the professional ministry incompatible
with the vocation which still remains,
though so long thwarted, the power,
light, joy that is in them, should come
out of the organized Church, give up all
that they have, find the ‘way of down­
going,’ pass from the notice of men,
bury themselves in the secret places of
the land, fulfill their mission on the lines
that Jesus, the Master, by his exam­
ple showed them, die like seeds fallen
into the earth, and make possible the re­
surrection of the Spirit whose Presence
suffices to create the only Church that
is, and the only ministry that truly
serves and saves.

THE HEART OF A NEUTRAL

BY VERNON LEE

As may happen to the humblest of
us, and not merely to princesses, the
fairies came to my christening.

Those whom my parents invited
were the different nations. And each
brought me the gift of understanding
her greatness and beauty, and enrich­
ing my life with such knowledge. Eng­
land and Italy came with their poetry
and humor and practical wisdom, the
ripeness of modern times and the heri­
tage of oldest civilizations; France
came with her humane laughing lucid­
ity; and Germany with her music and
philosophy and the children’s tales
roosting in her Christmas tree. Even
Russia and Poland, whose soil I was
never to tread, came as the foster-moth­
ers (unreconciled sisters!) of my father’s
boyhood. And all of them said, ‘This
child shall have the joy of loving us.’

Now my parents had forgotten to in­
vite one fairy, who came to my christen­ing
do me an ill turn.

‘These gifts,’ she said, ‘I cannot in­
deed take away, for even a fairy and
an angry one has no power to remove
fairy gifts. But I will add mine, which
may spoil them all. For with the know­
ledge of the good of each nation, this
child shall know in sadness the weak­
ness and folly also of them all. And
every nation shall say to her, “You
are an alien, and though you love me,
shall have no power over my heart.”’

And as the unkind fairy willed, so it
was to be.

But, even as in the story, one kind
and helpful fairy had foreseen what
would happen; and hiding behind the
arras, kept the bestowal of her gift un­
til that unkind one should have done
her worst.

She too has come forward, not at my
christening, but at least before the oth­
er and last sacrament.

And behold! I find her gift in my
old and unworthy hands. For she had
said:—

‘When all the nations shall welter in
the pollution of warfare, this child’s
eyes shall remain clear from its fratricide fumes; she shall drink deep of sor­
row, but recognize and put away from
her lips the sweetened and consecrated
cup of hatred.’