

you provided the weapons yourself, and now you're surprised they should be used against you, you silliest fool. And whatever you try to do you are helpless. Everything you hold will pass at last, be turned and twisted into one of these arrows and winged against you. For that is the Law of your life. You are one of those for whom . . .'

Maata, listening, now raised her head to the sky where aimed the winging arrows—the little bright stars shone fantastically like arrows, thousands of arrows, under which they walked like lost children, close together and yet not safe. The fear enclosed her heart, the wind blew about them both. She heard their footsteps on the paving stones. They quickened their pace, pressing forward. She wanted terribly to run away with him to some secret place and hide him as a brooding bird, so that if one of them had to be struck it must be her. Intolerable, the thought that Philip was sad. She began to pray to nobody and nothing as they half ran up the hill. 'If one of us has to fear anything, let that one be me. Not that I'm stronger or anything like that, but it's easier for me. I would rather have it. It doesn't hurt me—anything passes off me like water off a duck's back. My nature's different. I don't need so much—but he needs everything. Oh, give him everything. Oh, make and keep him happy—he flowers in happiness—he can only work when he is happy. His greatness is not the kind that needs grief. Help! Help!'

They turned into a street of irregular large houses with gardens full of autumn flowers. She saw michaelmas daisies pressing through a white fence and there was a great bush of chrysanthemums growing by quite a country gate. Lights shone in these houses, the glow of fire and shaded lamps. From one came the voice of a woman singing. Maata stopped and whispered 'listen'. It was not because of the music she paused, but that house had a beautiful garden. She wanted Philip to see it. There was a round lawn like a green pool, and a very big tree of dark leaves curling and drooped over the grass. The voice of the woman might have floated to them out of the tree! It was a deep voice, secret and full. They waited until her song had ceased and then walked further. By and by he said 'we shall have just such a house one day'. 'Of course!' she replied, smiling wistfully. Then—'Philip, isn't Patience a dreadful thing. Well—I just *haven't* any—where you are concerned. And I don't want to have any. Everything must happen *now*, here. We ought, you know, to have walked through that gate and in at the front door, and found—' 'Maisie sitting on the stairs waiting for us.' He laughed. 'Oh, my blessed darling what a beast I am. I don't know how I dared to come into the diningroom, take you out like this, and talk all that *rubbish*. Heaven knows, it seemed true enough, but now—laughable. I'll explain it. I hadn't seen you for *at least two hours*. Now