

away, sailing over the sheening water in a boat with an orange sail; in a boat like a butterfly with spread wings; sailing away, past the floating islands, past that pale, beautiful grief of sea-lavender—he laughed to see it shine so beautiful—sailing away into a pearly morning, under a luminous sky.

The prison was far away now. Left behind. There was a great knocking at its gates, hurried steps upon the stairs, and a voice crying urgently through the bars.

But he could not stay to listen. He was too far away to hear. The voice was to him but like the thin, harsh cry of the sea-mew wheeling near, blended in with the marvel of his freedom. He took no heed of it. He was afloat on the great sea-faring tide. Far away before him, but nearer, nearer, and yet nearer the sea gleamed in trembling ecstasy.

“He does not know me. He does not hear me,” said Wentworth, on his knees beside Michael, raising a wild, desperate face to Magdalen. Was Michael’s last look of deadly hatred to remain with him through life!

“Speak to him again, Fay,” said Magdalen. “Tell him Wentworth is here.”

Fay was still kneeling on the other side. The two lovers’ eyes met across the man they had murdered.

“Michael,” the tremulous voice whispered.

“Louder,” said Wentworth hoarsely.

“Michael,” said Fay again.

But Michael’s face was set. He was sunk in a great rest, breathing deep and slow, deeper and slower yet, his long arms faintly rising and falling with each breath.