

Eve, sweetheart—dream no more—wake up—wake up! 'Tis Quinton's living self come home to love you for ever!"

He kissed her passionately, and she regarded him with round, wondering eyes.

"Be Heaven a long ways off, my Quinton? Did your dear soul find the way easy?"

"I'm alive, darling—a living, loving man! Feel my heavy hand on your shoulder."

"Be it so different where the dead folks bide? Be they happy? Can a mother kiss her sons there? Can lovers still love? Or do 'e come from a cold, golden-bright place where no loving hearts throb an' no voices speak? Did them you cared for haste to welcome you home? Was your mother an' faither waiting with glad eyes for 'e? Be all the ghosts so butivul as you, my own? Or be the plain on earth still plain in Heaven? I suppose 'tis all music an' light—spring an' summer an' ripe autumn in one there? Yet I do think 'twas winter for my dear love to see his heart-broken maiden down below."

"Not heart-broken, not heart-broken beyond mending! 'Tis mended again now. Say 'tis mended. What will make you understand that I'm a man and not a spirit? Listen to me. I have so much to tell you. 'Twas no Heaven I've been in, my pretty darling, but a King's great battleship. I've been