

Nelly dropped into the grass among the daffodils. One could not have called her the spirit of the spring—the gleeful, earthly spring—as it would have been natural to do, in her honeymoon days. And yet, as Hester watched her, she seemed in her pale, changed beauty to be in some strange harmony with that grave, renewing, fruitful heart of all things, whereof the daffodils and the cherry-blossom were but symbols.

Presently there were voices beneath them—climbing voices that came nearer—of a man and a woman. Nelly's hand began to pluck restlessly at the grass beside her.

Cicely emerged first, Cicely in white, very bridal, and very happy. Very conscious too, though she did not betray it by a movement or a look, of the significance of this first meeting, since Sarratt's death, between her brother and Nelly. But they met very simply. Nelly went a little way down the steep to meet them. She kissed Cicely, and gave Farrell her hand.

'It was very good of you to come.'

But then it seemed to Hester, who could not help watching it, that Nelly's face, as she stood there looking gravely at Farrell, shewed a sudden trouble and agitation. It was gone very quickly, however, and she and he walked on together along a green path skirting the fells, and winding through the daffodils and the hawthorns.

Cicely and Hester followed, soon perceiving that