

engrossed with their own affairs to give a thought to the Puritan seaman. De Catinat had told his tale in a few short, bitter sentences, the injustice that had been done to him, his dismissal from the king's service, and the ruin which had come upon the Huguenots of France. Adèle, as is the angel instinct of woman, thought only of her lover and his misfortunes as she listened to his story, but the old merchant tottered to his feet when he heard of the revocation of the edict, and stood with shaking limbs, staring about him in bewilderment.

“What am I to do?” he cried. “What am I to do? I am too old to begin my life again.”

“Never fear, uncle,” said De Catinat, heartily. “There are other lands beyond France.”

“But not for me. No, no; I am too old. Lord, but Thy hand is heavy upon Thy servants. Now is the vial opened, and the carved work of the sanctuary thrown down.