

GRANDFATHER : She has slept very long, and yet it is a good and happy sleep, eh ?

SCHOOLMASTER : Indeed it is—indeed it is.

GRANDFATHER : That's well—and the waking ?

SCHOOLMASTER : Happy too—Happier than tongue can tell, or heart of man conceive.

*(Grandfather rises and steals on tiptoe to the other chamber and is heard murmuring.)*

GRANDFATHER : She is still asleep—and yet I think she moved a little, just a very little. *(Returning to the chair by the fireside.)* You do well to speak softly, for we must not wake her—we must not wake her now. *(He locks his hands in his hair and gives vent to a deep groan.)* Oh, Nelly—Nelly, wait—oh, wait for me ! *(They kneel at his side and unlock his hands.)*

SINGLE GENTLEMAN *(bending over him)* : My brother—my brother, that I have sought so long and now find only to lose again—I fear. Can you not give me a sign that you know me, we, who, as children were ever together. My brother !

GRANDFATHER : Hark—she calls. Yes, Nelly—Nell, I—I am coming. I—come—I come. *(Dies.)*

*(As the last words are uttered the body of Nell appears illuminated in a stream of moonlight which comes through a window at the back—the group round the old man are lighted up with the fire light which, however, does not affect the scene at the back.)*

*(Curtain.)*

THE END.