

"I can't, daddy. It all comes back. I don't think I shall ever feel quite the same again."

"But, Joyce, it grieves me to hear you say that. Surely you believe that your old dad bears no malice?"

She laid her lips with lingering tenderness to the hand on which her cheek had been laid.

"I know he doesn't. God has been good, sparing mother and allowing me the chance to atone for all I made you and her suffer. But the others—oh, daddy, I can't forget. Have you ever seen Philip Dane since we left?"

"Only once, dear. I went to see him. He was a man I could wish to call my friend. He was very courteous and very kind, but—"

"But what?" she asked eagerly, with quickly coming breath.

"He showed me plainly—told me, indeed, that it would be better that there should be no comings and goings between us. His reasons were good and decisive. I was bound to respect them, Joyce."

Joyce answered nothing, but laid her head down again, and he felt her tears on his hand.

"There is something else I should like to speak of, dear," Wyndham said. "Jack has asked my permission to speak to you again."