

She looked up quickly and the deep-welled eyes were shining.

"We can't learn everything all at once, Evan, dear," she interrupted, breaking in upon his pleading. "There was one moment in that Sunday afternoon when I learned the greatest thing of all; it was the moment when I saw the pine-tree lying across the road and knew what I should do, and for whom I should do it."

"I know," he returned gently. "You learned that love is stronger than death or the fear of death; and that loyalty is greater than many ideals. You heard what my father said just now, and it is true—only he didn't put it half vitally enough; I can't walk in the way he has marked out for me without you, Patricia."

With a swift little love impulse she lifted his hand and pressed it to her cheek.

"You needn't, Evan, dear," she said simply.

THE END