

"More than a year?" I queried.

"Ay; you remember when I came to see you in Launceston Castle? Oh, Roderick, you do not know how hard it was. But I had been told it was my duty to hate you. A priest to whom I had gone to confession told me. It was he, moreover, who tried to make me believe that story about the satchet."

"A priest!"

"Ay; an Italian priest lived in Launceston. People did not know he was a priest, but I used to go to him for confession. He made me believe it was a sin to think of you. Well—you know all that was said there. And yet—I could not help myself. It was I who arranged your escape from the Castle, Roderick; I who carried the light across the fields. I watched you as you left your mother that morning. I wanted to call after you, to come with you, but I was afraid—and I was jealous."

"Yes, yes; and then?"

"Then you went to London, and told Rachel Marlow—that—that—well, all about us."

"Yes, I remember."

"And she came all the way to Cornwall to tell me——"

"What?" I cried in astonishment.

"Yes; you know you told her how you believed if some message came to me from her, telling me the truth about the satchet, that I should believe."

"Yes, I remember that."

"Well, she could not send such a message, but she came herself. She convinced me of what I knew in my heart all the time. Oh, Roderick, will you forgive me?"

"Go on, tell me all," I cried.