

He was standing close to her, and suddenly she knew that he had been there for some time, waiting for her to rise.

Her first impulse was one of nervous irresolution, but it possessed her for a moment only. With scarcely a pause she went straight into his arms.

"I'm so glad you've come," she whispered. "Isn't the sea lovely? Have you—have you seen the new moon?"

He held her in silence, and she heard the beating of his heart, strong and steady, where she had pillowed her head. She turned her face upwards after a little.

"Trevor, do you remember, long ago, how we saw the new moon together—and you wished? Have you wished this time?"

"It is always the same wish with me," he said.

"What! Hasn't it come true yet?" She leaned her head back to see his face the better. "Trevor," she said, "are you sure it hasn't come true?"

She saw his faint smile in the moonlight. "I think I should know if it had, dear."

"I'm not so sure," said Chris. "Men are very silly. They never see anything that isn't absolutely in black and white, and not always then. Tell me what it was you wished for."

But he shook his head. "That isn't fair, is it? If the gods hear, it will be struck off the list at once."

"Never mind the gods," said Chris despotically. "I'll get it for you somehow—even if they do. Now tell me! Whisper!" She drew down his head and waited expectantly.

"What a ghastly predicament!" he said.

"Trevor! Don't laugh! I'm not laughing."

"I'm sorry," he said. "But really I can't afford to run any risks of that sort."

"Then you still think you may get it?" questioned Chris.

"I think it possible—if the gods are kind."

"My dear," she said suddenly, "let's leave off