



The little confidential "we" brought the glad light flooding to his face. "She might—if you cooked it, perhaps," he said, half seriously.

Something of the adoration the Sharp-Voiced One felt for Miss Hunt may have sounded in his voice, for Marjorie suddenly remembered her duties.

"We must take ourselves away from here," she said, gaily evading the point, "and be polite. If we don't go soon, the grass will be up to our shoes and Miss Huntington will refuse my photograph. She will say that this"—she held up the card—"was taken in prehistoric times."

But she did not offer to show him the photograph. Perhaps she thought it unkind to help him break the difficult tenth commandment. And Crawford did not ask to see it. Perhaps he thought it wise to devote himself to Miss Huntington for a space. Who knows?

Miss Huntington, a wiry little spinster of fifty-odd summers—or was it frosts?—was anxiously awaiting them, her thin hands clasped nervously in her best silk lap. To her the rector was always her catechist, she in his presence the Sunday School pupil who might fail in her examination. She stood up now very straight to meet him, and to his kind inquiry said deprecatingly:—

"I thank you, I am very well, Canon Crawford."

The rector was always "Canon" to Miss Huntington—she had repeated her first catechism to a Canon, and with Miss Huntington, habits tended to persevere. In vain Crawford had told her that he had no right to the title. She had always brushed away his modesty with a wave of her thin hand.

"You deserve it, anyway, Mr. Crawford. And I shall be the first to call you that. Perhaps I have the gift of prophecy."

It was impossible, indeed, to argue with Miss Huntington when she thought she was quoting Scripture.

At dinner, in answer to Mrs. Fitzgerald's neighbourly inquiries,

