

Anne, with the result the latter took time as a teacher and rested quietly at home, letting the result of the past three years work itself out.

"You'll get mental indigestion if you go so fast," Patricia had said.

And indeed she spoke truth. Anne needed rest, needed time and quiet to realise what those years had done for her, to find where she stood and listen in patience for the next unfolding of the self according to the eternal pattern of the Originator.

Not in haste, nor in strenuous continual struggle does such unfolding take place, such are well enough for growth, but the hour of flowering is the stillness of summer. It is then the results of the wind-tossed autumn, the cold barren winter, and the long protracted spring are found in full blossom, open leaf, and perfect fruit. So Anne, dimly understanding, waited to see what was permanent and what transitory of all the life notes she had gathered to herself in those three years of search.

And Max Aston waited too, very patiently but very surely, never swerving in his intention, never losing faith in the appointed end, which was but a new beginning.