

II

AN EXILE INDEED

THE world has heard much concerning the sadness of farewell. But there is one form of sadness deeper still; it is the hollow pain of a parting that is untouched with sorrow. How many a once devoted wife, life's bloom of love long dead, must sit with folded hands after the door has closed upon the outgoing husband who was once the lover of her youth, remembering with anguish how different far were the farewells of other days before love's lamp had burned low and pale, then flickered in dying hope, then gone out in blackness!

So, alas! was it with the wife of the cultured and distinguished minister of St. Enoch's when, a few days later, he took his departure on his distant mission. She could hear the rumble of the wheels, hearse like, as they bore him forth—and the lack of anguish in her breast filled that breast with the deepest anguish a woman's heart can know.

But if womanhood is thus equipped for sorrow, it has its holy compensations. Though the well of married bliss may, and often does, become choked and dry, the all-compensating Hand has opened in