

preting between Catherine and Mary, wifehood and spinsterhood. But here was another failure for Catherine marked his tender sympathy with Mary and his keen interest in all her thoughts and projects and was jealous.

Mary had marked the change in her brother when Tibby came to the house and her thoughts were deep. She left Thrigsby sad at heart. Jamie saw her to the station. She was to travel down with John and Maggie and, at the last moment, Tom turned up to say good-bye. The train steamed out, Mary and Maggie waved their black-edged handkerchiefs until they were out of sight. As they turned away Tom said: "John is getting quite fat. He tells me he is thinking of getting married again. I call it disgusting. O! Agnes told me to ask you to dinner before you go."—"Thanks," said Jamie, "but I think Catherine will not be able to spare me."—"Agnes will be sorry. How long will you be away?"—"Six months. Perhaps a year."—"And then?"—"I don't know."—"I should think you might do well as a journalist. If you like I'll speak to Macalister at my club. He's editor of *The Daily Express*, you know."—Jamie whacked on the ground with his stick: "Tom!" he cried, "will you understand once and for all that I do not wish you to interfere in my affairs or even to think about them."—"As you please," said Tom.

They came to the bottom of the station slope and there they parted.

Two days later Jamie was in Liverpool, by the river where long ago he had found romance and relief from the torment of the black city, the wide river and the sea beyond, with great ships coming and going. He had not been on the water since his first coming from Scotland. Now he boarded a vessel and an hour later she was towed out of the river and soon was out on the wide sea. The land fell away and was lost. The moon came up in the west, a comical red moon with a merry face and a wisp of cloud across it for a moustache. He stood on deck with the wind blowing cold through his hair and beard and gazed up at the moon which set him tingling with such a vague hungry longing as he had not known since he was a boy and in love with Selina Leslie. The face in the moon reminded him of Mr Wilcox as Dogberry. The longing in him grew into passionate hope and he told himself that he was going towards the New World where there had been wars of liberty.