

we are all equal. Living, I might not speak; dying . . . since I have but a little while to stay . . . I may speak?"

"Yes, my son, speak. Her Highness will listen."

"It is to her Highness that I wish to speak."

Her lips quivered and she made no secret of her tears. "What is it you wish to say to me, Monsieur Carewe?" She smoothed his forehead, and the touch of her hand made him forget his pain.

"Ah, I know not how to begin," he said. "Forgive me if I offend your ears. . . . I have been foolish even to dream of it, but I could not help it. . . . When first I saw you in the garden . . . the old dog was beside you. . . . Even then it came to me that my future was linked to the thought of you. I did not know you were so far beyond. . . . I was very cold, but I dared not let you know it, for fear you would lead me at once to the gate. That night wherever I looked I saw you. I strove to think of some way to serve you, but I could not. I was so obscure. I never thought that you would remember me again; but you did. . . . That afternoon in the carriage . . . I wanted to tell you then. That rose you dropped . . . it is still on my heart. I loved you, and to this end. And I am glad to die, for in this short fortnight I have lived. . . . My mother used to call me Maurice . . . to hear a woman repeat it again before I go."

"Maurice." She took his hand timidly in hers, and looked at the archbishop.

"Speak to him from your heart, my child," said the prelate. "It will comfort you both."