

shorter time would not give me a chance to love you and Halfway and Lisbeth and the Island and all the rest of the beautiful things that have come to me for my very own!"

And Joan said her good-night, and was gone from out the wing rooms, whence she had fled so many a time with sore and troubled thoughts, in and out which she would pass for many a year yet in grey old Halfway, but always carrying about with her, then as now, her happy singing heart, and the touchstone that could turn the drear and barren things to green and gold.