Concerning Want of Common Sense.

BY PROF. J. W. CHICKERING, JR.

Of the many good things that may be said of a man, the commendation that he is possessed of good common sense, is "level-headed," to use the expressive Westernism—is among the most complimentary and important.

For satisfaction and success in life, or for usefulness in the community, this is a quality absolutely essential. "Common sense," as Professor Stowe used to say, "that invaluable possession which keeps a man from butting his head against every stone wall."

This was largely what Artemus Ward had in view when he said of General Washington that "he never slopped over." But how many men do, more or less frequently, and with what disastrous results to themselves, to their friends, and especially to any cause with which they happen to be identified!

It was a wise man who said: "Against the malice of my enemies I can take measures to defend myself; but from the mistakes and blunders of my friends who can protect me?"

How often are marked abilities and opportune circumstances rendered of no avail by that lack of good judgment and sense of proportion which alone can make them unite to accomplish desirable results. We see this in a man's conduct of his personal, family, and business affairs; in his political views and activities; and often, alas! in his church relations and religious influence.

How often a man starts out in life with good promise of usefulness and success. He is honest and industrious, has fair abilities, friends, a good "send off." But somehow he does not "get on," sees himself outstripped in the race of life by others who had not nearly so good a start, and is very apt to end his days a soured, disappointed old man.

Such a man undertook, after sundry failures in business, to supply families with fresh provisions, and was admonished that in order to secure and retain customers he must be prompt and reliable in filling his orders.

He promised well, but coming next week to a house where he had engaged to bring two dozen eggs, he brought but one dozen and then in getting out of his wagon, contrived to smash that dozen on the door-step. He has always been smashing eggs on door-steps, and he is not alone in that regard. Another is full of visionary projects of gaining money without earning it, some lucky stroke of fortune, some grand invention which is to make his life a success.

The Patent Office is one of the saddest places in the country to one who thinks what a grave-yard it is of disappointed hopes, "great expectations," never realized. Probably nearly every one of those inventors thought his fortune assured when he had secured his patent. Probably not one in ten, if one in a hundred, ever got back the money expended in fees. What a sad catalogue there is of cashiers and confidential clerks, who have lost not only money but character, and made shipwreck of life in ways that any level-headed man could have told them in advance were almost sure to lead to utter ruin. How many such might have been saved if they had read and heeded *Oats and Wild Oats!* In what passes nowadays for politics, or even statesmanship, in measures proposed as grand panaceas for the various ills the body politic is heir to, how the cranks press to the front!

One man proposes to abolish poverty. How? By urging the poor to be honest, industrious, temperate, prudent? O, no! but by proposing that all taxes shall be raised on land, and paid by those who have practiced self denial and economy enough to get money with which to purchase a home. Another clamors for an equal division of property, the process to be repeated as often as the prudence and industry of one class and the extravagance and [illegible] of another have again made [illegible] of pecuniary condition. Others clamor for fiat money, unlimited greenbacks, something stamped or printed by order of Government, resting on nothing, redeemable in nothing, having no intrinsic value. One man has made himself believe that if [illegible] law were only passed it would [illegible] itself, and would at once [illegible] that is wrong in society. Another [illegible] thinks that the [illegible] of [illegible] would secure the triumph of all that is good, and would speedily usher in the millennium, regardless of the fact that so many similar expectations have been woefully disappointed.

All these are visionary in greater or less degree, and this often seriously interferes with [illegible] influence and success which their honesty, enthusiasm, and character might otherwise enable them to exert and attain.

Zeal is an indispensable element of success in any effort for good, but for producing its best and most lasting effects it needs to be tempered with sound judgment and discretion.

But it is, perhaps, in religious work and in the church that the want of common sense exhibits itself to the best (or worst) advantage. You may recognize his sincerity, you may believe in his Christian character, but all the more are you tried by his eccentricities, his absurdities, his constant tendency to be "on the off-side," to differ with his brethren as to ways and means of doing good.

Our whole theory of government is based upon a belief that the average judgment of intelligent, virtuous citizens is to be relied on in all practical matters. And in the Church of Christ, where the supposition is that the heart has been renewed and the will subjected to the great law of love, if the average conviction of the whole brotherhood is not to be recognized as the final arbiter in faith and practice, it would seem as if the theory of self-government were a delusion and a sham. When, then, a brother finds himself in opposition to the great majority of his brethren, and of the consensus of Christian belief during the centuries, it is, of course, possible that he is right, and they all wrong, but it is not probable. And if a man finds himself often thus opposed to the great body of his brethren, it will be well for him carefully and prayerfully to consider the question whether he is not in danger of becoming a crank; for of all cranks the "pious crank" is among the most mischievous. A man whom you esteem, in whose Christian character you have confidence, and whom you believe to be a good man, is a terrible trial in church when he becomes a crank. In a bad man you can put up with it, you are not surprised, you can either ignore or overcome his opposition; but when a good man disappoints you, it is hard and discouraging.

Many wicked men fail to do as much harm or destroy as much good as an unreasonable cranky good man who spells w-i-l-l conscience, and mistakes his whims for principles. As one of the fathers said on hearing of such a case, "Why, the man is a fool," and on being assured of his piety, responded, "Then he is a pious fool."

O how sadly a minister becomes aware of the power of such a man for mischief—a man upon whom he cannot depend, and upon whose action in any case he cannot calculate with any assurance; a man who is just as likely to oppose a good movement or advocate a bad cause as the reverse, if the fit so takes him. And how much harm has been done by cranky ministers in every Denomination!

When a man in the church, either minister or laymen, instead of being in general accord with his brethren, and ready to unite in harmonious action in any hopeful direction, begins to have "views," and insists upon them at all times, keeps a hobby, and rides it upon all occasions, how does his power for good diminish, and how generally do his religious activity and his spirituality deteriorate!

How we all come to value and respect a man whom we always know where to find, upon whose active support we can always reckon in every good cause—temperance, missions, revivals, whatever good people are interested in—strong, having a mind of his own, but candid, ready to listen to reason, always coming out on the right side, steady, reliable, a "pillar," who takes counsel not of the whim of the moment, but of eternal varieties, and of practical common sense, having learned that patient continuance in well-doing is the condition of usefulness here as of glory and honor and immortality hereafter.

What a strong tower in any community is a church made up of such men, and how greatly, more than ever before, are such men needed now in our country!

Washington, D. C.

Baptist Self-Disparagement.

"Let no man despise thee," is a divinely inspired injunction. But if a man is, or is thought to be, despicable, he will be despised. If he despises or even disparages himself, his fellows will most likely accept his self-judgment. The same is true of organized bodies of men, even Christian men. It is no less reprehensible falsely to speak ill of ourselves than of others. Some Christians exact all the credit due them personally, while they disparage the church, or denomination of which they are constituents, ignoring their participation in the reputation of the body. Familiarity from affiliation has disclosed to them defects which they unwisely conclude are not found in those with whom they have not thus affiliated. Their wisdom is but folly, though their ignorance brings them bliss. The well-worn adage, "'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view," is still current.

There seems to be among Baptists a painful prevalence of denominational self-disparagement. It manifests itself in extravagant criticism of individuals, organized agencies, appliances, and achievements, and in invidious comparisons of these with those of other denominations. It is an evil portent when this disparagement assails such men as Charles H. Spurgeon, that brave defender of the truth, and the true men who stand as a breakwater to the surging flood of liberalism in life and doctrine, and when it would induce us to imitate others in polity and creed and customs as a bid for prestige. We need not be arrogant; but we should not apologize for our distinctive denominational existence, principles, and practices. While charity or love does not vaunt itself, neither does it rejoice in unrighteousness, but it does rejoice with the truth. We do well to heed the divine injunctions: "Beware lest there shall be any one that despoils you through philosophy and vain deceit, after the tradition of men, after the rudiments of the world, and not after Christ." "Be not carried away with various and strange teachings; for it is good that the heart be established with grace."

Self-respect prompts one to deserve respect and induces others to concede it. But self disparagement undermines confidence, alienates patronage, and curtails efficiency. Has not this injuriously affected our educational interests? Have not students, by reason of this, erroneously concluded that the institutions of other denominations afford facilities superior to our own? How many parents, similarly influenced, have placed their children under even Papal tuition? Has not our literature, both periodical and permanent, been more or less repressed from being disparaged by ourselves? Notwithstanding the incomparable success of our foreign missionary enterprises, would it not be greatly enhanced if properly appreciated by us, or if appreciated by ourselves as it is by others? Would not our local churches be more prosperous, if free from personal detraction and self disparagement? Is not even ministerial comity injuriously affected by this pernicious habit?

We have a denominational history which ought to be an inspiration. But there is no inspiration in that which is disparaged, whether it be our history or its embodiment in the present. Self-disparagement says: Though the past is secure, it has mortgaged the present and the future so heavily that we are debarred from further investments, and can do no better than take the benefit of bankruptcy. Are we such a degenerate offspring of nobility? We have become possessed of force and facilities which presage great achievements for Christ. If we disparage these and neglect to use them, we deserve to be deprived of the precedence they presage. Nay, more; we will sacrifice much that has been gained, and offend Him who has so signally honored us as a denomination.

If it is an honor to have championed religious liberty and the separation of Church and State, then ours is the honor. If the inauguration of modern missions to the heathen, and Bible societies for the world, deserves respectful recognition, we justly deserve that recognition. If any praise is due for beginning the work of revising King James' version of the New Testament, and for introducing the International system of Sunday school lessons, then we may modestly take that meed. Self-disparagement indicates obliviousness to these facts, as also to the fact that to us is due the growing prevalence of a regenerated church membership and divinely authorized ordinances. There yet remains an honorable mission for us. We have not yet apprehended that for which we were also apprehended by Christ Jesus. "Nevertheless, whereto we have attained, in the same let us walk." Let us magnify our mission, that we may provoke others to emulation. We cannot be charged with selfishness or self conceit for seizing upon and sustaining the reputation accruing from our history, and upon the advantages of numbers, position, resources, and an eminently Scriptural organism and creed. "Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, take account of these things," and let there be no more denominational self-disparagement.—*Cor. N. Y. Examiner.*

Overboard.

BY REV. H. L. HASTINGS.

There is plenty of hypocrisy in the Church, but there is a good deal more outside of it; and many an infidel when denouncing the hypocrisy of his neighbors, is himself the biggest hypocrite of the whole. Many a man curses God in health, and prays to him in sickness; swears like a pirate in fair weather, and bellows like a calf in a storm. There is plenty of sham religion in the world, and a good deal of sham infidelity too.

One evening, after the writer had spoken to some sailors about this matter, Captain Nickerson arose and told a little of his experience, as follows:

"About the year 1861, I was a sailor on board the Heroine, of Darien, Georgia, bound for Montevideo, South America. We were east of the Bermudas, running under single-reefed topsails. It was the dog-watch, in the evening, and a sailor named George, and myself, were on watch on the fore-topgallant forecastle, in the forward part of the ship. I was talking with him of my early life, and of the lessons of piety which I had learned at home. He ridiculed the whole, and declared that there was no God, and that all this talk was mere moonshine.

"Eight bells rang, and the watch was changed, and the men were called away to pump ship. George took a bucket to get some water to fetch to the pump. As he flung it over the side of the vessel it caught in the water, and as we were going quite fast, George was drawn overboard. Instantly the cry was heard, 'Man overboard!' We were on the larboard tack; the mate shouted. 'Hard-a-starboard the wheel!' and the vessel came round, and stood on the starboard tack, and we could hear George crying in the darkness: "Save me? save me! save me! save me!'

"We immediately launched a boat, but it was stove in launching, and began to fill with water. The steward came to our assistance with some blankets, which we stuffed in the hole to stop the water, and we hastened to the rescue. The night was dark, and the sea was rough. We pulled out into the darkness, and followed the sound as well as we could, until we came to the place where poor George was struggling with the waves. Being a good swimmer he had kept himself from sinking, and we found him about a quarter of a mile from the vessel, drew him on board, and pulled back to the ship with our boat half full of water. In thirty minutes from the time he fell overboard, we had him safe in his bunk in the forecastle, and as comfortable as we could make him.

"The next morning I said to George, 'Did you think the ship was going to leave you, and that you were lost?'

"'Yes, I did,' said he.

"'Now, George, be honest; what did you do then?'

"'I prayed to God.'

"'But I thought you did not believe there was a God,' said I.

"George replied: 'When a man is overboard, in a dark night, and the ship going away from him, and he expects to die, a man thinks different, and feels different, and talks different from what he does when he is on the top-gallant forecastle spinning yarns in safety.'

"We heard no more infidelity or blasphemy from George, but he did not recover from his terrible experience in the water. We left him at the hospital in Montevideo, where he afterwards died."

Multitudes of infidels have found that their unbelief has failed them in the trying hour. 'Hold on," said some infidels who had gathered around the sick-bed of one of their comrades. "But will you tell me what to hold on to?" was the question, which they could not answer.

"My hope is built on nothing less
Than Jesus' blood and righteousness.
I dare not trust the sweetest frame,
But wholly lean on Jesus' name;
On Christ the solid Rock I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand."

—A low purpose debases its owner Want of conscience and right aim makes a bad artist, a bad poet, a bad preacher. Degrade your ideal of work and you cloud vision, fetter speech, paralyze power, convert means into ends, books into chains systems into stocks, and the past into a grave.

A false and perverted aim was the most flagrant vice of the Jewish "scribes" of Christ's day. They were teachers of religious truth, who cared for the truth, and forgot the religion, made more of the mechanism of worship than of its soul, and served systems till they became their taskmasters. "Not as their scribes!" no! exactly opposite! He is the Good Shepherd who giveth His life for the sheep. He worked for souls, not systems. Never did He loose sight of man, or put anything on earth second to his needs. He could not. He came to him, to seek him out, to discover him to Himself; to get rid of his sin and bring in an everlasting righteousness. In life and in death, in speech and in work, that was His one aim, and by it He was lifted at once to heights of spiritual power hitherto unscaled. No man can do the highest good who does not see clearly, state to himself decisively and often, and hold with deathless tenacity the same redeeming purpose. Every day we live we need to grasp afresh our Christ-given aim. In making every sermon the preacher should ask himself, "What effect precisely and definitely do I seek." As he does to deliver it, again he should search his soul, and cleanse and bend his being with a fierce exclusiveness towards the goal of man's salvation. How difficult it is to dwell on these divine heights of pure intent many of us could tell you with agony and penitence! It is so easy to love our own pet ideas of truth more than souls, and so much more pleasant to our natural combativeness to fight for the forms in which the living bread is fashioned than to destribute the bread itself to the hungry and dying. Unconsciously, and even while we protest against it, we sink into a weakening professionalism, assume priestly airs, and work on priestly assumptions. Church systems fascinate us, and usurp the place of suffering, struggling sinners. Our poor fame haunts us, and we are quiet or talkative, cowardly or bold, as it bids.—*Dr. Clifford.*

"Made Sin."

Who is this that stands among us, and yet is not one of us? He is like the sons of Adam and yet unlike them in their chief characteristic of sin. God created and prepared him to this chief end that he might be made sin. I can't attempt to explain what it meant by that word "made sin." Here is a word that occurs only once in the literature of the earth. You will not find it anywhere outside of the Bible, and there is nothing in our dictionaries to explain it by. There was only one Christ, and one person made sin. It was a unique act of God, and we have nothing to compare it with. But, although I cannot attempt to explain the word, I will say this about it, that it means on the one side, that Christ was less than a sinner, and on the other that he was more than a sinner. On the one side it means that he knew no sin. He never roared on his bed, under the hand of God, like David, and he never called himself a toad or a devil, like the author of "Pilgrim's Progress." He was less than a sinner. You could tell him something he does not know. The story of your sinfulness would make him say, "I never felt that, and I pity you."

It is more difficult to explain that he was more than a sinner. He was sir, was "made sin." Take the greatest sinner out of this congregation and strike him dead, and you will not slay sin, but only the sinner. But, when Christ was made sin, sin was slain on the cross of Christ. It needs all your metaphysics to understand that. I cannot understand it, but I am safe to say that he was more than a sinner. I am a sinner, but I am not sin. Though less than a sinner, Christ was made more than a sinner by some tremendous and unique act of God. I believe the best way to get at that is the experimental way. The experimental Christian knows what is meant by the wisdom and grace of God, because he takes the truth as it is offered to him, I believe that there are men in this congregation who feel they are sin incarnate, and I would come and lay their hearts on Christ. God keep me from speaking irreverent words on this matter, but I believe it needed a whole world of sin to make Christ sin. It needed the drunkenness of Noah, the deceit and craft of Jacob, the thief on the cross, and your sins and mine to make Christ sin. Something was wanting to make the Lord Christ sir, and he got it in this world. We know now, that God made Christ to be sin for us. In that personal way you will learn more than all the teachers can teach you, more than Isaiah, or David, or Paul can teach you. These mysteries have an experimental, not a theological or philosophical solution, which is only found out by the man who can sing,

I lay my sins on Jesus,
The spotless Lamb of God:
He takes them all and frees us
From the accursed load.

—*Rev. Alex. Whyte.*

A Praying Mother.

The first thing to notice in the life of Samuel is this, that like most good men he had a praying mother. When I was a boy, there was a favorite story of mine about a negro who sat one day on the deck of a steamer waiting to be sold. He was very wretched sitting there with his face buried in his hands, when a stranger came up and asked him what was the matter.

"Me gwine to be sold, massa," said the poor negro.

"What for?" asked the stranger.

"Well, you see, me disobey orders. Me pray too long and too loud, and my massa gwine to sell me. He let me pray easy, but when me gets happy me begin to holler, and then me know nothing about orders or anything else."

The stranger was struck with the negro's appearance, and as the master came up just then, he said, "What will you take for your negro?"

The price was a hundred and fifty pounds. "He was healthy,' the master said, "and the best hand on the estate. But he got religious, and used to pray so loud that the master had resolved to get rid of him."

Now the stranger thought it would be a very good thing if he could get a good negro to pray for him and for his family, so he bought him.

"Has he a wife and family?" the stranger asked.

"Yes," said the old master; "a wife and three children, and I will sell them for a hundred and fifty more."

The stranger paid the three hundred pounds, and then going up to the negro, said, "Well, Moses, I've bought you."

"O hab you, massa?" and the poor negro looked very, very sad. He was thinking of his wife and children.

"Yes, and your wife and children, too," said the stranger.

"God bless you for that!" cried Moses.

"And look here," said the gentleman, "you may pray as much and as long and as loud as you like, only whenever you pray you must pray for me and for my wife and my children."

"Why, bless the Lord," cried Moses, "me hab all kinds o' 'commodation, like Joseph in Egypt."

Twelve months had gone by, when one day his old master had come in to see him. He found Moses measuring corn, and looking very happy. "I want to buy Moses back again," he said; "I can't get on without him; everything is going wrong, and I've been a miserable man."

"No," said his master; "I'm not going to sell Moses to anybody; but I shall give him his liberty, and let him work for me, if he will, as a free man; for since he has been here, I and my wife and my children have found the Saviour, and everything has prospered wonderfully. I owe more than I ever can tell to praying Moses."

"O massa!" cried Moses, with tears in his eyes, "me alway prays for you, too, sure. Me put the old massa and the new one both together."

Now, if a man would give three hundred pounds for a praying slave, who can tell the worth of a praying mother? Next to the love of Jesus in our own hearts, the best thing in the world is this—a mother who prays for us. I have heard people say sometimes of a boy who was born heir to a large estate, or to very much money, "Ah, he's a lucky fellow; he is born with a silver spoon in his mouth." But very often it was the most unlucky thing that could happen. This is the best fortune any child can have—the heritage of a mother's prayers.—*Selected.*

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On Being Pleasant.

Says Mr. Thackeray about that nice boy, Clive Newcome, "I don't know that Clive was especially brilliant, but he was pleasant." Occasionally we meet people to whom it seems to come natural to be pleasant; such are as welcome wherever they go as flowers in May, and the most charming thing there is about them is that they help to make other people pleasant too. Their pleasantness is contagious.

The other morning we were in the midst of a three days' rain. The fire smoked, the dining room was chilly, and when we assembled for breakfast, papa looked rather grim, and mamma tired, for the baby had been restless all night. Polly was plainly inclined to fretfulness, and Bridget was undeniably cross, when Jack came in with the breakfast rolls from the baker's. He had taken off his rubber coat and boots in the entry, and he came in rosy and smiling.

"Here's the paper, sir," said he to his father with such a cheerful tone that his father's brow relaxed, and he said, Ah, Jack, thank you," quite pleasantly.

His mother looked up at him smiling, and he just touched her cheek gently as he passed.

"The top of the morning to you, Pollywog," he said to his little sister, and delivering the rolls to Bridget, with a "Here you are, Bridget. Aren't you sorry you didn't go yourself this beautiful day?"

He gave the fire a poke and opened a damper. The smoke ceased, and presently the coals began to glow, and five minutes after Jack came in, we were eating our oatmeal as cheerily as possible. This seems very simple in the telling, and Jack never knew he had done anything at all, but he had changed the whole moral atmosphere of the room, and had started a gloomy day pleasantly for five people.

"He is always so," said his mother when I spoke to her about it afterward, "just so sunny and kind and ready all the time. I suppose there are more brilliant boys in the world than mine, but none with a kinder heart or a sweeter temper, I am sure of that."

And I thought, Why isn't a disposition worth cultivating? Isn't it one's duty to be pleasant, just as well as to be honest, or truthful, or industrious, or generous? And yet, while there are a good many honest, truthful, industrious and generous souls in the world, and people who are unselfish too, after a fashion, a person who is habitually pleasant is rather a rarity. I suppose the reason is because it is such hard work to act pleasantly when one feels cross. Very few people have the courage of that cheeriest of men, Mr. Mark Tapley, who made it a point of honor to "keep jolly" under the most depressing circumstances.

People whose dispositions are naturally irritable or unhappy, think it is no use trying to be otherwise; but that is a mistake. If they will patiently and perseveringly try to keep always pleasant, after a while they will get into the habit of smiling instead of frowning, of looking bright instead of surly, and of giving a kind word instead of a cross one. And the beauty of it is, as I said before, that pleasantness is catching, and before long they will find themselves in the midst of a world full of bright and happy people, where every one is as good-natured and contented as they are.—*Exchange*

Frank Millet's Ruse.

Everybody has heard of Frank Millet. He paints pictures and writes magazine articles in times of peace, but when a war is "on" he becomes a "war correspondent," and is likely to turn up in the Soudan, the Transvaal or the Balkans. But there was a time when he was not known. He sent pictures to exhibitions, to be sure, and good ones, but no one paid any particular attention to them or said anything about them. One day he conceived an idea. He painted a picture of a lady in black sitting on a bright red sofa standing against a vivid yellow background. The effect was just a trifle startling. Friends who saw it in process of production expostulated with him, and asked what he was going to do with it. They were simply astonished when he announced that he was going to send it to the exhibition. They labored with him, but in vain. They told him that the critics would "wipe the floor" with him. "They can't do that without mentioning me," said Frank, quietly, "and they've never even done that yet." To the exhibition the picture went. It killed everything within twenty feet on either side of it. You couldn't help looking at it. It simply knocked you down and held you there. The critics got into a towering passion over it. They wrote whole columns about it. They exhausted the English language in abusing it. They ridiculed the committee that permitted it to be hung. They had squibs and glibes about it, but every time they spoke about it they mentioned Frank Millet. He suddenly became the best-known artist in town. Somebody, because of the stir that it had made, bought the picture at a good price, and removed it to the seclusion of his own home. When the next exhibition came off Frank had another picture ready, one of a very different sort, and very good, but no better than others which had been exhibited before. The critics had much to say about it, and "noted with pleasure the marked improvement" that Mr. Millet had made, "an evidence," as they modestly put it, "of the value of criticism, even though severe, to a young artist." And the majority of them never saw that Frank had simply compelled their attention by a clever trick.

—LET YOUR LIGHT SHINE.—The crying want of the times is more *bright Christians* A bright Christian will fling out the steady rays of cheerfulness. This is not an unsaintly quality; a dark, foggy day is not half as heavenly as a sunny day. The natural note of a bird is not a scream or a groan, but a spontaneous song. When a young man or woman becomes converted to Christ, none of their companions ought to say: "They used to be pleasant, but how dull and mopy they are now!" Nor ought a Christian ever to enter any circle with the chill of an icicle, or the depressing effect of a wet blanket. And there is another radiation which a bright Christian will emit, and that is good temper. We too often think of ill temper as a constitutional weakness, or a mere unhappy infirmity. Professor Drummond has pungently said in one of his late addresses: "Ill temper is a sin, one of the blackest of sins; it is the sympton of an unloving nature at bottom. The man who has it needs to have his whole nature sweetened; such a man would make heaven miserable; he must be borne again before he can enter it. It is better not to live than not to love."—*Independent.*

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