

beautiful, that I longed more and more ardently to be in the picture, to become a part of it, not to be a dark blot splashed on the blue and gold. I saw *why* I had wanted to change my whole self, after going to that play in Paris—or, rather, I thought that I saw. But I did not really see the whole, only half the truth. Now I know that beauty and harmony are not all the soul needs. Then, it seemed all that could be necessary.

I used to say to myself as I sat in St. Mark's: "A woman such as I was is out of the picture of the world's beauty. She's an apple with a spot of decay on its rosy side." I thought of the girl in the play, and the dreadful end of the last act. I had seen the horror of her degradation with my uneducated, bodily eyes. But now the real Me had waked up and was seeing with spirit eyes.

Venice was a bath for my soul. I was never tired of washing in its rainbow waters of beauty, and trying to feel that I was one with all beauty. Beauty flowed in waves around me, while the waters of the canal flowed round the sides of the gondola, a stream of pale opal, lit with secret fire by each stroke of the oar, as a flame is lit by a match.

I began to think real thoughts, long thoughts, concrete thoughts, such as had never before shaped themselves in my mind. The second time I saw you—that wonderful second time!—it was in a garden, you know; and somehow we talked of thoughts and gardens. You said: "If you have beautiful thoughts in your mind, you have always a garden in flower." I never forgot that simile.

One Venice thought which pleased me (though it was really worth nothing at all) was about trees, and it came as I looked across the wall at the Venice garden I have just told you of. Whose garden it was I never