

CHAPTER XIII.

THE homeward drive, like the outward, was one of intense pleasure to the Historian, but as that pleasure, in each case, was due not only to the keen air and the delight of lake and hill and field, but also to the conversation with another, I will not enlarge upon the subject, lest my praise pale before the blushes it evokes.

The walkers—Moss and Sam. Blake—broke their appetite into fragments at the half-way-house, but the rest of us merely chipped a corner off. Yet the memory of those bowls of berries is a very fond one! Nothing of excitement occurred until we were nearing home, when "Billee" took it into his head to race with a cart carrying a load of merry hearted girls. His example stirred up some of the other drivers to a like endeavour, with the result that the maddest of chariot races began, until we feared that we should return to our homes in the condition of the man in the Bab Ballads, "in pieces most particularly small." This dread fate was avoided by a large expenditure of potent language, and in "Billee's" case, by not less potent blows upon his back.

Months have passed since that evening, but the memory of my appetite of that night dwells with me, and will dwell, as, indeed, does and will that of the swish of the razor upon my unkempt beard. But these were the smaller things: the larger lay in the warmth of welcome, and in the sweetness of voices, heard after days of silence, and naming and making "Home!"
