

gentler sex work out the purification of the race. As the moss in the heart of the stone, I see this truth lying in the heart of the ceremonial ! As Christ's cross precedes the cleansing of regeneration, so woman's cross is the means by which the decays of life are offset by new created beings. By the bier of the wondrous comforter of others, I may surely appeal to those who hear me and loved her to seek with quickened ardour to offer the pain-assuaging myrrhs to those grand souls who go along the way to life's crucial glories. I'd have such justice done as would cause all women to cease pitying themselves because they are such, and go about rejoicing that God gave them the superlative privileges of womanhood."

There came forth a loud cry, with moanings, from the part of the temple, called the "Mother's Pillow," where the honoured dead lay.

"Miriamne, oh, Miriamne, you brought me through Gethsemane to your Calvary !"

A silence almost oppressive fell on the assembly. It was the silence of a pity too deep for words.

Then spake the Hospitaler, in words as invigorating as a herald of God's should be, and yet as soothing as a mother's to her child in pain :

"Christ, who loved the young man who was very good and yet not perfect, loves thee, for He is unchanging in His mercy. Hear me, an old man, stricken with the years that have schooled, and one who has experienced the bitterness of widowhood after loyal, full loving. God's hand is on thee. He is schooling thee to carry on the work begun by thy wondrous consort now asleep."

"Oh, Miriamne, Miriamne ! alone in the dark, I move through Gethsemane towards thy Calvary !"

Again the silence of pity was broken by the voice of the knight :

"Remember how David of the White Kingdom was called and furnished for his kingdom. 'He chose David also, His servant, and took him from the sheep-folds, from following the ewes great with young. He brought him to feed Jacob, His people, and Israel, His inheritance.'

"Missioner-shepherd, God calls thee to a ministry of love, for those whose trials thou hast now been taught, in part, to measure. You have heard how Hadadrimmon, the fabled god of the harvest, ever comes, bearing sheaves, with tears.

"Thus speaks the prophet :