

kind hands towards us—such a beautiful, sunny world, and the forest so sad! And yet, Lambert dear, when I come to die, bring me back to the forest! I do not think I *could* die anywhere but there!”

“Wife,” he said tenderly, “unless I am much mistaken in the ways of the king and the strength of my own arm, we shall return to drive out the Mortimers at the edge of the sword, and keep our Yule in Gubenhale; and all the forest will be free for you to ride in.”

So she put heavy thoughts behind her; and out of her sorrow looked at him with great gladness; and they turned their backs on the forest and rode to the east in the faint summer night; across the heath, down a steep and slippery fir-wood, through a fair valley with sudden-cropping red rocks and many owls, over the sandy plains towards Saint Cynebert's.

THE END