

THE WORN DOORSTEP

and I and Don and Puck and the Atom and our English queens. Among us all she will get a well-rounded training."

The stream is rippling past with its old music; the pony is grazing in the meadow; my June roses glow within my garden, yellow, white, and deep red; and still the vast sea of human sorrow breaks, breaks against my garden wall, and no one knows whither its tides may draw. Is it thus that the whole earth must gain the finer knowledge that comes alone through suffering and learn how false are the gods it has been following with swift feet?

I hardly dare confess my foolishness, but when I saw Peter that day of his return come down the village street with a tall khaki-clad figure beside him, I thought for one whole blissful, awful moment that he had found you, living, and had brought you home. Through many such moments I could not live; all the joy