

outstretching bluff. And sometimes below the baying and bellowing of the sea, the spatter of falling spray, and the medley of indistinguishable sounds that made a running accompaniment to all the clamour of separate, recognizable over-tones, Jacob could hear a deep, low boom that reverberated on a lower note than the lowest mutter of thunder. He fancied to himself that this occasional reverberation was the earth-note, the tonic of the very world itself, beating out below the crash of sea and rock. It was a note he had heard as the fundamental note of extraordinary gales; perhaps, then, too, the whole shell of earth had been shaken until it resounded to the full keynote of its structure. . . .

He was happy that morning; the sight and sound and smell of the sea had brought back life and vigour. As he sat on his lonely seat of rock, with only the sea for company, he had a vision of himself in relation to his whole past life.

Surely some directive force must have been behind all the curious coincidences of his existence, from the concurrence of trifles that had upset him from his perambulator down to the present hour. He had had experience! The thought came to him as new. He had not realized in the happening quite all the experience he had gained. He had known two women intimately. . . .

Madeline! His feeling for her was a kind of ache of regret. He guessed that she was lost to him again, and lost for ever. Perhaps she was his affinity, but in this incarnation the directing force had ordained that she should go through her world experience with blind eyes, seeking ephemeral pleasures and missing the stay of lasting satisfaction. Poor Madeline! He still had an ache of longing for her presence, but she lacked something of perfection even in his eyes. He could not continue to love the inconstant. He sighed for Madeline.

And Lola? Pity was the only thought in his heart for Lola. She was cursed, ridden by the fierce devil of her own egotism, and so—incapable of giving even the temporary love which Madeline could give. He did not sigh for Lola: he merely pitied her. Her case was hopeless. He would have liked to help her; he would have been delighted to learn that