Harry," he said. "Dorian Gray is merely to me a motive in art. He is never more present in my work, than when no image of him is there. He is simply a suggestion, as I have said, of a new manner. I see him in the curves of certain lines, in the loveliness and the subtleties of certain colours. That is all."

"Then why won't you exhibit his portrait?"

"Because I have put into it, all unconsciously, some expression of this extraordinary romance of which, of course, I have never dared to speak to him. He knows nothing about it, and he will never know anything about it. But the world might guess it, and I will not bare my soul to their prying eyes. My heart shall never be put under their microscope. There is too much of myself in the thing, Harry, too much of myself!"

"Poets are not so scrupulous as you are. They know how useful passion is for publication. Nowadays a broken heart will run to many editions."

"I hate them for it. An artist should create beautiful things, but should put nothing of his own life into them. We live in an age when