

ing of an *atelier* to be added to it. And — it is there they went this morning — to live.”

And Bidelot was very quiet now, and his eyes were wet.

“I understand,” he said, as Father Anton opened the door with a key. “But” — shaking his head a little — “even in Bernay-sur-Mer Jean will be famous, and the world will follow to Bernay-sur-Mer.”

“That is perhaps true, and it would be a sad thing if it were otherwise,” said Father Anton, with his rare, grave smile, “for there is a pride that is pure, and a joy like no other joy in the tribute that is paid to one for work well done. And if the world follows to Bernay-sur-Mer, it can be only to the life that it will find there, the life in which Marie-Louise has her glad place, a life that the world, as you speak of it, will never mould or change.”

They passed in across the hall, and entered the salon, and walked down its length to the portières that hid the *atelier* from view — but here Bidelot paused.

“Wait!” he said. “Tell me one thing more. Why has Jean stayed here in Paris to work in secret like this for all these months since he came back?”

“I think you will find the answer here,” said Father Anton — and, reaching out his hand, drew the portières quietly apart.

And Bidelot, with a low, sudden cry, stepped forward into the *atelier* — and after that stood still, and neither spoke nor moved.

Two life-sized figures were before him — a woman, and a man. And the woman, a fishergirl, stood as on a perilous, wave-swept ledge, and leaning forward was stretching out her hands; and at her feet, from storm-lashed waters that swirled around him, rose the head and shoulders of the man, one hand clasped in both of