

## CHAPTER V

### THE DREAM OF DIRK

On the day following Montalvo's interview with Black Meg Dirk received a message from that gentleman, sent to his lodging by an orderly, which reminded him that he had promised to dine with him this very night. Now he had no recollection of any such engagement. Remembering with shame, however, that there were various incidents of the evening of the supper whereof his memory was most imperfect, he concluded that this must be one of them. So much against his own wishes Dirk sent back an answer to say that he would appear at the time and place appointed.

This was the third thing that had happened to annoy him that day. First he had met Pieter van de Werff, who informed him that all Leyden was talking about Lysbeth and the Captain Montalvo, to whom she was said to have taken a great fancy. Next when he went to call at the house in the Bree Straat he was told that both Lysbeth and his cousin Clara had gone out sleighing, which he did not believe, for as a thaw had set in the snow was no longer in a condition suitable to that amusement. Moreover, he could almost have sworn that, as he crossed the street, he caught sight of Cousin Clara's red face peeping at him from between the curtains of the upstairs sitting-room. Indeed he said as much to Greta, who, contrary to custom, had opened the door to him.

"I am sorry if Mynheer sees visions," answered that young woman

imperturbably. "I told Mynheer that the ladies had gone out sleighing."

"I know you did, Greta; but why should they go out sleighing in a wet thaw?"

"I don't know, Mynheer. Ladies do those things that please them. It is not my place to ask their reasons."

Dirk looked at Greta, and was convinced that she was lying. He put his hand in his pocket, to find to his disgust that he had forgotten his purse. Then he thought of giving her a kiss and trying to melt the truth out of her in this fashion, but remembering that if he did, she might tell Lysbeth, which would make matters worse than ever, refrained. So the end of it was that he merely said "Oh! indeed," and went away.

"Great soft-head," reflected Greta, as she watched his retreating form, "he knew I was telling lies, why didn't he push past me, or--do anything. Ah! Mynheer Dirk, if you are not careful that Spaniard will take your wind. Well, he is more amusing, that's certain. I am tired of these duck-footed Leydeners, who daren't wink at a donkey lest he should bray, and among such holy folk somebody a little wicked is rather a change." Then Greta, who, it may be remembered, came from Brussels, and had French blood in her veins, went upstairs to make a report to her mistress, telling her all that passed.

"I did not ask you to speak falsehoods as to my being out sleighing and

the rest. I told you to answer that I was not at home, and mind you say the same to the Captain Montalvo if he calls," said Lysbeth with some acerbity as she dismissed her.

In truth she was very sore and angry, and yet ashamed of herself because it was so. But things had gone so horribly wrong, and as for Dirk, he was the most exasperating person in the world. It was owing to his bad management and lack of readiness that her name was coupled with Montalvo's at every table in Leyden. And now what did she hear in a note from the Captain himself, sent to make excuses for not having called upon her after the supper party, but that Dirk was going to dine with him that night? Very well, let him do it; she would know how to pay him back, and if necessary was ready to act up to any situation which he had chosen to create.

Thus thought Lysbeth, stamping her foot with vexation, but all the time her heart was sore. All the time she knew well enough that she loved Dirk, and, however strange might be his backwardness in speaking out his mind, that he loved her. And yet she felt as though a river was running between them. In the beginning it had been a streamlet, but now it was growing to a torrent. Worse still the Spaniard was upon her bank of the river.

After he had to some extent conquered his shyness and irritation Dirk became aware that he was really enjoying his dinner at Montalvo's quarters. There were three guests besides himself, two Spanish officers

and a young Netherlander of his own class and age, Brant by name. He was the only son of a noted and very wealthy goldsmith at The Hague, who had sent him to study certain mysteries of the metal worker's art under a Leyden jeweller famous for the exquisite beauty of his designs. The dinner and the service were both of them perfect in style, but better than either proved the conversation, which was of a character that Dirk had never heard at the tables of his own class and people. Not that there was anything even broad about it, as might perhaps have been expected. No, it was the talk of highly accomplished and travelled men of the world, who had seen much and been actors in many moving events; men who were not overtrammelled by prejudices, religious or other, and who were above all things desirous of making themselves agreeable and instructive to the stranger within their gates. The Heer Brant also, who had but just arrived in Leyden, showed himself an able and polished man, one that had been educated more thoroughly than was usual among his class, and who, at the table of his father, the opulent Burgomaster of The Hague, from his youth had associated with all classes and conditions of men. Indeed it was there that he made the acquaintance of Montalvo, who recognising him in the street had asked him to dinner.

After the dishes were cleared, one of the Spanish officers rose and begged to be excused, pleading some military duty. When he had saluted his commandant and gone, Montalvo suggested that they should play a game of cards. This was an invitation which Dirk would have liked to decline, but when it came to the point he did not, for fear of seeming peculiar

in the eyes of these brilliant men of the world.

So they began to play, and as the game was simple very soon he picked up the points of it, and what is more, found them amusing. At first the stakes were not high, but they doubled themselves in some automatic fashion, till Dirk was astonished to find that he was gambling for considerable sums and winning them. Towards the last his luck changed a little, but when the game came to an end he found himself the richer by about three hundred and fifty florins.

"What am I do to with this?" he asked colouring up, as with sighs, which in one instance were genuine enough, the losers pushed the money across to him.

"Do with it?" laughed Montalvo, "did anybody ever hear such an innocent! Why, buy your lady-love, or somebody else's lady-love, a present. No, I'll tell you a better use than this, you give us to-morrow night at your lodging the best dinner that Leyden can produce, and a chance of winning some of this coin back again. Is it agreed?"

"If the other gentlemen wish it," said Dirk, modestly, "though my apartment is but a poor place for such company."

"Of course we wish it," replied the three as with one voice, and the hour for meeting having been fixed they parted, the Heer Brant walking with Dirk to the door of his lodging.

"I was going to call on you to-morrow," he said, "to bring to you a letter of introduction from my father, though that should scarcely be needed as, in fact, we are cousins--second cousins only, our mothers having been first cousins."

"Oh! yes, Brant of The Hague, of whom my mother used to speak, saying that they were kinsmen to be proud of, although she had met them but little. Well, welcome, cousin; I trust that we shall be friends."

"I am sure of it," answered Brant, and putting his arm through Dirk's he pressed it in a peculiar fashion that caused him to start and look round. "Hush!" muttered Brant, "not here," and they began to talk of their late companions and the game of cards which they had played, an amusement as to the propriety of which Dirk intimated that he had doubts.

Young Brant shrugged his shoulders. "Cousin," he said, "we live in the world, so it is as well to understand the world. If the risking of a few pieces at play, which it will not ruin us to lose, helps us to understand it, well, for my part I am ready to risk them, especially as it puts us on good terms with those who, as things are, it is wise we should cultivate. Only, cousin, if I may venture to say it, be careful not to take more wine than you can carry with discretion. Better lose a thousand florins than let drop one word that you cannot remember."

"I know, I know," answered Dirk, thinking of Lysbeth's supper, and at the door of his lodgings they parted.

Like most Netherlanders, when Dirk made up his mind to do anything he did it thoroughly. Thus, having undertaken to give a dinner party, he determined to give a good dinner. In ordinary circumstances his first idea would have been to consult his cousins, Clara and Lysbeth. After that monstrous story about the sleighing, however, which by inquiry from the coachman of the house, whom he happened to meet, he ascertained to be perfectly false, this, for the young man had some pride, he did not feel inclined to do. So in place of it he talked first to his landlady, a worthy dame, and by her advice afterwards with the first innkeeper of Leyden, a man of resource and experience. The innkeeper, well knowing that this customer would pay for anything which he ordered, threw himself into the affair heartily, with the result that by five o'clock relays of cooks and other attendants were to be seen streaming up Dirk's staircase, carrying every variety of dish that could be supposed to tempt the appetite of high-class cavaliers.

Dirk's apartment consisted of two rooms situated upon the first floor of an old house in a street that had ceased to be fashionable. Once, however, it had been a fine house, and, according to the ideas of the time, the rooms themselves were fine, especially the sitting chamber, which was oak-panelled, low, and spacious, with a handsome fireplace carrying the arms of its builder. Out of it opened his sleeping room--which had no other doorway--likewise oak-panelled, with tall

cupboards, not unlike the canopy of a tomb in shape and general appearance.

The hour came, and with it the guests. The feast began, the cooks streamed up and down bearing relays of dishes from the inn. Above the table hung a six-armed brass chandelier, and in each of its sockets guttered a tallow candle furnishing light to the company beneath, although outside of its bright ring there was shadow more or less dense. Towards the end of dinner a portion of the rush wick of one of these candles fell into the brass saucer beneath, causing the molten grease to burn up fiercely. As it chanced, by the light of this sudden flare, Montalvo, who was sitting opposite to the door, thought that he caught sight of a tall, dark figure gliding along the wall towards the bedroom. For one instant he saw it, then it was gone.

"Caramba, my friend," he said, addressing Dirk, whose back was turned towards the figure, "have you any ghosts in this gloomy old room of yours? Because, if so, I think I have just seen one."

"Ghosts!" answered Dirk, "no, I never heard of any; I do not believe in ghosts. Take some more of that pasty."

Montalvo took some more pasty, and washed it down with a glass of wine. But he said no more about ghosts--perhaps an explanation of the phenomenon had occurred to him; at any rate he decided to leave the subject alone.

After the dinner they gambled, and this evening the stakes began where those of the previous night left off. For the first hour Dirk lost, then the luck turned and he won heavily, but always from Montalvo.

"My friend," said the captain at last, throwing down his cards, "certainly you are fated to be unfortunate in your matrimonial adventures, for the devil lives in your dice-box, and his highness does not give everything. I pass," and he rose from the table.

"I pass also," said Dirk following him into the window place, for he wished to take no more money. "You have been very unlucky, Count," he said.

"Very, indeed, my young friend," answered Montalvo, yawning, "in fact, for the next six months I must live on--well--well, nothing, except the recollection of your excellent dinner."

"I am sorry," muttered Dirk, confusedly, "I did not wish to take your money; it was the turn of those accursed dice. See here, let us say no more about it."

"Sir," said Montalvo, with a sudden sternness, "an officer and a gentleman cannot treat a debt of honour thus; but," he added with a little laugh, "if another gentleman chances to be good enough to charge a debt of honour for a debt of honour, the affair is different. If,

for instance, it would suit you to lend me four hundred florins, which, added to the six hundred which I have lost to-night, would make a thousand in all, well, it will be a convenience to me, though should it be any inconvenience to you, pray do not think of such a thing."

"Certainly," answered Dirk, "I have won nearly as much as that, and here at my own table. Take them, I beg of you, captain," and emptying a roll of gold into his hand, he counted it with the skill of a merchant, and held it towards him.

Montalvo hesitated. Then he took the money, pouring it carelessly into his pocket.

"You have not checked the sum," said Dirk.

"My friend, it is needless," answered his guest, "your word is rather better than any bond," and again he yawned, remarking that it was getting late.

Dirk waited a few moments, thinking in his coarse, business-like way that the noble Spaniard might wish to say something about a written acknowledgment. As, however, this did not seem to occur to him, and the matter was not one of ordinary affairs, he led the way back to the table, where the other two were now showing their skill in card tricks.

A few minutes later the two Spaniards took their departure, leaving Dirk

and his cousin Brant alone.

"A very successful evening," said Brant, "and, cousin, you won a great deal."

"Yes," answered Dirk, "but all the same I am a poorer man than I was yesterday."

Brant laughed. "Did he borrow of you?" he asked. "Well, I thought he would, and what's more, don't you count on that money. Montalvo is a good sort of fellow in his own fashion, but he is an extravagant man and a desperate gambler, with a queer history, I fancy--at least, nobody knows much about him, not even his brother officers. If you ask them they shrug their shoulders and say that Spain is a big kettle full of all sorts of fish. One thing I do know, however, that he is over head and ears in debt; indeed, there was trouble about it down at The Hague. So, cousin, don't you play with him more than you can help, and don't reckon on that thousand florins to pay your bills with. It is a mystery to me how the man gets on, but I am told that a foolish old vrouw in Amsterdam lent him a lot till she discovered--but there, I don't talk scandal. And now," he added, changing his voice, "is this place private?"

"Let's see," said Dirk, "they have cleared the things away, and the old housekeeper has tidied up my bedroom. Yes, I think so. Nobody ever comes up here after ten o'clock. What is it?"

Brant touched his arm, and, understanding the truth, Dirk led the way into the window-place. There, standing with his back to the room, and his hands crossed in a peculiar fashion, he uttered the word, "Jesus," and paused. Brant also crossed his hands and answered, or, rather, continued, "wept." It was the password of those of the New Religion.

"You are one of us, cousin?" said Dirk.

"I and all my house, my father, my mother, my sister, and the maiden whom I am to marry. They told me at The Hague that I must seek of you or the young Heer Pieter van de Werff, knowledge of those things which we of the Faith need to know; who are to be trusted, and who are not to be trusted; where prayer is held, and where we may partake of the pure Sacrament of God the Son."

Dirk took his cousin's hand and pressed it. The pressure was returned, and thenceforward brother could not have trusted brother more completely, for now between them was the bond of a common and burning faith.

Such bonds the reader may say, tie ninety out of every hundred people to each other in the present year of grace, but it is not to be observed that a like mutual confidence results. No, because the circumstances have changed. Thanks very largely to Dirk van Goorl and his fellows of that day, especially to one William of Orange, it is no longer necessary

for devout and God-fearing people to creep into holes and corners, like felons hiding from the law, that they may worship the Almighty after some fashion as pure as it is simple, knowing the while that if they are found so doing their lot and the lot of their wives and children will be the torment and the stake. Now the thumbscrew and the rack as instruments for the discomfiture of heretics are relegated to the dusty cases of museums. But some short generations since all this was different, for then a man who dared to disagree with certain doctrines was treated with far less mercy than is shown to a dog on the vivisector's table.

Little wonder, therefore, that those who lay under such a ban, those who were continually walking in the cold shadow of this dreadful doom, clung to each other, loved each other, and comforted each other to the last, passing often enough hand-in-hand through the fiery gates to that country in which there is no more pain. To be a member of the New Religion in the Netherlands under the awful rule of Charles the Emperor and Philip the King was to be one of a vast family. It was not "sir" or "mistress" or "madame," it was "my father" and "my mother," or "my sister" and "my brother;" yes, and between people who were of very different status and almost strangers in the flesh; strangers in the flesh but brethren in spirit.

It will be understood that in these circumstances Dirk and Brant, already liking each other, and being already connected by blood, were not slow in coming to a complete understanding and fellowship.

There they sat in the window-place telling each other of their families, their hopes and fears, and even of their lady-loves. In this, as in every other respect, Hendrik Brant's story was one of simple prosperity. He was betrothed to a lady of The Hague, the only daughter of a wealthy wine-merchant, who, according to his account, seemed to be as beautiful as she was good and rich, and they were to be married in the spring. But when Dirk told him of his affair, he shook his wise young head.

"You say that both she and her aunt are Catholics?" he asked.

"Yes, cousin, this is the trouble. I think that she is fond of me, or, at any rate, she was until a few days since," he added ruefully, "but how can I, being a 'heretic,' ask her to plight her troth to me unless I tell her? And that, you know, is against the rule; indeed, I scarcely dare to do so."

"Had you not best consult with some godly elder who by prayer and words may move your lady's heart till the light shines on her?" asked Brant.

"Cousin, it has been done, but always there is the other in the way, that red-nosed Aunt Clara, who is a mad idolator; also there is the serving-woman, Greta, whom I take for little better than a spy. Therefore, between the two of them I see little chance that Lysbeth will ever hear the truth this side of marriage. And yet how dare I marry her? Is it right that I should marry her and therefore, perhaps, bring her

too to some dreadful fate such as may wait for you or me? Moreover, now since this man Montalvo has crossed my path, all things seem to have gone wrong between me and Lysbeth; indeed but yesterday her door was shut on me."

"Women have their fancies," answered Brant, slowly; "perhaps he has taken hers; she would not be the first who walked that plank. Or, perhaps, she is vexed with you for not speaking out ere this; for, man, not knowing what you are, how can she read your mind?"

"Perhaps, perhaps," said Dirk, "but I know not what to do," and in his perplexity he struck his forehead with his hand.

"Then, brother, in that case what hinders that we should ask Him Who can tell you?" said Brant, calmly.

Dirk understood what he meant at once. "It is a wise thought, and a good one, cousin. I have the Holy Book; first let us pray, and then we can seek wisdom there."

"You are rich, indeed," answered Brant; "sometime you must tell me how and where you came by it."

"Here in Leyden, if one can afford to pay for them, such goods are not hard to get," said Dirk; "what is hard is to keep them safely, for to be found with a Bible in your pocket is to carry your own

death-warrant."

Brant nodded. "Is it safe to show it here?" he asked.

"As safe as anywhere, cousin; the window is shuttered, the door is, or will be, locked, but who can say that he is safe this side of the stake in a land where the rats and mice carry news and the wind bears witness? Come, I will show you where I keep it," and going to the mantelpiece he took down a candle-stick, a quaint brass, ornamented on its massive oblong base with two copper snails, and lit the candle. "Do you like the piece?" he asked; "it is my own design, which I cast and filed out in my spare hours," and he gazed at the holder with the affection of an artist. Then without waiting for an answer, he led the way to the door of his sitting-room and paused.

"What is it?" asked Brant.

"I thought I heard a sound, that is all, but doubtless the old vrouw moves upon the stairs. Turn the key, cousin, so, now come on."

They entered the sleeping chamber, and having glanced round and made sure that it was empty, and the window shut, Dirk went to the head of the bed, which was formed of oak-panels, the centre one carved with a magnificent coat-of-arms, fellow to that in the fireplace of the sitting-room. At this panel Dirk began to work, till presently it slid aside, revealing a hollow, out of which he took a book bound in boards

covered with leather. Then, having closed the panel, the two young men returned to the sitting-room, and placed the volume upon the oak table beneath the chandelier.

"First let us pray," said Brant.

It seems curious, does it not, that two young men as a finale to a dinner party, and a gambling match at which the stakes had not been low; young men who like others had their weaknesses, for one of them, at any rate, could drink too much wine at times, and both being human doubtless had further sins to bear, should suggest kneeling side by side to offer prayers to their Maker before they studied the Scriptures? But then in those strange days prayer, now so common (and so neglected) an exercise, was an actual luxury. To these poor hunted men and women it was a joy to be able to kneel and offer thanks and petitions to God, believing themselves to be safe from the sword of those who worshipped otherwise. Thus it came about that, religion being forbidden, was to them a very real and earnest thing, a thing to be indulged in at every opportunity with solemn and grateful hearts. So there, beneath the light of the guttering candles, they knelt side by side while Brant, speaking for both of them, offered up a prayer--a sight touching enough and in its way beautiful.

The words of his petition do not matter. He prayed for their Church; he prayed for their country that it might be made strong and free; he even prayed for the Emperor, the carnal, hare-lipped, guzzling, able Hapsburg

self-seeker. Then he prayed for themselves and all who were dear to them, and lastly, that light might be vouchsafed to Dirk in his present difficulty. No, not quite lastly, for he ended with a petition that their enemies might be forgiven, yes, even those who tortured them and burnt them at the stake, since they knew not what they did. It may be wondered whether any human aspirations could have been more thoroughly steeped in the true spirit of Christianity.

When at length he had finished they rose from their knees.

"Shall I open the Book at a hazard," asked Dirk, "and read what my eye falls on?"

"No," answered Brant, "for it savours of superstition; thus did the ancients with the writings of the poet Virgilius, and it is not fitting that we who hold the light should follow the example of those blind heathen. What work of the Book, brother, are you studying now?"

"The first letter of Paul to the Corinthians, which I have never read before," he answered.

"Then begin where you left off, brother, and read your chapter. Perhaps we may find instruction in it; if not, no answer is vouchsafed to us to-night."

So from the black-letter volume before him Dirk began to read the

seventh chapter, in which, as it chanced, the great Apostle deals with the marriage state. On he read, in a quiet even voice, till he came to the twelfth and four following verses, of which the last three run: "For the unbelieving husband is sanctified by the wife, and the unbelieving wife is sanctified by the husband: else were your children unclean; but now they are holy. But if the unbelieving depart, let him depart. A brother or a sister is not under bondage in such cases; but God has called us to peace. For what knowest thou, O wife, whether thou shalt save thy husband? or how knowest thou, O man, whether thou shalt save thy wife?" Dirk's voice trembled, and he paused.

"Continue to the end of the chapter," said Brant, so the reader went on.

There is a sound. They do not hear it, but the door of the bedchamber behind them opens ever so little. They do not see it, but between door and lintel something white thrusts itself, a woman's white face crowned with black hair, and set in it two evil, staring eyes. Surely, when first he raised his head in Eden, Satan might have worn such a countenance as this. It cranes itself forward till the long, thin neck seems to stretch; then suddenly a stir or a movement alarms it, and back the face draws like the crest of a startled snake. Back it draws, and the door closes again.

The chapter is read, the prayer is prayed, and strange may seem the answer to that prayer, an answer to shake out faith from the hearts of men; men who are impatient, who do not know that as the light takes long

in travelling from a distant star, so the answer from the Throne to the supplication of trust may be long in coming. It may not come to-day or to-morrow. It may not come in this generation or this century; the prayer of to-day may receive its crown when the children's children of the lips that uttered it have in their turn vanished in the dust. And yet that Divine reply may in no wise be delayed; even as our liberty of this hour may be the fruit of those who died when Dirk van Goorl and Hendrik Brant walked upon the earth; even as the vengeance that but now is falling on the Spaniard may be the reward of the deeds of shame that he worked upon them and upon their kin long generations gone. For the Throne is still the Throne, and the star is still the star; from the one flows justice and from the other light, and to them time and space are naught.

Dirk finished the chapter and closed the Book.

"It seems that you have your answer, Brother," said Brant quietly.

"Yes," replied Dirk, "it is written large enough:--'The unbelieving wife is sanctified by the husband . . . how knowest thou, O man, whether thou shalt save thy wife?' Had the Apostle foreseen my case he could not have set the matter forth more clearly."

"He, or the Spirit in him, knew all cases, and wrote for every man that ever shall be born," answered Brant. "This is a lesson to us. Had you looked sooner you would have learned sooner, and mayhap much trouble

might have been spared. As it is, without doubt you must make haste and speak to her at once, leaving the rest with God."

"Yes," said Dirk, "as soon as may be, but there is one thing more; ought I tell her all the truth?"

"I should not be careful to hide it, friend, and now, good night. No, do not come to the door with me. Who can tell, there may be watchers without, and it is not wise that we should be seen together so late."

When his cousin and new-found friend had gone Dirk sat for a while, till the guttering tallow lights overhead burned to the sockets indeed. Then, taking the candle from the snail-adorned holder, he lit it, and, having extinguished those in the chandeliers, went into his bedroom and undressed himself. The Bible he returned to its hiding-place and closed the panel, after which he blew out the light and climbed into the tall bed.

As a rule Dirk was a most excellent sleeper; when he laid his head on the pillow his eyes closed nor did they open again until the appointed and accustomed hour. But this night he could not sleep. Whether it was the dinner or the wine, or the gambling, or the prayer and the searching of the Scriptures with his cousin Brant, the result remained the same; he was very wakeful, which annoyed him the more as a man of his race and

phlegm found it hard to attribute this unrest to any of these trivial causes. Still, as vexation would not make him sleep, he lay awake watching the moonlight flood the chamber in broad bars and thinking.

Somehow as Dirk thought thus he grew afraid; it seemed to him as though he shared that place with another presence, an evil and malignant presence. Never in his life before had he troubled over or been troubled by tales of spirits, yet now he remembered Montalvo's remark about a ghost, and of a surety he felt as though one were with him there. In this strange and new alarm he sought for comfort and could think of none save that which an old and simple pastor had recommended to him in all hours of doubt and danger, namely, if it could be had, to clasp a Bible to his heart and pray.

Well, both things were easy. Raising himself in bed, in a moment he had taken the book from its hiding-place and closed the panel. Then pressing it against his breast between himself and the mattress he lay down again, and it would seem that the charm worked, for presently he was asleep.

Yet Dirk dreamed a very evil dream. He dreamed that a tall black figure leaned over him, and that a long white hand was stretched out to his bed-head where it wandered to and fro, till at last he heard the panel slide home with a rattling noise.

Then it seemed to him that he woke, and that his eyes met two eyes bent

down over him, eyes which searched him as though they would read the very secrets of his heart. He did not stir, he could not, but lo! in this dream of his the figure straightened itself and glided away, appearing and disappearing as it crossed the bars of moonlight until it vanished by the door.

A while later and Dirk woke up in truth, to find that although the night was cold enough the sweat ran in big drops from his brow and body. But now strangely enough his fear was gone, and, knowing that he had but dreamed a dream, he turned over, touched the Bible on his breast, and fell sleeping like a child, to be awakened only by the light of the rising winter sun pouring on his face.

Then Dirk remembered that dream of the bygone night, and his heart grew heavy, for it seemed to him that this vision of a dark woman searching his face with those dreadful eyes was a portent of evil not far away.