

ers, for he is superstitious, but he cannot help them to an explanation.

But now—to horse. He has rested too long, and it will soon be dawn. Drums beat and trumpets sound, as he rides on through the dark night, his heavy travelling carriage, surrounded by lancers, lumbering behind. Leave him still to God. . . . Close before him, clouding the lurid star of his destiny, rises the blood-red shadow,—WATERLOO.

EPILOGUE.

A YEAR has passed away. The yellow lamps of the broom are again burning on the crags ; the flocks of sea-birds have come from the south to whiten the great sea-wall ; the corn is growing golden inland, and the lark, poised over the murmuring farms, is singing loud ; while the silvern harvest of the deep is growing too, and the fishermen creep from calm to calm, gathering it up in their brown nets. The sea is calm as glass, and every crag is mirrored in it from base to brow. It is the anniversary of the great battle which decided fatally the destinies of Bonaparte.

On the summit of the cliff immediately overlooking the Cathedral of St. Gildas sit two figures, gazing downward. Far below them, over the roofless Cathedral wall, hover flocks of gulls, and the still green sea, faintly edged with foam that does not seem to stir, is approaching the red granite Gate of St. Gildas. Away beyond, further than eyes can see, stretches the Ocean, faintly shaded by the soft grey mists of Heaven.

One figure, very gaunt and tall, sits like a statue, with large grey eyes turned sea-ward ; his hair is quite grey and flows on to his shoulders, his face is marked with strange furrows, left by some terrible sorrow or terror that has passed away. The other figure, a beautiful young girl, sits just below him, holding his hand and looking up into