

**THE BIRD OF TIME;
BEING CONVERSATIONS
WITH EGERIA**

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The Bird of Time; Being Conversations with Egeria by Mrs. Wilson Woodrow

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MRS. WILSON WOODROW

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BEING CONVERSATIONS WITH EGERIA

BY

MRS. WILSON WOODROW



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THE WOMAN OF FIFTY .

"Look, lady, where yon river winds its line
Toward sunset, and receives on breast and face
The splendor of fair life: to be divine,
'Tis nature bids you be to nature true,
Flowing with beauty, lending earth your grace,
Reflecting heaven in clearness you."

GEORGE MEREDITH.

CHAPTER ONE

THE WOMAN OF FIFTY

IT was Egeria's birthday and she had been having a garden party to celebrate the event. Out upon the closely cropped green lawn there were tents and marquees; there were music and the hum of voices; there were women in charming frocks and plenty of men; but now the groups were rapidly thinning and only a few of Egeria's "friends of the soul" had remained.

"Not an ice, thank you," she was saying to the Commonplace Man from the depths of a wicker chair, "a cup of tea. You know how I like it, very hot and with three thick slices of lemon."

Egeria, a painter of distinction, was a slender woman with light hair of no particular tint and sea-green eyes. Her features were anything but classic, and her pale face