

rough and unjust and to blame. I came over to the Avenue and was standing looking at some flowers when you passed. I saw you in the plate-glass of the window. I turned around to make sure. I recognized you: trunk. I followed you to the station. I saw Alan signal to you. I saw you get into the train."

Gerry stopped. His premise was finished and he found that he had no tongue to tell the things he had thought — the long argument of the soul. He realized that all that must be left out. He must confine himself to mere physical facts, let them troop up in the order in which they had come upon him and file naked before Alix. She must dress them as she saw fit, as her sympathies and her justice directed. He would give her but the ground-work, plain simple words such as he could command, telling the events that had come upon him and how he had met them.

Of the trip out he had nothing to say but of Pernambuco he told her in detail. Somehow it seemed the least he could do for the filthy and beautiful city that had given him an unquestioning asylum. He told her of the quay, the Lingueta, with its line of tall, stained houses, its vast plane trees and its cobbled esplanade, the stage where the city's life was in perpetual review. His words came slowly but they left nothing out. Unconsciously he created an atmosphere. A light of interest burned in Alix's eyes. She saw the changing scene. It charmed her to restfulness as it had Gerry.

She smelt the stacks of pineapples, the heaped-up mangoes, the frying fish, and through his eyes she saw the blue skies dotted with white, still clouds and