

"That's a fact," said Clive. "It'll be all the same, of course, to Uncle Moses."

"Of course," said David; "he merely wants to meet us here."

So they agreed upon this, and the next morning went on to Ferrara full of high hopes.

On reaching Ferrara they found themselves in a dreary city, with wide grass-grown streets, on which but few people were visible. There was a depressing dullness about the place, against which it was impossible to struggle. Added to this was the hateful drizzle which had followed them as if on purpose to disappoint and humiliate them. They tried to keep up their spirits, but in vain. They visited the churches, they looked with lacklustre eyes at the cell of Tasso, and strolled languidly through the Museum. After this they went to the railway station, as though the most attractive place in Ferrara was the way that led out of it. Here they studied the time-tables, and neither said a word.

"At two o'clock," said David, suddenly, "the train goes through for Padua."

"Well," said Clive.

"I wonder why we mayn't go to Padua," said David, innocently. "We can stay the night, and come back to Bologna to-morrow, and meet Uncle Moses."

"Will Uncle Moses leave Florence to-morrow?"

"No, not till the day after. We were to have three days, and he would leave on the fourth."