

married, I've had children, and, after all, marriage being what it is"

There was a very long break, during which Grace abandoned the general question and thought of Enoch Fenor. He had completely disappeared from her life, and for a long time she had missed him in a peculiar way. Accustomed to the quickening influence of his mind, she had been bored; that had been the main feeling, and she had been ashamed of herself because she was bored instead of being heartbroken.

"I suppose," she thought, "that the modern young lady indulges in intellectual atrophy instead of going into a decline, as they used to do in the days of Trollope." But she knew that was not quite true, for there had been many moments, the moments most empty of mental stimulus, when she had wanted him and needed him, when she had stood alone in a field and called for him . . . like a lioness roaring for her mate.

But that was all over, and now she was as used to not having him as she had once been used to having him. He was the past, the glowing, beautiful past. And as she thought this some warm current seemed to flood her veins. She was filled with a splendid realization that it had all been so fine, so clean, so bold up to the end, that together when the thing which the world hated was exposed to the world they had smashed it rather than allow it to become mean. She had loved and she had piled up memories which would inflame her life, irradiate the future. It was as if she had turned her back upon a light so brilliant that still it shone upon her and still lighted her path as she plodded on away from it. So much had she loved that love must always be present with her, always be significant, and never abandon her. And now, whatever happened, when she saw young lovers, she could always tell herself that she, too, had been in Arcadia, perhaps in an Arcadia so splendid that, in their first fervour, they could never hope to enter such an