

"Yes."

"Anatole is better than you think," said the Curé, "but maybe you are right."

Anatole was delighted, and having successfully passed a rapid examination as to his knowledge of the road, he was sent down to the kitchen to get something to eat and to tell the boy he was not needed.

* *

The Doctor went into the church for his last round.

The lugubrious work, delayed by all that had happened, had been going on while he was asleep in the sacristy, and the death-harvest for the night and the day had been gathered. The *luthier*, the blind soldier, Josephine's boy, the gardener who was such a hand at flowers, the Bavarian giant who had given his life in exchange for a kind word—they were all gone, these and many others who had surrendered at last to the Invincible Foe.

"Good-bye Josephine! I have only known you for thirty-six hours, but I shall never forget you! I feel as if I wanted to give you something, Josephine, but I have got nothing to give. This is no longer of any use to me," said he, taking the brassard