

"Ah!" He gave a cry of delight. "Tell me—tell me at once—everything—from the beginning!"

And held by his will, she told him everything—all the piteous story of the child's last days—sobbing herself; and for the first time making much of the little one's signs of remembering her father, instead of minimising and ignoring them, as she had done in the talk with Boyson. It was as though for the first time she were trying to stanch a wound instead of widening it.

He listened eagerly. The two heads—of the father and mother—drew closer; one might have thought them lovers still, united by tender and sacred memories.

But at last Roger drew himself away. He rose to his feet.

"I'll forgive you much for that!" he said with a long breath. "Will you write it for me some day—all you've told me?"

She made a sign of assent.

"Well, now, you mustn't stay here any longer. I suppose you've got a carriage? And we mustn't meet again. There's no object in it. But I'll remember that you came."

She looked at him. In her nature the great deeps were breaking up. She saw him as she had seen him in her first youth. And, at last, what she had done was plain to her.