

have come. She knew that I was at sea, and did not expect to see me; but she expressed a strange longing to be taken out, to stand, if only for a moment, under the rowan tree, where we were to have met.

Her wish was gratified. An aunt, who was staying with her, and her nurse, carried her out, and held her for a moment under the tree. Standing there she had put my ring upon her finger, saying as she did so—"if I don't live till he comes, tell him that I put his ring on my finger, as I promised, to-night."

I cannot proceed. Had I but been at the spot, as I had promised to be, had I but remained near at hand and not wandered away over the broad Atlantic—but how vain are all regrets—I shall utter none—silence alone is possible when I think of what I lost.

She had died that night. My name was the last word on her lips, my happiness her last thought. This has been the one joy of my life; that she loved me and that I loved her to the end. Her young life went out; the joy of mine went with it; but as we knew each other, and as we loved each other, so have we ever been linked together in my inmost heart and soul.