

the river, maybe, a-dreamin'. If yer'll wite till h'I've finished with this 'ere 'oss——."

"On the river!" Peter spoke quickly, to himself rather than to his friend. "Couldn't have passed her. Must be lower down."

He was turning away. Mr. Grace called after him, "'Alf a mo'! Got somethink ter tell yer." Peter halted. "H'it's abart me darter, Grice; h'unexpected like she's——." Peter waved his hand and passed out of ear-shot. Mr. Grace winked his eye at the horse. "Ho, beg parding!"

The sun had sunk behind the trees; the moon was rising. A little breeze shook the brittle leaves, laughing softly among them as they broke from their anchorage and swooped like bats through the dusk. On the edge of the lawn, overhanging the river, a white post stood ghostly. As he untied his punt, Peter looked up and read the legend, *The Winged Thrush*. On the sign was depicted a brown bird, fluttering its wings in a gilded cage. He pushed off into the stream, creeping sharp-eyed between misty banks through the twilight.

*And Glory!* Until the last few months his world had consisted of other people—people who had seemed so important—and Glory. But now—now that he could no longer follow the shining head of his little sister, he had halted. Looking back, all through the years from childhood he seemed to hear Glory, tiptoeing behind him. He had noticed her so rarely. He remembered the time when he had told her to remain seated on the garden wall, had forgotten her, had missed her and had recollected her only to find her still waiting for him, crying in the darkness. The terror seized him that to-night he might have remembered too late—might have lost her.

Something tapped against the side of his punt. He leant out—a floating oar! The stream was beginning to quicken; ahead rose the low booming of water rushing across a weir. He gazed about him. Down the shadowy river, darkly a-silver in moonlight, a black thing, like a log, bobbed in the current. As he came up with it, a figure