

brilliant veil, she saw the chill grey skies of her husband's land; the great house, the ubiquitous servants, the "needless ones" for ever at her gates! By some fiendish freak of her distraught imagination, Nevil seemed purposely to obliterate himself from the picture—.

What did it mean? What madness had come upon her? Pressing her hands to her temples she stood so, striving for self-mastery. And lo, another voice—a voice of temptation, from the great sea itself. "Here is rest. Here forgetfulness," murmured the lazy breakers that lapped against her rock. Like Eve in the old, old legend, this daughter of lake and plain seemed to have hid a wave of the sea in her blood. And now, wave called to wave, with alluring insistence.

A little foam upon the water; and the sea, that incomparable, insatiable lover, would take into his deep heart the dream that was her body, while the dream that was her soul passed on—

Startled, she stepped back a space; and the wonder grew and strengthened in her—was this no temptation, but inspiration rather, pointing the way, not so much to rest from her strange weariness, as to freedom for him—her god among men? No passionate impulse now—as on that night by the waters of Como: but the innate desire of her storm-tossed heart to win happiness for him at any cost to herself. Would not Sita, model of wifedom, have done no less? Sooner than shadow of stain on her lord's name, or shadow of trouble on his heart—an end of Lilamani—.

True, that night on Como he had been angered, desperate, hurt. Yet now—how different! Then—she had much still to give. Now, it seemed she had given all that he had need of—from her; all that she and none else could have given. Must she then pass on; leaving that other—a red-hot shaft of jealousy here)—to give him those things which were beyond her power—?