

her dark earnest eyes, into his : "Be-loved of my soul—even though it be the will of God that thou shouldst fall in the battle, my Nino, thou must take Luigo's place."

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They stood beside the fountain till all the stars of Heaven came out and glittered in the sky—till the moon had dropped below the horizon, and the night-wind stirred the leaves of the olives and oleanders. And when the long struggle was over, and Nino, grown, in the agony of that wrestle, to man's estate, had left her to seek Luigo, and bid him stay and guard his helpless ones in peace, Lisa knelt still beside the flashing waters of the fountain, and wept till morning dawned.

PART III.

He rode away next day, and Lisa watched him from her window, as the picture tells—loving as she had never loved before, yet thanking God. And though, after months of waiting, the news came that he had fallen in the battle—a solemn peace possessed her soul, and never left her face. She put on Tessa's bridal wreath, and it was Tessa who wept—not she. She tendered the dying bed of Luigo's father, and took the crippled Lotta to live with her. And though many called her life a ruined one, she never did—nor thought it such. For she loved truly, and true love seeks ever—not joy, not bliss, but : "The eternal blessedness of the thing loved."

