

SABEREVSKI'S PROPHECY

ing God, and insensibly calling down blessings upon the name of our good friend.

"Saberevski knew me to be a nihilist, and warned me against it that day," she said to me.

"He was the dearest friend I ever had," I replied; and she murmured:

"He was a good man."

Who can tell how Alexis Saberevski could have foreseen this meeting of the ways, between Zara and me? What was it that directed his prophetic vision across the mystery of many months, to discover us two, standing side by side, when we perused his letter? What was it that told him that we would love and wed?

Many years have passed since that night on the steamship's deck, and we have never seen nor heard from Saberevski since.

He was a mystery to me when I knew him; he remains a mystery still.

But the greatest mystery of all is love.

THE END