

ont

at six o'clock
like to hear me
sing softly

over the gate-
as six o'clock,
sing in. He
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Already there
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egremont; he
He felt un-
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for me. I
not afraid.
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are as Bess
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ey's niece,
man when

Conclusion

we were first acquainted in Newgate gaol. Since then, both of us have had good fortune; yours is but beginning, I hope. But those we know in our dark time, and by whose side we live and fight and conquer and are sometimes overthrown, are always more to us than those we know in the pleasant primrose path. So I think you will no more forget me than I shall forget you."

"Truly," replied Roger; "if I forget you, Bess Lukens, may God forget me."

She went noiselessly up the stair, and her figure melted away in the darkness. Roger Egremont walked into the chapel and seated himself in a dark corner. All the church was dusk, except the altar, where two candles twinkled and the sanctuary lamp burned steadily and softly. A few persons came in quietly, the King leaning upon the arm of the Queen, who gently supported him to his armchair. The priest came out on the altar, and the golden voice of the organ was uplifted. Roger listened for the echo of those glorious tones of Bess Lukens's in the psalms, but he heard them not. The church was quite dark, but as the music swelled and died two little acolytes in white cassocks, and with faces like angels, came out and lighted all the candles on the altar, making a glory of light in the holy place. And then, with a mighty rush of melody from organ and voices, came the *Magnificat*. Bess's voice, more pure, more sweet, more thrilling than Roger Egremont had ever heard it, rose above the waves of music.

"My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit rejoices in God, my Saviour." He translated to himself the sonorous Latin hymn; it was as if Bess Lukens spoke it to him, instead of singing it with the other