

his department of knowledge or conjecture, could write a book without putting in the name again and again and again. He was not a biologist, a physicist, a morphologist, etc., etc. All the realm of human knowledge was his. He had no plan or fixed intention, but it seemed that, if he lived, he would write a book for every province of his realm. He had risen high above envy, had soared beyond the wings of hate: down, down beneath him, on the immeasurably distant plain, the little men were singing to his glory.

"Oh, Causes and Consequences!" sang the little men. "He has gone back to his glorious alliterative titles. We always loved his alliterative titles, and so we always sang."

He was fifty-six when he married his Sybil, the only child of Joseph Randle, the geologist.

Old Randle's modest country house at Woking was one of the very few houses in which he stayed as a highly-prized but most infrequent visitor. Sybil used to help her father in his plodding, unceasing work—a wise and learned girl at fourteen, who writes official letters, makes notes, and copies diagrams as another girl would keep poultry, or do wool-work. She was full of veneration for Mr Burgoyne—the great light: flushing with pride when he spoke to her, listening with long-drawn breath, while he talked to papa, mamma, and their neighbours at the little dinner-party which always crowned the brief visit, making lines on her white forehead and contracting her strong eyebrows by her effort to frame an intelligent thought in fairly intelligible words when compelled to speak before *him*, praying to the unseen forces that govern thought and speech not in *his* eyes to make her seem a stammering, red-cheeked fool.

When poor papa died, *he* came to the funeral; and she watched him through her tears across the open grave. The world had turned grey in honour of the grey dead man; grey clouds moved slowly while the soft rain fell; and all about the fresh-turned earth, the noble group had gathered like grey shadows. One was tall and thin, wrapt in the long cloak,