

yours?' 'David. I am a musician, and have been playing tonight – a 'cellist you know. I am going to Europe next year.' 'I too, but not for music – to complete my education, you know.' 'Do you want to go away?' 'Yes – and no. I long for fresh experiences, new places – but I shall miss the things that I love here.' 'Do you like nights Juliet?' His face was transfigured. 'I feel like a chrysalis in the daytime, compared to my feelings after sunset. For instance I should never have met you as I have if I hadn't just come in from the stars.' 'They make me all music . . . Sometimes I think that if I could be alone long enough I should hear the Music of the Spheres. Think of what would burst from those thousands of golden throats.' 'I have heard so little music' said Juliet sadly. 'There are so few opportunities. And a 'cello – I have never heard a 'cello.' David's face was full of compassion and yet joy. 'Then I shall be the first to show you what can be', he said. He stooped down and broke a great flower off the branches, and gave it to her. She fastened it in her dress, and then the sound of the guests returning from the supper room put an end to their conversation. Soon after they left. Juliet purposely avoiding saying 'Goodnight' to David. She felt as though she could not, but she was conscious of his eyes watching her as she left the room.

The walk home was silent. Margaret was awaiting their arrival and immediately began telling Mrs Wilberforce how 'used up' the babies seemed. 'Henry has certainly a nasty little cough' she said, 'and Mary looked so pasty.' 'Well we shall all leave town in a couple of days' Mrs Wilberforce said. 'Tomorrow that young boy is coming here to play, and Father has asked a number of men.' Juliet bade them good-night and fled to her own room. Her heart was beating furiously – she could hardly repress a feeling of the most intense joy that bade her cry out. She sat on the side of her bed staring at the darkness, her breath coming quickly. Sleep was impossible. The whole world had changed, and he was coming again tomorrow night, and she should hear him play. She crept into bed and lay still, thinking. A curious sensation stole over her, as though she was drifting in a great fiery sea of thoughts – and every thought was sweet.

When she pulled up the blind next morning the trees outside were being tossed to and fro, and the sea lashed into fury by a wild southerly gale. Juliet shuddered. The wind always hurt her, unsettled her. It was a Saturday, so there was no thought of school. She wandered about all the morning, and in the afternoon put on her reefer coat and tam-o'-shanter and went for a walk up the hill that spread like a great wall behind the little town. The wind blew fiercer than ever. She held on to bushes, and strong tufts of grass, and climbed rapidly, rejoicing in the strength that it required. Down in a hollow where the gorse spread like a thick green mantle she paused to recover breath. The utter loneliness