

him that you were coming — we had been afraid to speak of it before. But after all it was the wise thing, for you see, he fell asleep." She turned to Aylmer. "I told him that if he slept as I wanted him to, he would awake and find you beside him. I think you had better come up at once."

Aylmer held out her hand to Christie Bronsart.

"No, no, child," he said gently. "You go first. I'll come presently."

She followed the nurse, stumbling up a dark stairway, then down a long, narrow, half-lighted passage.

"It's quieter here, you see," the woman said softly. She opened the creaking door carefully, and alone, Aylmer went in.

She stood for some moments — trembling, blind. Then slowly, sight came. *That* — Christian!

With a smothered moan she leaned over and took the thin, work-scarred hand in hers, and laid it, so dear to her, against her cheek.

And so she waited, while he slept, and the sun sank low in the west.

And then, just as day died upon the far-off hills, he opened his eyes and found her.

"My darling," he whispered painfully, "my darling, it has been such a long, long time to wait."

*"Beloved, have you seen the vision?"*

In the deep silence of the night, the great question with which Boothroyd had closed his sermon came