

of the thought of a woman going so far amidst so many dangers, maddened me. How I protested. Whilst protesting I lost all sense of feeling. In the state of what I think is usually considered the state of unconsciousness, I became most conscious of some things. So real were things I saw and heard that now after many years I seem to see and hear as I write. Then, and now, I see a woman bend over the prostrate body of a man. The man groaned as though in pain, and the woman kissed him. Who was the man? And who was the woman? Sometimes I thought myself the man, and Miss Campbell to be the woman; I was not sure though. The woman opened the door to go out; turning back she knelt by the prostrate form of the man again. This is what she said (and I could hear every word quite distinctly):

“O, John, your lips may be cold when I return. You will never know in this world how much I loved you. Will you know in heaven, I wonder?” I did not know who the man was, but when the woman kissed him I felt warm lips against my own pressed so tenderly that a sweet thrill passed through me, and I became very calm. The woman passed out into the bush. How bravely did she face the storm.