

CALVARY

Craddock found his way to the southern side of the Mount, and examined the little village, its quaint houses straggling up to the Abbey walls. Every turn and point revealed something of interest or beauty.

It seemed strange to think of it as once it was, a great bare rock, a haunt of sea birds, a landmark for all the coast around. And then that legendary visit of the archangel and its subsequent result: the little chapel set on high, and bearing that Angel's mighty name.

Craddock seemed to trace David's daily pilgrimage, to re-live the delight and admiration that had filled his letters. He had seemed so happy, so content, and then *this* had happened.

The short day was closing in as he sought the hotel. Godfrey had ordered fires and dinner, but he had not yet returned.

The Squire drew up a chair to the stove and lit a cigarette. He was very tired, and yet strangely restless. The dusk was falling; a strange stillness brooded everywhere. He missed the thunders of the sea around his Cornish home. This profound calm held something of awe or omen, so it seemed to him.

"I used not to be the prey of nervous fancies," he thought, and getting up restlessly he went to the window and looked out over the darkening sea.

He heard the door open behind him. A pleasant voice *patoised* of light brought in for "m'sieu's service," also of a visitor. "Would m'sieu excuse that this room was the only one prepared, and that the strange m'sieu——"

But Craddock had flashed round and cut short excuses and apologies. A cry of welcome astounded the speaker. They knew each other, then? These travellers—coming so strangely to this spot at a time when one expected no guests!

"What good providence sent you here? Welcome—a thousand times. Did you know——"

The words died off his lips. Something was in that face at once sad and ominous.

"Did I know? Alas! my good friend, I know all, everything there is to know—the object of your search,