

Spanish city—narrow, with lofty houses, windows with balconies, women leaning over the balconies, bits of bright colour in the hangings, old coats-of-arms carved on the fronts, and people down below showing just such faces. Then the word Sepherdim comes back to your memory. This face, you say, belongs to the Children of the Dispersion: they were in Spain long before the legions of Titus completed the National Scattering: they are of the ancient people, whose lineage is so long that, compared with them, the Bourbons are mushrooms, and the Hapsburgs are of yesterday.

In this face was something of the eagle, the nose was narrow and slightly aquiline, the nostrils were finely cut and delicate, the eyes keen and clear, deep-set, under straight and well-marked eyebrows, and in colour blue as the finest steel of Damascus; the lips were firm, the mouth finely curved; there was a rich deep colouring of the cheek; the forehead was broad and white, the clustering hair was chestnut; the sun had touched that face with a glow which lingered on it. Surely the Rabbi Akiba, or Gamaliel, or even Onkelos himself, must have had such a face. Surely this was the face which belonged to the illustrious Maccabæan house. Surely this was the face at sight of which Joshua's enemies turned and fled. Such a face is best seen with a turban and a long flowing robe of silk, beneath which hangs by a crimson sash the scimitar: then such a face might serve for a portrait of Mohammed. Or, if you give it a kufeeyeh, and clothe the figure in a sheepskin, tied round the waist with a leather belt, it may serve for the Prophet Elisha when he was still young and had just received the cloak of his Master and Forerunner. Such a face, with such an expression, and accompanied or set off by a modern English dress, not of very grand appearance, seems incongruous, yet it is always striking and always handsome.

The girl—to repeat, she was little more—half rose from her chair; she was sitting at the other end of the long room at an open window looking out upon a West-End square; it was June, and the fragrance of lime-blossoms filled the room. She half rose and sank back, her colour changing to white; she gasped; she caught her breath.

The man still stood in the doorway, silent. His colour did not change; his eyes showed no other emotion than that of steady purpose, a self-governed look which was always in them.