

lost to him. He came out without a tie on earth—a living man from whom all previous reasons for existence seemed to have been removed. For six years he had worked in the penitentiary with all the energy that was in him, in order to keep his thoughts from driving him mad. At one time all had been before him. And now— Oh, the silent grinding of the teeth during the first two years of it! After that he grew quieter and became able to regard his life calmly. He learned how to suffer. To a large extent he ceased now to think about himself. In the lowest depths of mental misery self died. Then, for the first time in his life, he was able to realize the extent of his wrongs to others. What now broke him down gradually was not, as at first, the bitterness of his own lost hopes, but the thought that the life of Margaret was wrecked—and by him, that the lives of others had been wrecked—and by him. This was what the penitentiary now consisted of. This was the penitentiary which would last for always.

When the period of his sentence had expired, he had gone to New York and obtained work with his old employers on Wall Street. But his mind was not in his occupation. With his energy, it was impossible to live with no definite end in view. Why plod along on microscopic savings, like a mere machine to be fed and to work? When mental anguish, for him the worst whip of retribution, had made thought for self so unbearable that at last it died, there arose in him, untarnished by selfishness, the nobility which had always been occultly stamped upon him, and which in prison enabled him to protect himself, as it were, against madness, and to refuse to be unable to suffer—a nobility able to realize the perfection of a life lived for others, which none can realize until first thought for self has been in some way killed. Rightly or wrongly, he had become convinced in years of anguished thought that with a continually aching heart may coexist an in-