

garden, left to run adorably wild, the white stars of anemone lay tangled in the grass. The candles were alight on the horse-chestnut, and by the door there was a may-tree, clustered with deeply-bright pink blossom. Peter fitted the key into the lock, found that whosoever had left last had forgotten to put the latch down, and we walked straight in. We went all over the house, into the big, bare, whitewashed rooms, and into those where sketches and bits of old furniture made the place home; everywhere were flowers, and Jo and Chloe had left supper ready for us. We looked at all this, and then went up to my room, which was the attic looking towards the road. I had chosen it because there was a tall plane-tree outside, and at night the lamp at the gate threw the shadows of the leaves against the pale wall of my room, and, when a wind was abroad that shook the boughs, the shadows fled across and across the wall like a flock of big birds flying.

The lamp had not been lit yet, for the sunset still held the sky, and Peter and I went to the window and stood looking out. The clouds were heaped and tumbled in fantastic palaces of rosy towers and purple shadows, with a streak of molten light at their foot, where they touched the rim of the heath.

"There's one of your spirit-cities, Peter," I said.

"Oh, it's good, all of it," answered Peter, his arm about me, and I pressed his head against me in silence. Yes, it was good, and as I looked out at the grey-green of the Heath, the darker blots of the trees and the high arch of the sky, I saw how it might come to be even better. That there would be difficulties I knew, for once, more clearly than Peter, for this house, so sweet