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is inside us and has become part of us be destroyed? Doesn't the faith we have in each other belong to a higher plane?»

He stood up. Slowly Ralph got up also. Their outstretched hands met. There was no need for any more words. Robert's arm was firmly on Ralph's shoulder when the two friends went to the bay-window. There they stood and looked down on the river which flowed on without end, and carried away in its current all that had stood threateningly over their love.

Richard Arlen

Man's Chase after Happiness

Man's chase after happiness is a feverish and unceasing thing. As we grow older, we search more frantically for it than formerly—and it can be found no longer. «If I were just as happy now as I was then,» we say, and sigh. But the truth is that few men have more to their account than a dozen hours of happiness—a fragment here and there out of the dull and sullen roll of life. It is those fragments, however, which are remembered and pursued so fruitlessly forever after. We seek them again. Paradoxically enough, how much happier man would be were he only to realize that a state of unhappiness or frustration or despair is the *usual* thing, the lot of nearly all men nearly all of the time! The frenetic reachings would cease, the compulsions disappear, the nervous chase smooth itself into a serene and contented acceptance.

(From an unpublished novel)

by John McAndrews

*If a man does not keep pace with his companions,
perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer.
Let him step to the music which he hears,
however measured or far away.*

(THOREAU/WALDEN)