

I did my best, but so hopelessly failed to understand her tears when, just before the train started, she broke down completely and wept.

"But you're going home," said I, "you're doing the thing you have chosen to be best."

Yet still she cried and muttered brokenly of the kindness I had shown her.

"No one in the world could have been so kind," she said.

"It's been the best time of my life," I replied. "There have even been moments when I've thanked God for your troubles since, in a way, I was able to bear them."

At that she buried her face in her hands and for some moments I could get no word from her at all. She sobbed as though her heart were breaking and I sat there on the seat opposite to her wondering why God had made creatures so incomprehensible as women. She wanted of her own accord to return to Dominica, yet here she was at her departure, crying as though a very world of desolation was before her. It was more than I could understand.

I had to leave the carriage at last. She still sat there weeping, with the bundle of picture papers which I had bought lying on her lap. It was only as the train began to move out of the station that she threw them on to the seat beside her and, rising impulsively to her feet, she leant out of the window.

"Why," she whispered excitedly, "why have you been so good to me?"