

from England! Madame must be perished. But there was coffee, and soup *très chaud* not only for Madame but for M. l'Officier. And also the chauffeur. Madame *la Supérieure* would never permit that either should proceed without nourishment. If M. l'Officier and his attendant preferred not to enter, the Sister would wait upon them in the car.

And so Patrine, after taking leave of her red-tabbed escort, was led away to the Mother Superior, a little, bright-eyed, kindly Religious, full of solicitude for Mademoiselle, who, confessing to having emptied a Thermos of hot coffee, and a box of sandwiches during the later stages of the transit, was borne away from the guest's refectory up and down several crooked flights of ancient stairs to a white-washed apartment, containing a *prie-dieu* and a big plaster Crucifix, a great walnut bed with faded *Directoire* curtains, a minute washstand,—a faint smell of scorched wood, emanating from the perforated metal registers of a *calorifère*, and a bad little coloured print of Lord Roberts, within a stitched border of yellow *immortelles* and faded laurel-leaves, that had been green and fresh six months before. . . .

Patrine spent a white night in the town where the old brave heart of the great soldier had given its last throb for England. Not because those thudding guns in the north and east kept her wakeful—or because she had never stayed in a convent before.

She was going to Sherbrand—her Flying Man—who had been supposed to be dead and found to be living,—and who had written to say that he did not want Patrine. The letter lay against her heart, and her hands were folded tightly over it, as she lay staring with shining eyes at the drawn curtains flapping in the chill breeze stinging through the open window that had been fastened with a nail when the English guest arrived.