

ing her forehead against the bark, her face averted. If ever there was a plight that commanded the respect of silence, surely it was hers.

At last she straightened herself and wheeled round; her face was set.

"Let us go on," she said briefly. But after they had stepped together a while dumbly, she cried:

"It means I must go back to Italy—I must go away and—leave his grave!"

"I don't think they will be much up here now," faltered James.

She interrupted:

"I couldn't—I must go! . . . I thought I could not suffer any more. But oh, I can!"

"I know it's very hard," he said after a pause. "I suppose it's the hardest thing you could have to bear now. But remember, Morna, how you bid him look at the cross——"

He heard her catch her breath; and, driven by that straight, stern conscience of his, went on:

"You must not think of her in bitterness. Her wrong to you was all involuntary: the good she did you was of her own will. Remember, it was she who sent for you!"

"Oh, I know, I know——"

Morna stood still again. Then he saw her sway as if caught by a strong wind.

"She was good. The wrong was all mine. If I am punished I deserve it. Oh, James, I am beaten every way!" Then the sobs rent her, and the tears came at last.

He left her in the chapel at Craigstoun to cry her heart out, pitifully glad that she could cry.