

The Queen's Tragedy

Master Sweetnam, burdened by the Terence, turned to his friend as they came into the court.

"As satisfied as ever," he said.

"Pah! he is mad with pride. But he will find out."

The two nodded their heads sagaciously as they went into chapel.

Guy was serenely unconscious and careless of their opinion. Of course he was satisfied! Why should he not be?

He drew back a curtain presently in a pause of his packing, and looked out on to the east window of the chapel, and the glimmer of light within and Blessed Mary with her Child in her arms in red and blue on the centre pane. The sight gave him a further thrill of freedom. There they all were, that little set of folks with whom he had lived so long, repeating together the old acts that they had repeated for twenty years past, some of them, though in varying phrase and language, and would repeat for twenty years more, with their heads down on their books, and one of the priests leading them from his stall; and then they would come out, and go to bed soon; and come out again in the morning, and re-enact the uneventful day, toiling over their microscopic crumbs of Greek, laying down the law to gaping boys, and quarrelling among themselves as to the law they laid down; and all was to do again, over and over again.

And here was he with his face towards a new and vivid mystery, and excitement and self-reliance in his heart.

He turned back again exulting as the door opened and a boy came in.

"Well?" he said.

"The suit will be here by six o'clock, Master Manton."

Tom Bradshawe was flushed and excited too. He was a dark well-grown child of twelve years old,