

on earth, by a strong, tender heart, which would be true to him to the end. In the light beyond the grave, the injustice of this world yielded place to a vision of order and benevolence and wisdom.

But the fountains, murmuring softly to one another in the stillness of the night, were saying that Marina had passed away like Cecilia, and Count Cæsar like his ancestors before him, that new lords would come and would pass away in their turn, and that it was not worth while to trouble one's self about them. When, towards daybreak, the moon rose, and flooded the marble floor of the loggia and the rich masses of foliage plants and azaleas, which no one had taken the trouble to remove, she seemed, with her voluptuous smile, to be seeking for something which, that night, she did not find at the castle, but which the vicissitudes of human affairs have since then placed there; other eyes to dazzle with illusions, other hearts to stir with passion, in the place of those which had just been set free for ever.

THE END.