

oh, yes, may I please see it for a moment?"

Sheelah took it from her pocket and handed it to him.

"Oh—ho," he thought to himself as he held the note down to the lantern. "Putting things together—including handwriting, of course; Mistress Wynn has had a finger in this pie. Bless me, I thought my note had a familiar ring; I see it all now." Then aloud: "Wasn't my little cousin afraid to trust herself out in the dark alone?"

"Oh, no, Sir Charles."

"No, why not?"

"Because—well—you were here and—" she stopped and looked down—"but you didn't tell me why you wanted me?"

"Sheelah, dearest one; there's only one reason, and you know it; or you'd never have come. I brought you here to tell you that I—love you—and want you dreadfully. I vow it by your bright eyes and rosy lips. I want you, love, want to call you something dearer than cousin, sweet-heart, to call you my wife."

He clasped her hands and drew her gently towards him.

"Say you consent, Sheelah mine. Ecod, but my tongue is as tied as if I were the veriest plough-boy instead of an Irishman. I love you, I love you, is all I can say, but I say that with all my soul."

She accepted the shelter of his arms and buried her face in his cloak.

"I love you—I love you," she whispered as he crushed her to him.

Just then the chimes of Easter morning floated over the wood.

"Ah," exclaimed Sir Charles, "A moon shining upon the sparkling brooklet! Easter morning, a trysting-place under the lilac trees—and a betrothal. Under the lilac, Sheelah, which means 'The emotion of Love.' And I have not kissed you yet, dear heart. Up with your head, Sheelah, my own."

"Charles!"

"Sheelah, Sheelah!"

It was the primitive call of the mate; and their lips met as the Easter bells rang out the story of the greatest love in the world.

