

"I'm true, little wife," he said, "I'm no dream, and the God who made us and watched over us is no dream."

He looked at her eyes and saw that they had changed—those lovely windows that had so long gazed emptily into the sky and mirrored the Moor, but returned no loving glance for the image of it. Now the man held his breath and caught it with a great sob, for Eve's soul was looking out upon him.

She said no more, but he felt the struggle of her mind, and he spoke cheerfully from time to time as they hastened to her home.

Then the man gave her up to her mother, and after he had begged a change of clothes from Ned Prowse, while his own were set to the fire, Ann Newcombe returned to him with tears running down her cheeks.

"How is it with Eve?" Quinton asked.

"Blessed be God—blessed be God, Who has sent her back to you and to me," she answered.

THE END