

of his existence comes to me with an immense, with an overwhelming force; and yet upon my honour there are moments too when I believe him to have been only a disembodied spirit astray amongst the passions of this earth—surrendering himself faithfully to the claim of his own world of shades.

“Who knows? He is gone, inscrutable at heart, and the poor girl is leading a sort of soundless, inert life in Stein’s house. Stein has aged greatly of late. He feels it himself, and says often that he is ‘preparing to leave all this; preparing to leave, . . .’ while he waves his hand sadly at his butterflies.”

*October 1899–July 1900.*