

the world and back again, set other women weeping, and come at last to that sure port which Destiny had built for her—was she changed from the black-eyed minx I saw at Kensington, less mischievous, less sprightly, more of a woman, not so much the pretty child of the school-books? No, I say, a thousand times, no! There is golden light about her path, and all the spirits of laughter shine in her eyes. Could I search all the cities for a wife for my friend, this is the dear heart I would choose for him; this the companion I would name for his blessing. She has won a brave man's love, and is happy therein. God be good to her, says old Timothy—and he is one that has read the heart of women.

So am I cast out again to the familiar haunts, a wanderer once more, a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles. My dear friend, it is true, remembering that I have eaten the food of the law, drunk its port and paid its fees, would make of me a Government man and an official. But my heart fails me. I am grown old in the sin of indolence. If I have a merit, it is that I know the blessings of doing nothing and the salary that should be expected therefrom. Let me continue henceforth in paths so straight, in ways so ancient. My friendship for Ean Fabos is too precious that men should call me a gatherer of moss and a roller of stones.

And this is to say that henceforth I have no career; that like the little Jap, of whom my friend