

him, while he holds his own little daughter close to his heart. His eyes travel from the children to the calm sweet face of his wife, and then they wander to where Bertrand and Anita stand together by the window. The murmur of their voices reaches his ear, and now and then he catches a word of what they are saying. The war is especially bitter to Anita, for she cannot forget that her husband's foes are her own countrymen, and there are times when she longs to hear again the dear language of her childhood; but, to-night she only remembers that Bertrand is going forth to battle and danger, and though she tries to be cheerful it is a hard task.

As Albrecht watches them, he thinks of his old hatred for all things Spanish, and of his wild thirst for vengeance. Within a day or two he will again be at his terrible task of fighting and slaughter; it is a duty that cannot be laid aside. The safety of wives and children, the happiness of home, has been won at the sword's point, and still need the defence of the sword; but listening to those murmuring voices, and to the ringing laughter of the little ones, he bows his head upon his hand and prays for peace as earnestly as in days gone by he was wont to pray for vengeance.

Thus let the curtain fall. We will look no more into those dark times, assured that even then God lighted the blackness of strife and sorrow with the sweet peace and love of home, teaching as nothing else can teach, how tender and how loving is the Almighty Father to all his children.

THE END.