THE FISHERMEN'S SAINT

BY

SIR WILFRED GRENFELL,

K.C.M.G., M.D., F.R.C.S.

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FELLOW STUDENTS OF ST. ANDREWS UNIVERSITY

I have no illusion that my rôle in life qualifies me for the Rectorship of a University. As a surgeon, my life has been spent among people so close to the bread-line that I have had to consider first of all in every case, what is the actual value of any course of action? Will it repay the outlay? Even when I accepted the great honour which you conferred upon me, this had to be uppermost in my mind—could I make this next half-hour worth your venture, and also my own in crossing the Atlantic for this occasion? I could have nothing to offer this famous seat of learning except the experience of having tried to put in action the teachings you have so

often listened to here; "I" being an average man who happens to be preparing to get off the stage just at the moment you are coming on it. The only cloud on my horizon while I was cruising the Labrador Coast this autumn was whether this venture might not prove to be but the baiting of a polar bear north of the Ancient Roman Wall. How can I expect to add to your stock of art, science or literature when I know that anything on those lines, even if it were discovered while I was slowly wending my way hither across the ocean, would certainly have come to you already by plane or wireless? Moreover, I was especially warned that a sermon would not be tolerated; and indeed, in my youth in "oppressed England," I had always been taught that Scotch Universities were of themselves so inspirational that any man, however poor, could walk in at one door with nothing but a bag

of oatmeal, and out at the other a David Livingstone.

I cannot offer you a "best seller." All I can bring you is a pill from my dispensary. Still I have known a "career" to be influenced by a pill, and my own principle has always been, when two paths are open to take the more venturesome.

It was on that principle that I first sailed for the coast of Labrador, and on which I now come here to St. Andrews. It is my hope that I may commend this as a life principle to you.

As a young man the lure of athletics drew me hard, and I never regret the training in the London streets after dark, or being put out of the public park into which I used to climb early in the morning to secure a suitable space in which to practice throwing the hammer without endangering disinterested passers-by. The value of a controlled body, and

learning to endure hardness were well drummed into me at home and later by my dear old professor of Geology, by the name of MacIntosh. He had always hoped that one day he might be found worthy for some pioneer expedition, so he used often to go without food for two or three days, and sleep out on the beautiful heather of the Scotch hills.

In my "hobble-de-hoy-hood" down in the old Cheshire seaport by the Sands of Dee, where my home was, one day I was shown by the village doctor a human brain, which he extracted from a glorified pickle-jar. Its extraordinary convolutions and its gelatinous consistency, apparently of such dubious value for its great objective, suggested a courage which fascinated me. The desire to know how it did its work led me, the first ever of our family, to study medicine.

To-day I am but the spent runner,

handing the torch to you, who are bursting with greater potential for the race than ever I had, and I am trying to say *Moriturus vos saluto.* The glorious prerogative of youth is that the future lies ever in its hands.

It was old Seneca who said that what youth needs most is some personality to imitate and follow. He suggested Socrates. The world to-day prefers the Teacher of St. Andrew. It is an odd thing that immediately the name of Christ is mentioned, an audience at once says to itself, "Now we are in for a sermon," in the spirit of the boy who, after listening to his father preach on "It is more blessed to give than to receive," asked him afterwards, "Did you really mean that, dad, or were you only preaching?"

It may relieve your minds to know that life has left me no chance to devote time to psychology or theology, or to

any of those "ologies" of the lack of which, on such an occasion as this, I am only too painfully conscious. But I have never believed in pigeon-holing life, and I see the spiritual and the physical in the same box, and no boundary between sacred and secular. To me the joy of life is the measure of its force, and achievement the measure of its joy, so anything I may say means absolutely and only, "Have the best of possible times. Keep smiling." Any asceticism which in the least injures the physical machine of which the mental machine is part, is abhorrent. If a man does not love his job he will never do it really well, and had better get out of it!

St. Andrew is the patron saint of fishermen, amongst whom my work has lain for over forty years. Moreover, St. Andrew is not only the Patron Saint of this University, but also of the whole of Scotland. So, hoping that my experi-

ences might serve as my excuse and make my address sufficiently utilitarian, I wrote to our Principal to ask him whether our common patron saint had ever been the subject of a Rector's address. I learned that he had not been especially mentioned, not even unfavourably, from this rostrum.

St. Andrew, of all others, was "the friendly saint." It has been said you could invite anybody's children to tea with Andrew. But saints are sadly unpopular in these days and I was warned of the bogey of "modernism." Well, we are all modern when we come into the world, and for as long as the calendar allows us to be, and I am speaking to you not as modernists now, but only as those who will be, like myself, back numbers when the current of life and thought has rolled on a little farther.

As I have said, my personal field of experience has been amongst fishermen,

from the Bay of Biscay to the North Cape of Norway, and from the English Channel to the North Cape of Iceland. I have fished with the men from Gloucester in Massachusetts, and cruised with the sealers and whalers of Greenland and Hudson Bay, with the great cod-fishing fleets of Newfoundland, with the salmon catchers of British Columbia; and I have watched the tarpon fishers in Florida, and our Oriental brethren on the Inland Sea of Japan. I have visited the floating fishermen along eight hundred miles of the Yangtse Kiang, and fished from the open-bottomed catamarans off the Coromandel Coast. Mine has been a marine campus, but its problems are the same as those which confront you in your lives on the land. Using the word "*university*" of fishermen in the old Roman sense, I gladly acknowledge that its ignorant and unlearned alumni have taught me vital truths which I did not

know and could not learn when I was infallible. For it is one of life's splendid challenges and its great glory that not even the most humble "working" man can live to himself. It was in just such a *university* St. Andrew and his comrades learned the great truth that each of us is a citizen of the whole universe and enabled them to put to shame the theory of heredity, that the real value of life is limited by the breeding of the body or by purely intellectual standards.

In Scripture little is told of St. Andrew. The less written about most men the better, and I know you hope that I realise that brevity is equally advantageous in speech. The stereotyped paintings of the old saints have never interested me. Visits to the great art galleries of Europe have always left me hoping, if sacred pictures of holy men are true to life, that at least my soul may not have to look at life's

problems through bodies and clothing like theirs. The prospect would cure most young men to-day of any aspiration to sainthood. Recently a child, looking at a picture of a lady dressed in Victorian skirts, remarked, "But why did they have no legs in those days?" For all that helps man to achievement, even in the most literal sense, we know by instinct to be desirable.

"Andrew" means a healthy, strong man. We think of him much as we do of our own fishermen whom we have often looked up to and admired as we watched them hauling up the iron chains of the anchors through the ice, after their vessels have been frozen in for the winter, and doing it with bare hands without gloves on; or when they have been slinging a two hundred-pound barrel of flour out of the hold, handling it much as we would a small suit-case. Andrew also must have been a capable man

with a boat, as our fishermen are, self-reliant, resourceful, able to endure hardship, brave in physical dangers as men who "do their business in great waters" inevitably become. We always picture him as a lovable man. Indeed, it has been well said of the "Handy Man" that—

> "If love's the best of all
> That can a man befall,
> Then Jack's the king of all,
> For they all love Jack."

Unlike Paul, he possessed that great asset, a healthy body, a possession that repays any outlay, and one that in these days most of us can possess if only we will control it. Theodore Roosevelt, by the power of his will, made his weak physical frame into an ideal of fitness.

Andrew was a real student, unsatisfied with the hollowness of religion as he found it, and keenly seeking reality. He thought of things beside fish, even though there was no money in such

thoughts. It has been suggested he had been sent up to market a catch, or at least that on some business, possibly as a delegate, he had gone to Jerusalem, and as we have no reason to suppose him a man slothful or dilatory, that hearing John was at the Jordan, he got through early and spent the odd day rushing off along the Jericho road to hear him. On some of the hearers John's message did not make half the impression of the bell for dinner : Andrew was able and prepared to understand. Yet it did not at once make him unpractical. He did not begin talking about "No more sea." He went right back fishing.

A visit I made to Andrew's home, Bethsaida, and also to his place of business by the Sea of Galilee, shows conditions which are much like those of Labrador to-day. Our patron Saint certainly never had the privilege of a red gown, a gold mitre, or a Public School.

He was ignorant and unlearned, even in the current science of the Year 1. Yet my best apology for devoting this time to him is that I am certain his experience is a valuable one for us. For what he learned in the only university which he ever attended, namely, that of life, both Scotland and this University have acknowledged, enabled a man with infinitely fewer academic qualifications than those of any of us to graduate *summa cum laude.*

I am not a philosopher, and I do not know who was right, Plato or Socrates, Descartes or Kant, Berkeley or Herbert Spencer. What concerns us now is that the teaching of St. Andrew's Teacher was that experience and not pure reason is the surest road to truth. He endorsed the conclusion of Seneca, and of the world's most profound philosophers, that not only is empiricism our only path to absolute truth, but also that real religion is the way of life. This University has

endorsed St. Andrew, not because of any intellectual achievements of his, but because of the results which this teaching produced on his "career." Still, it is comforting that science to-day helps us to realise that "scientific" and spiritual discoveries are really identical.

For two hours one day, sitting on the golden sand, I watched a dozen shaggy, brown, black-bearded fishermen of Palestine, stark naked but for their loin cloths, casting their nets periodically into the sea. They toiled hard, but caught, as Andrew did on one famous night, practically nothing. The Governor, who spoke Arabic, was with us. He called to the fishermen, and then asked me to tell them how to catch at one draught all the fishes which they had taken in those hours. With a long stick I drew in the sand a picture of our trap nets and trawls. There was much buzzing and head-wagging when they

squatted around in a circle, pow-wowing about it afterwards. Before we left, their wise-man told the Governor that "if they caught so many fish to-day, there would be nothing to do to-morrow." Yet we count even them to be mentally in advance of Andrew.

One of the first things which everyone loves about Andrew is his impulsiveness. Some people think it a mark of weakness to be easily led, and Andrew did jump to conclusions; as, for instance, when he listened once to a wild-looking man talking in the wilderness, and dashed off to share his "great find" with his brother. You in Scotland will sense that this characteristic has its dangers. On the other hand, it has greater opportunities for helping the world than the too calculating mind, and the "you can't tell me" kind of person. There is an honesty about it which endears the possessor to one, and it also implies the

venture of a sportsman. President Wilson, in addressing the United States army and navy before their departure for the war, urged them—" Please leave out of your vocabulary altogether the word ' prudent.' Do not stop to think about what is prudent for a moment. Do the thing that is audacious to the utmost point of risk, and you will win by the audacity of method when you cannot win by circumspection and prudence."

The world loves the man who sometimes makes mistakes, better than the ninety and nine who never stray. In reality the terms Christian and good sportsman are synonymous. It was, after all, his own father who kept the fatted calf for the prodigal son.

The truth is, one cannot get anything worth while in this world without paying for it. Why do we expect it in any other? It was Andrew's fearless and unselfish spirit which made him the

patron saint of Scotland, while Judas's spirit brought him to contumely and the gallows. Let us thank God that St. Andrew was the commonest type of mankind. Most of us are not born either leaders or geniuses. Both of course are valuable, though genius *per se* is apt to isolate one from one's fellows. It is well said that "God must have great use for the average man: He made so many of them."

Again, our fisherman Saint had no social position, and scarcely a "bawbee." I expect that his material assets were less than those of the least of us here to-day; yet no part of the world has yet elected for its patron saint any plutocrat, not even so great a philanthropist as our Andrew Carnegie. Lincoln, the rail splitter, is fast becoming the patron saint of America. The world of Andrew's day rated it at less than no importance whether a group of fishermen followed

a peasant Carpenter, or did not. The crowning of a Herod or a Cæsar was of infinitely greater moment to it. Judging by results, what would you say was the value of the form and ritual of even the installation of an Archbishop of Canterbury compared with the potential of a single student to-day making a decision like Andrew's? Whatever it was which Andrew learned from his Teacher, and whatever it cost him to put it into practice, it paid him well in realities.

Andrew was not born a saint any more than I was. He would have been the first to resent any such suggestion. For he lost hope and courage, and yielded to fear exactly as we have all done. Something changed him, however, from the man who ran away from another Man's cross to one whom legend tells us ran to meet his own cross on the sands of Patras. It could only have

been one thing—experience—and largely the experience which he and his comrades had after the famous Passover feast in Jerusalem. This man was never paid one penny for the evidence he gave concerning this remarkable right-about-face, which was really the beginning of his greatness. He was rewarded only with kicks and blows, and finally death.

This natural world is unnatural enough not to run on logic, but on emotions. What would the world be like if life were run on the absurd theory of the mathematician that two plus two *always* make four? All the world's noblest deeds have been based on emotions, else why our Cenotaph to the willing dead? It annoys some to think that other minds must differ from theirs, as did the Pope from Martin Luther, or Charles the First from Oliver Cromwell. The world is slowly learning that because two men think differently, neither need be

wicked. Once a volunteer deck-hand on our hospital steamer asserted that the starboard light was red. He still thinks so ; but now we use him perfectly well below decks.

Three previous Rectors have extolled Courage, Independence, and Venture. All these are certainly required if we are to honour our Patron in more than words. For we, even in 1929, are forced to walk seeing " as in a glass darkly," by faith, not by vision ; until by experience each one shall make that faith into knowledge, and so let it " vanish away." What experience has taught me is that this faith is nothing but reason grown courageous, and I am convinced that when a man has the courage to say " I will " or " I will not " among his comrades, he has gained a greater essential of the education which is needed to make him of real value to the world and himself, than if he knew more current

science than most men can ever hope for. A North Countryman called Philip Snowden has lately gained considerable esteem in Europe by his simple ability to say and stick to the one word "No."

This control of mind over matter is so patent a fact that we do not need to go to Dr. Coué, or the psychiatrists, or the mental hygienists, to learn it. Hosts of physicians are using that truth all the while, and those who do not are back numbers already; for with civilization the diseases like "nervous prostration" which it can cure are steadily on the increase. One case, culled at random from my notebook, illustrates how immense is its influence.

We were cruising with the fishing fleet off the entrance to Hudson Bay Straits, when a half-masted flag summoned me on board a schooner. Lying in a mass of filth in the cabin was a beautiful girl of eighteen years. She

had shipped, just to cook for the crew, and she had no relatives on board. I shall never forget her face, the contrast of her blanched, white skin against her dark eyes and curly raven hair. She had prematurely given birth to a babe at sea, without any help in her time of need. Having carried her aboard our hospital ship, we steamed to the land, operated on her and left her in care of a Moravian missionary's gentle wife, and then proceeded north on our voyage. No mail steamer went so far north, and when at last we returned to pick her up and carry her south, she showed no signs of any physical illness that we could discover. Yet she told me, "I shall never live to reach home." As the days went by she just faded away. I buried the body myself on a lofty headland of that bleak shore, and over the grave we erected a simple wooden cross, for all which it stands for.

I see no escape from the duality of modern science. My body is but an altered form of ether, for use just for this particular cosmos, and only very, very temporarily mine, which is so strongly suggested, for instance, by the fact that even my skin changes every month. Indeed, I may possibly be addressing St. Andrew in the flesh again, for they tell me that his bones were brought here to Muckross by St. Regulus in the fourth or fifth century. Men worry over whether *the* body will rise again. Which body? I personally do not want *any* of my old bodies over again anyhow. There are plenty of brains and bodies as well which I could name, that I should prefer; and at least the physically handicapped, the blind, the paralysed, the deformed are all of the same mind.

If my bodily machine is only a form of energy, as it seems it must be, then possibly it is even now only a loan from

the so-called spiritual in an altered form that our senses can understand. Alas, that we are only the modernists of 1929! What will our Rector be saying about it here in 2029? Of one thing we can be certain, viz., we know now that we are babes in knowledge. But what I know best is myself, and that I am greater than my body or the materials of which it is made, seeing I can use and control both of them. Who shall say that St. Andrew is dead? As all the evidence is against there being any waste, what right have we to suppose that there is any death? Millions and millions of men are so confident St. Andrew is not dead, that they still seek constantly his help, and moreover believe they get it. I am hoping we may get help from him through this expenditure of energy to-day. He certainly is influencing us at this moment. It is true that I have had to watch my own patients

sometimes pass beyond the bourn of our physical senses, but I have seen no reason whatever to assume it meant annihilation. Quite the contrary. For again from my notebook comes the case of a man, paralysed all but his head. Yet he insisted that he was he; while another patient, with both legs and arms cut off by a railway accident, was equally confident that he was "only a bit cramped." Resurrection has become almost intellectually intelligible since Andrew's day. It satisfies my brain to think of it simply as "relaxation," or the freeing of my etheric body, which exists now, from the material liaison machine—a thought which makes even co-existence comprehensible.

St. Andrew would have laughed to have been told that even the air of this room was full of "things" which are realities. Indeed, we "modernists" have only admitted the fact because wiser

minds than ours have invented a few machines to supplement our strictly limited bodily senses, and to extend their range. In Andrew's day, such faith as ours was considered either credulity or "creedulity." But now, Fellows of our Royal Society, men like Newton, Clark Maxwell, Eddington, Lodge, Millikan, Thomson, and others, protest the scientific reasonableness of it. If Sir J. J. Thomson is right and life came on this earth in the form of nitrogen and formaldehyde, we are grateful to add any new grain to our knowledge. But no one suggests that physics can ever explain the metaphysical in man.

Our basis for action, or the series of actions we call life, must still, as with Andrew, be deliberate choice. At the close of a clinic in North Labrador on board the hospital steamer some twenty-five years ago, a fisher lad of nineteen came aboard. No, he did not want any

medicine. What he wanted was "learning," of which he had none whatever. He would give ten hours a day carpenter's work for one hour a day teaching. Two years ago we opened a large, modern, fire-proof hospital, built of reinforced concrete and steel, and centrally heated, electrically lit, with modern plumbing, and every possible equipment from a fine laboratory with radium, X-rays and solarium downwards. That boy and his Labrador assistants built every bit of it without aid from outside. His name happened to be a very Scotch one. Determination to learn was a matter of choice: Experience always justifies that method as rational.

Perhaps the most unusual characteristic of St. Andrew was that he never minded being left out. Probably Jairus's daughter's bedroom would not hold many fishermen and so Andrew was just not invited in. At the Transfiguration

someone had to be left behind. Perhaps to leave out Andrew, who was the first working disciple, showed the rest that there was no favouritism. Andrew did not "grouse." He was not looking out for slights—and for reasons for complaining. This good nature was in no way caused by timidity.

The dictionary says civilization means an organised community reduced to order. The recent visit of a Macdonald to America is a recognition of the fact that force never reduces to order. War is the negation of real civilization. Andrew's self-effacement is actually a bigger reality than battleships. I hope it may be only an outcome of my long familiarity with fishermen that makes me fear that self-forgetfulness is a virtue not fostered by too many possessions. One winter night I was caught out in a blizzard with my dogs when I was returning from a long-distance call.

Losing my way, I came about midnight to a tiny cottage belonging to a complete stranger. After hammering at the door, I saw a faint light appear, and soon the door opened and I was blown inside by a perfect hurricane of bitter cold and snow. In a few minutes the good man was dressed and out in the dark chopping up frozen seal-meat for my dogs, while his wife was "boiling the kettle" for me. When the meal was over, I was shown to a feather bed. Before leaving next morning I discovered that they had given me their bed which they had begun the night in—the only one in the house—and had themselves slept on the cold floor by the dying embers in the little wood stove. When I said good-bye, they refused absolutely any kind of remuneration—not one thought of themselves. That is real civilization, and those people to me are modern St. Andrews. Purposely or not,

St. Andrew chose Philip and Nathanael apparently as his special friends. I like to think he purposely chose them—for our friends are of vital importance to us and the whole Christian Church sprang from these six men.

It is easy to understand how our patron Apostle was a man who naturally imputed good motives to everybody. Thus once, when a lot of tourists were determined to see Christ, they happened to come across Philip. They worried him, probably rightly, and he went to Andrew for advice. "Of course He will see them," was Andrew's attitude, and rushed off at once and took them to the Master Himself. Another time it was his Master who was in difficulty. A vast multitude had followed Him away out into the wilderness, and were starving. Andrew discovered a small boy with some bread and a couple of small fishes. He could not have thought that his

Teacher would feed the whole lot with them, but he was eager always to do his share, and he did not care if he did make a fool of himself, if it did anyone else any good.

In these days of speed some expect to put the world right in a moment. Centuries have failed to free us even of our appendices. Prohibition has done lots of good in America, and has come to stay; but there are still convictions for drunkenness there.

So Andrew was better than impulsive. He was always loyal. He said or did nothing behind your back, even when he was not included in a Garden of Gethsemane. Like the Roman sentinel, erect in his place as the burning ashes fall upon him, he was loyal *usque ad mortem.* Absolute loyalty is a rare asset, but infinitely valuable. It is one in a changeful world that is essentially divine—essentially a characteristic of Andrew's Master.

Lastly, somehow our Patron recognised his Friend after what he certainly considered His death, in the ordinary connotation of the word. He regarded this quite naturally as "the body of glorification," a view we are rapidly coming to as a possible scientific explanation. Yet Andrew had never heard of X-rays penetrating through doors, of radium acting through clothing, or of television and wireless finding no obstacles in walls or distances. To-day we have our larger knowledge to help our unfaith, whereas St. Andrew and his company could only speak meekly of their unmistakable vision as being "truth revealed to babes." Revelation, I take it, is a temporary bridge across a gap which instinct and intellect are at the time unable to compass. Much of it is more rapidly passing into knowledge than many of us are aware of.

We now know that etheric waves can

motivate nerve terminals, for light rays stimulate the optic nerve ends, and so we move. Our other senses require what now we call material rays—very probably of the same nature ultimately, however, if we only knew it. The day will come when the blind will see with their ears and the deaf hear with their eyes. "Matter," says L. P. Jacks, "is the first stage in our apprehension of spirit. Spirit is matter fully apprehended."

What lasting pleasure it is to give sight to a blind man! For eighteen years a consulting oculist from California and New York came to Labrador every season absolutely and entirely at his own expense, to give sight to many modern blind fishermen. Oddly enough, his name was Andrews, and he left behind him when he passed on a note to say that he felt he had been amply repaid.

Is it, however, a final fact that we do see only with our eyes? Many blind

folk besides Helen Keller talk of seeing. I once met the blind president of the Royal School for the Blind riding on a bicycle for two behind his son, on the summit of a lofty pass in Norway. The first thing he said was, "Is this not a marvellous view?"—and that without any surgical cross-switching of the living wires within his brain machine.

In Scotland many, like Andrew, have been convinced that things ordinarily invisible to physical senses have been revealed to them. Is there not a suspicion of immodest infallibility in our dubbing as either fool or liar such eminent observers of physical facts as Sir Oliver Lodge, scientists like Clark Maxwell, eminent in so exact a science as mathematics, simply because our eyes cannot see what their eyes see, though at the same time we must admit that their thinking machines have "seen" many other truths which ours will never

be able to discern? Surely revelation is not a synonym for slackness, either of thought or of work. But it can only come to earnest men—men like these men and like St. Andrew, who are prepared to receive it.

Of course there are limits to the capacities of the half-ounce of protoplasm which forms our brain. Science has now recognised "natural units," such as a unit of temperature of two hundred and seventy-five degrees below zero, or a unit of velocity of one hundred and eighty-six thousand miles per second. They are merely natural units of course, not real limits. But how utterly ridiculous for us little folk in 1929 to say there are no other bridges to appreciation of truth, just because we cannot yet cross them ourselves.

Andrew, anyhow, was so sure of his own personal experiences that he gladly staked his very life on his observation

—which is a mental trait rightly rated high in Scotland, for what more can any man do to seal the certainty of his conviction than to lay down his life for it? Judging by results, shall even the youngest of us think that our great Patron made a rotten investment founded on a myth? Were our founders, who endorsed him by their own sacrifices to make this our splendid Alma Mater possible, also fools or knaves? On what basis are investments made to-day on the Stock Exchange and yet considered rational? On knowledge that is absolute, on infallibility, or on faith? By what gauge will you justify your prescience in not having invested in Henry Ford's original shares, or in Courtauld's Rayon Silk shares a few years ago? What would the game of life be in a world where all the sport was commercialised, and all the individuality, which saves life from being a sordid

tragedy instead of a glorious field of honour, clean gone out of it? We of the Western world must surely all endorse St. Andrew's venture of faith, though the world has benefited by his experiment in the laboratory of life.

A Scotch medical colleague of mine used to have sent out to him in Labrador a food strange to us, which he called haggis. He used to argue with my prejudiced English mind that the proof of the pudding was in the eating. Was either of us wicked, or even foolish, because he ate it all? All this thesis suggests is that, by every scale we know how to grade things by, it was a wise course St. Andrew took and one a Rector has a right to offer to this University.

Per contra, let us never forget that our teachers and professors of current science are rendering us yeoman service in our struggle for truth against stultifying superstition, against cruel conventions, or the

offensive and parasitic accretions which have almost made the word "faith" stand as a reproach to any scientific mind. These seekers after truth are the world's greatest hope against the worst enemies of faith in man's great destiny —a destiny which is the only possible apology for life itself on this planet. Education is rightly a word to conjure with. But we have learnt not to limit its meaning to acquaintance with the so-called facts that can come to any man weekly in penny numbers of journals. For true education involves leading men out of and beyond themselves. Would St. Andrew have been better "educated" if merely more crammed with the "modern facts" of his day? That has never been the limit of the aim of this University. Rather it has ever been trying to inspire its alumni with this very impulse and power that was St. Andrew's, and to send us out with

vastly increased mental capacities to extend into the twentieth century the influence which he had on the first. My own faith is that so marvellous is this human life of ours that (say it reverently) God Himself cannot save the world without us.

Only a few years ago I sat at the feet of teachers who were leaders of the world's thought in my own profession. Yet if I were to practise to-day what they taught me, I should be in jail and not on this rostrum. *Sic transit gloria mundi.*

Lest there should still linger in your minds, ladies and gentlemen, resentment that this is a sermon and not a Rectorial address, that all this about the spiritual being real, and matter being etheric, is unworthy of a modernist student of this ancient seat of learning, let me remind you that Professor Eddington has recently said, "A sonnet is no less real because

you cannot extract the square root of it."

St. Andrew was an average man, a lovable, impulsive man, a man who never knew when he was slighted, and was always loyal to the last ditch; a man strong in body, capable in "business," of controlled will, a man who with all our capacities for fear, for suffering and for failure, made himself a world benefactor through all the ages by his sublime faith and the courage of his deliberate choice. He was a man who realised the importance of each tiniest cog in the wheel, and so threw all he was and all he had into life. Yet he was a man who was perfectly content to be designated as "Simon Peter's brother," just because his ideal was that of his Master—no less than that he might be everybody's brother. Shall we laugh at him? Shall we merely acclaim him? Or shall we follow him?