

isle far off in the midst of the ocean, where a new life began for him—a life of joy and content. Many an afternoon did the young lovers wander down among the rocks, close by the wonderful sea, the fairy-land of mysteries, into which Hélène was being initiated; and many a winter evening did they pass beside the fireside, of which in other days Eric had told her.

Many months after, they heard of Nannette's death. She had died peacefully one summer afternoon, with the words of an old hymn upon her lips. All day long before her death she had been heard to murmur blessings on hearts she loved in distant Fonia.

Time passed on, and Douglas never married. He lived at the old château with madame, who was passing peacefully into the vale of years. At evening, Douglas was always seen to enter the church-yard. A quiet, flower-grown grave lay near the sunniest wall, and there he spent the twilight hour. He made himself much beloved by the people of the place for his many acts of unselfish benevolence; but he seldom smiled, though the years grew apace, and the children that had woven his sister's bridal garlands were men and women, and the silver began to show in his dark hair.