

except Mr. Otis, my one friend who was absolutely unselfish and true, who helped me to "find myself," when I was groping in the dark.

As I write them down, it comes to me that those two words of his mean a great deal, even more than I realised when they stepped forward in my mind, ready for the pen. "Find myself." Yes, they do mean a great deal. I think that to find God, we must first find ourselves; for God gives intimate help through the living spark of Himself He has put into our hearts, once we have found out what it is. That must be why, and how, He has given us Himself.

The beauty of Venice and the thoughts it gave me made me listen for messages to my spirit, and they often came. I grew to feel that it was worth being born and living a whole life just to see a single sunrise if one could get its message, for one might learn from it in a moment all that a long life ought to have taught but had not. And it came to me that the universe, with its suns and stars, the earth, with its seas and forests, we with our joys and sorrows, are all, all one and the same. Even the merciless storms are not other than our own moods, on a grand scale.

It was wonderful to dare feel myself part of the greatness.

One day a vast cloud-shadow sailed slowly over the lagoon, like an immense purple canopy. It darkened the water, and made Venice and her islands look livid as drowned corpses. Then, slowly as it had come, the deadly blackness passed away, leaving the lagoon and the sky above clear as crystal. Suddenly I wondered whether the black cloud-shadow which had passed over my soul would leave the stain of its darkness always, or whether I too might become crystal clear, and so be truly a part of the beautiful picture