

8      *THE GARDEN OF RESURRECTION*

world. I will confess that I enjoyed the thought that it was generous of me. I fancy, moreover, that Providence, who superintends all these matters, thought so too. In any case, she gave me my reward.

It was a good hour later. Hundreds of men and women had passed by in that time for me to look at—nearly as many dogs for Dandy. I had well-nigh forgotten my electrician when, happening to look down towards that sudden corner, I saw him hurry round it and make to come past me once more. I smiled in gratitude to Providence, but my reward was not full even then. He had an unlighted cigarette in his mouth, and, seeing me once more, knowing I was a friend no doubt, he stopped and asked me for a match. I took out my box.

"Did you find what you wanted?" said I, as he lit his cigarette.

He threw away the match and looked at me.

"I beg your pardon," said he.

"'Twas only," said I, "that you passed me here about an hour ago. You passed me twice. First time you were going out of the Park, the second time you came back. I saw you look at your watch. I imagined that you'd left some instrument at the house up West where you'd been working. You were evidently annoyed at the waste of time."

His eyes opened in some sort of amazement.

"Very quick of you to have noticed it, sir."

"Well—not very," I replied. "I sit here in the Park most mornings and amuse myself that way."