

numbers of the hours were stars, and the pointing hands were long white moonrays.

You see, my thoughts were not thoughts that would have mattered except to one just out of the desert, but, such as they were, I found them sweet, and hugged them to my breast like bunches of lilies after a long drought.

How I grew to love the things I began to see, that were not there really! The things I imagined into the Venice sunsets; the unseen flowers growing behind the walls of gardens I passed in the gondola; the man somewhere, who was for me. And that man was you. A——'s broad-minded advice, heard since then, to make all ugly things transparent, and see through them, would have helped me never to be ruffled by any modern vulgarity in Venice. But I hardly needed it. I saw things as I wanted to see them.

I was finding out too much about the deep and high realities of life to sleep much at that time. But I did better than sleep well; I lay awake well. I had no more dreadful fits of depression, such as I used to have in New York and on tour, when going to bed was like being shut up alone in a black tomb.

I wanted to listen to the new thoughts every moment. I wished that my mind could be concave, like an arum-lily cup, so that I might drink in each lovely sound and sight, and absorb them all, into myself.

Jane said that I was so thin, she could not make my frocks fit properly. But I liked being thin. It seemed as if just so much of my old self had gone away. Still, I did not feel any true remorse for my past. I was only dimly sorry to have been a jarring note in the harmony, although I was not clever enough to know how or why I had jarred.

I could not bear to think of Barron, or of poor Willy, of any of the men who had ever come near me,