

"You shan't. That's enough. You sacrificed yourself rather than sacrifice me. You ——"

"I 'd sinned enough against you."

"You gave me back my youth."

"I?"

"Don't you know I 'love you — worship you — adore you?"

Yes, *he said that*, mother. His lips said it, and his dear, dear eyes. I looked up to them, and mine overflowed, and he needed no other answer, for he took me in his arms. I did n't know people could be so happy. I could have died in that moment, only I would much, much rather live.

In a few minutes we told each other heaps of things about the way we felt, and the way we *had* felt, and compared notes; and it was heavenly. He 'd bought back the darling ring in Chester, and now he put it on my finger again; and I 'm sure, dearest, that you won't mind our being engaged?

He says he has adored me ever since the first day, and will to the last, then on into the next world, because there can't be a next world that won't be full of his love for me. And I adore him, ah, *how* I adore him — and you will come here to live with us in this beautiful old castle, where, like the Prince and Princess of the fairy stories, we will be happy ever after.

I have seen Ellaline, and she is well and hugged me a great deal. Her Honoré is really very handsome; but I can't write about them now, though they have been so important in my life; and without them there would have been no life worth speaking of.