

him—yes, that's what he really wanted. And then again, so much later, with Campbell, he said I was the one who submitted. Yes I gave way to him and still do—but then I did it because I did not feel the urgency of my own desires. Now I do and though I submit from habit now it is always under a sort of protest which I call an *adieu* submission. It always *may* be the last time.'

Since Katherine Mansfield had not yet met Murry when she was in Germany this note was written later than 1909, as was probably the whole notebook. On the following verso page she has written 'Elena Bendall' and 'Peter Bendall', using the name of a girlhood New Zealand friend.

Margaret Scott

The brilliant sunny weather. The pansies in the Kasino grounds—the lilac bushes. I see her walking under a parasol. The little sick boy. His death. The whole peasant family in mourning—that night Peter goes to see her and they kiss.

It was evening. The lamp was lighted on the round table. The frau tapped, came in and took away the supper tray. 'Shall I draw the curtains gnadige frau?' she whispered. Her face very scarlet from cooking and her eyes burnt by the fire made her look like a little girl who has been playing in the wind. 'No' said Elena, 'I will draw them later. The light is so lovely.' The frau smiled at her and went out, setting down the tray in the hall that she might close the door more quietly. Elena heard her steps on the stairs, heard the eager babble that greeted her as she opened the kitchen door—that always greeted her. She is like a bird flying back to her nest, thought Elena, and then the house was quiet again. The lovely light shone in the window. She loved to think of the world outside white under the mingled snow and moonlight. White trees, white fields, the heaps of stones by the roadside white, snow in all the furrows. Mon Dieu how quiet it was. There is nobody except the moon, she thought, and she saw the moon walking over the snow, walking slowly through the heavy forests like a hunter, landing upon the tops of hills as though she stood upon a wave crest, bending over the sleeping gardens, gathering from the sleeping gardens white and green roses, slipping through the frozen bushes and looking into tiny houses, smiling strangely. She had a feeling that two wings rushed to open in her breast. 'O I want to sing.' She got up quickly and walked across the room to Peter's bed. She sat down on the edge of it. Peter was not asleep. Propped up against the pillows, his arms along the sheet, he looked as beautiful a little boy as ever ran away from Heaven. His straight black hair was tumbled. There were two little spots like cherry stains on his