

call me, and I still persevered in my determination to lose myself! Even after your last, dear letter! It was doubtless in order that I might acknowledge everything as coming from Him, and nothing, absolutely nothing, as coming from myself."

II

The packet that had come by post was in the hall. Piero carried it to the light and read upon the stamp the words :

Vena di Fonte Alta.

He laid it down, and taking the keys of the cemetery, told Don Giuseppe he was going out for a few minutes. Should he find him still up, on his return? Don Giuseppe was tired and wished to write a letter before going to bed. The mention of the letter reminded him to inquire what Piero's plans were. Don Giuseppe himself would like to leave very soon, and wished to announce the day of his arrival in this letter.

"Do just as you like," said Piero. "Write whatever you think best."

His discreet old friend did not venture to question him more closely.

All alone Piero turned towards the cemetery. The wind and the lake were still. Long lines of cypresses, groups of thickly branching olives, and the brows of the lofty mountains showed black against the pale, even whiteness of a thin sheet of cloud. The path and the grassy slope on the left, the little fields on the right, lying beside the sleeping waters, looked grey in the veiled light of the moon. Piero met no living