

"Yes," replied Pomereul, in a voice of considerable emotion, "you may well say Sulpice is an apostle. What I do through philanthropy, he does from pure charity. I bring to one corner of the earth comforts, improvements, worldly goods, but he brings Heaven there. He teaches catechism to the children, guides the family, is the adviser of the father, and is beloved and respected by every one. He has made my workmen doubly honest and faithful in the discharge of their duties. There is perfect harmony between their principles and conduct. Seeing the son of their master, the millionaire, Sulpice Pomereul, working among them in his poor cassock and coarse shoes, they cannot doubt the divine character of a religion which inspires such sacrifices. Sulpice translates the Bible into action, and he might say, with the noble pride of an apostle, Be ye also my imitators, as I am the imitator of Christ Jesus. Truly I love Sulpice 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, renouncing 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 humble room which he keeps for himself in the attic, than at that of the rich merchant, member of the Municipal Council, and Judge in the Tribunal de Commerce. Every one in the house feels the influence of his gentleness and piety. I do not speak of Sabine, she is an angel, but customers, friends, servants, all, except Xavier."

"You exaggerate these youthful follies of Xavier," said Nicóis; "why the deuce take it, Pomereul, a boy must sow his wild oats."