

but the memory of the night before was still too keen, and she stopped.

Du Marsillac offered no solution, but she saw that his eyes were like sparks of impatience. Very slowly at last she opened the paper. She cast a glance over its contents, and then she turned with a low cry.

"This is meant for you too," she said.

He leaned over, reading with her :

"BEST BELOVED :

"I am going back to serve France, praying that she will let me die for her speedily, proving my faithfulness. There is no need that I prove for you my love and devotion, for such things need no guarantee. Yet I like to think that in just this way you will be able to measure best what I am glad to do, and that in the years to come you will hold your happiness from me."

Mademoiselle dropped the hand that held the paper and again from her lips slipped that moaning cry. Across the sea shimmering rainbows were whirling in the moonlit path. She moved so that the man beside her should not see her face, and then the shimmering mists stopped whirling, and were shot through with a clear light. But she did not draw away from him, only her shoulder was turned, and, as he lifted the lantern again, she raised the paper and together they read it through to the very end.

"Last night I was mad with pain and with a horrible fear that was greater than any other pain I had ever known. I said things that only a madman would say, for in reading your secret, oh, my best beloved, I read also what it meant for me. To-day I see clearly. I know now that I could no more hold you to that empty