

moon rides high over the blue Adriatic ; the bright cloudless sky of glorious Italy is overhead, that sky of which poets have sung, and artists have dreamed, and old, sweet romancers have pictured, and gazing up at its serene beauty with uncovered brow, stands a poet from a foreign land, with his blue-eyed bride. You know them both ; you need no introduction ; you cannot mistake them, for the lofty mien and gallant bearing of Warren, and the soft holy blue eyes and seraphic smile of Emily are unchanged. Some day when they are tired wandering under the storied skies of the old world, they will come back to the land of their birth, but you and I will see them no more.

On the last scene of all let the curtain rise ere it drops again forever.

In a sunny corner of a sunny church-yard, where the sweet wild roses swing in the soft west wind, where trees wave and birds sing, and a little brook near murmurs dreamily as it flows along, is a grave, with a marble cross above, bearing the name of "Charles Wildair," and underneath the inscription, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord." Tread lightly, reader ; hold your breath as you gaze. Kneel and pray in awe, for a saint lies there.

And now that the story is finished, I see the sagacious reader putting on his spectacles to look for the moral. Good old soul ! With the help of a microscope he *may* find it ; may Heaven aid him in his search ; but lest he should fail, I must decamp. Reader, adieu !

THE END.