

indeed, at my reproofs, but less with anger than with grief at your own mistakes; indefatigable you began again; every day you made new progress, and were not vain of it; you looked rather at what you had yet to learn than at the facility already acquired. At last I was forced to turn you out of the workshop, for you were too modest to see that sculpture was calling you to her service, and that with me you were making merely models for industry."

"Yes," said Benedict, "you are right; it was necessary indeed to drive me from your house, as I would never have left it. You were anxious for my welfare; I was more anxious to keep my happiness. You aspired for me to artistic heights; I would have sacrificed everything at that time to continue making your pendulums and candelabras. You were right, but my heart sought to persuade me that you were wrong. I begin to be known, I may become famous; but who will assure me that I have as of old—"

"The friendship of your old master? But you are still part of the family, Benedict. I love you almost as much as Sulpice more perhaps than Xavier."

"Really?"

"Really."

"Then, if I should ask you a favor?"

"I am almost sure I would grant it."

"Even if it were something of importance?"

"Even is not the word, say especially."

"Well," said Benedict, plucking up courage, "will you allow me to offer this statue to Mlle. Sabine? Tomorrow is her birthday, and—"

"You dear, big boy," said Pomereul, "you were afraid to finish the sentence. Yet you have lived ten years in my house. My severity towards you was only a proof of my attachment. When the big tears rolled down your