

lurking undercurrent of horror, no matter where I may travel to, that (if I have the courage) it is possible I shall start on the greatest adventure of all. I opened my career in Port Said, and it would be quite appropriate to make that place the scene of its close. If I have the courage! . . .

"At any rate, thank you for offering me your friendship, and in case I don't ever see you again, please pray for me that somewhere I may find both the happiness around me and the outlet to myself that the world has failed to give me."

Father Gregory folded the sheets deliberately and put them into his pocket. Then he arose and carried the other letters back to his room. His mind was working rapidly, and he could not keep still. He crossed the courtyard, and as he passed the tamarisk in the middle of the open space, he saw that Henry Morland was still standing at the side of the well in the shadows of the foliage, working at the rope and bucket.

"Hullo!" said Father Gregory mechanically. "Still at it?"

"Yes," replied the young painter. "I've been giving the *dòm* palm an extra drink. She's very sickly. I wonder what's the best way of saving her. D'you think if we . . ."

"Oh, man alive!" exclaimed Father Gregory, interrupting him, "I've got something more important to think of than that palm. I've got a soul to save. Please go and get me the time-table."

Morland uttered a short laugh, and hurried towards the common room without waiting for an explanation. Father Gregory, meanwhile, paced up and down in the moonlight which now flooded one side of the courtyard. Of course the girl meant to say that if she had the courage she would kill herself; but was she serious, or was the thought only the momentary reflection of a phase of annoyance and