

## CHAPTER XIX.

THE quiet days were passing slowly. Bertram's wound did not heal, and his strength grew less. The unseen powers that throng the air and watch our ways arranged about him the phantasmagoria of dissolution. It was the waning of the moon. A tender mist, which had long veiled a mountain crest, now unfolded its depths and was wafted away. A star shot across the welkin and was no more seen. Summer blossoms faded with the dying season. The music of the pine-boughs had a more melancholy cadence, and birds of passage took their flight. Atmâ marked these things, and often withdrew to lament.

One evening they watched the shadows lengthening. Atmâ's heart was oppressed, but Bertram looked on the shifting scene with happy undaunted smile. In voice pathetic only from mortal weakness and strong with immortality he said :