

there in His azure Heaven. Earth but a dreary waste! Love had unbarred the gates of day, and stood expectant, half hidden in the glow of roses, girt with his gleaming garment as with a flame—The whole creation of the spheres was hushed yet resplendent.

The beloved had come.

Then throughout all space there was melody, of silver trumpets and golden clarions, rich viol, cymbal, pining flute, of singing pipes and strings!

O! Piercing sweet.

Thinkest thou that these mighty worlds are voiceless—thou that found glory in the sound of seas—and music in the twittering of birds? Know then that never has ear caught a chaunt of harmony so jubilant—as these two lovers heard.

Andrea and Rivière listened entranced—then he enfolded her—"Come," he said, "We have yet far to go."

Andrea rested her head upon his heart, and listened to its throbbing.

"I have not earned ecstasy"—she answered most sorrowful—"I must go back and work."

"Some time," he whispered, holding her close, "this fleeting hour is mine."

So all that day she lingered in the resplendent firmament, through the iridescent pearl of morning, and the dazzling noon, until the pensive hour of evening was passed, and again it was night.

"O Night! how beautiful this golden dress,
On which so many stars like gems are strewed,
So mild and modest in thy loveliness,
So bright, so glorious in thy solitude!
The soul soars upwards on its holy wings,
Through the vast ocean-paths of light sublime,
Visits a thousand yet unravelled things;
And, if its memories look to earthly time
And earthly interests, 'tis as in a dream—
For earth and earthly things but shadows seem;
While heaven is substance and eternity."

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And golden worlds in that wide temple glow,
And roll in brightness, in their orbits vast,
And there the future mingles with the past,
An unbeginning, an unending now.

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Again Love pleaded, and was denied. He kissed the hem of her garment and was gone.

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She was in darkness and alone.—She cried on Love but he came not back again for ever more.

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She ran stumbling into the night.—Somewhere a light twinkled—was it in Heart's Patch? Old familiar sounds broke on her ear, the whirr of mill sails, the sweet note of a night bird—the trickling of water over mossy stones—There, borne swiftly on the face of the waters, passed a little white corse with empty orbits—and on the bridge stood Lois—a cruel purple bruise about her throat.

"Come" cried she of ruddy hands, "we have great need of you," and she hurried into shades

infernal—where wraiths of women stood outcast, scarred with the mark of a beast most horrible which had eaten their fair beauty to the bone.

* * * * *

Andrea opened her eyes—hot tears were on her cheek.

Anna Leroy knelt by the bedside.

"What time is it?" asked Andrea.

"About midnight."

"Have I slept all day?"

"Yes, dear—and many a day."

"Tell me."

"Not now."

Andrea turned her face to the wall.

God was in his azure Heaven!

ETHEL G. FENWICK.

(To be concluded.)

BOOK OF THE WEEK.

THE WEST IN THE EAST FROM AN AMERICAN POINT OF VIEW.*

This book is delightful reading. Truth is not only stranger but often far more entertaining than fiction, and these travels in the East should be enjoyed even by many who, as a rule, vote such literature dull.

Of the women of India Mr. Collier writes:—

"I have just been guest at a splendid camp, where some seven hundred people were entertained for four days by one of the most enlightened native rulers in India. This ruler is a woman, Her Highness Sultan Begum of Bhopal. Here in India one finds a woman ruling with tact, with force and with success. Here, too, in India is the most marvellous memorial to a woman ever built with human hands. Woman at her highest, woman at her lowest, woman immortalised, and all here in India.

The description of the exquisite mausoleum built by Shan Jahan for his favourite wife, "Light of the Palace," is too long to give in detail, but the author says: "I saw it for the first time as the sun was setting, leaving it with the purple curtain of the horizon all about it.

"It looked as though a Titan had taken a huge piece of ivory satin, embroidered it, encrusted it with jewels, stuffed it into shape and set it on the sky. . . . It is the only building in the world that makes one wish to pat it, smooth it, touch it, as though it were the soft skin of a woman. It is not something you see; you feel it, hear it, taste it. . . . No other woman in the world has ever been praised in marble and jewels as is this woman, and no other woman ever can be. There have been greater men and lovelier women doubtless, and countless men who have loved as much, and many, no doubt, who have loved more, but every man who has loved a woman must

* By Price Collier. London: Duckworth & Co.

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