

were like the chameleon's colours. He lay silent for a long time, then he turned to me and said: 'Do you remember that tale in the Bible about David and the well of Bethlehem?' I had to confess my ignorance.

'I think I can remember it,' he continued. And though I urged him not to tax himself, he spoke slowly thus:

*'And David was in an hold, and the garrison of the Philistines was then in Bethlehem.'*

*'And David longed, and said, Oh that one would give me to drink of the water of the well of Bethlehem that is at the gate!'*

*'And the three brake through the host of the Philistines, and drew water out of the well of Bethlehem that was by the gate, and took and brought it to David: nevertheless, he would not drink thereof, but poured it out unto the Lord.'*

*'And he said, My God forbid it me that I should do this: is not this the blood of the men that went in jeopardy of their lives? Therefore he would not drink it.'*

He paused a moment, and then added: 'One always buys back the past at a tremendous price. Resurrections give ghosts only.'

'But you must sleep now,' I urged. And then,