

As I re-entered the room Grant saw me and smiled.

"The end is close now, Mervyn," he said faintly, as I reached the bedside.

"It is God's will, Cyrus."

"Yes it is God's will," he answered, calmly.

"The chaplain from the Embassy is here. Will you see him?"

"You are always thoughtful, my friend. Let him come."

I brought in the chaplain then, and when the moving, beautiful prayers had been read and the last solemn rites for the living administered, my dear friend was perceptibly weaker. But he faced death with a calm, resigned composure infinitely beautiful to see.

When the chaplain had left, Grant whispered my name.

"Good bye, old friend. You will remember what I wished?"

"It is all written. Will you sign it?"

"I have no strength. Like so much else, it is unfinished. But you and Enid together will finish it. God give you happiness."

I held his hand a moment, felt the pressure of his fingers and caught his last glance, smiling, brave, trustful as ever.

"I am quite at peace, old friend."

The tears were in my eyes and I turned away to hide them.

He spoke next to Mrs. Wellings and then to Enid and kissed her, telling her he was glad we had come together, and he prayed for God's blessing on her;