

she said, in answer to his glance, "but I could n't wear any colour, either."

"You're as white as the plum tree was!" said Lavendar. "I remember thinking that it looked like a bride." Robinette made no reply. He ventured to look up at her as he spoke, and she was smiling although her lip quivered and her eyes were full of tears. Lavendar's heart beat uncomfortably fast as they walked through the meadow towards the stile which led into the churchyard.

"It's too soon to go in yet," he said. "The bells have n't begun."

"Let's stop here. It's cool in the shadow," said Robinette. She leaned on the wall and looked out at the shining reaches of the river. "The swelling of Jordan is over now," she said with a little smile and a sigh. "The tide has come up, and how quiet everything is!"

The water mirrored the hills and the ships and the gracious sky above them. There was scarcely a sound in the air. At the point where they stood, the Manor House was