

leaning far out and turning her face up to the stars, 'O adorable night' . . . Then she picked up her long cloak and ran lightly downstairs. In the hall her Mother and Father were waiting. Mr Wilberforce [was] wrapping up his throat in a great silk handkerchief, with all that care and precision so common to perfectly healthy men who imagine they wrestle with weak constitutions. 'We shall drop you at Mrs Cecil's on the way, Juliet' said her Mother, carefully drawing on her long evening gloves. 'And then at ten o'clock you can call for us at Mrs Black's, and we shall come back together. You can wait in the hall if we're not ready. It's only a musical party.' The girl replied, and the three walked out of the house, down the broad stone steps, and into the long moonlit road.² In the presence of so many stars and so many trees Juliet utterly forgot all the petty grievances of the day. She walked along beside her parents and 'let it all sink in' as she expressed [it].

'Do be careful of your clothes, child' the Mother said, as Mr Wilberforce held the gate open for her, 'and don't be late.' Then they left her. In front of her was the brilliantly lighted house. Sounds of merriment came to her, uproarious laughter, shrieks of excitement. And for two hours she played as vigorously as the rest of them, inwardly rebelling and very satisfied when the clock pointed to five minutes to ten. The 'party' stood and watched her from the door, cried to her not to be afraid, to remember 'Ghosts in the Garden'. But she laughed, and holding her coat tightly round her, ran the whole length of the way.

On the doorstep of Mrs Black's she paused to recover breath, and a faint, a very faint wave of Music was wafted to her. The drawing room seemed extraordinarily bright after the night outside. She was a little confused at first. The maid had said that they were all at supper, and she was to wait there. She went over to the table and bent over a bowl of flowers, but a sound of a chair being pushed back in the corner caused her to look up startled. A boy of very much her own age was watching her curiously. He stood beside a great lamp and the light fell full on his face and his profusion of red-brown hair. Very pale he was, with a dreamy exquisite face, and a striking suggestion of confidence and Power in every feature. Juliet felt a great wave of colour spread over her face and neck. They stood staring into each other's eyes. Then he walked up to the table where she stood, a faint smile playing round his lips. 'If you are fond of flowers there are roses just outside the window' he said, 'and you can reach out your hands and touch them. The scent is perfect. Come and see.'

Side by side they crossed over to the wide-opened window, and both leant out. O, the late roses below them – thousands there seemed to Juliet. She touched one, then another, with her hands – they were all wet with dew. 'Heavy with tears' she said, looking up at the boy. He nodded, appreciatively. 'Will you tell me your name?' 'Juliet – and