

jargon—the jargon of the Rabbis. When shall we have done with it? When will you step outside of it, Emanuel—you—a wise man—you—a scholar—you—a genius—you—when will you step out of the darkness?’

He shook his head. ‘The light,’ he said, ‘lies along the path following the Divine Order.’

‘My former friend—my pretended Master—it is nothing to me what the men of old said. I own nothing but the present; I see nothing but what is around me; I follow nothing but the way pointed out by living men. Go back to your dead past, if you will. Leave me to the actual present.’

Again he shook his head. ‘It is the way of blindness,’ he said.

‘When we parted last,’ she went on, ‘we had little time for explanation. You insisted; I refused. You still insisted; I refused with rage and with bitter words. I have repented of those words, Emanuel, but not of the refusal which you call discord and rebellion. That was too sacred a thing to be profaned by any hard words. But I was a rebel, and rebels are too often intemperate in speech and action. Besides, you angered me with your calm, cold words, “Obey your husband,” you said. “Obey your husband,” you repeated. I would not obey my husband, but to tell you of my resolution—my rebellion—was harder than you would think possible. Forgive those words, Emanuel.’

‘Does the sky ask to be forgiven for its sudden storms? There needs no forgiveness,’

‘Because, I suppose, a woman’s words are worth so little,’ she replied with a laugh. ‘A wise man, a learned man, like you, why should you regard any quick words of mine? Nevertheless, the refusal, I say, cost me more than you would think, if a woman’s emotions are worth thinking about.’

‘A woman’s emotions? All the world hangs daily upon a woman’s emotions. Frankly, Isabel, your words are long since forgiven. Truly, I understood that before you—you—of your great and noble heart—could say such things you must have been very deeply moved. That is gone and forgotten. Let us go on. You have more to say before we part again.’

‘I should like you to understand, if you can. The weak point in such men as you is that you wrap yourself up in your cloak of tradition—of superstition—of so-called cer-