

The world tempted him, and he did not yield. Wealth, fame, power, were held before his eyes. Men with keen eyes and persuasive tongues used all their skill to induce him to go out into the world, and let his voice be heard in the great towns. The favour of kings and queens, the applause of nations, dangled before him as baits, but they could not tempt him.

"I cannot leave my master and the cathedral," he said, and the beautiful girl, hearing this, called him in her heart a fool—despised him for a simplicity, which was a pride, nobler far than her own assurance of rank and birth.

She looked in his eyes, and the singer trembled. She was to him as some saint. He judged her nature by her beauty, and her beauty by his own poetic conception. She saw the worship in his eyes, and felt with that strange feminine intuition that his worship was not for her real self, but for his idea of her. This knowledge hurt her vanity, and roused the spirit of jealousy within her. To be worshipped for qualities she did not possess, seemed like impertinence in that low born singer. Pique, wounded vanity, envy, admiration, pride, struggling together, moved in her a strange desire. The worship of her idealised self—distant and profound enough to magnify it almost to adoration, did not satisfy her. She came near to him as time went by—threw over him the glamour of actual presence, intoxicated him, brought into life the human forces of his nature—then he loved her, as a man poet loves the fairest woman, so passionately, so entirely, that it touched her heart's best depths.

If he had gone out into the world, then,

and won such fame as she desired, won wealth and honours, he might have claimed her for his wife, but he was blind. He knew the vastness of his love, but saw in worldly influences no power to aid this love. He was as foolishly unselfish as all high souled poets ever are.

Moved by a sudden irresistible impulse,



ONE DAY, WHILE HE WAS SINGING, A SMALL PARTY OF TOURISTS PENETRATED NEAR HIS FASTNESS.

touched into life by some feminine art, the singer told all the greatness and passion of his love. The girl knew that the very nobility and greatness of his love made him unworthy in her sight. She saw with worldly eyes—hated herself, scorned him, and rejected his love with an assumption of pride so vain that she herself shivered at its