

CALVARY

"Go—why, yes, Godfrey, and I will go with you. He may need friends, and comfort, and aid. Who knows? Though he seems to have forgotten us, let us show that we have not forgotten him."

So once again the divine law of selflessness was at work, and Craddock, denying himself the home he loved, the comforts he needed, the peace he craved above all else, went forth to face storm and chill and discomfort of travel.

Two days later they landed at St. Malo.

It had been a horrible crossing. They went straight to an hotel in the Place Châteaubriand, and Craddock, who was ill and suffering, retired to his room and to bed. Rain was falling heavily. The harbour and quay were only visible through mist and gloom. St. Servan and its *Pont roulant* were melancholy landmarks to Godfrey of a happier holiday.

But next morning the rain had ceased. The sun was shining over the blue waters. A sense of joyousness and relief was in the air, and in the bustling streets and quays.

By Godfrey's advice they left their luggage at Pontorson and took a conveyance to the Mount. Craddock had never seen it before, and the beauty and the wonder of the structure was intensified by the extraordinary similitude of its Cornish brother across the Channel. He did not wonder that David had been fascinated and detained here, as Godfrey had said.

They entered by the ramparts through the Porte du Roi; then passed between the castellated towers of the Châlet to the north front of the Merveille.

"Wait here and I will make inquiries," said Godfrey. "I know the custodians well. I am sure to find one about the court, although few, if any, visitors come here at this time of the year."

He returned some ten minutes later.

"I found our old guide, Bernardot," he said. "He remembers David, of course; but he has not been here since we left in the summer. He declares he could not have come unrecognized."

Craddock sighed wearily. The journey had tried him even more than he had anticipated. Hope had alone sustained him, and now he learnt that it was all fruitless.