

When he had recovered his self-possession Jehane was standing a little way off, regarding him gravely.

"I am going to speak to Wulf," she said.

Ashamed of himself, and exhausted by his fit of passion, Lambert spoke low and dully.

"You had better not ; he is mad."

"Madder than—— ? But if he ails anything you would not have left him."

"Yes, madder than I. He is jealous that I have married you. He would have had me live single for his sake. Thank God I am clean of his blood. To-morrow he will repent."

"To-morrow you will not be here to forgive. Oh, Lambert, you and he cannot part so !"

"It is no fault of mine. You must not go near him. He is dangerous."

"He will not hurt me ! I may not be able to bring him to ask your forgiveness, but I will try. Poor Wulf ! He looked so miserable ! You will both be ever sorry if you part in ill-will. I know he must have said something very dreadful, and I know he hates me ; yet I cannot but think of all I have heard about him ; how when you were children he tried to take the blame for your faults, and in Normandy how he stood between you and folly, and I saw him with my own eyes carry bread and wine in his breast to feed you when he himself was starving ! and now, when he is sick from hardships (I could see