

"I never knew you were punished for my sin, until it was too late to save you, but God's witness cleared your pure name. The lightning that scorched me, printed its testimony to set you free. My sister—my sister—God will surely recompense your faithful—" The voice died in a quivering gurgle.

"I have my reward, dear Bertie. Oh, how much more than I deserve! I have you in my arms, innocent of murder, thank God! thank God! I have the blessed assurance that your pardoned soul goes to meet mother's in Eternal Peace; and to secure that, I would willingly have died an ignominious death. It was through the fiery flames of prison, and trial and convict shame, that God led me to the most precious crown any woman ever wore, my husband's confidence and love. Only behind dungeon bars could I have won my husband's heart, which holds for me the whole wide world of earthly peace and hope. For your sin, you have suffered. Its consequences to others from the destruction of the will, have been averted by the prompt transfer of all the property which Gen'l Darlington left, to his chosen heir Prince. Pecuniarily no one was injured by your act. Dear Bertie—Bertie, are you listening?"

He smiled but made no answer, and his eyes had a strained and exultant expression. After a long silence, he cried huskily:

"The curse is taken away—out of my blinded eye I see—*Agnus Dei qui tollis peccata mundi*—"

A slight spasm shook him, and feeling his cheek grow colder, Beryl threw off the fur cloak, and folded it closely around the wasted body which leaned heavily against her. The sunny short rings of hair clung to his sunken, blue veined temples, where cold drops