

est ends of life. But the soul soon feels the unsatisfactory nature of such an existence, and

“ God before whom lie bare
The abysmal deeps of Personality
Plagued her with sore despair.”

Ere long she began to loathe her solitude, and scorn herself ; and so, to drive away her pain, comes down to the cottage in the vale among the homes of men. There lies her duty, and there in the loveliness of good deeds will her true happiness be found. What the soul wants is not inaction. “ Give her the glory of going on, and still to be.” “ The wages of sin is death,” but what, virtue asks, is “ the wages of going on, and not to die.”

