*Приложение 2*

And watching the white clouds so bright against the intense blue, Ashurst, on his silver wedding day, longed for – he knew not what. …

A mal-adjusted animal, civilized man! There could be no garden of his choosing, of “the Apple-tree, the singing, and the gold,”…no achievable elysium in life, or lasting haven of happiness for any man with the sense of beauty – nothing which could compare with the captured loveliness in a work of art, set down forever, so that to look on it or read was always to have the same precious sense of exaltation and restful inebriety.

Life no doubt had moments with that quality of beauty, of unbidden flying rapture, but the trouble was, they lasted no longer than the span of a cloud’s flight over the sun; impossible to keep them with you… They were fleeting as one of the glittering or golden visions one had in the soul in nature, glimpses of its remote and brooding spirit.

… He had stumbled on just one of those past moments in his life, whose beauty and rapture he had failed to arrest, whose wings had fluttered away into the unknown; he had stumbled on a buried memory, a wild sweet time, swiftly choked and ended.