

til her eyes grew dim, at the scene of beauty at her feet—the tiny white village, the stream with its moss covered banks, the bright yellow corn-fields in the valley, the golden gorse and purple heather on the hills, the soft gray of the crags and the far away deep blue of the sea.

"We must not look at any other view," she said, "this must be the last, the very last; the night will be overtaking us."

We walked on. The road lay around a precipitous piece of rock, above a disused quarry. On our left hand was the copse from which the voices of the children who had gone on their blackberry excursion came loud and merrily. On our right a narrow belt of bramble and gorse bushes hid the edge of a rocky steep.

"What is that bright thing moving among the bushes on the right?" said the lady.

"It must be one of the children away from the others looking for berries."

"Look!" she said, pointing toward it; and then she cried again, "Look!" but now it was with a sharp note of terror in her voice as she sprang forward.

I saw in a second what had occurred. The little child had strayed perilously near the steep side, and in reaching over for some blackberries had fallen. A little way below the edge was a tuft of earth and grass, with a bush growing on it. The child's hand clutched the bush to save it from falling, and it hung suspended over the abyss below. The lady never hesitated for a moment. The child must be reached—she sprang on to the ledge. I could see the danger. The ledge of loose earth and bramble bushes, which was just strong enough to bear little Georgie's weight, began to loosen visibly and to slowly detach itself when the weight was added. But she had seized the child and swung him up to me, the very effort of doing so increasing her own danger. As she saw the child safe in my arms she looked up in my face with a smile of supreme joy I shall never forget. I cried out in bitter anguish as I saw the fissure growing wider and heard the rattle of the loose earth and stones.

"Try to reach my hand," I said, leaning over as far as I could.

Merciful God! If it had held for one moment more—only for one. She made a spring to touch my hand. It was too late; with a crash it fell, and I knew, rather than saw, that she was with it. Little Georgie's terrified sobs had brought the other children from the copse. I don't remember how I sent them for help, or how I clambered down the steep, but I was quickly by her side. She had fallen free of most of the debris, and was alive and conscious a moment after I reached her, but she was dying.

"Quick! Quick!" she whispered. "Listen, kind friend, I want your help. Death is coming. The box?"

"It is safe above," I said, as one in a dream.

"Can you be strong?"

"Yes, if you want me."

"Leave me here; go on with the box to Tredegar; it will make two people happy—him, and another, my sister."

"You must be helped first," I answered.

"No, no, it will soon be all over with me. Go to Tredegar Hall, ask for Hector, give the box to him. The papers are in it; the key is here around my neck, cut it from there. Tell him, tell him—no, my father is there—tell him that I say Hector must marry Margaret. These are the papers he requires to see, and Hector starts for India to-morrow. Can you go? Can you remember? He starts to-morrow—to-morrow."

A deadly faintness was coming over her. I raised her a little. "I've sent for help," I whispered. "Oh, live till it comes, when you've escaped with life after such a fall."

"No, death is coming," she said. "I only lived to tell you—I thank God for sending you to me."

"You saved little Georgie, he was safe in his sister's arms," I said.

"Poor little fellow, that is best—his life is more than mine now," she answered faintly.

"Are you afraid?" I asked, as I felt her shudder.

"No; I thought once I should be, but I feel no fear now."

I hid my face, and when I looked again her eyes were fixed in that gaze which sees whatever it is that death reveals.

"You will go?"

"I will go," I answered solemnly.

"Do you know the way? Don't miss it; you must cross the river."

"Yes, good-bye."

"Good-bye," she whispered; then, with one convulsive effort, she threw up her hands and cried, "Oh, save me, save me!"

There was a moment or two of agony, then followed calm. The sounds of the river near by, and the distant voices of those coming to our aid, were the last she heard on earth. Her eyes wandered to the distance for a moment.

"Is it not a lovely way over the hills?" I heard her say, and then I knelt beside the dead.

Help came at last. The pitmen returning from their work had heard the story. The lady who had saved the golden-haired boy, the pet of the village, seemed a saint to them. They lifted their caps as they touched her. They looked at me kindly and pityingly, little guessing I had only known her one