

told her of pretty, elaborate meals he had had somewhere else so that she could give him just as elaborate at home. Such fun, all of it—such happiness! And behind, all the time, always that sense of having met . . . somewhere—that sense of deeply knowing him.

He had allowed her a perfect liberty from the first. She had elected to have no one else to live there, but just a Chinaman to come daily: John Ling, who had done the heavy work—the actual cleaning; and the personal things, the actual ministering to his wants, she had done herself. The folding his clothes, the putting them away, the little mendings and darnings that she used to do for him . . . she remembered how sometimes she was puzzled at her joy in doing them. There was something new in all of it; and yet, behind, somewhere, it all felt infinitely old.

As she lay there it seemed to her as if she *felt* his things again between her hands. And the faint, human scent of them . . . great tears for the first time rolled down her cheeks.

The room was brilliant now with sunshine. It poured in everywhere. Every chink and cranny seemed full of sunlight. It was unbearable.

Then came that evening when the old, past, dimly remembered intimacy and the quite new, unexpected, undreamed-of love met and seemed to blend into one. And after that night the sense of having known him somewhere faded away in the wonderful miraculous present. There was no room for any more than that.

She had gone into his study with some message,