

frail form became more and more attenuated every day, his eyes more lustrous, his face more spiritual. Down every step of that way which led to the grave Edith went with him, seeming in her own face and form to promise a speedier advent in that spirit-world where she longed to arrive. Beside these Beatrice watched, and Mrs. Thornton added her tender care.

Day by day Langhetti grew worse. At last one day he called for his violin. He had caused it to be sent for on a previous occasion, but had never used it. His love for music was satisfied by the songs of Beatrice. Now he wished to exert his own skill with the last remnants of his strength.

Langhetti was propped up by pillows, so that he might hold the instrument. Near him Edith reclined on a sofa. Her large, lustrous eyes were fixed on him. Her breathing, which came and went rapidly, showed her utter weakness and prostration.

Langhetti drew his bow across the strings.

It was a strange, sweet sound, weak, but sweet beyond all words—a long, faint, lingering tone, which rose and died and rose again, bearing away the souls of those who heard it into a realm of enchantment and delight.

That tone gave strength to Langhetti. It was

as though some unseen power had been invoked and had come to his aid. The tones came forth more strongly, on firmer pinions, flying from the strings and towering through the air.

The strength of these tones seemed to emanate from some unseen power; so also did their meaning. It was a meaning beyond what might be intelligible to those who listened—a meaning beyond mortal thought.

Yet Langhetti understood it, and so did Edith. Her eyes grew brighter, a flush started to her wan cheeks, her breathing grew more rapid.

The music went on. More subtle, more penetrating, more thrilling in its mysterious meaning, it rose and swelled through the air, like the song of some unseen ones, who were waiting for newcomers to the Invisible land.

Suddenly Beatrice gave a piercing cry. She rushed to Edith's sofa. Edith lay back, her marble face motionless, her white lips apart, her eyes looking upward. But the lips breathed no more, and in the eyes there no longer beamed the light of life.

At the cry of Beatrice the violin fell from Langhetti's hand, and he sank back. His face was turned toward Edith. He saw her and knew it all.

He said not a word, but lay with his face turned



"LANGHETTI DREW HIS BOW ACROSS THE STRINGS."