

ven, in her hand she held a chisel and hammer; she seemed the very personification of the sculpture of that period, a celestial daughter of prayer, offering her sublimest work to the God who inspired it. The old man regarded the statue for some moments in silence, after which he grasped the young sculptor's hand with an air of conviction, saying,

"Good, my boy, good."

"Ah," said Benedict, "how happy you make me."

"This figure represents—"

"The daughter of Steinbach," answered Benedict, "architect of the Cathedral of Strasburg. She assisted her father in that mighty work, and the pillar *des Anges*, of the Angels, bear her name, Sabine."

"Ah, Steinbach's daughter was named Sabine, like mine," said Pomereul, smiling. "Well, you are satisfied now, I suppose. Your statue is charming. The style and conception of it are good. You have kept your ideal, and the skill of your chisel has not interfered with the purity of your inspiration. Bravo! yes, I say honestly and in all sincerity, bravo! Keep up your heart. If the figure is small, the execution is great."

"Master," said Benedict, "your praise confuses me."

"It need not," said Pomereul. "I am stating facts. I trust you do not suspect me of flattering. You remember when, as a mere child, you worked with my sculptors, how exacting I was. Exacting enough to discourage any one but you. Perhaps you thought me severe or even hard. I feared so myself, yet I continued in the same way. It is by the patience of the pupil that the reality of his vocation is determined. Those cowards who are overcome by the difficulties of the task, and the severity of the master, are not worth a regret. It is doing them a service to keep them tradesmen, rather than raise them to the dignity of artists." You blushed,