

the cold perspiration from his forehead. "I did not know you were there."

"I stood by your side at the window."

"Did you . . . ?"

The two men looked at each other. The priest's face was livid. He bent his head again towards the crucifix on the floor.

"Did you . . . ?"

"Yes—may God forgive me," said the priest.

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"The wind is rising," said the Curé, looking out through the open window; "the stars are coming out; the night will be cold and clear."

"I am glad the stars are coming out, I shall feel less lonely on the road," said the Doctor.

"Listen to the wind sweeping down from the hills and rushing through the poplars along the chaussée! It sounds like the voice of a mighty river rolling on towards us."

"Are you sure it is the wind? It sounds like . . ."

They heard rapid footsteps on the grass, and Anne's voice called out under the window:

"They are off! The Boches are off!"

They rushed out and reached the porch in