

Sir Christopher

grows too cold. To my life's end I must bear the bitter thought of my injustice, but I pray God the lesson may not be lost. See, here is my sword, a present from Baltimore! If you can find it in your heart to forgive, accept this and wear it."

With his unwounded arm Brent drew the sword with difficulty from its scabbard, and extended it towards Neville. It was a symbol of surrender. Neville took it, and seizing Brent's hand he raised the hilt of the sword, exclaiming, "By this token I swear fealty to my lady, and to all her kindred!"

"Elinor," said Brent, "this Neville is a worthy gentleman, and thou hast made no mistake in giving thy heart into his keeping."

"Amen," said Margaret Brent.

"Ah," said Elinor, jealously, turning swiftly toward Margaret, "thou didst never doubt him; thou canst afford to be proud."

Margaret Brent smiled. "No storm," she said, "no rainbow; no trial, no faith; no faith, no love."

"Mother," broke in Cecil, "wilt thou wed Thir Chrithtopher?"

"If he condescend to ask me again, I surely will."

"Thir Chrithtopher! You do mean to ask her again?"