

as though a wall which had surrounded my life had been overthrown, and you had come to be my guide and comrade in a new and unknown world."

"And then I failed you."

His eyes met hers thoughtfully.

"Did you? Now I look back, I am not sure. I had to believe you when you said you had deceived me and played with me. I had to force myself to despise you. Yet, when you confronted me in the bungalow, I felt suddenly that you needed to explain nothing. I understood."

"Did you understand that I had only deceived myself? I told myself that it was a farce played at your expense. But — Heaven knows — I believe it ceased to be a farce from the first hour I saw you. You believed in me so. No one had believed in me before — I had never believed in myself or in man, or in God either. But I had to believe in you, and afterwards — the rest came." She drew herself upright and looked him full in the dark eyes. "Steven, do you trust me?" He nodded. "As you did on that day when you told me that you owed me all that you were and ever would be?"

"As then, Beatrice."

She smiled gravely.

"You do right to trust me. You have made me worthy of your trust."

He put his arm about her shoulder, and led her gently on to the verandah. The night had fallen dark and starless. Through the black veil they saw the gleam of bivouac fires and heard the voices of men calling to each other and the clatter of piled arms. They remained silent, after the storm and stress of the past, content to be together and at peace. They knew