

350 THE MAIDEN MANIFEST

"I never dream," said Cissy, "except when I'm wide-awake. Why try to understand anything more? Don't we know what we know, and isn't that enough for any one to know?"

He reproached himself with his cruelty to her. She said it was "psychical cruelty" then, and since she hadn't felt it, what did it matter.

But he was not to be denied his confession. "I thought you, Cissy Dalrymple," he said, "were — er — er — a witch who came between me and my true love. I thought you stole her eyes and her hair, her smile and this blue gown to trick me into loving you, not that you wanted my love, but because you wanted all men's love."

He took such deep shame to himself that it was all she could do to comfort him.

"I was looking for my Ideal Girl," he said, "and all the time there stood the Real Girl, — with me too blind to see that it was she."

It was the old, old miracle "whereas once I was blind and now I see," but they didn't know it. To each man who holds an Ideal enshrined in a dream, the Real by the same token is not far removed, but not until his eyes, like the eyes of this lover, are ready for it, is the vision revealed. Love is blind until his lids are anointed at the pool where the deep waters stir.

Nora's words on shipboard came back to him vaguely, and he understood now what she meant by: "Don't let