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slowly, with secret complacency, all the parts that appeared modelled with incomplete precision. He thinned off the sides of the nose, which did not seem fine enough; he softened the curve of the eyebrows, which did not appear majestic enough. Finally he threw down his instruments and withdrew a few paces in order to better judge of his work.

While this was going on, Madeleine entered and scarcely could believe her senses. She clapped her hands and exhibited a naive joy, while Maurice, confused, embarrassed, knew not what countenance to keep, and blushed like a young girl whose first secret is discovered. In seeking the model that was to guide him, he had found in his heart the image of Madeleine; without willing it, or even dreaming it, he had faithfully rendered the charming features of his cousin. A light broke in upon him, but it was almost immediately extinguished again. What could he comprehend of those chaste preludes of love, he who had hitherto known only the gross intoxication and excesses of passion? However, from this day the malady that he experienced only increased, and the serenity of his soul remained troubled more profoundly than he would have dared to tell, or even to avow to himself.

This figure of Saint Elizabeth was destined to bring into his existence a storm in other respects terrifying, and he scarcely suspected that it would decide his whole destiny.

This figure was still in his workshop; it might be said that Maurice was loth to give it up. Each time that some one had come from the rich baronet, he found some pretext to postpone the delivery. To listen to him, there was ever left some part imperfect, which demanded the aid of his chisel. The truth is, the artist had finished retouching his work, and, like Pygmalion, was feasting his eyes in contemplating it. One morning, the baronet presented himself in person. Tall, slender, with blue eyes, white skin and light hair and beard, he was still a young man, appearing younger than Maurice, though in reality he was several years older. Simple and in good taste, his costume from head to foot was of an irreproachable elegance. He entered coldly, saluted Maurice with a *distrain* air; then, without further concerning himself with the master of the house, he went directly to the Saint Elizabeth. He remained some time examining it in silence, standing motionless, the body slightly inclined, his glass in one hand, his cane and hat in the other.

'I have not been deceived,' said he at last, without turning his head, and speaking as if to himself; 'it is the ideal that I have

dreamed—it is indeed the work of a great artist.'

Having said this, the gentleman opened a little *porte-feuille* that he drew from the pocket of his coat, and took therefrom a small package of bank-notes, which he laid lightly upon the work-bench.

'No, monsieur, no!' exclaimed Maurice. 'If you please, we shall hold to the price agreed upon. Take back your bank-notes. Also, indeed, monsieur, your generosity is purely thrown away; for, if you wished to pay the price at which I value the work, your whole fortune would not suffice.'

At these words Sir Edward (this was the baronet's name) deigned, for the first time, to throw his glance upon the young artist. Though Maurice wore a blouse, by the whiteness of his hands, by the purity of his features, by the proud attitude of this young man, upon whose forehead work had re-established the effaced imprint of his race, the baronet quickly comprehended that he was not an ordinary workman. He comprehended it more readily because he was distinguished as much by the elevation of his faculties as by his wealth. Somewhat confused, somewhat troubled, he did not like to withdraw before making amends for his too Britannic entrance. Seating himself familiarly upon the edge of the little couch that served both as bed and divan, he entered into conversation with Maurice, with a grace very rare among the sons of Albion. He talked to him of his art with the taste of a man who loved it and knew how to appreciate it. Reserved, cold, and silent, at first, the young artist was gradually won by the exquisite simplicity of his language and manner. In this little room, near to the work-bench, in the midst of blocks of oak and chips of wood that strewed the floor, they talked as in a *salon*. By an involuntary calculation of vanity, the one was impelled to prove that he had not always lived by the labour of his hands, and that he was no stranger to any of the elegancies of opulent life; the other strove to show that, notwithstanding his wealth, he clearly comprehended the worth of labour and intelligence. They thus touched upon grave subjects of conversation. In listening to Maurice, Sir Edward could not help feeling that he was in the presence of one of his peers. In listening to Sir Edward, Maurice recognized that poverty has no monopoly of wisdom, and that all conditions of life, from the most elevated to the humblest, are fruitful in teachings to minds that know how to profit by them. Coming back to the figure of the saintly Duchess of Thuringia, the baronet related how his mother had borne the gentle name of Eliza-