

along—begging children whom one would love to kiss were it not for their dirty mouths—all was in keeping. New religions and new prophets passed out of my mind; old Mother Earth with her old sons and daughters, and her old tale of childhood and youth and age, was soul-sufficing. I found an olive mill in a delightful little valley, the approach to which was all but dangerous, and wherein there was an old crone who told a long story about a daughter and her husband, loss of money and rival mill-owners, that sounded strange after the conversation of the morning. Of the two I think the old woman's life had been the better. As for her religion, she had not to go far to look for it; a dilapidated shrine, a Virgin with a broken nose and a child off of which the wind and rain of many seasons had washed the paint, represented to her the solution of life's mystery.

Monaco and Monte Carlo lay far below bathed in the sunlight; and to the left I could see, looking down, the long stretch of shore, studded with its little towns, its lemon gardens and villas, all lying in dream-like beauty at the edge of the blue Mediterranean. As I wended my way homeward, the sea lay like a sheet of glass, deep purple in the afternoon shadows of the mountain. And the shadows of the olive trees lengthened and spread until the whole hillside was grey; the sun had dropped behind the hills. Then little lights began to gleam here and there along the shore; one after another they started up until a thousand tiny stars twinkled below.