

mind, in love with some fraction of the beauty interwoven with the world, had stamped an impress of itself, sometimes exquisite, sometimes whimsical, sometimes riotous — above all, *living*, life reaching to life, through the centuries: these, from a refuge or an amusement, had become an abiding delight, something, moreover, that seemed to point to a definite lifework — paid honourably by cash as well as pleasure.

What would she think, he asked her, of a great Museum for the north — a centre for students — none of your brick and iron monstrosities, rising amid slums, but a beautiful house showing its beautiful possessions to all who came; and set amid the streams and hills? And in one wing of it, perhaps, curator's rooms — where Lydia, the dear lover of nature and art, might reign and work — fitly housed? . . .

But his brow contracted before she could smile.

"Some time perhaps — some time — not now! Let's forget — for a little. Lydia — come away with me — let's be alone. Oh, my dear! — let's be alone!"

She was in his arms again, calming the anguish that would recur — of those nights in the 'Tower' after the murder, when it had seemed to him that not Brand, but himself, was the prey that a whole world was hunting with Hate for the huntsman.

But presently, as they clung to each other in the firelight, he roused himself to say:

"Now, let me see your mother; and then I must go. There is much to do. You will get a note from Lady Tatham to-night."

She looked up startled. And then it came over her,