

it's what I call a blazin' shame. She would do it, my poor chavi would do it. 'No harm can't come on it,' says she, 'because a Gorgio cuss can't touch a Romany.' An' now see what's come on it."

Mivart would not hear of Sinfi's returning at present to the Gypsies, as she required special treatment. Hence there was no course left open to us but that of keeping her here attended by a nurse whom Mivart sent. While the recurrent paroxysms were severe, Sinfi was to be carefully kept apart from Miss Wynne until it should become quite clear how much and how little Miss Wynne remembered of her past life. Mivart, however, leaned to the opinion that nothing could recall to her mind the catastrophe that caused the seizure. By an unforeseen accident they met, and I was at first fearful of the consequences, but soon found that Mivart's theory was right. No ill effects whatever followed the meeting. Sinfi's transmitted paroxysms have gradually become less acute and less frequent, and Miss Wynne has been constantly with her and ministering to her; the affection between them seems to have been of long standing, and very great.

I found that Miss Wynne remembered all her past life down to her first seizure on Raxton Sands, while everything that had since passed was a blank. Since her recovery her presence here has seemed to shed a richer sunlight over the old place, but of course she is no longer the fairy child who before her cure fascinated me more than any other living creature could have done.

Apart from her sweet companionship, she has been of great service to me in my art. When I learnt who she was, I should not have dreamed of asking her to sit to me as a model without having first taken your views, and you were, as I understood, abroad; but she herself generously volunteered to sit to me for a picture I had in my mind, "The Spirit of Snowdon." It was a failure, however, and I abandoned it. Afterwards, knowing that I was at my wits' end for a model in the painting I have been for a long time at work upon, "Zenelophon," she again offered to sit to me. The result has been that the picture, now near completion, is by far the best thing I have ever done.

I had noticed for some time that Sinfi's mind seemed to be running upon some project. Neither Miss Wynne nor I could guess what it was. But a few days ago she pro-