

BY THE QUEEN'S GRACE

"But for what reason?" she questioned, her eyes wide and frightened.

"There is but one reason I can think of," returned Yelverton. "I told him once, beloved, if I ever found the one who turned thee away from me, *I would kill him*. 'Twas Michael, as thou dost know."

Joyce raised up and put one hand upon his lips.

"Say it not!" she said. "He did that, as he hath done everything all his life, for love of thee."

"Aye," answered the man. "But he hath long known his zeal outstripped his knowledge that time, and he hath suffered. Memory gives me a thousand signs by which I know he hath suffered."

"I must to the Queen, my Lord," she said.

"I shall see thee later—or on the morrow?" asked the man.

"I have it in my heart to leave," answered Joyce wistfully, "though perchance I should not."

"Thou art so beautiful!" he exclaimed. "Me-