

"The sweets!" she sighed. "I can see them now!"

"Ah, that's what I shan't do ever," said Sherbrand.

"Don't you think they'll be bored with their blind father, sometimes, Pat?"

"Just let them dare! Let them—that's all!" She winked away the tears crowding to her eyelashes. "Besides you mayn't be always blind—I'll never give up praying! Didn't that American surgeon at the Hospital say that cases of functional blindness from shock—like yours—supposing there is no serious lesion in the brain—have been known to recover sight suddenly and completely? Don't shake your head! Isn't there a chance—a blessed possibility—to cling to, and fight for? Ah! if you were cured, don't you *know* I'd send you back to the Front next day? Don't you, Alan? Yes!—yes! you do!" The bright drops rushed in spate over her underlids, and hopped over the front of her long blue coat, to lose themselves among the frosted grasses as she went hotly on:

"Don't you believe—you must believe—I'd lay down my life—just for the glory of doing that! Perhaps I usedn't to care much about England—before the War. But now I've found out what it means to be a pup of the old bull-mother,—I'd meet Death jumping—rather than fail of doing my bit. What's up?"

Someone had whistled shrilly behind them, and she wheeled, to see Monseigneur and a Red Cross orderly beckoning and signalling, standing on a heap of rubbish on the outskirts of the Plaine. Sherbrand, for whom the call was meant, waved his stick and whistled in answer. The orderly, at a gesture from Monseigneur, got nimbly down from the rubbish-heap and started to cross the intervening stretch of grass.

"Why is he coming?" began Patrine, vexedly.

"To fetch the blind man, I suppose."

"Ah-h!" Her long eyes blazed resentment. "If any-one but yourself had called you that! . . . Send him