

towns, all merged and lost : beyond, confining it, rose the line of the Clent Hills, low and bare.

As Lambert and Jehane watched, the moon rose from behind her frail screen ; the poplar stems grew pale ; the grass was silvered over and the bushes cast deep and deeper shadows. A cluster of heavy-foliaged oaks stood up like a herd of great beasts browsing upon the hill-side ; all things near at hand took shape and substance in the clear shining ; but upon the plain, under the dazzling of the moon, all was faintest silver mist, through which nothing could be distinguished, not even the great tower of St. Cynebert's. Only on the hills a speck of red light burned, a cresset, perhaps, upon some castle wall. A welcome ? A warning ? The hearts of the fugitives thrilled to the unknown.

But Jehane turned and looked back towards the west, where the past was. Between long, still, soft-edged sweeps of cloud the last of daylight lingered, very soft and grey. Beneath them lay the forest, its outline merging into cloud, itself a cloud. Infinitely vast it seemed, infinitely far, infinitely sad ; featureless, solemn, mysterious, withdrawn.

" Are you very loth to leave it, my Jehane ? "

" Very, very loth. But glad too. It will never be the same again to me, since I have seen my home burning, and Edwy lying there. I go with you so gladly, and the great world seems to hold out such