

for brotherhood, charity, peace, and the New World would come. . . . You laugh! Yes, I talk a little nonsense. It's not so easy as that. But see the idea? The leaders must keep in touch, and the herds will follow."

I turned to Eileen, who was listening with a smile about her lips while she pasted labels on to packets of cocoa.

"What's your philosophy?" I asked.

She laughed in that deep voice of hers.

"I've none; only the old faith, and a little hope, and a heart that's bustin' with love."

Brand was adding up figures in a book of accounts, and smiled across at the girl whom he had known since boyhood, when she had pulled his hair.

His wounds were healing.

THE END