

Beechmark the better. Think of the lawyers—the trousseau—the wedding. My dear, you've no time to waste!—nor have I. Geoffrey is an impatient fellow—he always was."

"And I shall see Arthur?" she asked him gently.

His look thanked her. But he did not pursue the subject.

Then Geoffrey and Lucy Friend came in, and there was much talk of plans, and a merry dinner *à quatre*. Afterwards, the rain seemed to have cleared off a little, and through the yellow twilight a thin stream of people, driving or on foot, began to pour past the inn, towards the hills. Helena ran upstairs to put on an oilskin hat and cape over her white dress.

"You're coming to help light the bonfire?" said Geoffrey, addressing Philip.

Buntingford shook his head. He turned to Lucy.

"You and I will let the young ones go—won't we? I don't see you climbing Moel Dun in the rain, and I'm getting too old! We'll walk up the road a bit, and look at the people as they go by. I daresay we shall see as much as the other two."

So the other two climbed, alone and almost in silence. Beside them and in front of them, scattered up and along the twilight fell, were dim groups of pilgrims bent on the same errand with them.