

"It does not matter where we go, dear," she answered, "so long as I can be with you."

Henry was silent during the drive, oppressed with the feeling that he was plotting against her, not treating her fairly; fearful of the effect that returning memory might have on her, and equally dreading the ordeal of telling her the past, should she not remember. He realized that she must know that here in Boston, where she must adjust herself to new conditions, anything less than full knowledge would be fatal to her happiness. Her happiness! It seemed to him, now, so based on the lie of seven years that he wondered whether she could ever reconquer it when that lie was shattered. His fears seemed to him to charge the very atmosphere. He knew that they affected her, that she trembled, not knowing why she was afraid.

As the carriage climbed the short hill to the Park she put her hand in his. "Henry," she said, "now that we are at home, may I not know? It is very terrible, I think—all that I have forgotten. But with you, dear, I can bear it, and until I know there will always be a tiny, tiny cloud throwing its little shadow across my happiness."

He pressed her hand close in his. "And if you