# 

## THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLICICHRONICLE.

## Dec. 13, 1882.

darkness and danger; for a moment it seemed to her that a pale face ruse out of the water THE COMETROE A SEASON and looked wistfully at her, and then appeared

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By JUSTIN MCOARTHY, M. P.

Buddenly it seemed to him that he heard a

Hght plash into the ses, sa if something had

gers who lay below in their berths, or still

gat in their state-rooms or in the seloon and

talked, were conscious of that strange, alarm-

ing sensation which comes when on the

ocean a steamer suddenly stops in her course.

The engines are eilent, the screw grinds

and churns no more, the waters cease to rush

noisily around the bows, and the vessel is

motionless. Few sensations are more strange

to the inexperienced than the swiul sulliness

of such a moment. The audden change

from speed to motionlesiness brings with it

ominous suggestions of some danger,come im-

pending calamity. The vessel was admira-

bly ordered, and not many seconds had pass

ed before a boat was lowerad, and it made to

the assistance of the struggling Clement, al-

Clement was a stout swimmer. In the

sesport where he was brought up, boys learned what real ewimming means. The night was

calm. He had keen sight. He had lesped

into the sea the very moment be saw what

he fancied to be the drowning men. He was

borne along by the vessel's track in exactly

the same direction. The moon was bright;

the sky was clear; but he could see nothing

on the surface of the water between him and

the dim horizon. When he saw what he

believed to be a face rise from the waves it

was just in the moonlight, and he had struck

out straight in the right direction, but he

could see nothing now-nothing at all. For

all the bitter chill of the sea-and how

ernelly cold it was !-- Olement trod water

could see that the steamer had stayed in her

conree, and he heard commands should, and

he knew that a boat was being launched. In

snother moment or two he saw the boat row-

sailors. For a moment he fancied that they

had found the man whom Clement still sup.

pesed to be in the sea, But in another instant it

was clear that they were making only for him

(Olement), and were under the impression that

he alone was overboard. They redoubled

up with him, and when he accombled into

impress upon them the fact that he had been

in no manner of danger; that he had leaped

clear that there was only one man overboard;

and if he had jumped (verboard und-r the

now.

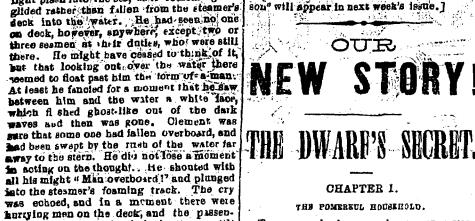
ready far away in the sen.

The Ast of

strange illusion lasted, but it struck terror iato Melisse's heart." [The conclusion of "The Comet of a Sea on" will appear in next week's laste.]

to float or vanish away along the darkened

stream. It was only an instant that this



### THE POMEREUL HOUSEROLD.

Two men, who in age and appearance were widely different, sat conversing in a spacious study. The room was laxarious, though somewhat severe in its arrangement. It contained many fine representations in bronze of masterpleces of antique art. Antoine Pomereul, the elder of the two men, seemed upwards of sixty years of age. His hair, which looked as if a gale of wind might have passed through it, fell over his mussive temples His florid complexion, the smile on his lips and the frank expression of the face betokened a straightforward and generous disposition, and much business ability. His grey eye was wonderfolly penetrating ; the very post. tion of his hand upon the deck marked the energetic man of business.

His companion, on the contrary, was scarcely twenty-five. His broad forehead bore the impress of genius upon it, and genius of a solid and somewhat serious character; his expression was earnest, with tingle of mingled ascaticism and ideality. His figure was lithe and graceful, his hair black, bis complexion pale, his whole appearance most attractive. A voice true in tone and musical in quality completed the charm, and added no little to the confidence which his countenance inspired. Nor did it belie a nature at once ardent and sensitive.

"So, Benedict," said Antoine Pomerent yon reinse to draw aside the envious veil which covers your statue. Your apprentice, Cleomene, has just brought it here, and I am longing to see it. But I assure you I recomposedly, and looked all around him. He spected its folds, as if they were those of the ancient Isis."

"O my dear master," said Benedict, seizing the old man's hand impuisively, "if I have kept it veiled, it is because I would fain see ing toward him, and heard the cheers of the for myself the impression it produced upon you, and hear with my own lips the decree which will make me happy or miserable. I want to consult your beart and mind alike in the two-fold decision you are about to give.' "On my houor," laughed Antoine Pomereni, "the affair is more serious than I sup-

posed." their cheers good-naturedly when they came "It concerns my whole life," cried the the boat, and were very noisily glad of his young man eagerly.

"You mean your future as an artist, I suprescue. It took some time before he could pose," said Pomercul, " and as to that, my boy, many flud themselves decrived who follow art. Yes, those who seek her most often overboard to save somebody who really was go fartheat a-tray. Unwilling to follow the him. beaten path, they take new and unknown . Li in peril, and whom they were bound to seek and rescus. They one and all treated his story as a more delusion. The watch was ones; sometimes they lose the guiding thread; their mind gropes in daraness; they fail to realize the grandeur of their first conception. However, Benedict, it is better even to miss a lofty ideal, than impression that ne was rescuing anybody, he was, they rather seemed to imply, a fool for his pains. Anyhow, no sight or sound of any to remain forever satisfied with what is mediocre and trivial."

swimmer in his agony vexed the quist sea "Judge for yourself," cried the artist, sud-Clement was brought back on board the denly raising the yeil which covered the лө tstue, It was about three feet in height, of the purest Carrara marble. It represented a young girl modestly clad in a flowing robe, such as is seen on fauns of the twelfth and thirteenth conturies. The eyes were raised to heaven, in her hand she held a chiel and hammer; she seemed the very personification the passengers and crew who happened to be of the sculpture of that period, a celestial daughter of prayer, offering her sublimest work to the God who inspired it. Toe old man regarded the statue for some moments was not thought necessary to waken the in silence, siter which he gresped the young

" Beally, " "Then; it I should ask you a favor ?" "I am almost sure I would grant it." "Even if it were comething of import-

ADCe ?! "Even is not the word, say especially."

sge, to Mile, Sabine? To morrow is her birthday, ving of large piecer. At twenty, faw workmen, gal aon." and \_\_" and -"

you have lived ten years in my house. My severity towards you was only in marriage. The firm name became 'Ber-a proof of my attachment. When had et Pomereul.' It continued so for three the big trans rolled down your years. Then Bernard died, and my name oheeks on the day of your departure, it was because you left behind you a happy past. That there exidence, and our happl-because you left behind you a happy past. and your youthful dreams and ambition. But ness was, indeed, enviable, when the greatest wished you to have such a trial. It was needed to temper your soul. Sheltered by my care and forsthought, you knew nothing of the dangers of the world. You thought that each one lived there in the dignity of his own purity, and the strength of his own convictions, without either struggle or effort. I wanted you to pass through that fiery furnace, and come forth tempered for the battle of life. . The boy bade me farawell with swelling heart and tearfol eyes; I hoped that the man would return to me. He is come. You have made no false st-ps upon your way. Your gaze has remained fixed upon one star, your heart was true to one attachment. ' It was well done; it is mare and beautitut. Artists of your age often drag their inspiring muse in the mud. But you bawged her to raise you upon her wings, and she has kept you there. You have often called me your benefactor, to-day you called me master, there is but one more title you can give me."

"One sitl-," cried Benedict, "then you understand, you do not despise my-" "Your father gives you his hand," said

Pomereul. Benedict grasped it, with large tears standing in his eyes, and thus the two men stood face to face for some moments, emotion keeping them silent. It was, with regret they both heard Baptiste's voice at the door asking,

"C n you receive M. Andre Nicols, sir ?" "Of course," said M. Pomercul advancing towards the door.

"Then, my statue-" said Benedict.

" Is Sabine's property now," said Pomereni. and by the way, we must let her have this surprise as soon as possible." As he spoke M. Pomercul turned to the

darkest corner of the room, calling, "Lipp Lapp !"

Hearing its name, a strange creature came out of the shadow where it had been hidden It stood upright and firmly on its feet, letting its arms hung down beside its lean body. and orme towards its master.

It was a chimpanzee of the larger species. with intelligent face, mild dark eyes, and a broad wide-open mouth, which seemed about to speak. Lipp-Lapp's tyrs gleamed with He wore a robe of brocade. intelligence. ornamented with pearls and gold, such as is seen in pictures of blacks by Italian mastars. He had a bright colored turban on his head and seemed very proud of his fine clothes. He had been brought from Java to M. Pomercul by a friend, and had soon learned as many of bis race have done, to perform various little domestio services. He could carry a tray of fruit, liqueur, or coffee with perfect safety, distribute the letters, and could besides understand almost any order given to

"Lipp-Lapp," said M. Pomereul, "take this statue and put it on Mile. Sabine's muntelplece."

The chimpanzee showed all his teeth in a broad grin ; he seized the figure in his strong and dextrous arms, and went off in the direction of Mile. Pomercul's apartments.

" My daughter is out," said Pomereul ; " on her return she will find the statue, and can thank you this evening. You must dine with 18, wy roy.' Benedict only wrung M. Pomercul's hand, exchanged salutes with M. Nicols, who was coming in, and left the house radiant with joy. M. Pomercul perceived at once that the countenance of his visitor was suzious and troublad. Unithe many people, who seeing their friends in distress begin an account of their own difficulties, for f-ar of being called on for assistance, M. Pomereul took a chair opposite Nicols, and said to him bluntly, "What has gone wrong with you?"

been, So I won my employer's confidence He made me an apprentice. I astonished, the workmen by my facility in learning. My master begen to take a special interest in me. He had me taught the intricacies of the trade, instead of leaving me to spend my life "Well," said Benedicr, plucking.up, conr- tolling at its lower branches. I attempted ge, "will you allow me to offer this statue, first the casting, then the setting or the car-"You dear, big boy," sold Pomercul, "you classical, it was at least sound and practical, were afraid to floigh the sentence. Yet From that time my lot was cast. The proprietor had a daughter. He gave her to me towards you was only in marriage. The firm name became Bar-my, attachment. When insider Pomercul.' It continued so for three

grief of my life came upon me. My whe died. I thought at first I should never be consoled for her loss, but though I have never forgotten ber, time has softened my sorrow. My children remain to me-Sulpice, whose intellect is far in advance of his age, Xavier, whose good heart redeems his folly, and Sabine, the angel of our house." "Ah yes," said Nicois, "you are a happy

father.' Pomercul sighed, and resumed.

" What was done for me, the poor child of his own desire to do right, I have always tried to do for others. I have striven to be rather the father than the master of my workmon. If I do all that is necessary in paying them their salary, I love to do more for my own satisfaction. You must see some time how 1 have organized their dwellings at Charenton, near the factory. Each family has its own house, which is simple and comfortable. There is water to purify and take away the bad properties of the gas, which gives it warmth and light; a little plot of ground to supply it with vegetables and to grow flowers; the children can likewise raise rabbits there, and the good wife, chickens. I real, a hunded thousand france will be in have, besides, a hospital for the sick, a crib this portfolio for you." for nursing infants, a workcoom for girls, an infant school for the little ones. My factory really includes a complete city, of which I am chief magistrate."

"And of which your son Sulpice is the

portle,' said Nicols. "Yes," replied Pomercul, in a voice of con-

siderable emotion, "you may well say Sulpice is an apostle. What I do through philanthropy he does from pure charity. improvements, worldly goods, but he brings Heaven there. He teaches catechism to the children, guides the family, is the adviser of doubly honest and faithful in the discharge of their duties. There is perfect harmony between their principles and conduct. Sseing the cassocr and coarse shoes, they cannot doubt the divine character of a religion which inspires such sacrifices. Sulpice translates the Bible inio action, and he might say, with the noble pride of an spostle, Be ye also my imitators, as I am the imitator of Christ Jesus. Truly I love rulpice as a living part of my own heart. But at times the veneration I feel for his virtues is even greater than my affection. There could not be a finer spectacle than that of a young man endowed with every gift of mind and fortune, re- dict had brought ber. nouncing the privileges of the upper few to devote his life to the education of poor children, the consolation of the wretched, and the

relief of human misery. Therefore Sulpice is beloved and venerated by all who know him. They knock much oftener at the door of the bumble room which he keeps for himsolf in the attic than at that of the rich merchant, memoer of the Municipal Council, and Judge in the Tribunal de Commerce. Every one in the house feels the influence of his servants, all, except X wier."

I am going to create something great; but I sm going to make a group which will sell. First, he tries to succeed, then to succeed, egain, then to be talked of in the papers. So far Benedict has escaped these perils. God grant he may continue so."

" Bost easy," said Nio is ; " not only will he do that, but he will bring back your prodi-Y You believe so ?" said Pomereul.

"Most sincerely ; we were all foolish at his age, except you perhaps." "And you, too, 1" hope," said "Pomereul,

looking fixedly at his friend. A dark shade passed over the banker's face. " My friend," said he, in a troubled voice "I paid to folly one tribute, which though brief cost me dear. My hair-has been always white since you knew me, has it not?"

j" It is true." " It grew white in a single night."

" In consequence of some terrible mistor tune ?"

"Yes, you name it right, a terrible misfortune," said Nicols. Seeing bis triend's actonishment at this un-

xpected confidence he continued: "It is since that I have had such a pas-

sion for money. Till then I only thought of it as a means of obtaining an independent position ; now, I want it to gratily my pride, Paris, without any other recommendation than my wife's follies, to excite the envy of others, and plunge myself into such a whirlpool of business and of pleasure that I forget, or at least for an hour lose that one recollection." "Will you not confide to me the cause of

vour suffering ?" some day the friend will come to your fireside and open his beart to you. To day, the banker alone has told you his misfortune. Pomercul took his friend's outstretched hand. Nicols 1050 to go

"You say that the money will be ready for me the day after to morrow?"

"The day after to morrow," said Pome

As Nicols passed out, Lipp Lopp brought him his overcoat and cane.

## CHAPTER II. A PRODIGAL SON.

In the Pomercul household everything, even to the smallest details, was as orderly as possible. The merchant bimself fully appreciating the value of time never permitted it to be wasted to idleness. Many people by bring to one corner of the earth comforts, delaying lose a few minutes now and a few minutes sgain, which at the end of the week amounts to several hours. The clocks always went to perfection; and the manufacturer of the father, and is beloved and respected by bronze daily found that rare phenomenon so every one. He has made my workmen eagerly sought by Charles V., all the clocks struck at the same moment. At six precisely the family sat down to dinner. Pomercul never waited for anybody. He considered want son of their master, the millionaire, Saipice of punctuality a breach of good manners, to Pomercul, working among them in his poor wards which people are usually too indulgent wards which people are usually too indulgent. When X wier dined out he generally let his father know. But on this particular occa-sion, when the butler announced dinner, Pomercul, Sulpice, Sabine and Benedict were in the drawing room, but no Xavier.

Sabine's face was oright and joyful. She sat at a window talking to her betrothed, and a ray of the setting sun falling on her golden hair formed of it an aureola. Her only orna ment was a white rose, which she had added to her simple toilet from the bouquet Bene-

Pomercul and Sulpice were conversing in a low voice of Sabine's betrothal, and the young priest seemed very much pleased about it. "It is one of those unions," said he to his father. "which are too seldom seen nowadays On the one band is Sabine with all the virtues which form the highest charm and spacial strength of a woman; on the other, Benealot, with his energy, love of work and lawful ambition. You know Benedict's talents, his moral character, his strong religigentioness and plety. I do not speak of  $S_{2-}$  ous principles, and you do well to place my bine, she is an angel, but customere, triends, sister's hand in bis. They both know fall well, despite the illusions of their age, that the future will have many trials for them, but they know also that they can overcome these trials. The blessing of heaven must surely rest on such a marriage, and I shall gladly perform the ceremony which unites them." "You remind me," said M. Pomereul smiling, "that Benedict and I have not yet spoken of Sabine's dowry."

Pomereul opened his arms to Sabine. "Dear daugster," he said and dear son, more concled than 11 can express, I yield to your youthful wisdom. You are now voluntarily poor. But you will permit me once and a while to give you a little surprise."

"We will permit whatever will be a plea. sure to you," said Benedict.

"Very, well," said Pomereul gayly, recover. ing from his emotion, "we shall serve up surprises like truffles under a napkin." At that moment Lipp Lapp threw open the

doors, and drew aside the curtains, while the voice of Baptiste announced. "Dipner."

The great clock struck six.

The same thought occurred to Sabine and Sulpice. Xavier was not there.

Benedict, who read what was passing in Sabine's mind, said to M. Pomereul, in a half entreating way.

""Shall we not wait for-Xavier ?"

"No, my boy," said M. Pomereni firmiy, "it is his duty to be punctual, he has not done his duty."

"He forgot that this night was not like every other."

"He knows that he owes me respect and deference," said Pomercul, " that should suffice. Give Sabine your arm, Benedict; we must not let the dinner cool."

They went into the dining-room. It was a large square room, made octagon in shape by great sideboards, laden with massive silver. The bright light of the lamps shone on choice pictures ; the table linen was snowy white ; vases of flowers ornamented the table ; comfort and taste reigned supreme at this board, where the finest crystal rivalled the choicest of porcelain, (

'Taking up her napkin, Sabine uttered a cry of delight; a magnificent bracelet of diamonds lay beneath it.

"Ab, father," said the young girl reproach. fully, "already !" ... b

"It belonged to your mother," said M. Pomereul quietly.

Scipice was at his father's right hand Babine to the left, while Benedict sat facing his future father in-law.

An empty chair awaited Xavier.

The commencement of the meal was cheerful, spite of the young man's absence. M. Pomerent bimselt gave the tone to it, and besides an incident at once touching and comic added to its gayety.

Lipp-Lapp was a great pet of Xavier's and the honest chimpanzee always took great delight in serving him at table. Not seeing bim in his accustomed place, he showed the utmost veration. His eyes were anxionaly fixed upon the door. Seeing, however, that dinner was going on without Xavier, he was determined to perform his office, notwithstanding. He placed s share of all the viands before the empty chair, and changed the plates with as much cars as if his young master had really partaken of all these good things. As time passed, however, Lipp-Lapp became andder and sadder, and at the dessert his face was the picture of misery. All at once, when the coffee was being served, the chimpansee gave a little cry of joy, and rushed towards the door, opening from the dining-room to the antechamber.

He heard his young master's step. But Xavier did not sppear.

Lipp-Lapp's instinct had not deceived him. Xavier had just passed up stairs. Instead of entering the dining-room, he had gone at once to his own apartment.

The little party, meanwhile, returned to the drawing room. Sabine, who could read her father's thoughts, saw that he was deeply grieved. She went to the plano, hoping by music to chase away his gloomy thoughts. Benedict turned the pages, not so much because she required this service, for Sabine olayed well without music, but simply to be near uer, and leave Sulpice and his father to converse the more freely. They sat, in iscil at the other end of the spartment.

stber," Xavier's want of punctuality very much to heart." "Yes," said M. Pomercul, " in the first place because it is a want of respect. In the second, because it is one step further in the course he has pursued for five years. I will not deny that your brother is a constant source of grief to me," "He will do better, father," said Sulpios, "he is so young." "So young," said Pom.reul, "and can you too offer such an excuse for him? Why, his very youth condemns him. At twenty-three he neglects every duty; he has no other pleasures, but foolish extravagance and excess, he lives his whole life in idle or vicious society. He despises his home, and prefers his club or the green room of theatres. Why do you defend him, Sulpice, when you should be the first to blame ?" I be the nest to olame ?" I "I do blame him," said Sulpice, "but I would not that his faults should bring down on him merited but perhaps excessive severity. Besides he is my brother, I might almost say my son. I first taught him the truths of faith. I too suffer and am unhappy on his account, but I know that the lost sheep are often found, and I trust that the prodigal son will return to the fireside of home." "What have I left undone for that ungrateful boy ?" said Pomercul, scarcaly heeding Salpics's consoling words. "I readily gratified his every wish His apartments are more luxurious, his equipages more sumptuous than mine. He is fond of horses, and I gave him a stable fit for a prince. I thought each sacrifice I made for him would attach him more and more to me. And now, to my bitter sorrow, I perceive that if he is dutiful and affectionate for a few days, it is only that he may profit by my joy to get some thousands of france from me. At, first I gave him a fixed allow-ance, and he owed every one. At the end of the year, they all drew upon me. I scolded him, but I paid his debts. It has been the same every time. I am tired now of being banker to an idle boy, whose sole occupation is to discuss the pattern of a waistooat or the tying of a cravat, who brings into my house the language of a horse-jockey and the man. ners of the Uafe Anglais." "Father," said Sulpice, with great tenderness, "I do not deny that you have cause for grief, the facts suffice, and like you I see that Xavier is upon the downward path which leads to ruin. Now, do not suppose for a moment that I wish to cast any blame upon you. If your affection exceeded your prudence, far be it from me to criticize your actions. But, perhaps, you were too generous. ". Most assuredly I was," said M. Pomereul; of course you are right. When he, a boy of eighteen, finished his studies, I should have said to him, 'Take your turn at the hammer and chisel, learn each branch of the trade, as I did. You are to succeed me. 1 do not want the firm of Pom-, ereul to change its name. I yielded partly through affection, partly, through, vanity, to cheerfully. My surroundings will be hum through affection, partig, through, vanity, to ble; so much the better. I shall go out of the handama with how arrayagent per the handsome, witty boy, extravagant, per-haps, and inclined to swagger a little. Ah !

shanmer in rather ignominious plight. had been dreaming some of the passengers ] said. It was hinted that he was fond of composing poetry. Many persons were merely annoyed at having been wakened and disturbed by such a piece of illusion. A hasty examination of the versel was made, and nobody was found missing; that is to say, all awake were accounted for; but there were sev. eral cabins the occupants of which had gone to rest, and locked the doors inside, and it sleepers from their dreams. So all went to sculptor's hand with an sir of conviction, say rest, and slept quietly until morning. In the morning some surprise was expressed that Montana did not appear at breakfast-so marked a figure as his was likely to be mi sed; he did not make his appearance on the deck after breakfast, and at last some one suggested that it would be well to knock at his door and call him. Cloment did knock at the door and no answer come. Then the steward was sent for, and he knocked; and no answer still coming, the door of the room was forced oper. Montana was not there, nor had his bed been slept in. His door had been locked, and evidently from the Your statue is charming. The style and outside, and the key taker. Montana had not conception of it are good. You have been seen by any one since the night before, kept your ideal, and the skill of and he was not seen again. The steamer reached the quays of Hoboken, opposite New York, without bim. All that could be said of him was, that he was in the steamer one memorable night, and was not there the next

morning. Early in the morning of the day when Montana was missed a restlese girl far away in her North of England home was looking through her window on the waters of the tering. You remember when, as a mere river that rippled below. She could not re- child, you worked with my sculptors, main in her bed; in her heart there was a how exacting 1 was. Exacting enough kind of fighting that would not let her sleep. to discourage any one but you. She opened the window and looked out. The Perhaps you thought me severe or dawn was coming up, and the river was just even hard. I feared so myself, yet I con-beginning to sparkle to the eastward with the rising rays; it looked peaceful, almost, one patience of the pupil that the reality of his might say, a very type of tracquillity, that vocation is determined. Those cowards who smooth flowing river, its surface hardly broken by a ripple.

Melissa might have found assurance for any uncasiness in the sight of that river and that sky. Nothing was there to tell of storm or to the dignity of artists. You blushed, to suggest danger to those who were on the indeed, at my reproofs, but less with anger sta. The girl was made a little more tranquil than with grief at your own mistakes; indeby the quiet beauty of the water and the sky. Certainly a quiet morning on an English river is no guarantee for glassy seas and soft breezes some two thousand miles away on the ccean; but it is the tendency of the human mind to find omens and auguries in everything, to discover encouragement and consolation where there is no real substance for either, and to extract despair from conditions that do not even warrant discouragement. So Meliesa was beginning to be contented, and to tell herself again for the hundredth time every night and morning were anxious for my welfare; I was more that her husband must be prefectly safe, that anxious to keep my happiness. You aspired he must now be near the shores of America, for me to artistic heights; I would have sathat he had promised to telegraph to her the moment of his landing, and that she might making your perdulums and candelabras. count on getting such a message from him You were right, but my heart gought to perwithin a day or two. Suddenly, however, suade me that you were wrong. I begin to the sky began to darken in the eastward. It be known, I may become famous; bur who was as if the cun had failed for a moment to will assure me that I have as of old-" break through the mass of clouds. The water chilling, bitter wind fell upon it and scourged love you almost as much as Salplee more per-it into a sudden roughness. Her sgitated haps than Xavier."

ing, "Good, my boy, good." "Ah," said Benedict, "how happy you make 708.<sup>71</sup>

"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 Sabine in marriage. You need money." Angels, bear her name, Sabine."

"Ab, Steinbach's daughter was named Sabine, like mine," said Pomereul, smiling. "Well, you are satisfied now, I suppose. your chisel has not interfered with the purity of your inspiration. Bravol yes, I say honestly and in all sincerity, bravol Keep up your heart. If the figure is small, the execution is great."

"Master," seid Benedict, "your praise conlases me."

"It need not," said Pomerenl, "I am stating faots. I trust you do not suspect me of flatare 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 fatigable 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 crificed everything at that time to continue.

" Everything has gone wrong," said Nicola. I came on purpose to tell you, and now--" "You hesitate," said Pomereni ; "but I say, what is the use of having friends if you cannot ask a favor of them ? It was just the same with that fine, clever boy who has gone out. He came to open his heart to me, and I was obliged to offer him

"Who told you so ?" oried Nicois, excitedly. "No one," answered his friend.

"Oan you assure me of this," said Nicols. there are no rumors at the Bourse?"

"On the contrary," said Pomercul, "the talk there yesterday was how solid you were. It you are in difficulties, no hint of it has got about. But I simply judge from this. Nothing else but financial embarrasement could make you look so down in the mouth, and what else could have brought you here just before the end of the month, if it were not to say, Friend Pomercul, open your money chest wide. I want to put in both hands."

"You are right," said Nicols, "you are as clear-sighted as generous. I need money, a large sum."

"How much ?"

"A hundred thousand france," said the banker with much emberrassment.

"I have not that much in the house," said Pomereul quietly, "but I can get it for you. Come here the day after to-morrow, and it will be ready."

'You will save my life," said Nicols.

"Ab, it is too much to put life in the scale with money," said Pomercul. " I simply do you a service, which in like circumstances I should ask of you. If friendship does not go as far as the purse, and a little beyond, there is not much use in making a parade of it."

"Pomereul," said Nicois, "you know what true friendship is, though you do not make a parade of it. But who could be more noble, more unselfish than you are, to your very workmen, to all who surround you."

"Stop there," said Pomercul; "I object. What you call unselfishness, generosity, liberality and so on is only a knowledge of business. If I have laid a foundation of benevolence to others, it is only making a profitable investment. I am rich, and it gives me the very great happiness of being loved by those around me, respected without being feared, and the possessor of four millions, without. oircumstances I was blessed by Providence. There is one cloud upon the blue horizon, but that I trust will in time disappear. 'My father

"You exaggerate these youthful follies of X wier," said Nicois; "why the deuce take is Pomereul, a boy must sow his wild cats." "What they sow they must reap," said Pomeren!.

"Ab, well, he will come out right," said Nicols; "perhaps he needed a friend and adviser of his own age in whom he could confide. Sulpice is rather too austere for your youngest son, and Sebine's very innocence

prevents her being of service to him." "And what of me?' asked Pomeraul.

"Yon, why confound it, man, you are his father. Besides you are of that disposition which difficulties to be overcome in early life naturally make a man, and whose character. forbide Xavier to confide in him. Things will improve when rougerais is your son-inlaw, for you said, did you not, that you meant to give him Sabine?"

"Gladly, my friend," said Pomereni. "Benedict is one of those young men who left my workshop to become masters in their turn For I have the deep satisfaction of knowing that my house has produced men who will be an honour to their country. One reason why I love my calling is that it enables me to aid deserving talent. Once a boy gains the special interest of his professor in drawing or modelling I keep my eye on him. I inquire as to the condition of his family. If they are poor I give the boy a pension, stipulating that he of your fortune from you? By doing so I will ray me back, by yearly sums, till he has would offend Sabine and degrade myself. I paid all I have advanced. This, in turn, is am only twenty-five. I am willing used to open a future to some other boy. It to work and I may add I have has another advantage, for it teaches them talents. I can easily supply our little the proper value of money; that they wants. No, dear father. I refuse to must regard it, not as an idol, but as accept her dowry, and I am sure Sabine a power; that it must be used less for thinks as I do." our pleasures than our necessities; that its worth may be increased a hundred fold by the use made of it. Many artists owe their future

to this plan of mine : Luc Aubry, the land-scape painter; Jean Leronx, who painted the interior, which you bought last year; Benedict Fougerais, who is likely to take a front rank among our soulptors if he does not degenerate "

"Degenerate, when he is Sabine's husband ?" "I do not mean degeneracy of hand or of

intellect."

" What then ?"

"A motal degeneracy." "That will be impossible when he is sur-

rounded by such an atmosphere as this."

"I hope so, but who can tell? You know how fatally easy and insidious is the descent of an artist. Benedict only knows the great art, pure, re-ligious, Christian, the art which is the cottened shade of religious feeling. He is of the school of Fin Bartolomeo and Fin Angelico, who painted their Madonnas on their knees. But the current of fashion and of popular having any enemies or being envied. Look-ing back upon my life, it seems that in all its become pagan. It has descended from the sacred heights. The Muse has become a Bacchante and dances with satyrs; a modest statue or a decent ploture loses half its ohance 

"Your lawyer will attend to that," said

Sulpice. "No," said M. Pomereul, "when you want a thing well done do it yourselt." As he spoke he turned to the young people.

"Come here a moment, Benedict," said he. The young man came. "My good son-in-law," said Pomercul,

"you acted somewhat thoughtlessly yesterday about a certain matter. I must say it did not give me a very high opinion of your business ability. How can you possibly sign contracts for your work, or make agree-ments if you know so little of the value of money, that you did not ask me what dowry I would give Sabine?"

"A dowry to Sabine ?" cried Benedic. "I do not want any."

"You do not want any ?" said Pomereni. "Most assuredly not," said Benedict. "Is

it not enough that I am to become the husband of such a girl as that without receiving a large sum of money? Do you think that while you live I would ever take a penny

"Yes," said Sabine, in a voice full of emotion, "you are right, perfectly right." Pomereul shook his head incredulously.

"Believe me," said Benedict, earnestly, "it is better that young people should not have too much money at first. some times their future is marred rather than made by premature good fortune. Money is rather an incentive to Idleness than to work. The rich are more spt to gather round them a crowd of parasites and flatterers. For an artist, wealth ls a positive misfortune. It induces him to waste his time, and the very praise bestowed on him is often given less to the artist than to the rich man, so that it blinds him to the real value of his work."

"You are right," said Sulpice, pressing Benedlot's hand.

"It seems to me, too," said Sabine, blushing, "that it robs the wife of half her merit;, it condemns her to idleness, by making her rich all at once. A wealthy bride seems to owe everything to her family, and nothing to her husband. What will it matter; dears father, if the daughter of the millionaire Pomercul be without horses or diamonds? I can use your carriage at need, and Benediot shall see that I know how to dispense with these things