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The practical man, 1917.

The Tragedy & The Practical.

The Practical Man — A Tragedy

Men have a weakness for catch-words. Frequently this weakness becomes an obsession. Catch-words are safety-valves for confused thinking. When men haven't the power or the courage to define, analyze and systematize their passion-ridden thoughts they seek refuge in catch-words. Catch-words are conveniences. They ~~save~~ ^{save} you the necessity for logical thinking and consistent argumentation. When you are ~~forced~~ ^{driven} to the wall by formidable logical opponents, just shut your eyes and in deep solemn solemnity utter your favorite catch-word and your opponents ~~will~~ ^{will} scuttle off in despair.

Catch-words have enough truth in them to make them ~~potentially~~ ^{potentially} dangerous. The grain of truth that is in a catch-word is surface truth apparent to all. The bushels of falsehood ~~are~~ ^{and are made} underground, visible only to the searching eyes of the critical only.

Catch-words at best are mangles of ~~life~~ ^{dis-} truth; at worst ~~con-~~ ^{dis-} versions. Catch-words are the blurred, ~~blurred~~ ^{faded}, indistinct ~~miniatures~~ ^{miniatures} of truth. Or rather, broad, blatant caricatures of it.

Catch-words are the stock-in-trade of demagogues, the ~~coarse~~ ^{coarse} ~~paltry~~ ^{paltry} minds, the tools, knives and the ~~detonators~~ ^{detonators} of fools.

Catch-words are short-cuts to Hell!

Every age has its own little catch-word. ^{and to my little slogan} Round it revolve the confused, maggoty brains of the time. They ~~cluster~~ ^{cluster} round it like moths around a flame. If you want to understand the ~~life~~ ^{and} ~~literature~~ ^{literature} of an age, find its catchword, ~~and~~

The latter half of the eighteenth century enthroned the catchword slogan: "Back to Nature." and men prostrated themselves before it and made obeisance to it. It contained a

pain & truth, to be sure. It was an appeal to return from the artificialities of the age, ~~its~~ to the simplicity and wholeness of the natural. But it brought in its wake a basket of falsehoods. It came to mean a disparagement of civilization, a denial of the value of culture & reputation, all the noble ideals of ^{humanity} the age. ~~It~~ ^{It} was moreover, grounded in a false conception of primitive life and in a false reading of history.

~~The cause of industrial change in the~~

The sea of industrial change in the
The French Revolution barked its perked, pominate
~~blasted~~^{mud-and-pink-havard} ~~thinking~~ in catch-words: liberty, equality, fratern-
ity. The truth inherent in them ~~was~~^{was} their ~~seduction~~^{challenge},
~~privileges~~^{suffered} and the enjoyed by some and their ~~craving~~^{craving} for more
democratic opportunities. But the errors and ignorance
and errors and viciousness which these catchwords
clouded were terrible. Liberty was in reality a brutish
lust for license. Equality was a ~~disguise~~^{pretext} for ~~arrogance~~^{unpleasant}.
Fraternity a disguise for arrogance. What a miserable
maculation & sanctities! What a banal blotching
& holiness!

The era of industrial revolution, ^{to} sought to perpetuate its interests in another slogan: "laissez faire" Let it alone! Let industry alone. No need try to regulate or hamper it. Let the government keep its hands off and all will be well. What was ^{the substance of this catch-word.} saving virtue? The application of democracy to industry. The independence of capital from feudal control. ~~what were the~~ The freedom of unhindered expansion in all directions. What were the many ^{values} ~~ends~~ harbored by this catch-word: the irresponsibility of capital to the state. The autonomy of wealth; the disregard of social welfare; the ^{subordination} ~~sacrifice~~ of all social aims to consumption production. In a word, rampant, irresponsible individualism.

During the second half of the nineteenth century a new cat-
-ap and part from month to month, ^{gathering} momentum as
it went. It was Evolution. It shook the very foundations
of the ~~intellectual~~ world. It struck in blind fury every de-
partment of human life. ~~It was~~ ^{with} ~~beneficent~~ ~~now~~ ~~it de-~~
~~stroyed~~ the many structures reared ~~it~~ in the past
by the faith and ingenuity of man. Its ^{negative} element of vir-
tue was tremendous; greater by far than that ^{which} ~~usually~~ ^{is} en-
taired in catchwords. ~~It~~ Evolution spelled the doom of
supernaturalism, of faith in the ~~miraculous~~. It called
for a revision of ~~world~~ history, of religion, of morals. It
shifted the centre of human interest from facts and
~~institutions~~ ^{efforts} to tendencies and influences, from the exte-
ri-
nal to the internal. ~~It~~ ^{but} ~~it~~ established the principle of ~~life~~ ^{life}
over institutions. ~~But~~ Evolution came to ~~mean~~ ^{account}
~~also~~ for rank materialism, for the negation of all the mis-
eries of life, for Evolution became the name of cynicism,
the excuse for brutality, selfishness, ^{and} exploitation, and the
weak. Especially did that other cat-
-ap and the off-
spring of Evolution - "survival of the fittest" - play havoc in
the world. Starting as a scientific ^{explanation} ~~interpretation~~ of Evolution
it wound up as a ^{brag-} ~~refuge~~ ^{and} justification of special
privileges and as a ~~refuge~~ ^{denial} of the virtues
of love and mercy in life. It became the flaunted
boast of every scoundrel who walked rough-shod over the
heart of the weak and the unfortunate. It became of
late the pseudo-scientific justification of national
crimes of aggression and fightfulness.

Our own age has displayed a most unwholesome
weakness for such catchwords, slogans
and mottoes. Varily, it has ~~become~~ ^{become} an obsession.

We recite them as faithfully, as mechanically, as ^{4.}
stupidly as we recite our creeds. Creeds ~~are~~
~~over the trouble~~; thinking. So do catchwords.
Both are braces, or if you prefer narcotics.
They either bolster up your failing courage or put
you to sleep all together. -

~~Our~~ ^{The} favorite ~~sign~~ ^{Catchword} ~~enlightened~~ on the banners
of our national life to-day are "Peace with Honor,"
"Efficiency," ^{By practical} ~~Practical~~ and such like. They all possess
that delicious vagueness and indefiniteness which
renders them so convenient in argumentation. They are
so disconcerting to the opponent. They hint at so
much and say so little.

To the Pacifist who reads in this tragic war the
miserable failure of the policy of national armament
and who vehemently decries the promulgation of a
murderous fateful policy in our own country, the
bewildering rebut ^{in response, in a catchword} ~~is~~ ^{fact} - "Peace with
Honor." ~~Although~~ The pacifist is stumped. He
faces in that catchword the concentrated essence
of unreasoning prejudice and superstition plus the
power of a partial truth which is pleasant and
~~convenient~~. Henceforth all his logic and reasoning
will break in helpless rage upon the ^{unnumerable} rock of the
Catch-word.

Efficiency too, which is now passing glibly
from mouth to mouth, began its established career
as a plain, honest help to the problems of administration.

It has more. The administration of human institutions, industrial, political & what not, needed a little stiffening and tightening, a little systematization and coordination. Efficiency ^{thoughtful} became the slogan of the age. But it has ^{also} become the cry of ruthlessness in industrial life, cold, calculating cruelty in business, the suppression of every ^{warm} humane circumstance in purpose. The elimination of personality in the working man and the reducing of him to the level of a blind automatic producing machine. (~~It is a terrible story~~)

This evening I wish to prick the bubble and the misleading catchword; one which has been the good ~~the~~ stand-by of reactionaries and all other contented fools; the shibboleth of the well-fed, so-called experienced men-of-the-world so-called. The sort of men who mistake bones for brains and the tit for ~~the~~ ^{the} interest for intellect, the sort of men who ~~are~~ ^{are} ~~It's~~ the tantalizingly worst of all. "Be practical." I have heard this transcendent wisdom imparted in deep solemnity to college graduates. "When you get into the world don't be like rattle-brained madcaps following the listening to the ~~press~~ - call ^{and then trying to change the world} new fangled notions and ideas! "Be practical!"

I have heard a young man speak informatively as though his soul flashed through every word he uttered, of the wrongs and hurts of life, of the misery and injustice, the world and his firm resolve to dedicate his life

to the service, humanity: and then I heard the same, deliberate half patronizing half punning tone & the older ~~voice~~ and the voice (rich) ^{identical} ~~man~~ - "Jury man! You are inexperienced in the ways of the world. You are a dreamer, a life pian. Come, be practical". The world will always be as it is." And he concluded his paternal admonition with a rather uncertain Biblical reference which greatly pleased him but which left the young man rather unconvinced.

When ~~men~~ ^{men} ~~would~~ stout hearts and daring souls would ~~let~~ ^{let} ~~themselves~~ out to first blaze a ~~new~~ trail to a new land in to fashion out of old lives new lives, and out of old worlds new worlds, ~~the~~ ^{majestic} ~~mighty~~ chorus, voice is always ready on hand to intone in accents dire the stern warning of reaction: - "Be practical" don't go skimming in the foam of whirl facts! keep your feet on earth. Be Practical!"

"Be Practical" that's the cry that greets the vision-cured soul that would heal the wounds of humanity with the sweet balm of idealism.

"Be Practical" - that's the sneering ^{that is} thrown at the sensitive soul that would transform with the wonderful alchemy of truth all hate into love, all prejudice into sympathy, all selfishness into service.

Recently there passed this pulpit a man who spent a life blessed with ~~many days and many~~ longevity in supreme impracticability - so the knowing and the well-informed man of the world said.

He spoke in the wisdom of age and with the fervor of youth. His ~~own~~ thoughts were living echoes of prophetic truth. He spoke of the new social order. He pictured the stupidity, the folly, the tragedy of the old the present social order. He laid bare its foundations which were ^{the} shifting sands of false theories. He showed where a new social program - of service and co-operation - ~~could~~ ^{would} transform it completely, would bring order out of chaos and life-giving harmony out of discord. Every note of ~~his~~ ^{his} rang true. His intellectual honesty and scientific objectivity was without reproach. And yet..... Many a man and woman on leaving the hall knowingly shake ~~their~~ ^{their} head and say - "Unpractical - Utopian". As if this very attitude of men - This daubing of every sound theory of social reconstruction as unpractical and ~~but~~ ^{but} Utopian - was not the very thing that the lecturer ~~was~~ most bitterly attacking. As if the fallacy of our day to consider the ~~the~~ ^{our} criminally-bumbling order of society to-day as uneminently practical was not the object of the speaker's severest ~~attacks~~ ^{denunciations}.

(Practical! What is practical? and who is practical? To a social order ~~based~~^{founded} on error and ignorance, reared in injustice and iniquity, blotched and smeared with hate and envy, is that a practical thing? And is he practical who would rebuild and unwrite it with a little plastering & almsgiving and a little paint & charity? Or is ~~the~~^{he} who a social order founded in truth and knowledge, reared in justice and equity, ~~unadorned~~^{glorified}

with the ornaments of love and good-will, practical?
and the man who prophet-like would "root out,
pull down, destroy and throw down and then rebuild
and plant anew"? practical. Is patch-work practical
or is thoroughness? Is truth practical or is
error?

Were the wise, experienced practical men - y. the - world
who urged, out of the fullness of their erudite wisdom,
all Europe to arm to the teeth as a practical
means of self-defence, which ^{argued} ultimately plunged
Europe into the deadliest war of all times, were
they really practical? And were the moon-struck,
feather-brained, irresponsible and impractical
men who preached disarmament and arbi-
tration and universal peace really so im-
practical? Haven't the events of the past
two and a half years proclaimed the latter
as the most supremely practical and the former
as the most criminally impractical!
Think of it! After two and a half years of the
bloodiest grappling in history, after the slaughter
of ^{five} million ^{human beings} ~~men~~ the maiming of 10 million,
the ~~unfortunate~~ orphaning, widowing and
impoverishing of 50 million, the destruction
of the painfully-wrought handiwork of gen-
erations - a truce is now made to stop
fighting and go back to where they were
before they began..... And all this of course
the work of wise, experienced practical men - y. the -
world.... yes diplomats and kings..... fools!...

Who is practical? And what is practical? ...
God is practical and truth is the most practical
thing in the world! And any turning away from
God and every deviation from truth - absolute
and uncompromising - is ~~unpractical~~. Every
man who makes God the ^{supremacy} ~~central~~ of his scheme of
life ^{and truth its foundation} ~~that scheme~~ ^{however distant and long} ~~as possible~~ is practical. ~~Every man who makes~~
~~truth the pillars of his~~

The practical man who regards his ^{own} limited store
of knowledge and experience as the only sane and sure
guide to life, who sees only just beyond his nose and
no further, who thinks in terms of events and ~~consequences~~ ^{and consequences}, who
is penny-wise and pound-foolish is the greatest tragedy
in life. He misses the zest of life; the thrill of adventure, the
glow of enterprise, the discipline of gigantic effort and sub-
lime patience, the charm of uncertainty. Deeming him-
self wise, he is foolish. Deeming himself important, he is in-
significant. And when he is not a ^{down-right} ~~positive~~ obstacle
in the way of progress, he is a general nuisance.

My message to you, my friends, and especially to
you my young friends is this:- Do not permit the
noble passions and far-flung visions with which you
may be blessed, to be chilled by the cold breath of the
insolent slogan: "be practical". Do not let not your
adventurous spirit be frightened by it. It's a
shabby, shivering scarecrow. No man who
ever added a pillar to the rising temple of civilization
was ever practical - as men call practical. Had
they been practical they had never been burnt, stoned

and crucified.... If to be practical is to be steeped 10
in the quagmire of convention, to be respected with
legitimized iniquity, to stifle every ^{noble} impulse
and high ranging aspiration, then my friend, be tho-
roughly and absolutely impractical; for you may then
get a taste of heaven. If but if you be impractical
in the things men call practical, you will be sub-
limely practical in the things men call impractical.
~~You will be~~ across the span of the impractical
you will be reaching the hem of God's robe
of glory. And greater practicality hath no man...



The practical man - a tragedy

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Men have a weakness for catch-words. Frequently this weakness becomes an obsession. Catch - words are safety valves for confused thinking. When ~~XXX~~ men haven't the power or the courage to define, analyze and systematize their passion - ridden thoughts they seek refuge in catch - words. Catch - words are conveniences: they relieve you of the necessity for logical thinking and consistent argumentation. When you are driven to the wall by formidable logical opponents, just shut your eyes and in deep sonorous solemnity utter your favorite catch-word, and your opponent will scuttle off in despair.

Catch-words have enough truth in them to make them attractive and enough falsehood to make them dangerous. The grain of truth that is in a catch-word is surface truth apparent to all. The bushels of falsehood is underground and is made visible to the searching eyes of the critical only.

Cathh-words ~~XXX~~ at best are (mantles, markers) of truth; at worst distortions. Catch-words are the blurred, faded indistinct miniature of truth, or rather the broad, blatant caricatures of it.

Catch-words are the stock-in-trade of demagogues, the cooing (coins) of petty minds, the tools of knaves and the pabulum of ~~XXX~~ fools.

Catch-words are short-cuts to hell!

Every age has its own little catch-word and its own little slogan. Round it revolve the confused maggoty brains of the time. They flutter round it like moths around a flame. If you want to understand the life and literature of an age, find its catch-word.

The latter half of the eighteenth century enthroned the slogan "back to nature". And men prostrated themselves before it and made obeis~~nces~~nces to it. It contained a grain of truth, to be sure. It was an appeal to return from the artificialities of the age to the simplicity and

wholesomeness of the natural. But it brought in its wake a bushel of falsehoods. It came to mean a disparagement of civilization, a denial of culture, a refutation of all the noble ideals of humanity. It was, moreover, grounded in a false conception of primitive life and in a false reading of history.

The French Revolution vented its perturbed, passionate mind- and (soul) travail in catch-words: liberty, equality, fraternity. The truth inherent in them was the challenge ~~XXX~~(principle) and the cry for more democratic opportunities. But the ignorance ~~XX~~ and error and viciousness which ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ these catch-words clouded were terrible. Liberty was in reality a brutish, lusty license. Equality was a pretext for insolence. Fraternity a disguise for arrogance. What a miserable maculation of santities! What a banal blotching of holiness!

The era of the industrial revolution too sought to perpetuate its interests in a slogan: "laissez-faire". "Let it alone". Do not try to regulate or hamper it. Let the government keep its hands off and all will be well. What was the peculiar saving virtue of this catch-word? The application of democracy to industry. The independence of capital from feudal control. The freedom of unhampered expansion in all directions. ^{were} What ~~XXX~~ the ~~XXXX~~ many falsehoods harbored by this catchword: the irresponsibility of capital to the state. The autocracy of wealth; the disregard of social welfare; the subordination of all social aims to economic production. In a word, rampant, irresponsible individualism.

During the second half of the nineteenth century a new catch-word past from ~~XXX~~ mouth to mouth, gathering momentum as it went. It was Evolution. It shook the very foundations of the world. It struck in blind fury every department of human life. Its ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ measure of verity was tremendous; greater by far than that which is commonly contained in catch-words. Evolution spelt the doom of supernaturalism. It

called for a revision of history, religion and morals. It shifted the centre of human interest from facts and events to tendencies and influences, from the external to the internal, and it established the primacy of life over institutions. But of the evils and errors and falsehoods it Evolution came to ~~XXXX XXXX~~ to account for rank materialism, for the negation of all the niceties of life. Evolution became the (mace) of cynicism, the excuse for brutality, selfishness and exploitation. Especially did that catchword, ~~XXXX~~ the offspring of evolution - "survival of the fittest", play havoc with the world. Starting as a scientific explanation of evolution it wound up as a brazen-faced justification of special privilege and as a ~~XXXXXX~~ ^{denial} of the virtue of love and in life. It became the flaunted boast of every scoundrel who walked roughshod over the hearts ~~XXX~~ of the weak and the unfortunate. It ~~MAX~~ became of late the pseudo-scientific justification of national crimes of aggression and frightfulness.

Our own age has displayed a most unwholesome weakness for just such catch-words, slogans and mottoes. Verily, it has become an obsession. We recite them as faithfully, as mechanically, as stupidly as we recite our creeds.

The favorite catchword ~~XX~~ emblazoned on the banners of our national life today are "peace with honor" and "efficiency", "be practical" and such like. They all possess that delicious vagueness and indefiniteness which render them so convenient in argumentation. They are so disconcerting to the opponent. They hint at so much and say so little.

To the pacifist who reads ~~XXX~~ tragic war ~~XXXX~~ the miserable ~~XXXXXX~~ ~~XXXX~~ failure of the policy of national armament and who vehemently decries the promulgation of a similar fateful policy in our own country, the bewildering retort in a catch-word is hurled back - "peace with honor". The pacifist is stunned. He faces in that catch-word the concentrated

essence of unreasoning prejudice~~E~~ and superstition plus the fervor of a partial truth. Henceforth all his logic and reasoning will break in helpless rage upon the immoveable rock of the catch-word.

Efficiency too ~~XX~~ which is now passing glibly from mouth to mouth began its exalted career as ~~XXXXXX~~ plain, honest help to problems of administration. The administration of human institutions, industrial, political ~~XXX~~ or what not, needed a little stiffening and tightening, a little systematization and coordination. Efficiency itself became the slogan of the age. But it has also become the cry of ruthlessness in industrial life, cold calculating cruelty in business, the suppression of every warm, humanitarian impulse, the elimination of personality in the working man and the reducing of him to the level of a blind, automatic producing machine.

This evening I wish to prick the bubble of our misleading catchwords; one which has been the good standby of reactionaries and all other conceited fools; the shibboleth of the well fed, experienced man of the world so-called. The sort of man who mistakes bonds for brains and interest for intellect. It's the tantalizingly sweet refrain "be practical". I have heard this transcendent wisdom imparted in deep solemnity to college graduates. "When you get out into the world don't be rattle-brained madcaps listening to the siren call of new fangled notions and ideas! "Be practical".

I have heard a young man speak importunately as though his soul glistened through every word he uttered, of the wrongs and hurts of life, of the misery and injustice of the world and of his firm resolve to dedicate his life to the service of humanity: and then I heard the , deliberate half patronizing half tone of the older and the wiser, (sic!) man~~X~~ saying to him: "Young man! You are inexperienced in the ways of the world. You are a dreamer, a utopian. Come, 'be practical'. The

world will always be as it is." And he concluded his paternal admonition with a rather uncertain ^{Biblical} reference which greatly pleased him but which left the young man unconvinced.

Whenever ~~XX~~ stout hearts and daring souls would set out to blaze a trail to a new land or to fashion out ^{new lives} of old lives, and out of old worlds new worlds, a majestic chorus of voices ^{is} always ready on hand to ~~X~~ intone in accents dire the solemn warning of reaction: -"Be practical~~X~~. Don't go in the foam of foolish faces! keep your feet on earth. Be ~~prattical~~."

"Be practical". That's the cry that greets the vision-cured soul that would heal the wounds of humanity with the sweet balm of idealism. "Be practical" - that's the sneer that is thrown at the sensitive soul that would transform with the wonderful alchemy of truth all hate with love, all ~~XXXXX~~ prejudice into sympathy, all selfishness into service. (graced)

Recently there paced this pulpit a man who spent a life blessed with longevity in supreme impracticability - so the knowing and the well informed men-of-the-world said. He spoke in the wisdom of age and ^{with} the fervor of youth. His thoughts were living echoes of prophetic truths. He spoke of the new social order. He pictured the stupidity, the folly, the tragedy of the old, the present social order. He laid bare ~~XXX~~ its foundations which were the shifting sands of false theories. He showed where a new social program of service and cooperation would transform it completely, would bring order out of chaos, and harmony out of discord. (His) Every note rang true. Its intellectual honesty and scientific chastity was without reproach. And yet ... many a man and woman in leaving did knowingly shake their heads and say "impractical...utopian"...as if this very attitude of men, this daubing of every sound theory of social reconstruction as impractical and utopian --- wasn't the very thing that the lecture ^{was} most bitterly attacking. As if the fallacy of our day to

consider our criminally-bungling order of society as eminently practical wasn't the object of the speaker's severest denunciations.

Practical! What is practical? And who is practical? Is a social order founded on error and ignorance, reared in injustice and iniquity, bloated and smeared with hate and envy, is that a practical thing? And is he practical who would rebuild ~~XX~~ and renovate it with a little plastering of alms -giving and a little paint of charity? ... Or is a social order founded in truth and knowledge, reared in justice and equity, glorified with the ornaments of love and good-will practical? And is the man who prophet-like would "root out, pull down, destroy and throw down and then rebuild and replant anew" practical? Is patch-work practical or is thoroughness? Is truth practical or is error?

We ~~are~~ the wise experienced ~~men~~ practical men-of-the-world who urged, out of the fullness of their esoteric wisdom, all Europe to arm to the teeth as a practical measure of self-defense, which urging ultimately plunged Europe into the deadliest war of all times, were they really practical? And were the moon-struck, feather-brained, irresponsible and impractical men who preached disarmament and arbitration and universal peace really so impractical? Haven't the events of the past two and a half years proclaimed the latter as the most supremely practical, and the former as the most criminally impractical! .. Think of it! After two and a half years of the bloodiest grappling in history, after the slaughter of three million human beings, the maiming of eight million, the orphaning, widowing and impoverishing of 50 million, the destruction of the painfully wrought handiwork of generations - an offer is now made to stop fighting and go back to where they were before they began and all this of course is the work of wise, experienced practical men-of-the-world... yes diplomats and kings... fools!

Who is practical? And what is practical? God is practical

and truth is the most practical thing in the world'. And any turning away from ~~XXXXX~~ God and every deviation from truth - absolute and uncompromising - is impractical. Every man who makes God of his scheme of life and truth its foundation, be that scheme however distant and daring, is practical.

The practical man who regards his own limited store of knowledge and experience as the only ~~XXXX~~ sane and sure guide to life, who sees only just beyond his nose and no further, who is penny-wise and pound*foolish, is the greatest tragedy in life. He misses the zest of life: the thrill of adventure, the glow of enterprise, the discipline of gigantic effort and sublime patience, the charm of uncertainty. Deeming himself wise he is foolish. Deeming himself important he is insignificant. And when he is ~~XX~~ not a down-right obstacle in the way of progress, he is a general nuisance.

My message to you, my friends, and especially my young friends, is this: - Do not permit noble passions and far-flung visions with which you may be blessed to be chilled by the cold breath of the insolent slogan: "BE Practical." Let not your adventurous spirits be frightened by it. It's a shabby, slovenly scarecrow. No man who ever added a pillar to the rising temple of civilization was ever practical. - as men call practical. Had they been practical they had ^ever been burnt, stoned, and crucified... If to be practical is to be steeped in the quagmire of convention, to be surfeited with legitimatized iniquity, to stifle every noble impulse and ranging aspiration, then my friend, be thoroughly and absolutely impractical; for you may then get a taste of heaven. But if you be impractical in the things men call practical you will be sublimely practical in the things men call impractical. Across the span of the impractical you will be reaching the hem of God's robe of glory. And greater practicability hath no man....