

am with you : past and future are lost in darkness. But indeed you are shivering. You are not cold, are you, love ? It is such a lovely night, so still, so calm."

It was one of those exquisite nights which come sometimes in mid-winter. Not a breath of wind stirred the light leafage of the shrubs, or waved the pine-tops yonder. A light fall of snow had whitened the garden-walks, but left the shrubberies untouched. The moon was at the full, and every line and every leaf showed clear in that silver light. The distant landscape glimmered in a luminous haze, deepening to purple as it touched the horizon ; while here and there in the valley a glint of brighter silver showed where the river wound among low hills and dusky islets towards the busier world beyond.

Suddenly, silver sweet in the moonlight and the silence, came the musical fall of a peal of bells—joy-bells from the distant tower of Flamestead Church—joy-bells ringing in the new year.

" My God !" cried Lavendale, " the clocks were wrong !"

He gazed at Judith with wide distended eyes, and