

"I do," he said, his voice clear and strong. For him, the others did not exist. "And I am glad I remember. Do—you—understand?"

Her gaze clung to his, and a little colour, like the beginnings of a pink rose, came back to her face.

He let her hands go, and turned to the Leslie woman, who sat staring up to him.

"It's all right, Mary," he said gently. "You have been very kind—very kind."

He turned again to Edith.

"There is," he said, caressing her with the words, "so much I have to tell you."

They walked to the window and looked out at the fountain. The roar from the crowd was louder. There was in it a new note, like exultation.

The others left the room.

"My soul has come back to me," he said, taking both her hands in his.

"And it is a beautiful soul, isn't it?" she whispered.

She leaned closer to him, so that he caught the fragrance of her hair.

"There is nothing," he answered, drawing her closer still, "to keep me from you."

The voice of the crowd could be mistaken no longer. The thousands were exulting!

"And everything——" she began, but did not finish the sentence.

Cholliewollie, jubilant, wild with joy, had flung