

The fine, brave old wisdom of acceptance is altogether out of court——”

Mark, withdrawing his gaze from Miss Alison's profile, treated him to a smile of amused approval. “Why this sudden access of eloquence, old man?” he asked; and Keith deliberately winked over his shoulder.

“Miss O'Neill's to blame; and the modern world does seem rather egregiously modern when one's been living for months in a backwater with Pindar for company.”

“Oh, Keith, have you really found time for your promised translation of the ‘Odes’?” Lady Forsyth—herself a translator of some distinction—leaned eagerly forward.

“I've been making time for a few of them,” he answered, pleased with the success of this diversion, “by neglecting my Bergson book.”

“Have you got them here?”

“Yes. They're in type, awaiting your consideration.”

“Good. You'll publish them, of course.”

He shook his head. “Not even to please you! I've simply been enjoying myself, exploring a little deeper into the heart of an old friend; one who could look life in the face without feeling convinced that he personally could have made a better job of it. One suspects even our poets, these days, of being propagandists in disguise. Pindar is as sublime and as useless as a snow-peak; and one can no more convey the essence of him in English than one could convey the scent of a rose in Parliamentary language! Yet one is fool enough to try.”

Sheila, who had been listening with her quiet intentness, remarked softly, “*Why* don't we all learn Greek?”

“Because the humanities are out of court in an age of scientific materialism. Wasn't there a promise, once, that I should teach *you*?”