

whom he came in contact: the face of a child of God, in brief, whose transparent soul looks out of his eyes unstained by any contact with the world of evil lying all around him.

On the second day of his journey, for he travelled by easy stages so as not to distress his willing beast, he halted for the night at a little inn just off the main road through the New Forest, not far from Lyndhurst. He was entertained by a comely dame, who, as used to be the pleasant custom at many village inns, made him welcome, not as a traveller, but as a member of the family just returned from a long journey. Before his simple meal was ended she had confided her great sorrow to him: her husband, "a good husband if ever there was one," had died a few years ago, and her only son, a stalwart youth of twenty-five, had departed from home, saying that it was far too quiet for him; and for four years she had seen naught of him. She greatly feared that he was dead, and if he were, she did not wish to live longer. It was only the hope of his some day returning that kept her alive.

"What was his name?" said Martin, without much show of interest, really more to make the old lady feel that her story was being attentively listened to.

"Edward Ireland," responded the dame.

And Martin, suddenly shaking off his listless attitude, said: "Then, praise God, dame; for unless some calamity come between ye, surely you will see him ere long. He was pressed in London for the *George*, and after some time of sullen bitterness, as was only natural, he went to work with a will.