

seasons, change enough in the sky to fulfil every requirement of my soul ; only that I need another to note those changes with me.

Here the whole summer, the whole autumn and winter had passed with every varied colour and design. The spring was back again, and the whole world about us was the same once more as it had been the previous year. The gulls were beating up against the thrusting wind; the songs of larks rose like glittering bells, trilling and tinkling in the bright air above us. Now the gorse was in its full blazonry of yellow, and all the heather buds shook out their music to each little breeze.

As my feet first felt the yielding turf beneath them, I stood still, took off my hat, threw back my head and let the warm, white sun burn down upon my skin.

"Oh, my God !" I muttered, "how wonderful this is !"

"And you might have had it always," said Bell-wattle.

I looked at her swiftly. There was more than just what she said. In the tone of her voice I detected a thousand things to which my imagination leapt for answer.

"What do you mean ?" said I.

"Why did you send Clarissa home ?" she asked.

"Why ? Because it was her own wish. Because she wanted to go."

"Never tell me you know anything about women again," said she.

"I was not aware that I'd said anything about any