

fusion of a thousand torments, sees her pure face shine like a distant star upon him. Yet striving up to her he strives in vain,—knowing her now in all her radiant worth, he knows too late—and recognising Truth at last he may not reach it. For between Truth and Falsehood is a great gulf fixed—and God's Voice hath declared, "Whoso rejecteth the Divine shall be by the Divine rejected." And Justice cannot change itself for all the pleadings of the saints and seraphim. Thus in the outer Darkness there is always weeping,—and in the inner Light always a music of perpetual prayer; for forever and forever Love contends with Doubt,—forever and forever Truth comes and is rejected,—forever and forever God sets wide the door of Heaven, bidding us enter in, and we by choice bar it against ourselves.

Nevertheless the despised Angel waits!

THE END