

I came upon him quite unexpectedly at the Acqua Paola; he was gazing intently into the crystal depths of the fountain, as one who has caught a glimpse of some lovely vision, and trembles lest the motion of the clear wave dispel his illusion. Ever and anon his lips moved, and the smile on his face brightened into wonderful beauty.

Then, as some secret impulse caused the fountain to spring higher, and a thousand fantastic forms crowded up to the surface in tiny eddies and sparkling bubbles, the smile faded from his face, leaving it sad and gloomy as the night just before the dawn breaks warm on the eastern hills.

He turned towards me at length, and spoke: You should have seen it, that world which lies without the pale of the inner wickedness and strife. It has a city with golden gates and streets of gleaming jasper between palaces wrought of costly stones of innumerable hues; above it is an ineffable sky bright with glittering stars. And the people of this beautiful city know each star by its own name; one they call "Truth," and another "Peace;" and one greater than all others, which shines in the centre of this wonderful firmament, they name the "Embodiment of all Perfection." And then I knew that he lived in a region dim and mystic to other men, and thence conversed with the invisible beings of the World he had seen in the Acqua Paola. From that time we were constantly together, until he passed away from me silently and mysteriously as the star fell above the Coliseum when we were strangers there in the misty twilight. Henceforth between us two a fast friendship sprang up and ripened into a rare perfection. Oh those halcyon days, thrice sanctified in the inmost shrine of memory we passed beside the Acqua Paola; when the cool breeze came up from the sparkling Tiber, and the fragrant breath of blossoms floated down from terraced gardens. Fair then, O Rome, were they eyes as Astarté

"Came up thro' the lair of the Lion
With love in her luminous eyes,"

and the soft chimes of vespers came wafted in tremulous waves, while Harold Transome unfolded to my view the unspeakable glory of his ideal world, and the wondrous grace and beauty of its ethereal inhabitants. Often, he said, they make a sweet melody in my heart until I forget the coldness and wickedness around me, and feel myself transported into their very midst. It was at such times that he was so deeply absorbed in meditation, conversing with these invisible beings and drawing from their teaching the mystic lore of life which he held, that he seemed to have unraveled the silken thread of existence and have fled to this world of his which lay "without the pale of the inner wickedness and strife."

From Rome we passed into the country, at one time pausing to listen to the mournful hymns of little bands of pilgrims clad all in white, who went by to some sainted shrine, at another time lingering beside one of the numerous tombs

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