

Promise me, now, you will never think of it more—much less speak of it."

"Tell me one thing more, Willard, and I promise—only one," said Sibyl, laying her hand on his shoulder, and looking up in his face earnestly, while her voice trembled in spite of all her efforts.

"Well," he said, anxiously.

"Did you recognize the face of the person whom you saw beside you at the altar, and who afterward died on the scaffold?"

He was silent, and looked with a troubled eye out over the shining waters.

"Willard, dearest Willard! tell me, have you ever yet seen her?"

"Why will you question me thus, dearest Sibyl?"

"Answer me truly, Willard, on your honor."

"Well, then, dearest, I have."

Sibyl drew her breath quick and short, and held his arm with a convulsive grasp.

"Who is she?" she asked.

Willard turned, and looking steadily into her wild, searching eyes, replied, in a thrilling whisper:

"You, Sibyl—you!"

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