

hasn't the religious temperament, for one thing. All she needed was to find herself. A modern phrase, isn't it—and one that I rather avoid, as a rule, but it's expressive enough. The child had to learn proportion—and it was taught her through the strongest thing she knew—her love for Frances. Reality is the only medium for reality, after all. Her other emotions and phases weren't real, you know—not even a sort of love affair that she had one year. But she had to get right down to bed-rock to teach her what relative values are."

Ludovic felt with an absolute conviction that Mrs. Tregaskis, as she had said, understood indeed.

He wondered deeply concerning Rosamund's acceptance of such comprehension.

That the acceptance was almost matter of fact in its completeness was evident, but it was only after a time that he became aware of a deeper serenity underlying her tranquil receptivities. It was not the pale serenity of resignation, either, for he was conscious of a certain strength and hopefulness in her outlook that differed oddly from the atmosphere of unrest diffused by Rosamund Grantham as he had known her a few years earlier.

"I'm getting much happier," she once said to him with laughing candour. "Not for any reason, you know, but just because I am."

"I thought you would. I'm very glad."

"There's no reason for it," repeated Rosamund thoughtfully. "I'm horrid enough to Cousin Bertie very often, as you know."

He had seen her lose her temper in a quick, childish outburst over a small matter that afternoon.

"And I always thought I *must* have definite work or go mad. You know I tried writing, and everything, and none of it seemed right. Yet here I am, doing nothing at all, except little tiny jobs that Cousin Bertie mostly makes for me, and sometimes wondering if I'm justifying my existence at all—yet the days go by very quickly."

"Work will come," said Ludovic, voicing a conviction. "The jobs one takes up just to save one's fancied self-respect never seem to me to be worth while."

Rosmund laughed a little.

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