

100 doorway, and her light-coloured shoes, and the
parasol she brought with her, though it was no
use at night, and the absurd round straw hat with
its flaring flame-coloured feather. Under this
rakishly-tilted hat was a pale, frightened little
105 face with lips parted and eyes staring in terror.
Sonia was a small thin girl of eighteen with fair
hair, rather pretty, with wonderful blue eyes.
She looked intently at the bed and the priest; she
too was out of breath with running. At last
110 whispers, some words in the crowd probably,
reached her. She looked down and took a step
forward into the room, still keeping close to the
door.