

Phantasy, the Bride worshipped before Men in the vainglory of the Flesh. But he who clings to her in Secret clings to that Comrade who alone followed God in the World, and in her Sisterhood becomes as the Brother of God. Yea, it is to be doubted if at any time he will know greater Happiness, since it is hard to conceive how Poverty may endure in Heaven. We, who have followed far in the pursuit of that divine Denial, that immortal Loss"—Mr. Sampson hesitated, and then, for he was honest, added, "by Virtue of Necessity" in the margin—"we who have adventured hand-in-hand with her who went once hand-in-hand with God . . ."

Mr. Sampson laid down his pen and shivered, for he wrote perforce in his shirt-sleeves. Then he rose and called to Malachi Bright, who was brushing his coat in the garden, and the volume of his voice, coming from so slight and pale a man, reached the height of a phenomenon of nature.

"Don't shake it."

Malachi lifted his benevolent shock of silver hair and showed his little red eyes. "I'm only a-shaking the dust out of it."

"Then cease," thundered Mr. Sampson; "can't you see it's the dust holds it together, you fool?"