

bone at night ; and it's sand to the right and left, sand before and behind ; only a vulture flies across the sky, and loneliness broods over the hills—silence has set its seal upon the plains ; and yet South Africa has its own terrible and secret fascination, the fierce charm that a bitter woman possesses—a cruel woman. Africa drives a man mad with impotent longing for what he is denied—the sour fruit that can alone slake his thirst ; he knows the secret woman lurks in its fastnesses—the primitive woman—yes, and the Shulamite dwells here too ; but she is terrible as an army with banners, for she withholds herself from love, and in mine own vineyard the grapes have been gathered, and they rest in the hollow of Jehovah's hand."

He spoke fiercely, feeling so helpless, a mere human ant, and he cursed himself for being so small and God so great, and rode on his way cursing.

His horse stumbled through the sand, narrowly avoiding ant-hills. Waring rode the brute with careless rein, remembering his old days, and how he had come out to South Africa only a few years back with the idea of making a fortune, and had deliberately hired himself out to Simeon Krillet as an overseer because he had imagined that there was a chance of gold being found in the vicinity of the old man's farm. And it was then that Deborah Krillet had come into his life. But he had a girl waiting for him in England, that dainty, butterfly creature, Joan Desborough, whom he had subsequently married. She had recalled him to her side as soon as he came into a totally unexpected heritage, summoned him back to England in a hurry, and just because he had given the pretty, affected little person his word to marry her, Waring had stolen away from South Africa and deserted Deborah Krillet. But after he had