

poor wounded wretch who a few hours before had prayed that I might die, and who even then lay weak and helpless in the little cottage room—I was in her presence, and saw the lovelight shining through my lady's tears.

More than once I tried to speak, but I could not. I think I was afraid. I remember asking myself whether she was flesh and blood at all, or only an angel of God come to cheer me in my sorrow and loneliness. Then I thought the fear in her eyes grew, and she seemed to move away from me. Then I could not help but speak.

"Rosiland! Rosiland!"

I saw the blood mount to her cheeks as she heard me speak, and again she came nearer towards me.

"Roderick, can you forgive me?"

Forgive her! What had I to forgive? How could I answer her? Could I say, "Yes, I forgive you"? That would mean that she had wronged me. Nay, the answer could not be in words. All I could do was to lift my outstretched arms beseechingly. At this the fear left her eyes, and a great joy such as I had never dreamt of flashed into them.

"Oh, Roderick, my love! my love!"

That was all; but it was enough. Besides, she knelt by my side, and I felt her arms around my neck; I felt her soft cheek against mine.

"Roderick, will you take back the satchet?"

Again there could be no answer in words, but my lips found hers, and she knew what was in my heart. There were many things to explain, but I thought nothing of them; there were many questions to ask later, but they came not to me then. For this I know, as surely as if God spoke to me out of a burning