



## CHAPTER XX

### THE BEGINNING OF THE END

THE following morning, by half-past nine, I was briskly driving away from the scene of all this sentiment; and having yesterday been inclined to think that the best things in the world had grown old, the breath of the spring taught me that one thing at least was young. For miles and miles, on each side of the road, lines of tremulous anemones shone and smiled at me as I passed; and finally, I do not know why, they gave place to continuous asphodel. We stopped again at the village I have already mentioned, with the green garden and the aqueduct. Whilst the horses rested I sat down by this last, and watched the life of the quivering water flowing. Clear as crystal it hurried along its channel, carrying tiny leaves and sticks like microscopic boats with it. I felt as I watched it as if I were fifteen again, and the future, for a moment, renewed the aspect of glory which once was daily visible to the happy eyes of inexperience.