If she had only gone on being high-spirited and flippant, but this unconscious appeal to his protective instinct was more than he could bear.

When they sat out dances, the Irishman's eyes would wander to the blue windows where the curtains were still undrawn. O'Grady was there in the starlight, a grey ghost. It was a banshee wailing to his honour to rise and flee.

"Julia," he said in mad impulse, "if something happened—if I had to go on the Britannia' to-morrow."

"But you won't have to," said the woman.

"If I did—if there were forces stronger than we are?" Now he was in his barren fields with his people.

"I could go back to Beauport . . . I could wait . . ."

"Suppose the waiting was just . . . waiting . . ."

"I should grow old and take to a cap and a cat perhaps. I won't say that I would n't