

## THE GARDEN OF RESURRECTION 3

You must take my word for it that it was not from any thwarted desire to draw her into conversation that the expression in those eyes of hers chilled me. I have never had the courage or, which again, I envy so much in others, the presence of mind which brings knowledge to a man, that a woman would answer if he addressed her in the street. I believe there are many women, the most virtuous in the world, who have had little adventures of this kind. God knows, life would be dull without such interludes. But as yet no such woman has come my way. It were better put if I said that I have never come hers. Therefore, there was no desire on my part to say a word to this little nursery maid; yet the swift look in her eyes made a thrill of coldness quiver through me. That a woman looks her disapproval of you can be borne. But it is hard to bear, that look in a woman's eyes which sees you not at all; when in one woman's face you read the disapproval of her whole sex.

I don't know why it should have struck me so strangely that morning, for I am used to it by now. I have known it so long. In any case, it is not a thing to talk about. You have it there in that nursery maid's eyes. I am an ugly devil, not even with that ugliness which pleads a charm to many a woman's heart. I am an ugly devil, and that is all there is about it. The only creatures who have ever gazed at me as though I were the image of God were my mother and my dog. The one is dead. I have only to stretch down my hand from my chair and the other will gaze at me in such