

that seemed to burst suddenly into the flower of a full-blown song.

"I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger
I can tarry, I can tarry but a night."

The youth leaned forward and listened breathlessly. But the voice was dying and the tinkle of the bell came on the stillness, faint as a memory."

It was the voice of Ann, his "little pilgrim," as he learned to call her. It was characteristic of Abraham to win his way in spite of obstacles, and there is a very human picture of his holding Ann's hand beneath the quilt at the quilting-bee, regardless of the fact that she was pledged to John McNeil.

"A look of surprise showed on Ann's face as she whispered, 'Turn loose of my hand.'

'I can't, I've got to hold on to somethin'. I'm afraid of women.'

For a moment or two her hand was held in prison. Once more he whispered,

'Afraid of women, am I, little Ann Rutledge?'

An instant she lifted her eyes to his. He had never known they were such beautiful violet blue."

Though her tender conscience was hurt, she forgave him gravely afterwards. Later, when she is free to accept Abe's love, what a charming episode is drawn of her sitting by the brook with her lover crowned with her May Queen's wreath, while Abraham tells her he is finding his way to God through her.

'Let us leave the Queen's crown on her throne,' and he took the wreath from her and put it on the stone where she had been sitting.

How pathetic the account of the girl's death, two months later, as she dies in her lover's arms.

"You want the pilgrim song?"

'Yes, my little pilgrim that is mine. Can you sing it?'

'Yes, indeed, and I want to.'

'I can tarry, I can tarry but a night.'

"Ann! Ann! what's the matter, Ann?"

Warm and close she lay in his arms like a little child, but she was silent."

In his agony of spirit he revisits the throne on which he had laid the May Day crown.

'You will come back to me. We will have our little home. Oh, Ann! Ann!'

He dropped his face against the faded leaves."

The last picture of him is by her grave.

"Whether he were praying there, or weeping or struggling for the grace of resignation, none might know, for no sound came from his lips. But on the edge of the wood he stood with his sad grey eyes turned to the little mound of earth, but he lifted them from the mound to a cloud bank rimmed with silver. "Soul of Ann Rutledge—yes, I believe!"

H. H.

COMING EVENTS.

April 16th.—Society for the State Registration of Nurses. Meeting Executive Committee, 431, Oxford Street, London, W. 4 p.m.

"THE IMITATION OF CHRIST."

THE EDITH CAVELL EDITION.

Most of us have our favourite edition of the "Imitation of Christ" which we would not willingly exchange for any other. The wonderful little volume in four books by Thomas Haemmerlein (A Kempis), who was born at Kempén, in Germany, in 1380, was first published in Latin about 1470, and in English in 1677. Probably next to the sacred writings no book has been so much beloved by Christians of all countries and nationalities. It is a book of deep spirituality, of quiet serenity, and those most deeply permeated by its spirit radiate the peace which passes all understanding, and the joy which no man taketh from them.

There has recently been published by Mr. Humphrey Milford, of the Oxford University Press, Amen Corner, London, E.C., in the pocket edition of the World's Classics, price 2s. 6d. net, an edition which Bishop Ryle, Dean of Westminster, who contributes the Foreword, describes as "a rare treasure." "This little edition of the 'Imitation of Christ' is a facsimile of the copy which belonged to Edith Cavell, and which she had with her in the prison of St. Gilles in Brussels. Two months intervened between her arrest on August 5th, 1915, and her court martial on October 7th and 8th. . . . During the long, lonely period of her imprisonment, as well as during the last three days of dreadful expectancy, she used this little book. You can see reproduced in these pages the markings that she made at different times against passages which she found especially helpful and comforting."

The personal markings in a book are always intimate and sacred. They are specially poignant in this one, which consoled Edith Cavell in those last hours of preparation for a violent death. In it she wrote her last message to her mother.

Here are some of the marked passages:—

"Occasions of adversity best discover how great virtue or strength each one hath."

"For occasions do not make a man frail, but they show what he is."

"Thou must pass through fire and water before thou come to the place of refreshing."

"It were more just that thou shouldst accuse thyself, and excuse thy brother."

"Keep close to Jesus both in life and death, and commit thyself unto His trust, who, when all fail, can alone help thee."

"After winter followeth summer, after night the day returneth, and after a tempest a great calm."

The book is dedicated to Queen Alexandra.

A WORD FOR THE WEEK.

TRUTH PREVAILS.

"It fortifies my soul to know that though I perish truth is so."

Arthur Hugh Clough.

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