

THE WORN DOORSTEP

and the anguish of time and of eternity were crowded into it. Yet even in that flash I knew that no mere human contact could ever bring you so close as you are now to me. Separated by walls of mere flesh and bone, there could no longer be this entire one-ness of soul with soul. You, beloved, are forever too near to touch. What death may be I know not, but it is something far different from what we mortals think.

Then I saw that Peter's companion was only another British Tommy, who needed my hospitality; and I helped make ready his beef and beer with great gladness in my heart.

. . . Content for you. Men from old time have died for the faith they held, and men have died for dreams. I know no faith, no dream better worth dying for than this for which you gave your life, the dream of human freedom. It is our race pride that a passion for liberty was kin-