

and died away. And as he had made an end of waiting, so he made an end of chanting.

He came and stood before her.

And he said: "Your eyes are the eyes of an angel, but your heart is your own."

Her eyes wondered, but her heart said: "Not so."

She asked him: "What is love."

And he said: "It is the enduring of life, and the meeting of death. It is the strength of sorrow, and the gentleness of joy. It is the ease of battle, and the mightiness of peace. It is a wandering together in strange ways. It is entering together into new worlds, and tasting together of uncertain fruit. It is the child of mutual purpose."

She asked him: "Where was it born?"

He answered: "It was never born, nor shall it ever die. It became a yoke as we journeyed. We joined hands in passion and strove with pain. We bowed to duty and surmounted fate. We met through lives unreckoned, and lost the grossness of the body in many valiant deaths. Our hearts invoked the beauty of the world."

She besought him: "What is it bears this love?"

And he declared to her: "The Soul."

She cried: "I know it not."

"In all the change," he told her, "this Soul enduring, passes towards perfection. This looks upon the scenes of life and learns the use. This knows of faith and trust and help and promise. This survives failure and outlasts the old shames that are buried and forgotten in ancient graves. And the Soul sings to its comrade Soul, and the song is Love."

Then the woman hid her face, and cried: "I cannot hear it; I cannot hear it." And she turned away, and went out into the darkness.

Then was there a great stillness, but the voice of the sea stirred through the silence. And he stood in the arch of the temple and looked upon the stars. And it was as though the Eternal had set an hour of peace.

And a new heart began to swell in the hollow of his breast. Whereat he rejoiced. And he thought: "There are many sacrifices, and the offerings fail, but Love remains. Yet is my Soul gone forth into the darkness."

IRIS H. HILL.