

cation, about remorse, about books, about art, and about her poems. Gradually the intimacy grows, and Anna's whole life, and even her literary style, becomes eloquent because the love of her life has dawned on her horizon. "By-and-by I began to think of him whether I saw him or not; his face, his figure, rose like a blazing question from the midst of the strange, wistful dreams that I had dreamt all my life, and something that had lain within me, dull and senseless like a trance, woke, wondered, and trembled into joy."

She has now got something to occupy her mind apart from the analysis of her own soul. Her poems, naturally, become love poems. Her thoughts are no longer turned inward, but outward, craving for his presence and companionship. But the reader must not believe for a moment that he is going to peruse the ordinary love