

I think. Just give him the news quietly when he awakes. Yes, he may have a glass of port before."

I lay still, but trembling under my covers. It had come at last. Oh, the shame of it! the sin of it!—I a common murderer. It was too much, and I tried to start up, but fell back weakly, and saw Paget sitting by the bed, smiling kindly at me.

"Not yet, old man—in a day or so. Take this port, will you?"

I drank it with an effort; but it warmed me and gave strength.

"You're to be shipped home in a few days—lucky beggar! Wouldn't mind getting ill myself if I could get leave."

I smiled in spite of myself.

"That's right. Feeling better, I see. We had another interesting patient also, but he cleared out a week or so ago from hospital. It was that fellow Mazarion. Remember him?"

"Mazarion!"

"Yes. Fell over the edge of a precipice and on to a ledge of rock. Got his fall broken somehow by the branches of a tree, and the wild raspberry bushes, or he'd have been in Kingdom Come—eh? What?"

"Thank God!" I felt a load lifted from my heart, the shadows had passed from my soul. I lay back, my eyes closed and a peace upon me. And then I prayed for the first time in many a long day, and whilst I prayed I fell once more asleep. There came to me in that sleep a dream of Nelly—of Nelly robed in white with a glory around her, and she smiled and beckoned me to come.