

rather die at three o'clock that afternoon than go through what he saw immediately ahead of us. A simple case of a weary prophet, temporarily caught in the pattern.

As we sat in the great quiet office-building and looked out over the roofs of New York and across the Hudson to the Palisades, the other prophet spoke: "An optimist resting!" (You can't get these men to admit that they are prophets.) "Can't you see Elijah sitting there under the juniper-tree, weary from his strenuous experience with the prophets of Baal, whom he had slain the day before, foot-sore after his day's journey into the wilderness, his tunic torn, his throat parched, his stomach empty, and his courage gone? And

can't you hear him say it, 'Now, O Lord, take away my life?'"

It seems to be all in the day's work with these prophets occasionally to get to the place where they want to die, when they have been caught in the pattern and realize all which must be gone through before they can reach the vision they see off in the future.

But before our friend from the Far East left the office he said that he had decided to live until five o'clock instead of three. And a week later I heard that he was rested and ready to go through whatever might lie ahead. Once more he had climbed up where he could look into the future.

You simply can't keep a good prophet in the pattern!

Time Hath No Lance to Wound Her

BY ALAN SULLIVAN

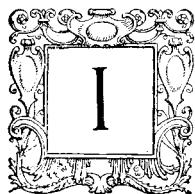
TIME hath no lance to wound her,
 Age follows not her feet,
 For time hath ever found her
 Unaged—divine—complete,
 With all that men may cherish
 In her clear gaze exprest,
 And all for which men perish
 Hid, potent, in her breast:

Kin with all perfect creatures,
 Serving—as serve the free,
 Bearing all lesser natures
 With proud benignity;
 Lavish of her heart's treasure,
 Just—as the Gods are just,
 And conscious of the measure
 Of all she holds in trust:

As wheels the still night's splendor
 About its changeless pole,
 All mercies calm and tender
 Circle her steadfast soul;
 And starry things that wander
 Through caverns in the skies
 Pause, and peer down—then ponder
 O'er the mirror of her eyes.

His Fiancée

BY BETH BRADFORD GILCHRIST



It had not occurred to Huldah Baring as within the bounds of possible human fortuities that she could ever dislike coming home. Baring Ridge was too deeply a part of herself; its brooks, its woods, its ledges, its sunsets and high-shouldering hills and far-flung pasture steeps were too intricately interwoven with her happiest memories to make such contemplation comfortable. To admit it opened a vista of ugly possibilities. It was like admitting a distaste for yourself or your family. You shuddered back as from the brink of a chasm.

Especially, to evade Baring Ridge in springtime was unthinkable. As far back as she could remember into her little girlhood had not pussy-willows in city florists' windows stirred her veins to a delicious tumult? It mattered nothing that snow lay deep on The Ridge and would so lie for months; Huldah was thereafter uneasy until with the birds she could turn her face toward the coquettish Northern spring.

In those happy far-off years, remote in mood, not time, she would have laughed at the suggestion that a day could ever come when pussy-willows would have no power over her save to exact repulsion; when even from pink-and-white mats of arbutus she would turn her face as from a tryst she had no wish to keep. But now, as through level sun-rays familiar houses and barns and chicken-coops began to lurch past the car window below the more slowly wheeling hills, Huldah knew that she was where she was solely because of her mother's letter.

"Aren't you ever coming home? People will be saying next that the thing is true."

That was what had drawn her. She had been afraid to come home, but she had been more afraid of the other thing.

Huldah had been brought up on a theory that what you did not acknowledge was, so far as you were concerned, non-existent, and she had practised it with dexterity and acumen. If you did not care to see a thing, look another way. Though for the most part this theory had fed on the flimsiest of textures, justifying itself by a gay courage that found life good because it had not gone deep, yet in her supreme moment it had found apotheosis. Facing Peter Hewitt's death, the girl had been wholly transcendental. Without premeditated philosophy or conscious religious impulsion—habited to church-going all her life, she had remained apparently impervious to more than the rubber stamp of churchliness—at once Huldah Baring had oriented herself by an other-worldliness as simple and instinctive as it was early-Christian. Like Peter Hewitt's comrades in arms, she had reacted instantly in intuitive denial of the finality of death.

How clearly she remembered the September afternoon when word came that Peter had "gone west." She had been roaming the hill, as she and Peter had loved to do, and the chauffeur's boy had been sent out to find her. Between Huldah's eyes and the houses thickening outside the car window flashed a vivid memory of the boy's face, white and scared, as it peered at her through the reddening pendants of a barberry-bush. "Mis' Hewitt wants you down to the house." His voice had gone quite out in the middle of the sentence, spent by nervousness. She had known then what news was waiting for her; it had not needed the broken speech of Peter's mother to tell. But while she made her way down the hill to meet it, skirting the little waterfall that Peter loved, past the pool where the biggest trout rose to their bait, through the grove of white birches where the boy Peter had burst in on her the first time she ever saw him, all the