

she had spoken of which he had never before taken heed. The rippling laugh, half like the notes of a silver bell, and half like the trilling of a bob-o-link's song, came back like music now into his desolate soul, making him all the more disconsolate that he was never again to hear it. But had she not looked wistfully into his eyes when he took her hand in the garden to say good-bye? Was such a thought not comforting now? Ah no. Too truly has our poet sung it:

"Comfort! comfort scorned of devils, this is truth the poet sings;—
That a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things."

Would he, Roland began to ask himself, have been hurried into the hasty words, the passionate feeling, which were really the origin of all this woe, but for his regard for her? No; he saw it all plainly now. He had courted this quarrel; he obtained what he sought, and now did he hold in his hands the bitter fruit.

'But he might have had his will; she is a lone girl; and her unnatural father was no less eager that the marriage should be than the baseborn himself. Let it be!' Then a startled gleam came into his face.

'Ah, the sleuth-hounds are everywhere around,' he cried, as faint and confused shouts came from the road and the country side. 'But I am safe here, at least for a time;' and he looked gratefully at the grand sheltering solitude about him. No footprint desecrated this sanctuary of nature.

He had taken nothing to eat since the evening before; and pangs of hunger began to gnaw him. He walked a short way toward a large, grey rock near which he heard a gurgling sound; and as he advanced he saw that a little stream of water gushed from beneath the base. He drank copiously of the pure, cold spring, and bathed his temples; but in carrying the water to his forehead he noticed that one of his hands was crusted with blood. Then for the first time had the thought of his wound recurred to him.