

descending; halting; careening a little, and again moving upward, while below its disappearing bulk a red star flamed and fell.

The sliming upward, through and over clouds, of that swollen slug of battle-grey remains an impression as haunting as the burst of the star bomb and sight of the desolation on the morrow.

Evening after evening following on crowded day, we have sat in the vine-clad house, turning our thoughts from intolerable reality by the aid of a fiction. So, then, let me confess that even if this book shall cheer nor divert no other mind, thanks to you, it helped me—dare I say it helped us?—to a kind of air-raid shelter for the mind.

You are fertile in resource. Yourself immersed in war-work now, your new way when the maroons call, is to sit in some cellary place companioned by other "Allies." Not an American woman now, but a Russian Grammar and a newer friend; yet, I dare swear, with the old courage and the old quiet all unchanged. For I must always think of you as a type of that steadfastness for which, long years, I have loved your people.

What is it but that same stay which buttresses the broken world?—gives the nations cohesion for the present task, and for the future hope, faith?

Take then, my story of small steadfastness, in return for your great one.

E. R.

London, May, 1918.