

"Let me go, Mifanwy," he gasped hoarsely; "set me free with that nobility which always had so large a part in thee."

"Good-bye then, Ieuan," she whispered, at the same time holding out her hand, "good-bye; I set thee free."

He seized her hand, and raised it to his lips; then pressed upon it a long and passionate kiss.

"Good-bye, lass!" But he still held her hand. "Mifanwy, wilt not let me see thy face before we part? The men are gone; come out into the moonlight, and let me see that sweet brown face which has haunted my memory so often."

She let him draw her out into the moonlight, but still bent her head.

"Take off thy bonnet, lass!"

She slowly obeyed. Untying the strings and uncovering the mass of brown-black hair, she raised her soft brown eyes to his, and with a smile upon her red lips, murmured softly in her natural voice, "Ieuan." It was only one word. The tone of voice, and the sweet upturned face in the moonlight, had an extraordinary effect upon him.

For a moment he gazed in wide-eyed astonishment; all the mingled and torturing bewilderment of the last few months returned in one agonising dread; he clasped his hands across his forehead, and staggered against the rocky slope; a strange dizziness came over him.

"What is it?" he said, "what is it? Am I losing my reason?"

Mifanwy, frightened and repentant, drew near to him with reassuring words, and gently loosened the hands that were clasped over his eyes.

"Look at me, Ieuan," she said tremulously; "oh! I have done wrong to deceive you; look at me! It is I — Mifanwy — La Belle — don't you see, Ieuan?"

"I see—I see, but I cannot understand. Mifanwy!