

## CALVERT OF STRATHORE

sobbing, knelt before him. The humility of true love had at last mastered her.

"Not to me—not to me," he said, unsteadily, lifting her.

"And why not to you? There is no one so true, no one I honor so much! In my pride and ignorance I thought you were not the equal of these fine gentlemen who have abandoned their King and their country. But I have learned to know you, and my own heart, and what I have thrown away! I am not ashamed to say this—to own to you that I love you." She threw back her head and looked at Calvert with eyes that shone with a sorrowful light. "For you once told me that you loved me, and though I know I have lost that love, the memory that I once had it will stay with me and be my pride forever."

"'Tis yours still, believe me," said Calvert. "'Tis yours now and forever—forever." He put his arm around her and drew her to him. "Far or near I have loved you since the first day I saw you, but I never dreamed that you would come to care, and in my pride I swore I would never tell you of my love after that day in the garden at Azay."

"I must have been mad, I think," she said, wonderingly. "Mad to have laughed at you—mad to have thrown away your love. Ah, I have learned since then!"

"'Tis like a miracle that you should have come to care for me," said Calvert, his lips upon her dark hair.

"The hour you left me I knew that I loved you. Oh, the agony of that knowledge and the thought