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SEEING it for the first time, she had said, " This is where I should like to live, the world forgetting, by the world forgot "; and now her wish was accomplished. She lived with her husband in her far-off castle, and the world troubled them no more.

He was working under the supervision of bluff old Mallock, the outgoing bailiff. He was learning the duties of his custodiership, learning the contours of the land and the faces of the tenantry. Tutor and pupil rode widely and long and often—to the edge of the moor, where the heather fought the pasture, and conquered unless one burned and drove it back ; to the lowest dips of the plain, where the river needed strong bridles, and was quick to scour in triumph over one's undiked fields. Great things, real things, were talked of, as the incoming and outgoing bailiffs rode together through the brief winter daylight. Small things too, but always real things, came into the lessons taught.—This cottage of the West Walk herd—how small a thing ; transparently small, since the weather has made holes, and one can see through and through it. Shall we patch it again, or build anew ? Let us try to build. " 'Twas so small a thing, my lord, that I couldn't be writing to you or my lady in London about it. But I hoped I'd one day get leave from you to build him another."

White-haired Mallock, with his loud North-country voice and uncourtly manner, takes these rides as if in a happy dream. All this is the realization of many day-dreams—vouched for by Mrs Grange of the Bailiff's house. " That's true—father's dream when I was no taller than my Cicely. ' Surely to goodness,' he used to say, ' some when or other, the lord would come to live on the land and take some interest.' "

And at last the dream is turning real. What the land yields of food is to be eaten on the land ; what the land brings of money will remain on the land. An apt pupil grasps Mallock's