

"I shall pension Bailey," he said. "His last good deed blots out all his misdoings."

"What good deed?"

"Frightening you."

"He did not frighten me."

"Frightening Mrs. Costello then. It comes to the same thing in the end. But why did not you send for your cousin, Mr. Wynter?"

"Ask mamma."

"I have something more interesting to ask her."

Mrs. Costello knew tolerably well, when Lucia kissed her that night, what had happened. She said nothing audibly, but in her heart there was a *Nunc Dimittis* sung thankfully; and in spite of the sea, she fell asleep over it. The night was as calm as it could be, and Maurice, who had no inclination for sleep or for the presence of the crowd below, spent most of it on deck. Towards morning he went down; but at seven o'clock, when Lucia peeped out, he was up again and waiting for her. She only gave him a little nod and smile, however, and then retreated, but presently came back with her mother.

They got chairs and sat watching the coast, which was quickly coming nearer, and the vessels which they passed lying out in the still waters.