

"Mr. Drummond, she is dead, I fear!" said Mr. Brantwell, looking in alarm at the white, rigid face of Christie.

"No; she has only swooned; she breathes yet."

"Here we are, at the hotel, thank heaven!" said the minister, as the coach stopped.

A vast crowd had assembled here. For a moment^t all shrank from passing through it, but there was no help for it.

"My brother is here?" said Sybil, in a hurried whisper.

"Yes."

"Take me to his room, then," she said, passing her arm through that of the clergyman.

"You will take Mrs. Drummond to my apartment," said the minister, kindly; "the waiter will show you where it is. I will rejoin you in a few moments."

Bearing the light form of his still senseless wife in his arms, Willard entered the room, and laid her on the bed.

The wife of the host entered with restoratives, but it was long ere the heavy lids were raised from the sad blue eyes.

"My own Christie, you are better now?" said Willard, bending over her.

She smiled faintly, and pressed her hand to her heart.

"Yes, I will soon be better," she said, in a strange tone. "Willard, where is Sybil?"

"With her brother, dear."

"Have you told her all?"

"No, Christie, I have explained nothing."

"Send for her, then; for her brother, too, and Mr. Brantwell; I want to tell them all, and get Sybil's forgiveness before I——"

"Before you—what?"

"Nothing, dearest Willard. Have you sent?"

A servant entered, and the message was delivered.

"But she has nothing to forgive you, Christie; you never wronged her."

"Oh, I did! I did! unintentionally, perhaps, but still I wronged her. Hark! they are coming, Willard."

There was a soft knock at the door. Willard opened it, and Mr. Brantwell, followed by Sybil and Captain Campbell, entered. The young captain, pale, thin and haggard, cast a fierce, implacable glance at Willard; but the sight of the frail, spiritual, attenuated form of Christie