

smell! freshly of the new season, and a certain promise of the laggard in the twitterings of the birds among the boughs. Also that delicate and subtle clearness of the atmosphere which makes the breath of life a delight, and gives one wonderful ideas of space and distance and eternity. Elizabeth's home was worthy of her—a sombre, stately, venerable pile, standing erect and unashamed on its little eminence, its grey battlements showing clear cut, like some aristocratic face, against the delicate crystal of the sky. It was entirely unadorned, save where all about the western wing the green ivy had crept tenderly, harmonising exquisitely with the cold grey granite, giving to it the necessary touch of colour and of life. It was many windowed, and within the rooms were noble, yet filled with a solid comfort; in a word, it was a home.

Elizabeth had wisely not interfered with its substantial and fitting furnishing; only her private rooms bore the stamp of her own personality. In the window of the room where we now sat stood the table from the consulting-room in Rayburn Place, and in the dear old revolving chair Elizabeth had a trick of sitting, as she had so often done in those blessed old days when I could see her when the