

poison, very gentle and sure, which gives to death, they say, the semblance of love.

‘André, before departing from life I have made a pilgrimage to the little tomb that is so dear to you. I went to pray there, and beseech her whom you loved to support me in the hour of death—and also to allow some memory of me to mingle with hers in your heart. And I have been to Eyoub too, alone with my old Kondjé Gul, to entreat my dead to welcome me. I wandered among the tombs, choosing where I would lie; then I rested, all alone, on the spot where we have sat together. The winter’s day was as mild as that April when in that same place I surrendered my soul. Over the Golden Horn, as I came home the sky was shedding roses. Ah! my beloved city, so lovely in the evening glow—I shut my eyes to carry the vision with me into the next world.

‘Zeyneb advised me to escape when the news came that the Iradeh was annulled. But I could not make up my mind to it. Perhaps if I had been sure of finding under another sky some love to shelter me. But I had no right to hope for anything but tender pity. I prefer death. I am very tired.

‘A strange calm possesses me. I have had all the flowers sent to me for to-morrow’s *fête* brought into my room—my room as a girl which you once were in. I have arranged them round my bed and on the table at which I am writing, and, my friend, I think of you. I can see you before me. You are my companion to-night. I shut my eyes