

she had found some approach to happiness, but he never wished to see her again. . . .

But what of all the other personalities who had figured in his experience? Had they found satisfaction—happiness? What of Bennetts, Tony Farrell, Bradley, Cairns, Eric? Did he envy any of them? No! He doubted if one of that five, for instance, was capable of the joy he was experiencing on this morning of April sunshine, as he looked out over the tumult of the sea and listened to the occasional reverberation of the earth-note. After all, every one of them was intent on self-seeking. Each of them was generous in his own way, capable of fine emotions, no doubt, but they were all wrapped in the small affairs of life; their outlook was very limited. Was any one of them adding to the knowledge of the world? could any one of them echo responsively to the boom of the earth-note? . . .

Ah! well, it was easy enough to analyze, but what could he do? He felt in tune with the eternal forces that morning, but when the influence passed, would he not fall back into feebleness? What was it he was so proud of being?—Even his mood of exaltation could not suggest of “having done.” “Nothing,” he answered to the sea—“nothing. But the time has not been wasted. I have had to learn in bitterness, but I have not lost my ideals. They cannot be spoiled by any human action, by any slight, or cruelty or indifference. My ideals stretch out beyond the limits of this little world, they reach out towards the eternal values.”

As he set his face inland to the tiny hamlet, the ragged cluster of cold stone cottages that make up the village of Trevarrian, he made up his mind that his satisfaction could only be found in literature. “I must make a living somehow,” he thought, “and I must read again, and I must learn to write.”

With a face that still glowed from his passing vision of the eternal values, he faced with eagerness the outset of a new life. . . .