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CHAPTER XX: II

McTAGGART glanced at his watch.

"Ten minutes more. Are you very tired?"

"Not a bit." Jill turned with a bright face from the window in the corridor where she stood, gazing out. "It's all so lovely. Look at that hill rising up like a fir cone, against the sky. And *isn't* it blue! I never saw such colouring. Those silvery trees!—Olives, did you say they were? Fancy seeing olives grow!—and oranges and lemons too. It sounds like the game we used to play in our nursery days."

In a low voice, sweet as a thrush:

"Oranges and lemons
Said the bells of St. Clement's,
I owe you four farthings
Said the bells of St. Martin's . . ."

Jill sang happily.

"Can't say much for the rhymes." McTaggart smiled.

But the girl had turned to the window again. "It's beautiful." She slipped a hand through his arm. "As long as I live I'll never forget those vines with their early Autumn tints—blood red; and the little towns perched on the hills like Robber Castles . . . Peter!—what's that?" She broke off excitedly, pointing out.

McTaggart followed the line of her hand.

"Siena, I think—I can't be sure. You know, it was dark when I got here before. Why, Jill!—Whatever's the matter?"

For the girl's face had suddenly changed. Fear and amazement were written there. She could not take her eyes away, as, on the steep hill to the south, a cluster of slender towers rose up, ivory-white, against the sky.