

arm went up slowly, crooked, and hid his face. For a long moment he kept that position. Then, very slowly, he lifted his head, a fraction of an inch at a time, until only his forehead and his eyes, open now, were visible above the forearm that screened his face.

There was in his eyes a look of wonder—wonder which just escaped being fear.

"I think," he said hoarsely, "I think I shall see."

He swept the circle of their faces with his glance. Edith's eyes caught his gaze and held it.

"The barefoot boy!" he whispered, the wonder still in his eyes. "How clean he is—how marvelous!"

He stood erect, his arms dropping to his sides, his ardent gaze still upon Edith. He smiled tenderly. And, suddenly, he stood before them again as they had known him, with all his power, all his strength, all the charm of his brilliant personality full upon him.

Outside there was the sound of a hymn from a thousand throats.

Edith put out both her hands, as if she prayed.

"Ah!" she cried. "You remember! You remember!"

He went to her in one swift step and took her hands. She could feel his tremendous elation vibrant in his fingers. His thought, his concern, was for her alone. She was very pale.