

"Open!"

"Who is it?" cried a voice inside.

"Roger," answered Frank. "Thank God you are alive! It is Master Frank."

He heard the inarticulate cry of joy. The bolt rattled, the key turned, the door opened. There was Roger, his face aglow, and there—like an image of the Virgin, framed with light from the porthole behind—stood Alice!

Frank laid a hand gently upon the boy's head, but could say no word. He passed the lad, and in the narrow cabin held out his arms to his love. With eyes of light, with lips aquiver, she met him, and with happiness unspeakable gave herself to his embrace.