

CALVARY

his life for sake of a life unknown, as one gives one's hand to a friend. But when he knew us safe, and I spoke . . . his joy was more than tortured heart could bear. Some vessel burst in brain, or lungs—I know not—nor does it matter now. He was in my arms . . . his last words were of me. I had won some human love, and by its aid my feet were set one short stride farther on the ascending path. I—who once rescued him from the sea, gave him back to the sea again."

Craddock gazed at the face of the speaker, so strangely moved from all the calm or gaiety of old. That David was dead scarcely surprised him. He had read that news in the first glance of meeting eyes. But—above the sadness of the story and the heroism of its conclusion, he had marked *one* word which furnished clue and point of interest.

"You rescued him from the sea . . . you ?"

"Even I. It says much, yet little. I saved him from that shipwreck ; I left him a year-old babe to the mercies of kinder hearts than those to whom he owed the doubtful blessing of existence. I drew to him your interest and your notice, and I asked your help. You gave it. You will have your reward. But now the task is finished. You may rest. One good deed you have done, and for sake of it peace shall bless your days. No better gift can life bestow."

"I am learning that," said Craddock humbly ; "even as I am learning that the end of life is but its beginning, the renewal of that which cannot cease to be renewed."

"Then—at last you are learning Truth. Art lives and re-lives, and love that blesses human lives, and goodness that makes those lives divine ; and divinity that is born into humanity in types of greater or lesser significance to teach the holy lessons of suffering and of selflessness. Our David was such a one. Strong of soul, pure of heart, and yet not strong enough for life's most subtle tempting. For by woman man fell from his high estate ; by woman is he given back again and yet again into physical existence. By woman is he cursed, and by woman is he redeemed. Only one Incarnation was pure enough and holy enough to defy her treachery. For sake of it her soul shall win