

the Love of God, and that is the love of a woman! Y
 one purely supernatural end that I had set before
 that end to which, four days ago, I had said, as I th
 good-bye for ever in the Duchess of Portsmouth's
 —this was the one single thing that was mine aft
 I could take that at least with me into the cloister, and
 praise God for it all my life long—I mean the convers
 the man that was called King of England, the man wh
 all his sins and his treatment of me, I yet loved as I
 never loved any other man on earth. I think that in
 minutes of sorrow and joy as I paced up and down the
 room, my dearest Dolly was not very far away from
 and that she knew all that I felt.

Once—in a loud broken voice through the door—I
 these words:

—"Sweet Jesus. Amen. . . . Mercy, Sweet J
 Mercy!"

That was the King's voice that I heard: and I kn
 down when I heard them.

It would be about ten minutes later, as I still kne
 that I heard, upon the outside of the door, that led down
 winding stars, a very small tapping.

I ran to the door to open it, wondering who it could
 for I had forgotten all about the Portuguese priest, tho
 I had set the candles ready burning, with a napkin on
 table between them, in readiness for his coming.
 there he stood, with his eyes cast down, and his hands clas
 upon his breast.

I beckoned him forward, pointing to the table, and kne
 down again.

He went past me without a word, kneeled himself be
 the table and then, unbuttoning his cloak he drew fr
 round his neck the chain and the Pyx from his breast, a
 laid it all upon the table, continuing himself to kneel.

Presently he turned and looked at me, lifting
 brows.

I knew what he wished; rose from my knees and w
 up the stairs, but very cautiously, lest I should hear anythi
 that I should not. There was but a very faint murmur