

soul-testing experiences possible in this life—separation from the beloved woman whom for about six years he has called wife.

He has our sympathy and prayers; and we are sure that if you are a man or woman of high christian ideals, you would only have had to know any one of the two to ensure his having yours also. But stay—Do we ponder it enough—in church, in the woods, by the sea-side, in the solitude of our rooms or in the silent places of the plains or the mountains?:

“There may be those about us whom we neither see nor name.”

At such testing times it may often be true that “common is the common-place, and vacant chaff, well-meant for grain.” But when the human soul has truly experienced that unselfish love which holds life itself less dear than the kinship with another soul, a man may dare to look Death himself in the face, for he *feels* that there must be a Power, a Love, a Life in the Universe about us—

“Which masters Time indeed, and is
Eternal, separate from fears.”

When the soul-anguish of our Principal has been soothed by the Fatherhand and the Fatherheart of God Himself, and the dimness of tears has passed from our eyes, may we (and all who suffer as he now does) find ourselves reminded that—

“* * * * * no shade can last
In that deep dawn behind the tomb,
But clear from marge to marge shall bloom
The eternal landscape of the past.”

There, through all, we shall be sustained by the fathomless love of the self-sacrificing Master, Christ, Who represents and reveals to us the heart of the Life-Architect and resourceful, unailing, and all-loving Alchemist of all creation.

—D. A. C.

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“HE AND SHE”

“She is dead!” they said to him; “come away;
Kiss her and leave her,—thy love is clay!”
They smoothed her tresses of dark-brown hair;
On her forehead of stone they laid it fair,
Over her eyes that gazed too much,
They drew the lids with a gentle touch;
With a tender touch they closed up well
The sweet thin lips that had secrets to tell;
About her brow and beautiful face
They tied her veil and her marriage lace,
And over her bosom they crossed her hands.
“Come away!” they said; “God understands.”

But he—who loved her too well to dread
The sweet, the stately, the beautiful dead,—
He lit his lamp, and took the key
And turned it: Alone again!—He and She!—