

## CHAPTER XXVII.

### *A COMPLETED SACRIFICE.*

“MY daughter, when the earthly hope that lights existence has faded, and we find it impossible to lay down our lives to perish in the grave beside it—when we can neither endure our trouble nor be reconciled to it—we can only disengage ourselves and leave it behind us, dead and buried. The true and genuine portion of our sorrow lives; the base regrets we must learn to cast from us; there is no companionship between the living and the dead,” Dollier de Casson assured Diane.

All had come to an abrupt and ruthless end; the anxiety and suspense had terminated in dread certainty. Hope and fear had perished with du Chesne, yet the tense throb of anguish survived. The girl was crushed under the cross which had been laid upon her, and which she did not know how to bear. Pleasure and hope had broken off short; existence was a solitude. Often it struck her as strange that no one had ever suspected that she, as well as the gallant young Canadian, had died.

Lydia's forlorn condition attracted much sympathy; the sentimental appreciation of a dramatic