

He said nothing ; he couldn't. She had taken him completely by surprise, after all his effort to adjust his mind in anticipation, and now his brain was whirling to the glad triumph of his heart. It was only after they had boarded the train and were rushing north to their home that he brought himself quietly to examine her and discover how it was that she was so much the same and so changed. She looked well and strong, though very thin and very young. He found that for some reason the most surprising thing of all—he did not know why he had imagined that she would look old. She sat on the seat with one white foot tucked under her, and both her hands hugging her knee, and looked at him from the same level young eyes, and laughed her love to him in her old, caressing, boyish chuckle. She was as exquisite a woman-thing as she had been on that first day when she stepped out of the train into his heart ; she was the same sparkling creature of gleaming hair and eyes and teeth as she had been in her imperious, whimsical girlhood, and she talked the same nonsense—told him that he was a sight to behold, that she thought he must be suffering from malnutrition, and that she was going to take care of him now. There was a little break in the laughing sweetness of her voice here, and she leaned over to trace his features with a gentle forefinger, and she said he had as much of a face as ever, and then flung her arms around his neck, and laughed and cried into his coat, and said he was just her old, blessed Boy Blue.

He took her and held her in his arms, so that he could look right down on her face, and it was then that he began to see how it was changed. Her countenance had worn lean and fine, with features more clearly chiselled, cheeks slightly hollowed, eyes deeper in more delicately modelled shadows, and at the corners of her eyes, where the downward sweeping brows stopped at those little indentations above her cheekbones, there