

myself that you loved me dearly, and that I would love you in return."

"Yes, yes," he whispered, cowering lower before her; "you were all that is good and true, and I was base; but, Miriam, I have repented so bitterly of my sin."

"When I found that you did not love me, John Lister, but that it was only a passing fancy fed by the thought of my wealth——"

"Oh, no, no, no! I was not mercenary," he cried.

"Is your repentance no more sincere than that?" she said sadly; "I know but too well, John Lister, that you loved my fortune better than you loved me."

"Oh, Miriam!" he exclaimed appealingly.

"Hear my answer!" she said, speaking as if she had not caught his last words.

"Yes," he cried, striving to catch her hand, but without success. "It is life or death to me. I cannot live without your love."

"John Lister," she said, and every tone of her sweet pure voice seemed to ring through the stillness of that room as I realized more and more the treasure he had cast away. "You are a young man yet, and you may live to learn what the love of a woman really is. Once given, it is beyond recall. The tender plant I would have given, you crushed beneath your heel. That love, as it sprang up again, I gave to Stephen Hallett, who holds it still."

He started from her with a look of awe upon his face, as she crossed her hands upon her breast and stood looking upward: "For he is not dead, but sleeping; and I—I am waiting for the time when I may join him, where the weary are at rest."

She ceased speaking, and John Lister slowly rose from his knee, white with disappointment and rage, for he had anticipated an easy conquest.

He looked at her, as she was standing with her eyes closed, and a rapt expression of patient sorrow upon her beautiful face. Then, turning to me with a furiously vindictive look upon his face, he clenched his fists.

"This is your doing," he hissed; "but my day will come, Antony Grace, and then we'll see."

He rushed from the room, choking with impotent fury, and nearly running against Hetty, who was coming in.

I was frightened, for there was a strange look in Miriam Carr's face, and I caught her hands in mine.

"Send for help, Hetty," I cried excitedly; "she is ill."

"No, no," Miss Carr answered, unclosing her eyes; "I often feel like that. Hetty, dear, help me to my room; I shall be better there."

I hastened to hold the door open as Miriam Carr went towards