

you remember a little girl who was at our place the summer you were here she asked finally, a pale, red lipped, very shy little thing named mary graves stephen nodded. and do you remember how, even then, garry seemed to care for her he was always supercilious with the rest of us; he tormented us or ignored us entirely, but never her. again the inclination of the head. well, he grew up just that way, barbara went on, thoughtfully. one never could tell what was behind his indifference or or flippancies. he mocked at things customs and courses of action, which we have come to accept and and recognize. but he was always gentle with her, and kind, and oh, i think reverend is the right word now, knowing garry as i do as you will, when you see him again the phrase may seem a strange one to apply to him. and yet it describes best his bearing toward mary graves, two years ago. she was walking more slowly now, without knowing it. i doubt if garry ever revered anything on earth, or above it, except just little, white, shy mary graves, who never grew much bigger than she was when you knew her. i dont know whether you know it of course you dont but his father cared that way for a woman, cared just as utterly. and everybody thought this match was an assured thing; they even wondered at it a little, she was so so mouselike, and garry so brilliant and hard and i dont like the word sophisticated. it seemed to me that garrys wisdom was not a thing which he had acquired himself. it seemed more the father chase a snake more than once, and i have seen a good many men and women in my time. some of them walk like my father, they bustle along and kick up the leaves as he does; and some of them move quickly and yet softly, as snakes go. the gipsy girl moved so, and wherever she went the gipsy mans eyes went after her. suddenly he turned them on me. for an instant i was paralyzed and stood still. i could hear my father bustling down the bank; in a few minutes he would be at home, where my brother and sisters were safe and sound, whilst i was alone and about to reap the reward of my disobedience, in the fate of which he had warned me to be taken by gipsies and flitted. nothing, my dear children my seven dear children is more fatal in an emergency than indecision. i was half disposed to hurry after my father, and half resolved to curl myself into a ball. i had one foot out and half my back rounded, when the gipsy man pinned me to the ground with a stick, and the gipsy girl strode up. i could not writhe myself away from the stick, but i gazed beseechingly at the gipsy girl and squealed for my life. let the poor little brute go, basil, she said, laughing. were three flitted still. let it go cried the young man scornfully, and with another poke, which i thought had crushed me to bits, though i was still able to cry aloud. the gipsy girl turned her back and went away with one movement and without speaking. sybil cried the man; but she did not look round. sybil, i say she was breaking sticks for the fire slowly across her knee, but she made no answer. he took his stick out of my back, and progress, all was so deserted. the heavy sheets of rain in the air, the misty water dust raised by the drops as they struck the roofs, and the vapour steaming from the earth, drew over everything a veil invisible yet visible, which softened outlines like the gauze curtain in a theatre. through it loomed the minster, larger and far more mysteriously impressive than westray had in any moods imagined. a moment later the omnibus drew up before an iron gate, from which a flagged pathway led through the churchyard to the north porch. the conductor opened the carriage door. this is the church, sir, he said, somewhat superfluously. if you get out here, i will drive your bag to the hotel. westray fixed his hat firmly on his head, turned up the collar of his coat, and made a dash through the rain for the door. deep puddles had formed in the worn places of the gravestones that paved the alley, and he splashed himself in his hurry before he reached the shelter of the porch. he pulled aside the hanging leather mattress that covered a wicket in the great door, and found himself inside the church. it was not yet four oclock, but the day was so overcast that dusk was already falling in the building. a little group of men who had been talking in the choir turned round at the sound of the opening door, and made towards the architect. the protagonist was a clergyman past middle age, who wore a stock, and stepped forward to greet the young architect. sir george farquhars assistant, i presume. one of sir george farquhars assistants i should perhaps say, for no doubt sir george has more than one assistant in