

which suppressed emotion lent a new power, she began that song the memory of which had so haunted Benedict.

Whilst Sabine's voice rang out through the room, Benedict, under the intelligent and affectionate care of Beppo, was slowly recovering consciousness. The strain of music seemed to exert a strange influence upon him, as if he wondered from what heavenly sphere came those sounds. Great tears rolled down his cheeks, but they were peaceful and painless tears; he clasped his hands, murmuring, "St. Cecilia."

Feeble and tottering, he arose and advanced to the curtained arch, from which Beppo drew aside the *portière*. Pale as Lazarus arisen from the dead, he leaned forward, looked, stood motionless, and at last cried out, "Sabine!"

"See," cried Xavier, "your idol broken, the saint has returned."

Sabine did not finish the hymn. The sculptor, still weak, seemed utterly overcome by conflicting emotions. But joy at length triumphed, and when he held Sabine's hand he seemed to revive.

"Will you give it to me?" he said.

She blushed and turned away her head.

"You must ask Sulpice," said she.

"Though I have nothing now," said Benedict, "and moreover those fragments of marble have ruined me."

Sabine looked at him and smiled.

"Xavier," said she, turning to her brother, "when are you to marry Louise?"

"Why do you ask?" said Xavier.

"Because—I thought—it seemed to me," said she, "that Sulpice might marry us both the same day."

Three months later, in the chapel of the factory at Charenton, a young priest, whose forehead was marked by a scar, celebrated a nuptial mass, and blessed the