

was tempted to ask once more whether, with a man like Glanville, such speculative dissatisfaction was really more than a play-thing. This reflection was interrupted, and at the same time seemed to him justified, by the sound of his own name rising to him through an open window, and by Glanville's voice below, calling to him to come down and bathe.

Seaton, who was a fine swimmer, leapt at once from his bed; and he and Glanville not many minutes later, were hurrying through the gardens to the bathing-place, which proved to be a romantic cavern, full of the moving lights and sobbings of the glaucous water. The swimmers, when they returned to their clothes, were glowing with air and exercise. As they made their way back to the house over rocks that were below the garden, coral-coloured zoophytes showed themselves in pools clear as glass, whilst the white breasts of sea-birds were reflected in shining sands; and they felt as if the soul of youth had overtaken them as a sea-bird's wings.

At breakfast this illusion was continued. Glanville enthralled his friend, as they bent over their eggs and sausages, with a glowing account of his experiences in Asia Minor; and Seaton seemed, as he listened, to hear the Mediterranean wave lapping against broken moles, or murmuring through ruined temples, or to see the skyey porches of some marine Acropolis glistening on its rock through ultramarine haze. Then the conversation wandered to other exciting subjects—to the charm of different epochs, countries, cities, and societies—of loopholed German castles deep in the heart of forests, of balls in Southern palaces looking over moonlit gardens, of green alamedas, and of guitar-strings, of blue seas and of grey, of dark women and of fair. Glanville touched on them all with the same catholic sympathy, carrying his listener with him in the train of his buoyant fancy. The whole range of experience, to Seaton, seemed to be growing larger. "In fact," Glanville said at last, "the worst of life is this: it offers us a thousand vintages; it is mistress of a thousand spells; but we can each of us only taste, or only yield to a dozen of them."