

moved. Don Aurelio believed he caught the words, "I am happy!"

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He repeated this to the watchers. "She says, 'I am happy!'"

With his eyes still fixed upon the dying woman he signed to the others to kneel.

A few minutes of silence.

"Yes, she is happy!" he added at last in a loud voice. "Let us worship and rejoice!"

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The sun was rising and Donna Fedele Vayla di Brea, clad in black and clasping the Crucifix, lay upon her bed, where side by side with the faded roses from the Villino, there rested many bright blossoms of Valsolda. Death had restored her sweet smile. It shone through the closed lids like the light of a secret vision of delight. It rested gently on her waxen lips. No youthful, living countenance could surpass the beauty of that ivory face, smiling beneath its arch of thick, snowy hair. And thus, having lived according to the faith of her fathers and the spirit of the gospel, having redeemed her promise to Signor Marcello, and consummated her supreme sacrifice, did the White Lady of the Roses rest, in the first light of her mystic dawn.

FINIS.