

world, they drugged themselves into a spurious. Better the real world, as one calls it, than that."

"You would not escape from life so?"

"The phrase is to me an error. Those who have failed, have failed, I expect, because they looked at life so, and either took a spurious dream-world or cursed God and died. I have not escaped from Life. I have found—well, found Life. No—it was only the loneliness that made me fear madness might come—but I don't feel lonely now."

Haskell looked at him keenly, to see if there existed the light in his eye that is called the fanatic's light. He saw it not—but looking for it he saw a nameless, unforgettable something that awed him. The whole man was like light; and Haskell was afraid.

The train came in.

"What has Solway done for you?" said Haskell, staring away along the platform.

"I don't know. I go away a little stunned. Solway doesn't seem to exist at all. I wanted to help it—and it has ceased to exist."

"When you recover, then, you will find that Solway has strengthened you—to live with what the kindest in Solway would call your dreams."

Henry stood thoughtful.

"I," he said, "have done nothing for Solway."

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