

"This walk will begin like the village," announced Miss Nancy, when the expedition had set out "You will think it is going to be through the village like the old one, but it is not. Presently you will see it."

Presently came just the outskirts of the village, when Miss Nancy opened the churchyard gate.

"Miss Nancy, where are you going now?" demanded Trimmer.

"It is a proper walk, quite proper," said Miss Nancy, stoutly, leading the way in much haste, lest Trimmer should change her mind, past the sunny window where the white roses peeped and nodded to Master Bartlemy, to a wicket in the churchyard wall, and a flight of worn steps into a little lane, very narrow, and very deep.

"Trimmer, *this* is it," announced Miss Nancy.

Trimmer did not respond with enthusiasm.

"It looks very dirty, Miss Nancy," she said.

"No, it is only a very little dirty, Trimmer, and I do not mind it, I do not, indeed. And you do not know, Trimmer, for you cannot possibly know, how beautiful it is down there."

Trimmer turned down the new lane with the eye of one who has doubts. The churchyard wall was on one side, and on the other an overgrown hedge, so that the churchyard trees and the hawthorn bushes met overhead. This made the lane very attractive to a person of Miss Nancy's age; but a person of Trimmer's could not be blind to a mud in the deep ruts, and Trimmer picked her way with a very dissatisfied face.

"Isn't it beautiful?" breathed Miss Nancy. "But soon it will be *more*!"

"I hope so, Miss Nancy," said Trimmer plainly, "for I was just beginning to think that we would turn back."

"Oh, Trimmer! When it is just here — at least, only such a little further!"

"Well, Miss Nancy, I really do not see what you have come to look at," said Trimmer, but being by no means an unkind woman, though a strict one, she struggled on to Miss Nancy's goal. The lane ended in old iron gates, hung on stones pillars with great stone balls on their tops.

"And, oh, Trimmer, it is here!" said Miss Nancy.