

added care and trouble on his overburned shoulders! He went to the front door and so into the street, his mother following. When he turned the street corner on his way southward he looked around and saw her standing in the doorway, with a lamp in her hand the light of which shone on her pale sad face.

II

The long street stretched before him to the south, the white dust upon it glimmering palely. The houses on each side towered up with an uneven broken skyline, mere masses of shapeless black, with here and there a vague dim touch of whiteness; and the lighter sky roofed the dark street like a corridor, in which his footsteps echoed out.

He felt like some poor adventuring dwarf in the household of a giant—the mere houses seemed so huge and awe inspiring to him, lost in their shadow as he walked among them.

The city was sleeping, quiet and silent. Once he saw a ruddy light shining from a window, and he wondered who there was accursed with sleeplessness—or sorrow. The moon burned dimly behind a cloud. A few soft stars shone in the misty sky. A salt chilly wind blew in off the sea, and the dust arose now and then in a wan ghostly cloud. The night—calm was soothing and sweet: yes, but he could not still the spectres of his troubled soul. Oh, the pain of the world, and the sorrow that comes to some! Back in that little house so like the others about it one woman waked to her tragedy—and blessed sleep ruled in the households of its neighbours. Ah, yes, sorrow and pain were real things—and they were fast twined in his life.