

Valérie's face, across the bed, seemed to move slowly before him with a pendulum-like movement, and her face was very white, and in it was wonder, and a great dawning hope, and awe. And he put his head down upon the coverlet, but his hands still held old Mother Blondin's hand between them.

And then she spoke again, with greater difficulty now; and somehow her other hand had found Raymond's head, and her fingers played tremblingly through his hair.

"You will tell them, father—and—and this other father here will tell them—and—and Valérie will bear witness—and—and the man will live. And you will tell him, father, how God came again and made me tell the truth because you were good, and—and because you made me believe again in—in you—and God—and——"

A broken cry came from Raymond. The scalding tears were in his eyes.

"Hush, my son!"—it was the Bishop's grave and gentle voice. "God has done a wondrous thing to-night."

There was silence in the little room.

And then suddenly Raymond lifted his head—and the room was no more, and in its place was the moonlit church of that other night, and he saw again the old withered face transfigured into one of tender sweetness and ineffable love.

"Pierre, monsieur?"—her mind was wandering now—they were the words she had spoken as she had sat beside him in the pew. "Ah, he was a good boy, Pierre—have you not heard of Pierre Letellier? And there was little Jean—little Jean—he went away, monsieur, and I—I do not know where—where he is—I do not know——"