

—I can read murder in his eyes—he rushes towards me—something bright flashes in the moonlight! The child screams—the Jew halts—he is about to spring upon me—I hold the child—my right hand is free—

(He pauses a few moments. O'HALLORAN clasps hands, and looks upward as if in prayer)

The Jew leaps forward—he strikes—I spring aside—he falls he falls—

(Lets his hands drop, and assumes an attitude of deep dejection.)

'Tis gone!—gone!!

(O'HALLORAN allows his disappointment to be apparent, but only for a moment. Goes over to O'ROURKE and places his arm over the latter's shoulders.)

O'H.—Dear old friend, 'tis God's will, and, perhaps in His own good time, He will give you the light you seek.

O'R.—Oh, man, man—the pain of it, the pain of it! Like a cup of cold water held to the lips of a man who is dying of thirst—he feels its cooling, saving touch—only a touch, and then—'tis dashed to the ground!

(MARLOW sings outside as if approaching—his voice becoming more audible as he draws near.)

MAR—

“There is not in this wide world,
A valley so sweet,
As that vale in whose bosom
The bright waters meet—”

(O'HALLORAN steps away from O'ROURKE, and both throw off the appearance of grief.)

Enter MARLOW, R.

MAR.—Just the people I've been looking for! Everyone's gone down to the races on the beach and,—listen!

(Faint cheering heard.)

Come—we must not miss that.

O'H.—Not now—another time, my lad.

(MARLOW looks sharply at both.)

MAR.—(Aside.)—Grief is written there, although both are trying to hide it. (Aloud.)—No, no—NOW is the time—you must not refuse—come. (Takes an arm of each, and walks them off L., continuing as they go out:)

Goodacre has just gone down by the other road, and I shouldn't be surprised if he— (His voice dies away.)

Enter ISAAC and LIEUT., REAR.