

The rest was illegible.

'*Weh* means *pain* in German,' said Don Innocenzo to himself. But the "m"?'

He rubbed out the letters and walked back, lost in thought.

Meanwhile, in the dark shadows of the castle, the angel by Guercino prayed unceasingly for the man flung suddenly, treacherously, into eternity. His life had been brief, poor in results, darkened by much secret anguish, and, at the close, by sins already condemned by the stern judgment of his fellow-men. Yet he had fought a manly fight, falling every now and again, but rising once more, wounded, to renew the contest; he had loved feverishly, with tears, divine phantoms unknown to this world, ideals of a life sublime, which he, lonely sufferer, divined in the future; he had passed along with head erect, amidst the neglect of his fellows and the silence of his God, overshadowed by a derisive foe, badly equipped by temperament for the fight, torn by conflicting impulses, unequal to the great tasks which he dreamed of, to the small ones which pressed upon him: 'to make himself loved, to live! Thus each day he surged on, by the malignity of fate and the weakness of his nature, towards his ruin.

Had one uncovered his face, it was calm. Perhaps the spirit which had been freed from sense and motion and the bonds of life was now at rest there; like one who is about to leave, after long sojourn, a house which he desired to quit, and who stands at the threshold, happy indeed, but free from rancour, even with some shadow of regret for the deserted, silent rooms. He knew that he was going to his longed-for rest; and he knew also, in that clearness of vision to which he was now attaining, that he was loved at last, in accordance with his dreams