

and I see you, cold, motionless ; but those eyes of yours—the eyes of which I shall never sound the mysteries—pierce my closed eyelids and scorch my heart. And when I open mine you are still there, your portrait looks at me from among the flowers.

‘But your book — our book — excepting the pages you have given me, and which will go with me to-morrow—I am going away without having read it ! I shall never have known exactly what you think even. Have you really understood the sadness of life to us ? Have you felt what a crime it is to rouse sleeping souls, and then crush them if they try to soar ; what a shame it is to reduce women to the passiveness of mere chattels ? Tell them, André, that our lives are smothered in sand, are one long death. Oh, tell them this ! Let my death at any rate be of use to my Moslem sisters. I would so gladly have been of use to them living. Once upon a time I cherished a dream of trying to arouse them all — but no ! Sleep, sleep on, poor souls. Never discover that you have wings. But the others who have already taken flight, who have had a glimpse of a wider sphere than the harem, these, André, I confide to you ; speak of them, and speak for them. Be their advocate in the world where men and women think ; and may their tears, may my anguish at this hour touch the blinded tyrants who love us though they crush us.’

Here suddenly the writing changed, grew feebler, almost tremulous.