ward in his chariot, the great machine under
his guidance, but in the moments when he
could detach himself from looking after the
great chariot, reading the great book. Now
men tell you that business is engrossing; that
one must live in business if one would suc-
cceed. They say: “We must look after the
great rolling chariot of the world. Our bread
and butter depend upon our looking after it.
And then, we meet living men; we are travel-
ing all the time; we know what is going on.”
Why, of course you do! But remember that
the machine may be so looked after as to allow
for moments of leisure, when you can let it
run and read while it runs. Take the chief
engineers in our great Atlantic liners; how
splendidly informed they are! What is the
virtue of Kipling’s “McAndrew’s Hymn” but
this? He but shows a great liner’s engineer,
a thoughtful and richly equipped intelligence.
When the storm is on, the engineer is down
in the depths looking after the play of his
great machine. There is no time for any-
thing then but to look after the fires, look
after the valves, after the boiler, after every-
thing connected with the thousand-limbed and
splendid thing. But there come pauses when
he can talk, or retire to his stateroom and read,
and keep his mind in contact with the great
minds of the world. Business men should
follow his example. The machine must not
tie you down to it. There is no reason why
you should not operate it so that occasionally
it shall run of itself, run while you read.

And finally, Paul sent for the parchments.
Of course the parchments were the most
precious forms of literary record, and they
contained in them the most precious wisdom
of life. And the parchments mean to us
something greater than the physical wisdom
of the world; greater than its best books.
They stand for the spiritual wisdom which the
past has found for us, and which we must
not leave behind.

Take, for example, the world of awe and
beauty into which we were born as children.
Oh, how much it would add to our reverence
and our humanity if we had not left that
world behind! Oh, to have taken that world of
awe and grace forward with us all the while!
How it would have sweetened our entire exis-
tence! Take the heroism and the sacrifice
and the boundless tenderness through which
we got our start into life. Have we forgotten
that parchment, have we left that behind—
the tradition of parental heroism and parental
sacrifice and parental tenderness? Remember
the faith, the faith in God, the high devotion
to Christ, the confidence in the moral order
of the world and in the infinite life in which
our fathers and mothers lived; have we left
that parchment behind? We cannot live as
their descendants without these.

But there is a nearer treasure that one
must recall. You remember the time when
the moral ideal first rose on you. The old
Christians used to call that their “conver-
sion.” That word sounds rather canish
to-day. Let it go, if it does. But every man
who has ever seen the moral ideal rise upon
him like the sun at midnight, has no language
in which he can describe its power, or its
benignity, or the surprise or the awe with
which it filled his soul. President Finney
said that when God converted him he wanted
to get to the top of the highest mountain and
take a trumpet and blow to the whole world
the tidings of the joy he had found. That
was simply his way of celebrating the interior
glory of the soul that has looked upon the
face of God in the dawn of the moral ideal.
You remember that; send for that parchment,
if you have left it behind. And the vows
that you made then, and the resolves with
which you filled your soul, and all the past
history of your life in self-consecration to high
ends; send for these parchments written in
“star-fire and immortal tears.” Send for them;
you need them on your journey through life.

Take this earth of ours to-day, rolling
forward and never rolling backward, forever
going forward, never, never in any retrograde
motion. But in its forward sweep it takes
everything with it,—all the dear dead, all
the numberless graves on its surface; it
guards, keeps, carries forward the living and
the dead together, the past and the present,
pursuing the unspeakable goal and sweeping
forward while holding within its compass its
whole past, its entire history. And that is
the way that God lives. He never forgets
anything; He never loses anything; He
carries everything forward, and has carried
it from the morning of time until now. And
when His consummation is reached He will
have that consummation glorified by every-
thing precious that has come to pass in the
long process from the beginning to the end.

That is our ideal. Keep everything that
is precious that has come within the compass