

the hill-top, for the drops continued chattering all night. But we hear them no longer. The vision is over.

The drop from Flanders spoke the truth, for these pure creatures cannot lie. Upon the following day an attack was made, the enemy were driven back; the ground was recovered, and the dead were buried. The bodies of Ernest and Gilda were lowered into one grave, to sleep again together; and over the mound, marking the spot where these two drops had sunk into the earth, was set a temporary wooden cross, bearing an inscription, differing in date only from the one they had scooped with eager, childish fingers upon the face of the kissing-stone an hour after the geologist had held them back from the change which now had come; not a disgraceful desertion, such as that would have been, with no work attempted and duty not faced; but a good end, the sacrifice complete, and truth attained:

E. SOUTHCOMBE.
G. DEWSTONE.
1915.

THE END