

now there was a certain addition to the quality of loneliness which beset him. All last autumn since his mother's death, all this spring while the picture grew luminous with his own hopes on the canvas, he had had as his companion the brightness of the conjectured presence of Rosemary. Now Robin had taken that from him (though indeed it had never been his), even as he had taken from Teddy's picture the lovely head of the girl that he had painted therein. And though he had taken, yet Teddy had given ; he had no sense of being robbed by the boy of what was his. Teddy had neither grudged, nor tried to withhold ; he had, in a way, turned necessity into a voluntary act ; he had endorsed with the signature of free-will the deed which destiny, the fact of his arrival in middle-life, had put before him. Above all, he had not acquiesced sourly, he had parted with no atom of his own wholesomeness. With his whole heart he had 'blessed their jolly faces.' That, with all its uncomplicated simplicity, could not be bettered as an accurate expression of his feelings.

But this thoroughly manly acceptance of his fate did not make his loneliness more supportable. His outlook, that subconscious musing of the self, that so largely determines the conscious happiness or unhappiness of the individual, existed no more for him. He had no outlook ; the future was unpictured to his imagination. He had conjured up