



Ten thousand times my heart broke within me. I ~~could~~ ~~could~~ cannot count the sobs that shook me, the pains that ate into my heart /heart\.

Yet I have seen other things also which have brought tears into mine eyes and have shaken me like a stirred leaf. I have seen men ~~gi~~ and women giving life, hopes, all for others. I have seen such acts of high devotedness that I have wept ~~bitter~~ tears of gladness. These things, & I have thought ~~all~~ are beautiful although they are powerless to redeem. They are the pure songs of the love on the vast dung heaps of the world.

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