

by, she went on with her hospital work. From the depths of the grief into which she was plunged, she could discern some truths that might have remained unknown if her life had continued sunny—just as at noonday from the bottom of a deep pit or well the stars above us can be seen. To her the bitterness of her life was medicinal. Speaking chemically, it was like the acid of the unripe apple acting upon the starch in it to make a sugar—thus to perfect a sweet maturity. She was one of the richly endowed women in whom sensitiveness and strength combine peculiarly for either superlative joy or sorrow, and hers was a grief which, for her, nothing but tending the bed of sickness seemed to mitigate. Many a bruised heart was healed, gladdened, and bewitched by the angel smile on the sweet firm, full lips which could quiver with compassion. There are some smiles, given for others, when grief has made thought for self unbearable, which nothing but a descent into hell and glorious rising again could produce.

CHAPTER XXIX.

This is peace!

To conquer love of self and lust of life,
 To tear deep-rooted passion from the breast,
 To still the inward strife;
 For glory, to be lord of self; . . .

. . . For countless wealth,
 To lay up lasting treasure
 Of perfect service rendered, duties done
 In charity, soft speech, and stainless days;
 These riches shall not fade away in life
 Nor any death dispraise.

(*Buddha's Sermon.—The Light of Asia.*) ARNOLD.

GEOFFREY HAMPSTEAD had come out of the penitentiary with his former hopes for life shattered. Margaret was