

"Yes. It is a matter of time — and not long time, I think."
Hagar put out her hands to him. "Then I will tell you now —"

He took her hands. "Is it your answer?"

"Yes, my dear. . . . Yes, my dear."

They bent toward each other — their lips met. "Now, whether we live or whether we die —"

The wild storm continued. The slow sands of the night ran on, and still the boat lived, though always more weakly, with the end more certainly before her. The Breton crossed himself and prayed. Hagar and Fay sat close together, hand in hand. After midnight the storm suddenly decreased in force. The lightning and thunder ceased, the clouds began to part. In another hour there would be a sky all stars. The wind that had been so loud and wild sank to a lingering, steady moaning. There was left the tumultuous, lifted sea, and the boat sunken now almost to her gunwales.

Fay spoke in a low voice. "Are you afraid of death?"

"No. . . . You cannot kill life."

"It will not be painful, going as we shall go — if it is to happen. And to go together —"

"I am glad that we are going together — seeing that we are to go."

"Do you believe that — when it is over — we shall be together still?"

"Consciously together?"

"Yes."

"I do not know. No one knows. No one can know — yet. But I have faith that we shall persist, and that intelligently. I do not think that we shall forget or ignore our old selves.