

things that impelled most men to suicide; what brought *him* to the same resolution was a sense that he had outgrown his liking for everything and, specifically, that he had ceased to love someone whom he had once loved. What was the reason of that? Who had changed? She was as he had always known her, as he had formerly loved her, only modified by the passage of a very few years and by the experience of a few months which had left her permanently subdued. He had changed more himself; he had lost chastity of spirit and body, he was bitterer, older, less tolerant, more restless; but he could trace no change of feeling towards her, there were only the pole at which he once thought that he could not live without her and the pole at which he found that he must. Who had converted him?

His father, of course, had tried—tried and failed. He had come to see that now; or, to be accurate (and just) his father had wanted him to suspend judgment until he knew his own mind. And thereto attached a great responsibility, for, if the marriage had taken place when he fell in love with Idina, he would never have wanted to be out of her sight. Sir Aylmer had separated them; on Sir Aylmer's shoulders rested the nervous and physical deterioration, the sudden discovery that he was no longer in love with her—the cogent sense that he must escape his obligation by some means; it was his father who had driven him to the point where he now stood. . . .

Now, this was where he felt so amazingly sane. Another man would have stamped and stormed, shaken his fists at Heaven—and shewn himself very foolish. Before condemning his father, he had to be satisfied first that his father had been wrong and secondly—though this was sentimental—that he himself would not have made the same mistake—or at least taken the same course, if their positions had been reversed. Well, Sir Aylmer was right to this extent: he saw in Idina a drag and an intellectual spendthrift, a woman who would never rise to her husband's social and economic position, let alone soaring above him