

She rose from them; went from strength to strength; and ripened into mellow beauty. Well and sweetly content, too, she was to drop without a whimper, when the stalk was worn quite through, into the deep bosom of the Infinite Silence, taking little or no further thought for her own life whether the "Great Perhaps" held in its mysterious abysses the one answer for her individual consciousness and its extension elsewhere, or the other. On the whole, as it may surprise some to hear, she inclined to envisage the negative answer. "*In utrumque parata*," she bade farewell to Time and Maya. She had warmed both hands against the fire of life. It sank and she was ready to depart. "*Ut satur conviva*." All the more, therefore, I humbly think, may one draw sheer strength from the memory of her. Ben Jonson's death-defying words on another flower of England whom he knew, the Countess of Pembroke, might have been cut upon her grave-stone. They would seem extravagant in her case and their original's only to such unhappy blighted creatures as have not blood and brains to see God anywhere at all.

Underneath this stone doth lie
 As much virtue as could die,
 Which in its life did vigour give
 To as much beauty as could live.

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Sydney's sister, Pembroke's mother—
 Death! ere thou hast slain another
 Good and fair and wise as she,
 Time shall throw a dart at thee.

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