

him, that had quickened him then, and it was a reflected glow of her sorrow that warmed and melted him now in his cold remoteness. He saw her with the babe at her breast, and he saw her now with empty arms ; that was all. Perhaps it was enough. If there was to be a more intense sharing of grief, it must be she who spanned this wider, weary chasm of separation, as it had been she who had carried him with her across that other torrent of pain.

He trusted her to do this, and yet he travelled to Bombay to meet her in fear. The fear struggled with his unutterably joyous longing. He saw her coming to him, still subdued by her grief, and he was afraid that his absorbing hunger for her presence, his unconcealable delight in her nearness, would seem to her unnatural. He was full to overflowing with the joy of having her again, and he felt he could not compress his gladness into a sad sympathy. Such tumultuous happiness at such a time must outrage her sensibilities. He beheld himself failing miserably to meet the intense reminiscence of her mood, and did not know that he was nerving himself to meet one of her former selves that was dead now.

The unaccustomed effort of these imaginings and the strain of the imminent meeting precipitated him on the dock at Bombay in a state of panic. He stood very still in the brilliant, ragged, jostling crowd, and tried to think of how alien and cruel it would all be to her, coming from that land of silent grey skies and mantling snows—the land where she had left her child. About him swelled and jabbered a vociferous Orient, a motley, seething throng. Slick Parsees in the hard, shining black hats of their sect and long, shining black coats pushed by him gesticulating with armfuls of flower-garlands ; coolies chattered, and quarrelled, and sprawled amongst piles of luggage ; Englishmen in white leaned nonchalantly on their canes smoking stoic