

her heart was in her mouth, and that she still hid the sorrows of others in her soul.

In less than half an hour we were in Elizabeth's little Ralli cart, her strong, capable hands on the reins, and the groom behind. Elizabeth was fond of her horses, and proud of them too; the beautiful creature she drove that night seemed to know and respond to her lightest touch.

"Spring tarries here, Elizabeth," I said, as my eyes wandered across the varied landscape, seeking in vain for the green glory of her skirts.

"Yes, but when she comes it is like a Queen, dear. To see Flisk in June is to get some idea of Paradise. But I like winter too, the wideness of the landscape, the bareness of the trees, the wild winds whistling down the glens. Look at the light on the moor yonder; you would never get that dark glow in summer. Port Ellon lies just beyond; the sea is there; when the wind is southerly you get the salt of it even at Flisk."

"I have a lot of things to see, Elizabeth," I said. "Most of all, I think, the lych gate where you and Keith parted so bitterly in the long ago."

"That's at Glenspeed, dear, and we need a long day at Glenspeed. There is the Mains. It is just