

absorbed he did not even notice how she laughed. He nodded and smiled, showing his satisfaction with what she had done and, with the smile on his lips, returned to the page.

André and the table slid away and away till he looked as small as a doll standing on the farther edge of the great gulf that had opened between them. She was alone on her side, not even Vermeersch was with her. For the first time in her life she was completely alone. She saw this in a way that was more than a thought, more than a vision. She saw it as a truth and forever.

André, away off, was fluttering something at her. The letter. So that was what she was capable of! Last night if she had stayed, would she have written it? No. But she knew, this morning, she couldn't have stayed. You couldn't be different from what you were. And she was glad she hadn't. Just an affair of the senses—well, that was not enough. Perhaps because she was a woman. Or maybe for some other

reason. Anyhow, she was glad it was not enough.

He was talking. She listened carefully as one listens to a voice one has difficulty in hearing and gathered that she was to take the letter and add something—oh, a very little thing, André had thought of. He put the sheets in her hand, still talking. She felt the paper in her fingers and began tearing it into little pieces. And tearing the paper she had to cry out to André: "I went to his house last night. I couldn't live any longer without seeing him. He was with a Mangbetu girl. He had forgotten me." Then she began to sob.

André, beside himself, was so outraged he filled the room with noise. She lay back, still crying. Vermeersch cared nothing for her. André would never forget what she had told him or forgive her. For years he would remember and feel like this. But she said to herself, It had to be. And she knew there was something in it she would not have been without.



## I Shall Walk To-day

BY GRACE NOLL CROWELL

I SHALL walk to-day upon a high green hill,  
I shall forget the walls and the roofs of the town;  
This burden, strapped to my back, shall be unloosed,  
And I shall leave it there when I come down.

Warm is the hill upon which I shall walk to-day;  
Gold is the sun upon the close-cropped grass,  
And something of the peace of grazing sheep  
Shall permeate my being as I pass:

Something of the look within their eyes  
Of upland pastures, and of clean wind blown—  
The tranquil, trusting look of those who know  
A shepherd watches, I shall make my own.

And I shall gather the little wind flowers there,  
And press their sweetness upon my heart to stay,  
Then I shall go back to the walls and the roofs of the town,  
Stronger than I have been for many a day.