

"No. You called things by their right names."

There was silence till he murmured:

"Isn't it strange? I had quite given up prayer — till these last weeks. To pray for any definite physical or material thing would seem to me now — as it always has done — absurd. But to reach out — to the Power beyond our weakness!"

He paused a moment and resumed:

"Boden did that for me. He came to me — at the worst. He never preached to me. He has his black times — like the rest of us. But something upholds him — and — oh! — so strangely — I don't think he knew — through him — I too laid hold. But for that — I might have put an end to myself — more than once — these last weeks."

She clung to him — whispering:

"Neither of us — can ever suffer — again — without the other — to help."

They kissed once more, love and youth welling up in them, and drowning out of sight, for the moment at least, the shapes and images of pain. Then recovering his composure, hand fast in hand, Faversham began to talk more calmly, drawing out for her as best he could, so that it need not be done again — and up to the very evening of the murder — the history of the nine months which had, so to speak, thrown his whole being into the melting-pot, and through the fusing and bruising of an extraordinary experience, had remade a man. She listened in a happy bewilderment. It struck her newly — astonishingly. Her love for him had always included a tenderly maternal, pitying element. She had felt herself the maturer character. Sympathy for his task, flattered pleasure in her