nation: "Lest we forget! Lest we forget!"
And Hood's memorable saying, that "Sin is wrought for want of thought" may be paralleled by the saying, that "Sin is wrought for want of memory." The drunkard forgets; every man who repeats an act of injustice, of inhumanity, of selfishness, anywhere, has forgotten. He would not do it if he remembered everything connected with the act. And this facility, this fatal facility for forgetting things which we should remember, characteristic of the disciples of the Master in all ages and in our own, I heard pathetically described by an old Christian, who said: "I am not crazy, but my mind is short." There is indeed an exceeding short-mindedness characteristic of all human beings. And while we are sharing the mighty impulse of the new century in its great providential trend on toward better days and better conditions for mankind, it is worth while for us to look back, with Paul, and see if we have not left something at Troas that we should be glad to carry forward with us into the future.

Paul sent for the cloak. That stands for the physical wisdom of the world; the wisdom upon the great business of living as those who inhabit bodies conditioned by physical law. We cannot live without the best wisdom upon sanitation for our homes, for our cities and for the country. We cannot live without the best wisdom and the purest patriotism in our legislators and in our high administrative officers. Indeed, it will not pay for the farmer or for the miner or for the manufacturer or for the merchant, or for any business man anywhere, to forget any part of the wisdom which observing and thinking and suffering men have accumulated with reference to the great business enterprise of the world. It will not do to leave the cloak behind at Troas in any vocation of life.

When it comes to physical living it has long ceased to be an axiom that in order to be a saint a man must be sickly. Sickness is not the path to sainthood. There have been saints, men and women, who have found sainthood along that path, and they deserve a double golden crown. The first means of grace is a sound body. No man can do the work which is required of a man in this world, who is not in good health. The first axiom of success in this world is to conserve—reverently, religiously—the life of the body. Winter is coming on—tell youth in the pride of its power that winter is coming on; you have a long path before you; the environment is severe, hard, enough to try the best lungs and the best heart and the best organism that God ever made. And if you want to live to do your work you must be a person applying the world's physical wisdom to the guidance of your own physical existence. Food, exercise, sleep, obtaining the cloak from Troas—all the things which sound like commonplaces are part of the equipment of the man who will grapple successfully with the problem of life.

And this is what makes one impatient with that which calls itself Christian Science. It has many good things about it: it gives repose and dignity to nervous souls. It has many good things about it; but in so far as it pours contempt upon the accumulated wisdom of mankind along one great path and in reference to one great human need, it is a calamity. I do not care for extemporary persons in any walk of life,—an extemporary engineer, an extemporary sea-captain, an extemporary lawyer, an extemporary carpenter or stonemason,—but the worst thing in the world is an extemporary doctor and extemporary medicine, flat in the face of the accumulated physical wisdom of a suffering humanity. This extemporaneousness is a calamity; something to be opposed with unrelenting vigor. Nothing but wisdom can save men. Make-believe sick may do very well when you are well, but make-believe will when you are sick is a poor respite. Make believe on any subject under heaven that is serious belongs to the nursery, and nowhere else.

Paul sent, in the second place, for his books. He was a thorough scholar,—one of the best informed minds of his age. He knew better than anybody else of that time the meaning of all the fundamental movements of the world,—political, social, intellectual, religious. He was, besides, a man of great originality, marvelous fertility of thought, pouring out its richness on every subject. His thoughts, his own personal thoughts, were an exceeding great multitude, and they were very grand and very beautiful. Besides, he was a man of extraordinary travel. He met all sorts and conditions of