

"What difference does it make? She would never dare—to—"

"You can never tell," Wrayson said, with a sigh, "what a woman will dare to do. Tell me the truth, Duncan. You care for her still?"

"God knows it!" he answered fiercely. "There has never been another woman. There never could be."

"Jump on your pony, then, and ride down and meet them. Gently, man! Don't break your neck. . . ."

Later they sat out upon the verandah. The swift darkness was falling already upon the land, the colour was fading fast from the gorgeous fragments of piled-up clouds in the western sky. Almost as they watched, the outline faded away from the distant mountains and the rolling woods lost their shape.

"It's a wonderful country, yours, Duncan," Wrayson said.

"It is God's own country," Duncan answered quietly. "What we shall make of it, He only knows! It is the country of eternal mysteries."

He pointed northwards.

"Think," he said, "beneath those forests are the ruins of cities, magnificent in civilization and art before a stone of Babylon was built, when Nineveh was unknown. What a heritage! What a splendid heritage, if only we can prove ourselves worthy of it!"

"Why not?" Wrayson asked quietly. "Our day of decline is not yet. Even the historians admit that."

"It is the money-grabbers of the world who be-