

to him, after all, that he had called on Sir Henry Stubbs, and on the Foxes, and had found them all charming. He hoped they could as honestly write nicely of him—and said farewell.

Perhaps somewhat thus the aged feel at farewell, going away with a memory of pleasant voices in the room, and tom-tits flying outside the window, and in their hearts a haunting sense of their own loneliness, so that every word is delved for desperately, and every slight gesture dictated—just to show that they are still alive and aware of their neighbours.

When he was really alone, going back to his rooms, he felt better—less lonely. The sky was over him. He thought, very consciously now, of the One Woman and wondered how she fared. He had a feeling that if ever she felt as he did, then he would like to be near her—so that she could run to him and be at peace.

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