

would be there if he were a well-qualified practitioner. He was, after all, a reminder of what most people came abroad to avoid. Then the procession passed on, leaving him with cold reminders that he was at the wrong end of a long telescope. His respect for his profession struggled beneath the unprofessional character of many of his duties. He was constantly surrounded by those who had no interest in exploring his own personality—but his duty was nevertheless to keep in touch with the pilgrimage.

He had been thinking of this when he watched Stella Blake climb the gangway at New York. It was still in his mind when together they leaned on the rail at the Azores.

How the ice was broken he did not know. But staring through the dusk with the girl beside him there began a slow realisation of the ease with which some men live. Up till now he had seen it without realizing. There had been neither envy nor comparison. He had not cared enough to analyse the difference. But at last something in the nearness of the girl made the severity of his own cabin unreasonably severe—a small and narrow thing beside the scope of other people's lives.

The latitude of the far horizon took on some new insistent attractiveness. It whispered of freedom—and did it whisper of companionship? Then he turned and looked at Stella. He had been talking without reserve, casting off successive shells.

Stella was motionless, drinking in the ineffable suggestions of this semi-tropical night. Impulsively her hands went out towards the land. She was intensively alive to the beauty of the world. Blan-