

This, begging their pardon, is the mistake made by female philosophers. They turn their backs on all the old religions and beliefs, and go out, expecting to meet another Athanasius, with a new creed to take the place of the ones discarded, coming up the street.

Then we discussed the intellectual condition of America, of which she had a very low opinion. I spoke of Canada, but forbear to repeat what was said. Mrs. C had been reading about the country; but the only impression the book had left upon her mind was that it was a land wherein people became insane because of the bad cookery. Needless to say, from such a country she expected no prophet.

We parted, she to continue her search after light and truth, I to glory in the life of the mole—to live contentedly on an atom of this miserable little universe, happy to find myself for the time being on that narrow strip of land between mountain and sea that they call the Riviera di Ponente. It was a glorious day on the hills; there was a cool breeze blowing, but the sunlight was strong, and the smell of spring was in the air. I lounged about among the olives, watching the men and women going and coming from their work, old sunbrowned women with handkerchiefs over their heads picking up the olives and throwing them in a heap on a piece of canvas brought for the purpose, lusty youths in ragged clothes but with a cheerful look of southern joy-in-life on their smiling faces, toiling up the steep path to the mountain-top, donkeys with the inevitable woman behind beating them with the inevitable stick, trotting gaily