

## THE TEST OF SCARLET 313

Something happened to end it—a roar, a sheet of flame; then darkness.

A stream of warmth was trickling down my face and neck. I opened my eyes. The gun was lying over on its side; like worshippers at mass, Heming and Suzette were kneeling with clasped hands, their faces towards the red altar of the enemy. As I watched, their faces drew together and his arm went about her. Their action became symbolic; it was like England greeting France in the hour of agony.

Everything faded. The shock and clamour drifted into silence. The test of scarlet was ended.

Here in the white orderliness of a sheeted bed, with the accustomedness of peace on every hand, it is strange to remember.

THE END