

And if we wish to be together — and we do wish it — then I think we may have power to compass it.”

“It has sometimes seemed to me,” said Fay, “that After Death may prove to be just Life with something like fourth dimensional powers. All this life a memory as of childhood, and a power and freedom and scope undreamed of now —”

“It is possible. All things are possible — save extinction. — I think, too, it will be higher, more spiritual. . . . At any rate, I do not fear. I feel awe as before something unknown and high.”

“And I the same.”

Off in the east the stars were paling, there was coming a vague and mournful grey. The boat was sinking. The two men had torn away the thwarts and with a piece of rope lashed them together. It would be little more than a straw to cling to, in the turbulent wide ocean, miles from land. All were cold and numbed with the wind and the rain and the sea.

Purple streaks came into the east, a chill and solemn lift to all the sea and air and the roofless ether. Hagar and Fay looked at the violet light, at the extreme and ghostly calm of the fields of dawn. “It is coming now,” said Fay, and put his arm around her. The boat sank.

The three, clinging to the frail raft they had provided, were swung from wave to wave beneath the glowing dawn. . . . The wind was stilled now, the water, under the rising sun, smoothed itself out. They drifted, drifted; and now the sun was an hour high. . . . “Look! look!” cried the Breton, and they looked and saw a red sail coming toward them.