

closed. If you would see into the very heart of the spring, your eyes must be closed. Nurse Barham was not in the room, so I just stood by waiting till she should open them.

Presently she raised her head. The look in her eyes was as though the spring still filled them, and out went my heart quickly beating to it. I would have given much had that glance been meant for me. That, in some measure I had been the cause of it was good enough to know.

"When you're able to get out again," said I, "you'll find everything like that in the country."

"Ah, yes," she replied, "in the country. I suppose all the banks in Ballysheen now are filled with prim-roses."

"No doubt they've opened their current account," said I. Then I sat down and looked closely at her face. "Do you mean to tell me," I went on, "that you're regretting Ballysheen now?"

"Seeing a little of Ballysheen was better than seeing a lot of London," she admitted. "You don't know how often I've tossed and turned, lying awake in that bed, thinking how right you were. Oh—you were right!"

"When?"

"All that you said to me on the cliff that day—all about everything—about forgetting that you lived—about remembering that you lived. I've been trying so hard to forget," she sighed, deeply, "and I'm so tired of trying. If you hadn't taken care of me, I