

times praying for courage, then declaring he would not die, or comforting himself with an assurance he was immortal; sometimes he would speak over his shoulder to somebody he called uncle; and at another time he would talk about flowers that grew in water-meadows by the Avon, and the wood he used to wander in. It was always peaceful where flowers and ferns grew, he said, except in winter, and even then the roar of the river would be soothing rather than terrifying. He might have been there at that very hour in the silence of happiness, walking perhaps 'with her,' had it not been for Barnabas. But he was quite wrong," declared the narrator, "for he was walking with her then."

"Did they find the wounded officer?" inquired a voice impatiently; for some of the listeners considered the Flanders raindrop was given to moralizing.

"They found Hugh Brandon unconscious; not mortally wounded, but he had lost much blood. The Sister cared for him as well as she could. As they were placing him on the stretcher, a voice called, and she saw another officer, who mentioned his name, asking her not to worry about him, but to report him missing, probably killed. The Sister went to him, and did all that was possible. 'We shall come back for you,' she promised. Then they set out upon their return journey and, coming safely to the ruined village, she gave Hugh over to the care of an ambulance party which were about to leave with the wounded men from the cellar. They had performed a great work together; what Barnabas might have called *the work*. Ernest and Gilda had together saved a life; they had performed the great incident; while remaining to each other just nurse and stretcher-bearer.

"'Once more,' she said. 'The other boy.'

"'We cannot go through it again; we have done enough. Is there nobody to take your place—and mine?' he muttered.

"'There is nobody,' she answered. Again they set out. The mist was lifting, and I ascended with it.

"They saw no living thing, for their people had been defeated and were in retreat, and, in the ordinary way of duty, they should have gone with them; but a tender-hearted woman will not trouble herself about military matters, while the weak man was entirely under her influence. They did not know retreat had become for