

saw it against the morning blue, I knew that there was a God.

Some people would think me mad, or very childish, to find God through a tree, that seemed to point me up to him. But you are not "some people." You and I have had such miraculous talks, not about ourselves, but about the big mysteries, and the oneness of everything in the universe. I am not even sure that I have not told you once before about the tree in the Venice garden. Yes, I think I did tell you the day we went to the place where A—— lived on the river, and we watched the sunset behind those willows that dipped trailing branches into the crystal water. But I will let all this that I have written stand now, because it is connected with things which I know I never told you.

Could a tree be an "epoch," as Venice was to me, and the play? It was not the tree alone, but the tree against the sky which seemed to teach me in a moment the secrets of eternity. If a bad thought came into my mind, I hurried and looked at the cypress. I got to imagine that I could hear it give out a ringing note, and I associated it with bells in the open campaniles which I was seeing for the first time.

St. Mark's was a great epoch. I knew nothing about architecture, even less than I know now, for Venice sent me to Ruskin; and if anybody had asked me a few weeks before I came to Italy, I should have said that I hated cathedrals.

But St. Mark's! I sat for hours nearly every day, when the weather grew cool in October, just inside the door, gazing up the nave, soul and body bathed in the golden dusk. It was there I found out that to be really beautiful a woman must be of noble nature, because beauty comes partly from the inside to the outside. And everything round me, wherever I looked, was so