

something of the awe of it was upon her even while he spoke.

"Trevor," she said, in a very low voice, "I almost think I would like to see him."

"Yes, dear."

"But—I can't go alone," she said. "Will you come too?"

"Of course," he said.

She rose to her feet. "Let's go now."

He rose also with her hand in his. "There is some stuff here Max gave me for you," he said. "Drink that first."

"Where is Max?" she asked.

"I sent him to bed, and Noel too."

"And you have been sitting up with me ever since?"

"It was only three hours," he said.

He gave her Max's draught with the words, as if to check all comment on his action, and Chris submissively said no more. But she held his hand very tightly as they went out together.

The dawn was just spreading golden over the sea when they entered the room where Bertrand lay asleep. The light of it poured in at the open window like a benediction. Outside, the two sentries still stood on guard. But within was no earthly presence, only the scent and sound of the sea, only the growing splendour of the day, only the quiet dead waiting for the Resurrection. * * *

Chris's hand trembled within her husband's as she drew near. But later, when she looked upon the dear, familiar face, the awe went out of her own.

For Bertrand's sleep was very easy, serenely natural. It seemed to Chris that the man's vanished youth had come back to beautify his rest. For all the weariness she had grown accustomed to see had passed away. She even thought he smiled.

Back on a rush of memory came his words: "I