

and blustering, as it might have been in Edinburgh, and I went labouring up and down the beach in the wind, and in a passion with myself—at least a sort of sham passion, a little froth on the top of a great dead-sea of discouragement. I am out of it again a good deal; but you know, there the thing does remain a little. These things do not pass in a night's time: I shall have a bad time again likely enough, this afternoon. You don't know that about me; when I am discouraged, I am discouraged; I feared I should not be strong enough to take a position when I went home, and would let myself be drawn into a false one; and everything else in the same way looked black and impossible, and blockaded by impenetrable walls.

I may tell you also, while I am in the Jeremy mood, that I am discontented with myself. All that Mme. G. told me the other day (and I believe she meant it)—all that you have told me, *all that you feel for me*—is so much better than I feel myself to be that I begin to loathe myself as an imposture. When you see "Ordered South" you will understand how I prefer "the shadowy life that we have in the hearts of others," because it is so much

more beautiful and noble, to the vulgar little market-place of petty passions that I know bitterly to be myself. Is it all a dream, dear? Lift up your eyes, and you will see that I am not worthy, and turn away.

I am so glad now to be sure, and thoroughly to understand that past difficulty. It was all, as I see now distinctly, something got up between jest and earnest—three parts at least in jest—by Mme. Z.: the other never had a hand or an interest in it.

Sunday.

I wonder how you are, and I don't know whether to send this off or wait until I hear from you. I am a little tired and stupid still, this morning, and have nothing to say, except that I do not fail to think of you; nor shall ever. Also I begin to be somewhat homesick and impatient—not for Edinburgh, as you may fancy; and on the whole I am somewhat low at heart. This is all because it is February—don't think much of it. If I could only knock, this forenoon, at the door of No. 15!

Ever your faithful friend,

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

(To be continued)

Respite

BY ELIZABETH KEMPER ADAMS

THE soft June dark enfolded us; the breeze
Told us of wood and field and wayside brier
And the wild grape in flower; the small choir
Of pool and grasses shrilled antiphonies;
And we, rapt by the moment even as these,
Footed an unknown road without desire
To see beyond the scintillant dip and spire
Of fireflies weaving lambent fantasies.
Now, when great verse, music, or mountain height
Brings me the searching loneliness of dreams
Too high for compass of our mortal breed,
I think that kinder to my human need
Were the soft darkness of that summer night,
Fragrant and sown with myriad fiery gleams.



A cheese-vender with his wares spread out on a portable table under a great red umbrella.

Surrounded by a crowd of "bonnes ménagères" eager to buy, at perhaps, four sous less per kilo than the price in the many little "épiceries." There are in addition many interested observers of the proceedings; and generally on the lee side of the pile of cheeses I observed from the "terrace" of the "Café de la Victoire" him whom we have nicknamed "the philosopher." He never buys a cheese, but stands close by, where the fragrant odors easily reach his nostrils.

Sketches of Vence

BY F. N. MARVIN

A PLEASANT TOWN IN A QUIET AND SUNNY CORNER OF POST-WAR FRANCE