

Denise. "You said—well, you remember what you said, perhaps—and then immediately after you denied me the first thing I asked you. You knew what was right, and I did not. You have always known what was right, and have always done it. I see that now as I look back. So I have learnt my lesson, you see." She concluded with a grave smile. Life is full of gravity, but love is the gravest part of it.

"Not from me," persisted Lory.

"Yes, from you. Suppose you had done what I asked you. Suppose you had not gone to the war again, what would have become of our lives?"

"Perhaps," suggested Lory, "we have both to learn from each other. Perhaps it is a long lesson and will take all our lives. I think we are only beginning it. And perhaps I opened the book when I told you that I loved you, here in the verandah!"

Denise turned and looked at him with a smile full of pity, and touched with that contempt which women sometimes bestow upon men for understanding so little of life.

"Mon Dieu!" she said, "I loved you long before that."

The sun was setting behind the distant Esterelles—those low and lonesome mountains clad from foot to summit in pine—when Mademoiselle Brun came out into the garden. She had to pass across the verandah, and instinctively turned to look towards that end of it