

glory; and people said you openly admitted that you did so to show your contempt for the world and its vanities. I couldn't make it out. Then I was told in Cairo of your monastic life amongst these ancient tombs in the desert; and when we moored here last night I inquired where you lived, and determined to come to see you." She paused, and then added lightly: "I enjoy a ride in the late afternoon. It gives me an appetite for dinner."

"If that is all," said Father Gregory, rising, "you certainly are wasting my time."

"It is not quite all," she continued, "but the real object of my visit is so undefined that I don't think I can explain it."

Father Gregory resumed his seat. "You may try, if you wish," he said.

"I think it is that, fortunate as I am, I am not entirely happy," she said, and the sorrows of all the world seemed to express themselves in her quiet voice. "I want something that my world has not yet given me."

"How old are you?" he asked.

"Twenty-three."

"How long have you been living this sort of life?"

"I was born and brought up in a back street in Port Said," she replied, and her voice now became passionless and dull, as though she were telling of events which had nothing in them to mark them from the commonplace. "My mother was an English dancer who had some success at the once famous Café du Nil, where she made enough money to set up the little hell in which I spent my childhood. My father, they say, was an Irish revolutionary, who stayed for a short time at Port Said on his way to stir up the dust in India: a wild, clever man, I believe, and something of a poet. I was given a year or two of lessons by some philanthropic French people who ran a school at Ismailieh: they