

sun—rising like a huge, yellow ball—was giving to the sky, and to the banks of clouds around the harbour, a most gorgeous colouring, while the harbour mouth itself showed up in the centre like a beloved old picture in a beautiful frame. Lying on the rocks at the harbour mouth, shining up white and ghostly through the mist, was the wreck of a big Hospital Ship, a last warning to the war-worn soldiers of the innate ruthlessness of their enemies—and a reminder of the gallant comrades who peacefully sleep in Flanders' fields.

And so Good-bye—and “The best o' luck.”

THE END