

slowly repeating her words as if trying to understand their meaning.

"Josephine, I have been in hell!" said he, staggering into the church.



The Curé and the Doctor sat silent on the bench in the sacristy. The priest's head was bent, and his eyes were fixed on the floor where the nuns had reverently deposited the broken limbs of the crucifix.

"They have killed your Christ," said the Doctor bitterly. "Is God also dead?"

"How dare you speak thus," said the Curé, lifting his head with shining eyes. "Yes, Christ was put to death by the evil in man, and His side was pierced by the soldier's lance; but He has risen again to save the world. God lives forever: His life has no beginning and no ending. He is Eternity. He is Life Itself. You and I will die, maybe to-day, maybe to-morrow; but Life cannot die—God cannot die. He is watching over us as long as we live, and when we are dead He is watching over us still. He is with us now; it was He who stayed your hand..."

The other shuddered from head to foot.

"How did you know?" said he, wiping