

her great wrong to me, I know not; but with a terrible cry she fell forward to the ground as if dead.

"Oh! angered Heaven!" I cried, and I tried to rise, "I have killed her!" Then there was a confused sound of footsteps in the room, and her women bore her out to her own apartments, and I met her no more.

"Poor woman," I cried, "this will kill her!" but the soft hand that held mine shook, as the sweetest voice in the world said, "Yea, if it do I care not. I hate her and them all, for what they have done to thee, to thee; and even I drave thee to it."

Then a great happiness stole over me, and I said, "Margaret, I am but a poor wreck of a man, and not worthy of thee!" For I was afraid that it and she would all pass away like a glad dream of the night, and leave me more desolate than before. Then I remembered Hugh, and I cried—

"Nay, this can never be! Thou art pledged to Hugh," and I gave an exceeding bitter cry, and I said, "Margaret, thou art to me the only love and sunlight on this earth, and when I give thee up I give up all that I have to live for; but oh! my brother!"

"Thy brother!" she cried. "And he let thee do all this for him, and her, and me!"

"Nay," she continued, "'tis thou who deservest all! I never loved him, but only tried to."

"My God!" I cried, "let this not be a passing dream. Margaret," I said, holding her hand, "I am but a poor broken soul, tell me true, do not deceive me, by