

THE WORKER IN SANDALWOOD



HE good curé of Terminai-
son says that this tale of
Hyacinthe's is all a dream.

But then Madame points triumphantly to the little cabinet of sandalwood in the corner of her room. It has stood there for many years now, and the dust has gathered in the fine lines of the little birds' feathers, and softened the petals of the lilies carved at the corners. And the wood has taken on a golden gleam like the memory of a sunset.

"What of that my friend?" says Madame, pointing to the cabinet. And the old curé bows his head.

"It may be so. God is very good," he says gently. But he is never quite sure what he may believe.