

gathered; and a gray seal was set about the wan lips that writhed in the fight for breath.

"Bertie, kiss me—tell me you are not afraid."

She fancied he nestled his face closer, but the wide eyes were fixed on the golden light that was fading fast across the narrow doorway.

Pressing her quivering lips to his, she sobbed:

"Tell mother, her little girl was faithful—"

Another spasm shook the form, and after a little while, the eyes closed; the panting ceased, and the tired breath was drawn in long, shuddering sighs.

Mr. Dunbar beckoned to the cowed form who, rosary in hand, paced the terrace, and the two laid the dying man back on his pallet of straw.

Fainter grew the slow breath, and the voice of the monk rolled through the silence, like the tremolo swell of an organ:

*"Delicta juventutis, et ignorantias ejus, quæsumus. ne memineris, Domine; sed secundum magnam misericordiam tuam memor esto illius in gloria claritatis tue."*

On the stone floor Beryl knelt, with her brother's icy hand clasped against her cheek, and as she watched, the twitching of the muscles ceased, the lips so long distorted, took on their old curves of beauty. A marble pallor blanched the dark stain of the branded cheek, and the Bertie of innocent youth came slowly out of the long eclipse.

Death, God's most tender angel, laid her divine lips upon the scars of sin, that vanished at her touch; drew her white fingers across the lines and shadows of suffering time, and leaving the halo of eternal peace upon the frozen features, gave back to Beryl her beautiful Bertie of old.