

The occultist moved forward from the shadow of the coppice.

"I will go to my cart yonder," he said dreamily. "I will look into the heart of the fire, and if messages come to me you shall hear of them. Master, one word before we part—live out what life remains to you within the free air upon the hills. And know that the spirit world is close, so very close that we may reach out and meet it when we will. But first we must lead the spiritual life ourselves. You have learnt from me, and I from you. Let us pass on the light which we have received to those who walk in darkness."

There, at the beginning of the green lane, beside the sign-post which had marked the burying-place of blood-money, the spiritualists parted, the priest returning to the lone village, the gipsy making for the common. Each was far removed from the world of action, and both were near, very near, to the second sphere of consciousness, which marks the real starting-point of development towards the life everlasting.

That peace, which had its origin in the valley, spread out along the by-ways and up the hills to settle upon the Hermitage, the Manor House, and all Windycombe; and under the shelter of that peace the betrayer hid himself, although in ignorance of his nearness to a bitter expiation of his deeds, and wandered finally by a devious course to the door of the home which he had disgraced. Peace had come to Munro, not the wondrous rest of John Atcliff or of Isaac the nomad, not the rest which comes from the world without—for materialism still held him strongly—but that peace which the