

exceedingly offensive to Jehovah. As the girl's spiritual and corporeal guardian, he charges himself with her care until she can be decently and respectably married. And they will go, all three of them, to Hunmouth at times, by 'Fankard's bus (oh, bliss! oh, heavenly rapture!) for purposes of shopping . . . and the sheer pleasure of it.

And the Spawer talks seriously of coming back to Uilbrig after the honeymoon, and fitting up a little place for their own two selves, where they can be near Father Mostyn, and all their old friends; and where he can work earnestly, and without distractions; and where they can escape all the jealousies and soul-corrupting ambitions of towns and places where they "live."

"Oh, little woman!" he tells Pam, "I can't bear to think of your giving up your own dear self, and letting your soul be shaped to the conventional pattern of the world. I want you to be what you are—and for what I love you. You shall see all the big places, of course, dear. We'll save up our coppers and manage that somehow. But let's see 'em from the outside. Let's go and look at them through glass windows, as though they were so many great shops, and come back to our own humble happy life, and break bread and be thankful. The world for us, dear, is just our two selves. We're two little human hemispheres that go to make our one globe, and if we're only happy in ourselves . . . why, let the other planets go hang! Because you love me I just feel I don't care how many people hate me. They can hate their heads off. They can cry 'pish' to my music. They can turn aside their faces when I go by, as though I were a pestilence. What I do I want to do now for you. I feel I would rather write a little song that pleases you, love, than compose a Beethoven symphony for the world to bow to. And why? Because, dearest, I know that the world is as ready to kick me as to bestow one ha'porth of its kindness . . . but You! All the pleasure I can give to you . . . is just an investment, which you can pay back to me in love at a thousand per cent."

"Isn't it funny?" says Pam, though without showing the least appreciation of the avowed humour, ". . . what love is. I've thought the same as you, too, but not put so beautifully. I just want us to try and be like what we are now, in our hearts, as long as we live. At times (do you?) I like to think of you as belonging to me . . . as though you were every bit mine. And at other times . . . I feel frightened of having you. The responsibility seems somehow too great. And