

very body, we set out, arm in arm, and walked until dark. My brother seemed to understand just how I felt, and hardly a word was spoken during all the while we were out, but when we reached our own door again he paused on the lower step and said, 'Do you feel better now, Aileen?' and when I nodded and tried hard to gulp down the sob that rose in my throat he just kissed me and went in.

"But I felt better, somehow, and I slept most of that



night, which was something I had not done for a long time. I had however, a very queer dream. It seemed as though I stood on the brink of a great yawning abyss. My father and mother stood with me holding me, entreating me not to attempt to cross the frail bridge that spanned the chasm.

"At last my father said: 'It separates our lives, Aileen,' and as I drew back frightened, a voice strangely familiar called out from the darkness on the other side of the ravine: 'Courage, Aileen!'

"With a hurried gesture I started across. As soon as I set my foot on the bridge, my parents faded from my