

"Ah, yes, make me strong," the boy echoed as he knelt beside her, "make me strong!" But only his heart echoed it; no word escaped his rigid lips, and he rose from his knees and passed out of the chapel. Reaching the outer door he paused; he could distinctly hear a hoarse roaring like distant thunder, and knew the storm the priest had prophesied was at hand. Already it was sending its prelude through the air and over the waters of the tempestuous Atlantic.

To the left was the placid harbor, at its mouth the British fleet, and beyond the fleet the heavy bank of fog that the southwest wind blowing from the strait and Cape North kept always there.

To the right, beyond and over the walls sloped the spacious marsh, covered now with myriads of golden-cupped lilies. And beyond the marsh, landward, beyond the West Gate, straight out from the gabled roofs of the hospital lay the low hills and black woods. Through them and alone the boy must pass.