

their favorite hero, and the war-horse on which they saw him set out for the Sierra, one universal cry of grief and despair burst forth on every side. The body was borne with much sorrow to the cathedral, and the queen, with her whole court, assisted at the service.

But this sight, far from distracting Rodrigo, as his father had hoped, from the remembrance of Louis, did but increase the malady which consumed him. He returned home sadder and more dejected than ever.

Next morning, however, Don Fernando was agreeably surprised to see his son with a calm and serene aspect. The melancholy which had so long clouded his brow had disappeared, and a sweet smile was on his lips.

The old man considered this change as a favorable symptom, and he could not help expressing to his son his newly-awakened hope.

"I know not how I feel," answered Rodrigo; "but it seems to me that my last hour is not far off."

"How silly it is of thee to talk so, my son!" replied Don Fernando. "Why wilt thou indulge in such idle fancies?"

"Forgive me, father; but I feel that I shall soon leave you. My comfort is, that our separation shall not be eternal. We shall meet again in the bosom of our God."

These words went to the old man's heart. He embraced his son weeping, and went to consult the physician on what had passed; the physician endeavored to calm his fears, but it was easy to see that he himself had renounced all hope.

Night came and the count saw nothing of his son. He waited a little, but seeing that Rodrigo did not appear, he