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"I put the lights out in the house when Virginia had gone to sleep. Rob was asleep upstairs. I crept out. I, to be so happy—and my brother wretched and forsaken. I meant to find him—to plead with him once more—to talk over with him what he should do. I was not afraid. I did not think about my white dress—nor the strangeness of my going in the night, alone—nor the name of the old church, that it was haunted. I only felt that I must see him.

"Once before, he had hid there. I knew that he was there—and I went. There was another man with him. The door was not locked. I opened it and went in. They were leaning together at the window toward the steep road, watching. Bate turned and saw me, and threw up his arms and fell. The other leaped from the window and ran. When I saw Bate's face—and his groveling and writhing—as if he were hurt—and gone insane—I screamed."

I left Mary at the house with Mrs. Stafford, awakened, and I roused Rob. Together we went back to the church. Bate lay quiet on the floor.

That desperate, wild, sudden heart was steeped at last in the rest that waketh not to earth. Together we carried him home—Rob and I.

Mary lay on the couch with Mrs. Stafford's friendly arm about her. Her eyes questioned me with only fear and horror in their depths.

"We have brought him home," I said, "and God has brought him home. What do you think," I said sharply and sternly, for she would have fainted again, "have you lived up here, looking off on the sea from Power Lot, God Help Us, so long, not to remember ever that the Great Deep is infinite?"

Her eyes, fastened upon me, besought me.

"He was born," I said, "weak and infirm of nature—with what defects God knows who has taken him—has taken him home, I say. And it is well. You are no true hearts that would say otherwise. By the look on his poor face, he too was born again even in the moment of his passing. Why not? Do not wail and weep, as if you and we alone had the insight of God's long plans and the monopoly of His mercy."

"Jim," she gasped, appealing, "I—blame—myself."

"You are weak then, Mary. You went to him as a last brave impulse in a long drill of unrequited forbearance and devotion. It would have been the same. He would only have worked further ill here. It is well. But you are only faithless and unloving, weak and frightened, in the thoughts you have toward him now—and that is not like you."

The hope and color of the living had come back a little faintly to her face, and she was resting now upon Rob's strong arm; but her hand she lifted up and placed in mine.

"You are very sure, Jim? You believe those words you said?"

"Aye, I believe them with all my soul."

"No, but hold my hand a little, Jim," she said, almost fretfully. "I am so tired."

Rob did not begrudge me that. She closed her poor, fear-tortured eyes, and sank at last into a blessed sleep. Slowly then not to waken her, though I knew that never on earth should I look into the depths of her eyes again—I unloosed the thin, sweet hand, the dear, dear hand that clung to mine.

"I am making away to-morrow, Rob," I said. "It is clear sailing for you now. You will delay your going a day or two but not longer. It is all arranged about the boat that will take you over. Let Belcher know for what day and tide you will need it, that is all. So—good-by, old man."

"But, Jim," he said, following me to the door. "Jim." Except for my name, which he could speak, his mouth made soundless motions like a stutterer's.

I laughed as I grasped his hand. Someone must stand firm. "Wish me joy, old fellow. I'm off to sea before you."

"But Jim—" He put his arm around my neck. I caught the sound of a sob that seemed to tear the strong fellow's heart, and I let myself from him and dashed away to the River.

(To be continued)

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