

week long, — yes, even to the Feast of the Kings!¹ And Patrasche will be so happy! O Nello, wake and come!"

But the young pale face, turned upward to the light of the great Rubens with a smile upon its mouth, answered them all, "It is too late."

For the sweet, sonorous bells went ringing through the frost, and the sunlight shone upon the plains of snow; and the populace trooped gay and glad through the streets, but Nello and Patrasche no more asked charity at their hands. All they needed now Antwerp gave unbidden.

Death had been more pitiful to them than longer life would have been. It had taken the one in the loyalty of love, and the other in the innocence of faith.

All their lives they had been together, and in their deaths they were not divided; for when they were found the arms of the boy were folded too closely around the dog to be severed without violence, and the people of their little village, contrite and ashamed, implored a special grace for them, and, making them one grave, laid them to rest there side by side — forever!

¹ **Feast of the Kings.** The Epiphany, Twelfth day, a feast celebrated twelve days after Christmas. It commemorates the visit of the Magi, or the three wise men of the East, to Bethlehem to see the infant Jesus. The Magi are frequently called "the three kings."