

bill with precision, and in the evening he directed the placing of his baggage in the carriage which was to take him to the docks with a business-like despatch which earned for him a particularly respectful bow from the hall-porter.

The Gulf of Lions lived up to its evil reputation ; and the roll of the vessel during the first day of the voyage effectually prevented the development of those brief and intense friendships which flourish so luxuriantly in the idle atmosphere of shipboard. Robin was a pretty good sailor ; but he was constrained to join the long row of pallid, damp people who lay wrapped in their rugs in the deck-chairs mercifully provided on the sheltered deck by a benevolent company. The grey-green seas slapped the sides of the great liner as she ploughed her way through the Gulf in the teeth of the wind ; and Robin's valiant praise of life on the boundless main fell from his lips in a somewhat half-hearted manner.

After they had passed through the Straits of Messina, however, they left their troubles temporarily behind them, and entered upon a fair, smiling stretch of water, whereon they moved with a steady keel, which brought the passengers up from their cabins and out of their chairs with jovial faces. Now acquaintanceships were made with celerity, and youth turned to youth with outstretched hands ; while in every sheltered recess of the deck a man and a maid sat absorbed in the tremendous possibilities of life.

A remarkable individual occupied the other berth in Robin's cabin. His name was Augustus Blake, and in theosophical circles it appeared that he had a great reputation as a mystic. In a certain degree he seemed to be an ordinary charlatan ; but there was something about him that was likeable, or perhaps it would be more correct to say that he made some sort of undefined appeal to persons of