

Maurice Maeterlinck

from his limbo the instruments of the crimes he is fated to commit on earth. Whatever might have been Maeterlinck's personal share in the governing of his life, there can be no doubt Destiny would have forbidden him the lawyer's gown. He was pre-ordained never to overcome, in obedience to the paternal behest, his in-born repugnance to the laurels of Cicero, to that science of law which struck him as resembling at one and the same time "a Roman cemetery and a modern builder's yard." To hinder him effectually, the occult power of Fate had put a gag in his mouth. Within his sturdy, full-fleshed Flemish body, such as Jordaens loved to paint, she had lodged a thin, harsh voice that was bound before long to preclude him, willy-nilly, from all idea of ever becoming a fountain of eloquence. Moreover, in his soul she had installed the happy defects which render a man