

*The  
Eye of  
Gluskâp*

the Marsh to-morrow, dear ; for now that I belong to you I can no longer protect you from the spell. I had forgotten that ! ”

“ Very well,” said Desbra, lightly, “ if you say so, we ’ll sell to-morrow.”

As the two stood locked in each other’s arms, and straining their eyes into the blackness, the violet ray gathered intensity, and almost seemed to reveal, by fits, the raving turmoil of the rapidly mounting tide.

In a few moments Desbra became absorbed, as it were, in a sort of waking dream. His frank, merry, almost boyish countenance took on a new expression, and his eyes assumed the strange, far-focused steadfastness of the seer’s. His wife watched, with a growing awe which she could not shake off, the change in her husband’s demeanor ; and the fire-light in the cheerful room died away unnoticed.