

A minute later he was standing by the bed once more.

"*Oremus*—" he began, reading rapidly off the book that Beatrice held steadily beneath his eyes.

"*Almighty Everlasting God, who through blessed James Thy Apostle, hast spoken, saying, Is any sick among you, let him call the priests of the Church*—" (The lips of the dying man were moving again at the sound of the words; was it in protest or in faith?)— *that is what is done without through our ministry, may be wrought within spiritually by Thy divine power, and invisibly by Thy healing; through our Lord Jesus Christ. Amen.*"

The lips were moving faster than ever on the pillow; the head was beginning to turn from side to side, and the mouth lay open.

"*Usquequo, Domine*" . . . began Beatrice.

Chris dipped his thumb in the vessel, and sank swiftly on to his knees.

"*Per istam sanctam Uncionem*"—"through this holy unction. . . ."

(The old man leaned suddenly forward on to his knees, and steadied that rolling head in his two hands; and Chris signed firmly on the eyelids, pressing them down and feeling the fluttering beneath his thumb as he did so.)

". . . *And His most loving mercy, may the Lord forgive thee whatsoever thou hast sinned through sight.*"

Ah! that was done—dear God! those eyes that had drooped and sneered, that had looked so greedily on treasure—their lids shone now with the loving-kindness of God.

Chris snatched a morsel of wool that Morris put forward from behind, wiped the eyelids, and dropped the fragment into the earthen basin at his side.

"*Per istam sanctam Uncionem.*""

And the ears were anointed—the ears that had listened