

for thee of late by one whose prayers may something avail.'

"Even whilst he spake the dusk behind him seemed to lighten; and, though I saw none approach, I was 'ware of a woman in bright white robes, standing close beside us. I knew it was the *damoiselle* Marguerite, before she lifted her veil, and before I heard her voice. Will, thou mindest how rarely sweet it was long ago—it hath sevenfold the music now. Thus she bespoke me:

"Yea, I also say "Fear not:" for every ill that burdeneth thy soul since my cross was plucked from thy neck, thou hast, in one shape or other, done penance; and within these days past—forasmuch as under sharp trial thy heart waxed not hard—thou hast won much on Heaven's mercy. Against the wrong thou mayst have done to others, there shall be set, I well trust, that thou hast wrought for the weal of me and mine. I kissed thee once in sign of friendship; lo, now, here in my dear lord's presence, I kiss thee as a sister, lovingly.'

"With a right joyful heart, I swear to thee, I knelt down before and she laid her lips here on my brow, but they felt so deadly cold that I started and awoke."

The esquire had listened, sitting stock-still, and when he spoke, after a minute or two, he neither turned his head nor looked up.

"And, my lord, is this your dream? was there no word of me?"

"I have told thee all," Brakespeare replied, "letter for letter, and well I wis I have forgotten naught."