

and say, with all due courtesy of course : ' You, a Turkish lady ! Nay, you cannot take me in ! '

The charm of the letter was in fact indisputable, in spite of its improbability. Until the morrow, when he naturally ceased to think about it, André had a vague feeling that this was the beginning of something in his life, of something which would lead him on—on to sweetness, danger, and sorrow.

And it was, besides, like a call from Turkey to the man who of yore had loved it so well, but who had never gone back. The Biscay sea, on that doubtful April day, under the still wintry light, suddenly revealed itself to his sight as intolerably melancholy ; a dim green sea, with the long rollers of almost unceasing surge, a vast, gaping void open to an infinite distance, at once alluring and appalling. How tenderer far was the sea of Marmora as he saw it in remembrance, how much more soothing and lulling, with the mystery of Islam on its embracing shores. The Basque country, which had so often captivated him, no longer seemed worth lingering in. The spirit of the past, which he had formerly imagined was surviving yet in the Pyrenean highlands and the rugged hamlets near at hand, nay, even below his window here in the ancient city of Fontarabia, notwithstanding the invasion of impertinent villas—the old Basque spirit—no, to-day he could no longer discern it. But there—far away—in Stamboul—how much more of the past still lived, of the primal human dream, lingering in the shade of the great mosques, in the oppressive silence of the streets, and in the widely pervading region of graveyards, where tiny