars. It will practically pay for his education. For college. There'll be—his commencement day, at the end of college . . . Maybe he'll play—football. I wonder if he'll cry for her, at first, in the night? Old-fashioned, she said he was, and quaint! Maybe, in time, he'll want to call me—" but she could not, in the presence of that still figure, say the name, even in her soul!—"I wonder if his eyes are brown—or blue? I wonder if he'll learn—to love me . . ."

The doctor was clearing his throat. He was preparing to speak. Elizabeth Murray forestalled him with a slim, lifted hand.

"You must manage the details for me," she said. "I'll see you later in the evening. I'll settle with you about bills, and other matters, then. Just now—" her voice held a note of supreme wonderment, "just now I've got an errand to do. An important errand. I've got to call for a little boy—" her eyes were suddenly swept with light, "and take him—home—"

—By Margaret Sangster in Good Housekeeping.

United States Population 200,000,000 in 75 Years.

Some of the babies today will live to see the United States a nation of 200,000,000 people if David F. Houston, secretary of agriculture in President Wilson's cabinet, reads the future aright. He predicts that that will be the population of the country within seventy-five years. Well, our idea of countries with population numbered in the hundreds of millions has until now been lands like Russia, China and India—countries in which poverty is wide-spread and the average standard of living low. There is scant likelihood that with our increase of population we shall sink to the level of the countries named.

The United States is too rich for that. As Mr. Houston points out, we have great copper and iron resources, immense agricultural riches, and far more than our proportionate share of the world's railroads, telephones and automobiles. If we are prudent our descendants, for many generations, will enjoy as high a standard of living as we. But there will have to be a great deal of vigilance if the wolf is to be kept from the door.

There will be an acute timber shortage in fifty years, foresters tell us, if we do not put a stop to forest fires. Agricultural economists state that food production is not keeping pace with increase of population. While we are increasing the average yield per acre, the per capita output is falling off, and the time can be foreseen when we will have to import far more food than we now get from abroad. With increase of population the rate at which oil, natural gas and other exhaustible resources are used will be accelerated. In short, the best brains of the country will have to be called upon to see that the needs of those 200,000,000 Americans are satisfied.

The certainty, under normal conditins, that the population will thus increase in a comparatively short period, as time goes, urges us to reasonable conservation and progress in development of good government.—The Pittsburgh Post.

Express Packages by Airplane on a Regular Schedule.

The airplane is soon to carry express packages on regular schedule just as it now carries U. S. mail. The American Railway Express Company announces that, beginning April 15, 1927, it will establish two air express routes. One will extend from New York to Chicago and the other from Chicago to Dallas, Texas, with deliveries to intermediate cities. From this beginning the company plans to develop a transcontinental air express service, with branch lines extending to all parts of the country.

Robert E. M. Cowie, president of the American Railway Express Company, says: "Sensing the demand of American commerce for the quickest possible transportation service at all times, express officials have been watching the progress of commercial aviation and awaiting the time when it could be put to practical use as an auxiliary to the express service of the country. Between the rail and the air branches of the express service there will be fast co-operation. A Chicago shipper, for instance, may have his goods flown speedily to Hadley Field, near Brunswick, N. J., which is the eastern airplane terminal. From there the shipments will be taken by rail without a moment's delay and turned over to the consignees by special delivery as quickly as a special delivery letter is delivered by the Post Office Department."

London and New York Banks Use Phone.

New York—Wall Street lost little time in testing out the new radio telephone service just opened between New York and London.

Several unusually large transactions in foreign exchange, involving $6,000,000 and five different currencies were consumated over the radio telephone between two prominent international banking institutions, the International Acceptance Bank of New York and the Midland Bank Ltd., Overseas Branch, London. The International Acceptance Bank was among the earliest to call London by telephone and the transactions were the first to be completed by radio phone in the foreign exchange market.

One transaction, a purchase of $1,000,000 in American money, was arranged between the foreign exchange department of the International Acceptance Bank, Inc., and the overseas branch of the Midland Bank. A short time later the Midland Bank called the International Bank and several large exchange transactions were consumated in five continental currencies.

Great hopes were expressed regarding the possibilities of this means of communication between the two largest financial centers in the world, particularly when the new service is further perfected.

The hen remarked to the mooley cow,
As she cackled her daily lay
(That is, the hen cackled,) "It's funny how
I'm good for an egg a day.
I'm a fool to do it for what do I get?
My food and my lodging. My!
But the poodle gets that—he's the household pet,
And he never has laid a single egg yet—
Not even when eggs are high.'

—Spring is coming and it won't be long until we can drive out into the country and view the beautiful greens and reds and yellows of the new summer sign boards.

Impressions of Parliament.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

By Rev. L. M. Colfelt D. D.

With some curiosity to hear Canon Farrar, I betook myself to Westminster Chapel where this noted preacher was conducting night services. With Henry Mellville, at St. Paul's, he at that time, enjoyed the greatest popularity among the Cathedral attendants. He was a Rector of the first order, his attraction consisting in the ornate finish of his style and a clear, mellifluos voice. He was not characterized by the massiveness and compactness of thought or the natural eloquence of Melville but was a pleasing speaker withal. At that time he awakened a considerable theological storm because of his expression of too liberal views upon the doctrine of Retribution and the translation of the Greek word, Aiwonas. A discussion was started that ran through all the sects on both sides of the Atlantic. Apart from the merits of the question it is note-worthy that from that time forward, there has been a sensible decline in all churches in the use of Hell-fire and the menace of the Judgment in the pulpit as suasions to a Christian life, the love element of the New Testament, so long left in abeyance, receiving more of its due emphasis.

Next among the famous preachers of London that attracted us was Monsignore Capel, the celebrated Jesuit, who figured in Disraeli's novels as the most successful propagandist of Catholicism of that day amongst English speaking people and who was successful in converting many families of gentry to that faith. That day, in the Catholic Cathedral, he took for his theme, "The Infallibility Dogma," which had but late been affirmed by the Plenary Council of Rome and which led to an ineffective schism by the new Catholics, Dollinger at their head. He impressed me as an exceedingly able and acute reasoner, who might have been a constitutional lawyer addressing a Supreme Court, speaking in a level, comparatively low, conversational tone without any of the qualities of eloquence, depending for his impression alone upon the clear, white light of reason In my Seminary days, the theologians of my denomination depended for their argument to invalidate prelatic succession upon the act that some of the successors of St. Peter, such as the Medician Popes were men of unsavory private character, in fact very fallible men. What was my astonishment in hearing Monsignore Capel meeting this very charge fairly and squarely with an intellectual honesty that was refreshing. "Let it be granted! Be it so for argument sake but what does the charge amount to when analyzed to the bottom. Mind ye not that Balaam, the Prophet accepted a bribe of the Philistines to curse Israel but when he spake as God's prophet he was obliged to testify a blessing not once but thrice—this because as the annointed of God, speaking as his ambassador, whatever his simony he could not err. Call also to mind the even clearer case of Caiaphas, who in personal character was a Deicide, giving his voice as chief of the Sanhedrim for the execution of Christ. He did so in the remarkable language "Know ye not that it is expedient that one man should die for the people and the whole nation perish not." He spake thus because he was High Priest that year. Thus he gave expression unconsciously to the central truth of Christianity, the necessity, the moral obligatoriness of a vicarious redemption, being guarded from error and rendered infallible not because of any good or evil in himself but because, as head of the divinely appointed Jewish Church not as yet done away with and in which the Spirit of God substantively dwelt, he was speaking not as a fallible man but ex cathedra as an infallible organ of the most High God. The argument of Monsignore Capel burnt itself into my consciousness and from that day to this I have not known how a Protestant holding to the Scriptures as the infallible rule of faith and practice can meet and overthrow the cogency of its implication. It left no doubt on my part that Monsignore Capel's capacity to give a reason for the faith that was in him and his fame as a proselytizer was well deserved.

On the following Sunday morning, I made my way to the Metropolitan Tabernacle to hear Charles Haddon Spurgeon, the Baptist divine, who was celebrated all over the world. He had very little of the appearance of a clergyman, was heavily built and rugged of face. He never claimed to be and certainly was not an intellectual preacher, having little education and commencing his ministry at a very early age. He was rather an interesting and perhaps unrivalled expositor, well adapted to the average intelligence. One of the last of the Puritan preachers in England, he spent his whole life in devotion to a Renaissance of Puritan Theology and Puritan method of preaching. His "soundness" of doctrine was unquestioned and he was first, last and all the time, an Evangelist. In his early and mid career he, no doubt, was impassioned and displayed eloquence of a high order but when I heard him he was suffering from gout and preached with his bent knee supported by a cushioned chair. No doubt it was far from a fair specimen of his pulpit power but throughout he interested his vast audience of 5000 persons in a voice that never varied in tone and was singularly clear, carrying his message with ease to every part of the great auditorium. It was his voice, of sound timbre, methinks which he handled without the slightest strain or effort that constituted his remarkable vogue. Coupled with the fact that, confining himself to the exposition of the most novel book in the world, he was always fresh and interesting. Preachers who substitute for the sacred Scriptures, topical themes drawn from phases of science, politics and passing events are really substituting the novel and inspiring for the stale. Mr. Spurgeon, however, was more than sounding brass and tinkling cymbal.

(Continued on page 3, Col. 1.)