

looking fellow to boot. To-night the conviction rankled with peculiar keenness by reason of her suppressed irritation with Macnair.

"Shirking the issue. Just like a man!" she soliloquised wrathfully. "And dragging in his own trumpery translations by the heels. The conceit of the creatures! And the folly of them. Wasting good abilities over the vapourings of a musty old Greek poet. Blind as a bat, or simply not caring a snap that the world's crammed with evils crying out to be reformed. Let them cry, so long as *he* can scribble in peace——"

At this point her somewhat chaotic thoughts were interrupted by music from the other end of the boat. Mark was singing Wallace's lullaby, "Son of Mine"; half crooning it, at first, for the benefit of Miss Alison, who did not know it. But as the strong swing of the melody took hold of him, he let out his voice to the full—a true, clear baritone; music in its every cadence; and something more than music, for those who had ears to hear.

Harry, raging inwardly, heard, and understood very well that the days of her own dominion were numbered. Lady Forsyth understood equally well; but she had passed beyond the raging mood. The song was an old favourite; every note of it laden with associations; and in spite of herself tears started to her eyes.

As for Mark, others might understand or not as they pleased. He was singing to an audience of one; to the girl who sat beside him, her uncovered head lifted and half turned away toward the dark sweeping curves of the hills.

When the murmur of applause died down she turned to him with the slow lift of her lashes that, conscious or no, thrilled him afresh at each repetition. "I didn't know you could sing like that," she said softly.