

But, as for Bellew it seemed to him that this was the hour for which he had lived all his life, and, though he spoke nothing of this thought, yet Anthea knew it, instinctively, — as she knew why he had avoided looking at her hitherto, and what had caused the tremour in his voice, despite his iron self-control; and, therefore, now that they were alone, she spoke hurriedly, and at random:

“What — did he — Georgy mean by — your ship?”

“Why, I promised to take him a cruise in the yacht — if you cared to come, Anthea.”

“Yacht!” she repeated, “are you so dreadfully rich?”

“I’m afraid we are,” he nodded, “but, at least, it has the advantage of being better than if we were — dreadfully poor, hasn’t it?”

Now, in the midst of the garden there was an old sun-dial worn by time, and weather, and it chanced that they came, and leaned there, side by side. And, looking down upon the dial, Bellew saw certain characters graven thereon in the form of a poesy.

“What does it say, here, Anthea?” he asked. But Anthea shook her head:

“That, you must read for yourself!” she said, not looking at him.