

kindly soul follows him to the grave. Say a prayer afterwards, and make others pray.'

Don Innocenzo promised this, but she was not yet content. There was another painful thought.

'Have they written to his friends?'

'I don't know.'

'Ah, even they did not care for him. I should like to arrange for a little memorial stone. You must help me, because nobody, least of all my father, must know anything about it.'

Don Innocenzo silently pressed her hand.

'I will send a small design from Milan,' she said. 'You can write to me *poste restante*.'

'I will see to everything,' replied the priest, 'as though for a brother.'

The lamp was going out, the darkness spread through the room.

Don Innocenzo rose.

'Now go and take some rest,' he said. But Edith suggested waiting a little longer, as she was still agitated and her father might call to her.

'Look!' she said, standing in the doorway, 'what a peaceful night.'

The sky was becoming covered with clouds. Still many stars were shining in the strips of blue.

The church clock struck eleven.

'Another hour,' said Edith, 'and then this day is ended. To-morrow, it seems to me, and ever after, the sun will rise of a different colour. For how many years?'

'Oh, very many, I hope.'

'I do not know. I am thinking of my mother.'

'Why of her?'

Edith did not reply. She took up a stick resting against the wall and traced some figures in the sand.