

die early in the fight. Do not you doubt that I have made a good little fight. My religion helps me to die, it cannot make me live. All I have ever allowed myself in the way of indulgence is an occasional wonder (I will not call it a regret) at the destiny of creatures like myself, who can crowd so much despair into so short a time.

T. M."

Of all those who mourned for Tessa, Firmalden was the one who never recovered from her loss. He worked well: he is now a commanding figure among Nonconformists; but the heart of his existence lies in the Marlesford vault.

Lessard, after wandering in the very madness of grief from East to West, immortalised his love in an opera, and eloped with an Italian princess because she admired the part of the heroine—which was the musician's portrait of Tessa.

Lord Marlesford remained a widower for five years. During that time he consulted Sophy frequently about various charming, unexceptionable girls who had every quality he could esteem in his son's stepmother. One day, however, his lordship fell from his horse on the hunting-field and broke two ribs. It was not possible to see Sophy for a month. The moment he could travel with safety and the doctor's permission, he went to see her.

"Dearest Sophy," said he, "I am not a vain man, and it never occurred to me that you could