

she had retired for life to the seclusion of a French convent.

Two years went by, and Idris had almost given up the hope of ever seeing her again, when, passing one afternoon by the Church of St. Oswald, he heard the sound of its organ.

Attracted, partly by the music, partly by the thought that it was in this church that he had first set eyes upon Lorelie, he entered the Ravengar Chantry, and sat down to listen.

Something in the style of the music caused a strange suspicion to steal over him. He rose, walked quietly forward, and gazed up at the organ-loft.

The musician was Lorelie !

Screening himself from view he waited till she had finished her playing : waited till she had dismissed her attendant-boy, and then quietly intercepted her as she was passing through the Ravengar Chantry.

She started, and seemed almost dismayed at seeing him.

"I—I did not know you were at Ormsby," she murmured. "I thought you were on the Continent."

"Lorelie, where have you been so long ?"

"I have been living in the south of France for the past two years. A few days ago a longing came upon me to see Ormsby once more, and——"

She ceased speaking, and her eyes drooped as Idris gently held her by the wrists.

"And now that you *are* here," he said, "do you think that I shall ever let you go again ? Lorelie, you know how much I love you. Why, then, have you avoided me ? But for you I should not now possess a coronet : is it not fair that you should share it ?"

"No : Idris, this must not be," she murmured, gently essaying to free herself. "There is one who loves you better than I—one more deserving of your love."