

triumph that had an honest man's unaffected gladness in it—then his shoulders heaved convulsively, and the hot tears that saved his brain from madness trickled through his fingers, to fall among the grass. At last he rose, and the dog barked with relief.

“No, Pakeha, we are not going home—I can't. To chain her life to mine and daily crush her,” he murmured presently, “is no longer possible. Caroline will die with me daily as long as I live—I will die to her once for all. One wrench, and it will be over.”

And closely followed by Pakeha, he turned in an opposite direction.

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Awakening suddenly, Howard found himself stiff and uncomfortable. He stood up and stretched his cramped limbs, shivering a little in the early morning chill. Drawing up the blind he saw the sun had risen, and remembering that in the adjoining bedroom he had noticed bath and water, he had a hasty tub, which refreshed and invigorated him. He then dressed with the same dispatch, but with a neatness characteristic of him—if he was to be hanged that morning Howard Grey would have carefully trimmed his nails—then with determination in face and movements made for the open, and set off in a bee-line towards The Whare. He smiled a little grimly as he recollected how glad he had been to turn his back on it the day before. “Kismet!” he said to himself. He was destined at least to show another man the road to fame if he could not find it himself.

How would Caroline Osmond take the news that might mean emancipation and resurrection? Would it infuse into the lad sufficient energy and patience to hold on doggedly to the drudgery necessary for the matriculation into a literary career? Were the irritable nerves capable of sustained control? Indulgence in mental passion had weakened him; he was self-distrustful. Was he a moral dyspeptic who could not digest the wholesome news? He was jealous for this new gift he had discovered, and gloried in it as a miser gloried in gold. The personality of the artist was a mere

nothing to him—he did not calculate how far it might have entered into his creation—the idea was all important. It must be worked up, the gem must be polished with delicacy and subtlety, and if necessary he must remain and show this young man how. But not for the man's sake—for the sake of his thought.

He was disquieted, and lifted his head and threw back his shoulders with a gesture of almost proud defiance against the Fate that seemed to mock him.

The morning was only half awake, and drowsily, with a tumbly sluggishness, diverting itself of the night garments of mist. The sun shone through a haze, and myriad cobwebs, dew traced, were patterned on the ferns or linking reed to reed. The cool air was fragrant with earth scents, and grass scents, and the breath of the snow river, and magnetic with early morning prophecies and the possibilities of a new day.

Howard was conscious of a feeling of well-being, offspring of his circulating blood, an enjoyment purely physical. He knew it as such; he was critical enough to know just exactly where he stood, and he knew that he hated what was to him the humiliation of this hour. Lowliness or self-forgetfulness or generosity had nothing to do with his act; his abnegation was to the only power he recognised, genius!

As he walked he always heard the river. Its subdued murmur made an accompaniment to his thoughts—unconsciously it drew him till he stood upon its bank. He stopped and watched it flowing swift and deep under the high precipitous bank, with swirl and eddy falling over rock to a lower and deeper pool at the bend. The white spray-foam threw up ghostly, appealing arms; arms that seemed lifted despairingly and disappeared. Again, as when he crossed the bridge, he felt himself drawn and drawn, engulfed and carried away.

He drew back, and his eye fell on a blue serge cap, and all about it the grass flattened and crushed. His face paled; he drew in his breath with a gasp. For a moment his brain was confused. He had come back so