

he answered, "for thee made me a friend, and I forget not the lesson."

She smiled. "Thee has learnt another lesson too well," she answered brightly. "Thee must not flatter. It is not that which makes thee keep friends. Thee sees I also am speaking as they do in Hamley—am I not bold? I love the grammarless speech."

"Then use it freely to-day, for this is farewell," he answered, not looking at her.

"This—is—farewell," she said slowly, vaguely. Why should it startle her so? "You are going so soon—where?"

"To-morrow to London, next week to Egypt."

She laid a hand upon herself, for her heart was beating violently. "Thee is not fair to give no warning—there is so much to say," she said, in so low a tone that he could scarcely hear her. "There is the future, your work, what we are to do here to help. What I am to do."

"Thee will always be a friend to Egypt, I know," he answered. "She needs friends. Thee has a place where thee can help."

"Will not right be done without my voice?" she asked, her eyes half closing. "There is the Foreign Office, and English policy, and the ministers, and—and Eglinton. What need of me?"

He saw the thought had flashed into her mind that he did not trust her husband. "Thee knows and cares for Egypt, and knowing and caring make policy easier to frame," he rejoined.

Suddenly a wave of feeling went over her. He whose life had been flung into this field of labour by an act of her own, who should help him but herself?

But it all baffled her, hurt her, shook her. She was