

Anita had made up her mind long before how this question should be answered if it was ever asked ; but now instead of giving a direct reply she only said, "What would Albrecht say ? I should be Spanish still."

"If I don't mind, Albrecht needn't," said Bertrand, rather brusquely.

"I am prouder of being Spanish than I should be of being even Dutch," said Anita, looking up at him with a smile, "but if you will take me on that understanding, I will be as good a Hollander as I can."

When Albrecht heard the story of his Spanish guest, and how she had nursed him back to life, great shame and loathing of his own ingratitude fell over him ; and he could not do enough to prove how warmly he would welcome his new sister. At his request the marriage was only delayed until he was strong enough to take part in the ceremony ; and, following so soon upon the siege, it was memorable for years in Leyden for the splendour of its celebration, and for the number of distinguished guests who witnessed it. William himself was present, and Count van Sittart gave away the bride.

And now, before the falling curtain hides those past scenes from our view, we may perhaps catch a fleeting glimpse of later years. We see Leyden, more prosperous than ever before, honoured among all the cities of the province ; we see her University, founded as a memorial of her heroic resistance, gradually growing in fame and usefulness. We see the Netherlanders unflinching in their long struggle for freedom, though too soon bereft of their great leader ; we see them at