

THE WELL-BELOVED

women of history. I can no longer love; but I admire you from my soul !'

'Don't say I am great. Say I have begun to be passably honest. It is more than enough.'

'Well—I'll say nothing then, more than how wonderful it is that a woman should have been able to put back the clock of Time thirty years !'

'It shames me now, Jocelyn. I shall never do it any more !'

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As soon as he was strong enough he got her to take him round to his studio in a carriage. The place had been kept aired, but the shutters were shut, and they opened them themselves. He looked round upon the familiar objects—some complete and matured, the main of them seedlings, grafts, and scions of beauty, waiting for a mind to grow to perfection in.

'No—I don't like them!' he said, turning away. 'They are as ugliness to me! I don't feel a single touch of kin with or interest in any one of them whatever.'

'Jocelyn—this is sad.'

'No—not at all.' He went again towards the door. 'Now let me look round.' He looked back, Marcia remaining silent. 'The Aphrodites—how I insulted her fair form by those failures!—the