

clapping her hands above his head as he pranced beneath; and hand-in-hand, as it were, the two would fare forth glee-fully into God's morning, he and she and her book of knightly deeds; up through the knee-high bracken, among the white stemmed birches, where the wind was always in the leaves like the rustle of women's robes, until they came to that high headland that thrusts a bare shoulder up into Eternity; and there would lie amid the tides of heaven and look out over the rough hewn land to Burnwater, that shone like a jewel set at the feet of the far hills, and the sea flashing like sheaves of shaken spears beyond.

So now he went to the door and asked.

Robin opened for him, and watched him canter across the silent lawns and lose himself in the heather beyond.

"Whither now?" asked the Laird at his elbow, harshly.

"To Lammer-more," Robin replied; "to inquire of God where He has lain her."

Twenty minutes later he was back in a bustle. Through the hall he shot and up the stairs at three-legged run, to wait outside the door of his Love in a fury of expectancy.

There the Woman found him, urgent to be admitted.

"She is no there, Danny," she cried, but opened to him.

In he thrust furiously; saw the bed lady-forlorn, and stood quite still, as one shocked to death; and the Woman saw the hope die out of him as the soul dies out of a man.

Then he threw up his head as if to howl; but no sound came.

So he stood a moment in the centre of the floor, grey muzzle in the air, like a lost soul praying.

Then he turned and trailed out.

*(To be continued.)*