

"Like the vicar of Christ upon earth."

"You may well say so, Joseph! What I then ridiculed has come to pass. God's vicar upon earth!" He paused and his eyes rested upon the ever-changing waves of the ocean. "Do you also remember the pope's words, and what he meant by them?"

"Yes, sire, I can recall them distinctly. The holy father said 'The God of old still lives,' Thereupon he proved, from the history of the world, how Pagan and Christian princes had persecuted the church and the popes, but how Almighty God had crushed the persecutors of the church, and that the papacy and the church still exists."

"Continue, Joseph, continue!" exclaimed Napoleon, when the young count seemed to hesitate a moment.

"He said, also, that the God of old would crush your Majesty if you did not cease to oppress the church; for the Almighty would keep his promise which he had made to his church and to his vicar upon earth."

"And he told the truth," replied Napoleon, "when he said, 'Your measure is full, you will soon share the fate of all persecutors of the church.' The pope was no false prophet; not man, but Almighty God alone has wrested the sceptre from my hands. Fool that I was, to be blinded by my success! How clearly, how convincingly, should the history of more than eighteen hundred years have proved to me that the powers of earth are wrecked when they dash themselves against the rock of Peter! Indeed, the God of old still lives to crush all oppressors of his vicar."

"It cannot be denied, sire," said Bertrand, "that the unheard-of severity of our Russian campaign and the sufferings that befell the army at Moscow were sent by the decree of the Almighty; but Leipzig, nevertheless, decided your fate."

"The arbiter of battles is God, General!" replied Napoleon, with firmness. "This desert island gives me time for reflection. Misfortune has opened my eyes. My defeats, my overthrow, my imprisonment, all are in consequence of my enmity against the Head of the Church. Pius is right. The Almighty Protector of the chair of Peter has hurled me from my throne."

"General Bertrand could not answer him, and the emperor relapsed into a gloomy silence. "In Egypt I proclaimed a God who had no son," he exclaimed after a long pause; "to-day I believe in the divinity of Christ. A Jew, apparently the son of a poor carpenter, declares himself to be God, the