

The Hue and Cry

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Hence Arnold's temporary loss of articulation, the thickness of his tongue, his leaden eyelids. Coming after a sleepless night, a night of weariness and stress, the great moment had sapped, not his remaining strength, for he had none, but strength as yet unborn. And so even as his thoughts struggled for expression he fell asleep with the warm bright sunlight in his eyes; and the rise and fall of his breast was not the regular rise and fall of deep-chested breathing, but the shuddering intensity of scanty breath and the hammer of intermittent heart-throbs. But for all that, there was a smile on his lips: he was truly at rest—at last!