

It was the voice that had always moved Sandy, but the intensity of it was never so thrilling to him as now. Heaven, hell and India were forgotten. He sprang over the brow of the hill and raised Doreen up gently from the grass where she was lying all unconscious of Sandy's nearness.

She looked at him with tear-dimmed eyes, in surprise and wonderment. She raised her hands toward him.

Sandy caught them fiercely in his own. His throat was parched and his voice sounded low and hoarse.

"Tell me, lassie—for God's sake tell me—was that cry for me, Doreen? was it for me?"

"Yes, oh, yes! Don't leave me!" she implored.

"My Sandy, oh, my Sandy, my laddie!"

She swayed and Sandy caught her up hungrily in his strong arms, holding her to his breast and murmuring like one long imprisoned in darkness and suddenly transported to freedom and light:—

"Oh, God—my God!"

THE END.