

for whom he hath suffered all, and he so noble! Oh, that he might die in this blinded sleep and this great trouble, and never know that not only they who slew him were false, but I, even I, who should have loved him!" Then she fell on her knees beside my couch, for I felt the rustle of her garments as she knelt, and she cried, "Oh, God! Oh, dread Heaven! Have mercy, oh, have pity on the wayward heart of a poor young girl!" And her voice smote so pitiful, that I, who listened, marvelled at this terrible woe that could affect one so young and so beautiful. Then she continued: "Hear me, Mary, Mother of God! May I all my life be a true wife to him, so young, so noble, so ill-treated and blinded; may my eyes be a light to his, and my hand to lead him!" And when she said this I could no longer forbear, but broke out into a quick sob. At that I felt her start back, as if caught in her secret trouble; then she bent over me, and said, "My lord, art thou awake?" Then I could not longer keep silent, but said, trying to conceal my voice—

"My Lady Margaret, is it thou?"

At that, at the sound of my voice, or the way I said it, I know not—unless, I have since thought, it was her keen sense—or how it was she discovered me; but she sprang to her feet with a terrible cry, and called out, "Oh, God! Oh, God! Oh, God!"

At that my lady countess came into the room, crying—

"My son! My son! Is he dead? Oh! tell me not he is dead!" But I could feel that other presence