

"Tit-a-weet! Tit-a-weet!"

"Cock robin!"

His luggage consisted of a brown-paper parcel, a paint-box and two canvases.

Morrison met him at the station. She was glowing with health and good spirits and began to tease him at once about his luggage, of which she insisted on taking charge.

"It's the loveliest little cottage!" she said; "only two rooms. . . . I hope you don't mind walking along the road. There is another way through the fields, but I daren't try to find it; besides, it goes through the woods, and I don't want you to see any woods before you have been to mine. I don't believe there'll be room for you in the cottage. You'll have to sit in the garden and have your meals handed out to you, among the chickens and the pigs."

"Pigs?" said Mendel, "I want to draw pigs. Marvellous animals!"

"These are the most marvellous pigs that ever were."

So they chattered in a growing glee as they walked along the winding road up into the hills. They were unwilling to let their deep thoughts emerge until they had been caught up in the beauty of the place, the serene lines of the comfortable folding hills, the farmsteads tucked in the hollows, the rich velvet plough-lands, the blue masses of woods, the gorse-grown common, and the single sentinels the trees, and the hedges where the birds sang and twittered, Tit-a-weet! tit-a-weet! . . . And over the hills hung the wide sky, vast and open, with great clouds that seemed to be drawn from the edge of the earth and sent floating up and up to show how limitless was the space above the earth.

For the first time Mendel had no sting of anger at the exhilaration in the English girl, no desire