

for the good priest, I wrung his hand fervently, then turned again to Mizpah.

But my first speech was stupid,—so stupid that I wished most heartily that I had held my tongue.

“Comrade,” said I, “this is a glad day for me.”

Her face fell, and her eyes reproached me.

“Because you have defeated and slain my people?” she asked.

My face grew hot for the flat ineptitude of my words.

“No! no! Not for that!” I cried passionately, “but for *this*!”

And I turned to snatch Philip from his corner behind the chimney.

But Grûl was too quick for me. He could play no second part at any time, he. Evading my hands, he slipped past me, and himself placed the child in Mizpah’s arms.

I cursed inwardly at his abruptness, though in truth he had done just what I was intending to do myself. As Mizpah, with a gasping cry, crushed the little