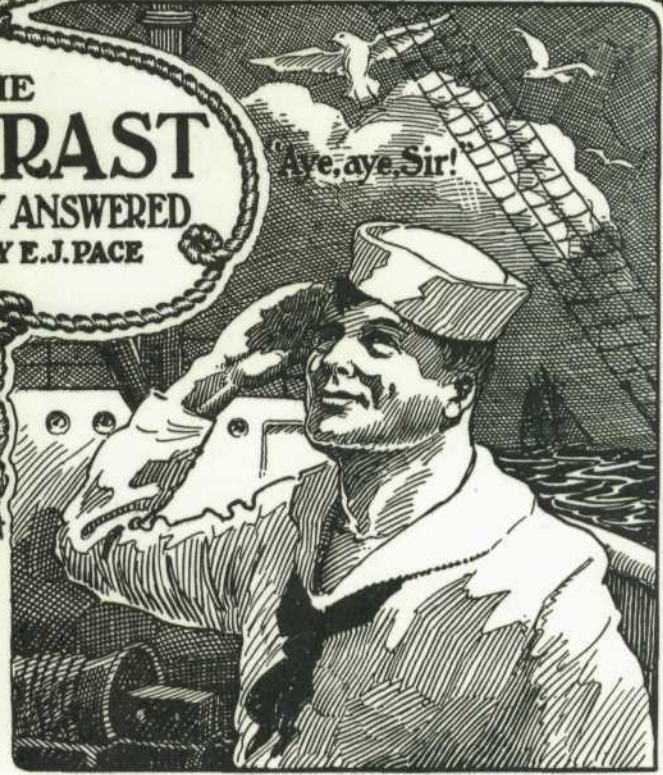


THE  
**CONTRAST**  
 INFIDELITY ANSWERED  
 DRAWN BY E. J. PACE



**O**ut of the night that covers me,  
 Black as the pit from pole to pole,  
 I thank whatever gods may be  
 For my unconquerable soul.  
 In the fell clutch of circumstance  
 I have not winced, nor cried aloud.  
 Under the bludgeoning of chance  
 My head is bloody, but unbowed.  
 Beyond this place of wrath and tears  
 Looms but the horror of the shade;  
 And yet the menace of the years  
 Finds, and shall find, me unafraid.  
 It matters not how strait the gate,  
 How charged with punishment the scroll,  
 I am the master of my fate;  
 I am the captain of my soul.

"Invictus" by Wm. Henley

**O**ut of the light that dazzles me,  
 Bright as the sun from pole to pole,  
 I thank the God I know to be  
 For Christ the conqueror of my soul.  
 Since His the sway of circumstance  
 I would not wince nor cry aloud.  
 Under that rule which men call chance  
 My head with joy is humbly bowed.  
 Beyond this place of sin and tears—  
 That life with Him! and His the aid,  
 That, spite the menace of the years,  
 Keeps, and shall keep, me unafraid.  
 I have no fear though strait the gate;  
 He cleared from punishment the scroll.  
 Christ is the Master of my fate;  
 Christ is the Captain of my soul.

"My Captain" by Dorothea Day