

giddiness. And just as he, in the far west, on receiving the letter with the Stamboul post-mark, had felt as if something were beginning, so she here had a presentiment of some indefinable delight and disaster as the outcome of his answer, arriving on such a day—the eve of the great event of her whole life. This man, who had for so long reigned supreme in her dreams, this man, as far sundered from her, as inaccessible as if they were the inhabitants of different planets, had this morning really come into her life, by the mere fact of these few lines written and signed by him for her.

Never had she so keenly felt herself imprisoned, and rebellious, and longing for freedom, and space, and flight into the unknown world. It was but a step to the window where she was wont to rest on her elbows and gaze out; but no, there were the carved lattices, the iron bars, which exasperated her. She turned away towards a door that stood ajar—kicking the train of the wedding-gown out of her way, where it lay on the handsome carpet—the door of her dressing-room, all lined with white marble, a larger room than the bedroom, and with windows unscreened and very wide, opening on the garden with its patriarchal plane-trees. The letter still in her hand, she rested her arms on the sill of one of these windows to see the open sky, the trees, the splendour of the first roses, to feel on her cheeks the soft touch of the air and sun. But ah! what high walls enclosed the garden! Why such high walls, like those built round the yard of prisons