

what your blushes, your glance, the pressure of your hand tell me already."

"I love you," murmured Renée; then, as though the sound of her own words gave her courage, she raised her eyes to his and went on more boldly: "I love you, my true, brave knight, and have ever since the days of our earliest meeting. It was for you I wept the bitter tears at your departure; for you I made this flag above us, although, perforce, I handed it to your friend. It was for love of you, when obliged to leave France, that I braved the wild seas and unknown land. For love of you my heart well-nigh broke when I thought you unworthy; for you it beat afresh when I knew you true. Do not think, my love, that I have not seen your trial and struggle. It has been my joy, understanding all, to watch how fine and noble was the strife, how complete the victory. I would not have had you false to La Salle, for in keeping faith with him did you honor me. Nor need you tell me of your love, for I have heard it already. Through the long, dark watches have I listened to your pleadings, to your praise. Night after night have I heard your dear voice continuously murmuring my name; hour after hour have I spent in learning what your ideal was, and oh! my lover, how bitter has been the realization of how far short I come of being that which you believe me to be."