

My earlier days had been so different. There hadn't been the comfort, the sense of indulgence, or of adventure, that there was now. I bit into the last of the oysters and someone carried away the shells. It had been, as I say, so different. Cascading down the bombazine of my great aunt's knee, what futility! When all her desire had been to give me a lap. What frustration of her, and incidentally of myself, when to be nursed by her and to submit to her stories had meant access to that secret caddis-hoard of Devona or of minty humbugs. I wondered what Henry would think of next. I had plenty of time, my watch said. My eyes had groped foolishly at the barren moon of the near-by clock, and then fallen away. My watch must be my mentor. I felt perhaps sillily ready for some sort of cardiac revelation, or revaluation at least.

*Yet now my heart leaps, O beloved!*

*God's child with his dew*

*On thy gracious gold hair, and those lilies still  
living and blue*