

his face. She wears a dark dress and saffron coif, both signs of mourning, and her face is very pale.

Day after day, in the golden summer weather, the two come here and sit for hours in silence and in peace. Day by day the girl watches for the passing away of the cloud which obscures the soul of her companion. He seems—why, she knows not—to derive a strange solace from merely sitting here, holding her hand, and contemplating the waters. His eyes seem vacant, but a strange spiritual light still survives in their depths.

To-day, he speaks, not turning his gaze from the Sea.

"Marcelle!"

"Yes, Rohan!"

"If one could sail, and sail, and sail, out there, one would come to the rock where *he* is sitting, with the waves all round him. Sometimes I see him yonder, looking over the black waters. He is by himself, and his face looks white as it did when I saw it, before the great battle was fought!"

She gazes at him in troubled tenderness, her eyes dim with tears.

"Rohan, dear! of whom do you speak?"

He smiles but does not answer. His words are a mystery to her. Since the day when, after long months of absence, he returned home a broken man, he has often spoken of wondrous things—of battles, of the Emperor, of strange meetings, but it has all seemed like witless wandering. She has been waiting wearily till the cloud should lift and all become clear; and there seems hope, for day by day he has grown more peaceful and gentle, and now he can be guided like a child.

He is silent, still gazing seaward. Behind him rises the great Menhir, with the village lying far beneath. The sunlight falls above him and round him, clothing as with a white veil his figure and that of the gentle girl. All is not lost, for with his desolation her love has grown, and she herself remains to him, chastened, subdued, faithful unto death. . . .

But he does not rave when he speaks of one who lingers in the waste out yonder. Far away, under a solitary palm-tree, sits another Form, waiting, watching, and dreaming,