

hour on this embroidery when I really should have been sleeping." I did not know what to say. I wanted to tell her I was sorry she had ever thought of them. They were certainly no joy to her in the giving, and no joy to me in the receiving. She made me feel that I was accepting the product of sweated labor. This was a gift with a sting!

As this is the last chapter in the book I find it hard to end it. I am one of these irritating people, who hang on to the door-knob after they say good-bye, and will neither come back nor go, always remembering something else which must be said, and here it is:

Do not look for safety in this world. There is no safety here. There is only balance. This is what Christ meant when he said: "As a man thinketh in his heart—so is he". We have not much choice in the mechanics of our lives—the house we live in—the family or race we belong to—the color of our eyes or skin. But in one respect we have liberty and that is in our attitude to life. Many a busy woman has truthfully said that her life is a never-ending round, a steady grind, but if she has in her heart this spiritual balance, she can make her life a spiral round, by giving it that Other Dimension, which is the greatest thing in the world.

THE END.