

heard her voice again, and saw that she had risen and followed him. She had lifted her veil an inch or two, and now her mouth was visible. It was fresh as an opening rose-bud, though its droop had a hint of sadness in it. "I want," she said, "to repeat my thanks. You have really been very kind to me." They looked at each other. She smiled and hesitated. Then she gave him her hand. He raised his hat once more, and followed his friend into the carriage. As the carriage turned a corner he saw that she was still watching him.

"My dear Rupert Glanville," said his friend with a laugh presently, "the old Adam is as young in you still as he was in our days at Oxford."

"His imagination," replied Rupert Glanville—for it was none other than he—"his imagination, which has learnt nothing and forgotten nothing, outlives his beliefs and hopes. I can't tell why, but a little incident like that which you now allude to, still contains for me all the dew and all the poetry in the world. There is nothing personal in it," he continued, as he lit a cigar. "The young lady we have left behind us—I don't want her here. She *is* here. She has become the blue of the sky, the song of the lark, the smell of the gorse, the air of all summer mornings. She is a suggestion of the secret that lies for ever beyond the view of the possible, just as it lay when Polyphemus fed his flocks on the Sicilian hills. In another disguise, she is the secret that floats in churches, in the contrition of the organ's music, in the tears of kneeling penitents. She is the spirit of that sub-conscious life to which philosophers are only now beginning to turn their attention, which is beyond history, which changes as little as the sea does, and which is the mother of mysteries and contradictions. You the recluse—the student of art and philosophy—you must understand my meaning."

"It is," replied his friend, "because these things appeal to me so much more than the world does, that I have given my life to the study of art which is their symbol, and to philosophy which tries to explain them."