

to me, would cease to satisfy him, and one day he would take the road again. He would come back, but always to go once more, yet whether I went with him or had to stay behind, there was always one thing which would have a power of solace, and that was our mutual knowledge of the year we had already had together. I saw it in a many-coloured flash—how disconnected and without scheme it had seemed while we were living it, and how it all, to use one of Peter's pet phrases, "went to make a pattern."

"Yes, it's good," I answered, at last, "and we're awfully lucky to have it. And to have such friends—and £5 to go on with—and a ready-made family—and perhaps——"

"Things would always be good where you were," said Peter, fitting the top of his head in under my chin; "you're like that. Do you know, Viv, I have a theory——"

But I slipped my hand over his mouth, and he laughed and kissed it.

"Perhaps you're right," he said, "but it wasn't a bad theory; it was about our being happy, living here. Do you know, I'm not sure a roof isn't a good thing to have, because—well, after all, true adventure is of the soul."

"Let's just be happy," I answered, "for as long as we can. Oh, Peter, I wonder——I wonder——"

THE END.