

day you will fall. We are all avengers, one against the other. I am through with the long sufferings of my expiation. Thanks to you I find myself again. I was powerless in the battle—hesitating, afraid. I wanted, at all cost, to save Claudia. And now I am standing before you—you who call yourself the conqueror and me the conquered—and I say: 'You have still to pay for your victory. You are marrying the Comtesse de Fourchamps. If I were low enough, what worse thing could I dream for my revenge? You are stealing Claudia, and you boast of it. Haven't I told you that she is my daughter and Claire's daughter? Our blood will reassert itself, be well assured. I leave her in your hands because in her madness she desires it. She wants it, but she is unhappy already. She wept. I heard the groans of remorse rising in her heart. She has set her heart against me, against everyone. But to-morrow, blessed suffering will bring her back to me, her father. I will tell her everything then. And I will forgive her and shall be forgiven. You have made me pity. Go on dragging out your lies about your gilded miseries. I have found out what is the greatest thing in life. I have lived for love. Now I will live for forgiveness.'