

ESPIRITU SANTO

By Henrietta Dana Skinner.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

The opening chapter is the celebration of the beautiful feast of Pentecost in the parish church of St. Thomas d' Aquin in the historic Faubourg Saint-Germain... The young man who had been so long absent from Paris... The young man who had been so long absent from Paris...

CHAPTER VII.

"He who neglects prayer has no need of devils to lead him into evil... After an absence of five years, spent chiefly in London and Brussels, Hortense Delepoine decided to return to Paris and end her days among the scenes of her early triumphs.

After an absence of five years, spent chiefly in London and Brussels, Hortense Delepoine decided to return to Paris and end her days among the scenes of her early triumphs. She had long since given up appearing on the stage, but she would resume her lessons, her weekly musicales, and her salon. Her London seasons had been every successful, and she had brought out many pupils, of whom none had done better than Catalina Didier, whose voice had developed into a mezzo-soprano of great power, richness, and dramatic expressiveness.

"You have heard, no doubt, by Catalina, of my fall from grace... I can discern a moving figure if close at hand; that is all. But I have the great blessing of devoted grandchildren. We have been spending these five years in great retirement at Passy. I have had no great success in my affairs, and live almost altogether in Paris, that is my only devotion now. My own income has suffered through the losses of the firm, but the dear girls have bravely done their part, and Catalina's generosity has enabled her younger sisters to finish their education. Lolita graduated last year at Notre-Dame-de-Genes, and is now tutoring young South American girls who are taking courses at the College of France. Little Rafaella is becoming a prodigy at the piano, every one predicted. She must her debut last spring at the Salle Erard with great success and in much demand now at musicales and private concerts, where she sometimes improvises, her talent that grows so quickly to make the greatest impression of all. Espiritu Santo is now sixteen, and is the same sweet spirit as ever. Her education has had to be neglected in a measure, for she is needed at home to look after the blind grandmother, to keep house, and to be a companion for her father when he is with us and accepts the situation of a young man who is cheerful. She is, of course, lacking in much that forms the ordinary routine of school instruction, but I was bound to make some move in literature, and for the last three years she has been reading aloud to me daily from the French, Spanish, and Italian classics, also standard essays in literature and art. She also reads much by herself, and is somewhat of a philosopher, and is a most practical, tidy little housewife. She has written only known the blessing she is to all!"

Madame Delepoine felt the tears coming to her eyes. She felt foolish moments, the childless woman with her big, motherly heart, and this was one of them. It could hardly have brought to her her own mother more joy than it did to her to see this lad in the splendor of a bright, brave young manhood of virtue and health and strength. She could have hung on his neck and cried for the joy that came to her. She squeezed his hands, she turned her face aside for a moment to conceal the rebellious tears, then she could resist no longer, but drawing his face down to hers, held it between her two hands and kissed him on both cheeks.

"I could not help it; I am your grandmother, you know," she apologized, sitting down hastily on the nearest chair and fumbling for her handkerchief. "And your own mother isn't here to do it!"

And Theodore stooped and kissed her hand and looked at her gratefully and delightedly. Then he drew her flush upon her, for it was a little awry, and pulling up a chair sat down by her, and leaned towards her so affectionately and protectively that she grew more helplessly tearful than ever.

"I am an old fool," she said, severely, mopping her eyes with one hand and patting him on the shoulder with the other. "Talk to me, Tedi, as fast as you can. What is this about your singing? Well, well! to think of your growing so straight and strong! Why have I not heard about your voice? And here we are together again—we three, in my own salon, looking, just as it used to be!"

Daretti, who had moved towards the window for a moment, now sauntered up to them again. "We might imagine there had been no change, and that we were going right on just as we were before," he said. "Perhaps we are not changed, perhaps we are all exactly as in the old days," she said, looking up at him with intent, questioning gaze. He returned her look with polite seriousness, but there was nothing to be read in his calm eyes. They were not as telltale as in the old days. He had learned the world's lessons too well to let every passer-by read as he can.

"With your permission," he wrote, "I will bring with me the two, in my humble opinion, greatest vocal exercises—the one for the alto and the other for the tenor. They are both most desirable of meeting you." "The heroic tenor is, of course, Lenartsen," said Madame Delepoine, "but I am racking my brains to think who the other can be."

She was conscious of a certain nervous excitement, the time fixed for her interview drew near. She had known and loved Adrien Daretti so well, had taken such a warm, motherly interest in his affairs, and now for five years they had not met, and she dreaded to see a change in him. Her old heart stood still for an instant as she heard his name announced, and when she looked up it was in some trepidation.

What she saw did not wholly reassure her. The merry glance, the frank, ingenuous manner, the tender, winning smile of an endearing, boyish personality, were gone. This was a mature man that she saw before her now; a polished man of the world, with a handsome, impassive countenance, a look of cool indifference in the fine eyes, a certain indolent dignity of bearing, the evidences of a fastidious taste in his surroundings, and a smile, half-cynical, half-amused, on his well-curved lips. After all, she could not expect that he would remain a boy forever. He was a man now, in the plenitude of vigorous development, entering upon the full glory of his early prime, swimming upon the top wave of a phenomenal artistic and social success. It was unavoidable that he should show in some way the traces of wider experience. What did Hortense Delepoine expect? It was true the boy was gone forever, but was the man less worthy of a place in her heart? Alas! with a good woman's merriment instinct she knew that she was!

But she was too much the woman of the world to show what was passing within her; neither did he betray it if he felt that anything was lacking in her welcome. He presented the massive Swedish tenor, and then turned to pay their respects to Senorita Didier, and Hortense Delepoine was left to face the third young man without an introduction. She bowed rather distantly. "Surely you have a warmer greeting for our new lyric tenor," suggested Daretti, turning towards the new-comer with an amused smile.

Madame Delepoine raised her astonished eyes. "I told you he would turn out well under Bindo's care," said Daretti, laughing at the expression of amazed inquiry she turned on him. As he laughed the dimple came into his cheek as it used to in the old days, and he called so much of his best work that a little towards him. But if she had been disappointed in Adrien, at least Theodore more than answered her wildest expectations.

"You have the same dear face, God bless you!" she cried, taking Theodore warmly by both hands. "But I can hardly believe it, to see you so big and straight and strong. What have you done to yourself?" "I have been in training under a brother who is a famous athlete. I climb mountains and ride and shoot all summer, and I fence and take athletic exercises all winter, and I have just come from serving eighteen months in the army like a good citizen; so you see that I was bound to make something of myself," and Theodore drew his straight, vigorous young frame to his fullest height and smiled down on her.

She was right in saying that he had the same face. The blue eyes had the same bright, sweet look, the profile the same statuesque regularity, the features the same delicate outline, the mouth the same gentle, boyish smile. It was true that the cheeks were somewhat thinner and the jaw somewhat squarer than of yore, and there was a slight mustache on the upper lip, but that only gave the necessary touch of manly strength to the face without detracting from its classic beauty and refinement.

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The meeting was an affecting one. First Theodore, then Adrien knelt by her side, while she laid her hands on their heads in affectionate benediction and welcome. Adriano said little. He felt that there was no excuse for his long neglect, and was deeply touched by the affliction and changed circumstances in which he found this kind friend. Sweet, refined, distinguished as ever, Madame Valorge was the embodiment of one's ideal of old age, and he felt once more that elevation above the mere routine interests of a worldly life that had often come to him in her presence in the past. He drew a sharp breath of sudden regret that he had not let this gentle influence play more part in his life of late. As he followed Theodore's example and knelt by her side, he did not kiss her hand, but, stooping his head low before her, raised a fold of her dress to his lips with a murmured "Forgive me!" Low as it was she heard him, and bent tenderly towards him.

"You see, Tedi, we artists must live for the public," said Adriano, gayly. "They want to see us. Of course it is called a dozen times before the curtain and make the regulation bows and scrapes night after night, yet if the applause fails me some fine day, I imagine I should be a pretty disgruntled fellow. However, Tedi, as your unaccustomed arm will soon be stiff from perpetually lifting your hat, I will mercifully turn into this solitary-looking lane."

After a moment he slackened somewhat the pace of his grays, doing, intelligent, clean-limbed animal. Theodore expressed his admiration of their swift, steady gait, their apparent tirelessness, and their absolute obedience. "Yes, I am proud of my beasts," said Daretti. "Thompson and I have trained them and cared for them for four years past, and they have never had a sick day nor played us an ugly trick. When I lose my voice I shall have to take to horse-training for a living with Thompson as a partner."

The young Irish groom sitting behind them heard his name mentioned, but was too well-bred to his position to move a muscle of his smooth, bright young face, though it was a shade straighter, if that were possible. "Speaking of applause," remarked Theodore, "I sometimes think that actors and musicians are not really artists after all, for the true artist works only to carry out an ideal. He loves the beautiful picture, the exquisite poem, for its own sake, and it is love that is his true motive. But the musician, the actor, lives for the public. He must have the sympathy of an audience, and its applause. Art alone is not enough."

"It is as true an art, but the artist is working with different materials," suggested Adriano, slackening his horses' gait to a walk, for they were passing through a narrow avenue with high trees arching over their heads on either side. There was lovely light and shadows playing through the thick underbush, and the young men watched them lazily as they talked. "How is it that you are so good at it?" asked Daretti, his singing, are the colors and lines, but the canvases on which he draws his outlines and throws his colors is precisely the audience. Upon their intelligence, their sympathy, their emotion, he works to produce his whole. It is because his canvas is more intangible, more immaterial, more sensitive and changeable, that his art is more suitably intellectual, more austere, more even, ever recreating itself, always unsatisfied, always vanishing before fully enjoyed." He paused and sighed. "The idea that a true actor or singer wishes applause to satisfy his vanity is a vulgar one. He does indeed catch for it, but only because in his work as it were a view of his own work and his intelligence is not valued by him, but the applause that tells him that his point is understood, that his ideal has taken shape and lives in their minds, that is indeed the breath of life to him. He knows by it that he has embodied and given existence to his thought—that he has created!"

Teodoro's eye caught fire. He leaned back in his seat and drew a deep breath, gazing out before them through the slender, shady tunnel of foliage to where, in the distance, an expanse of sunshine spoke of open country. Dimly he heard a low sound mixing with his dreams, it grew louder, a confused, thunderous noise behind them, and he started and turned hastily round in his seat. "Drive for your life to the open!" the groom's voice hissed into Daretti's ear. "Drive for your life!" and down on the horses' backs fell a stinging lash. The startled grays sprang forward, again the lash fell across their flanks, and they broke into a dead run. Tremblingly Teodoro looked over his shoulder. Worst of all runaways maddened four-in-hand was galloping wildly and furiously along the narrow road behind them, the side to side swaying and swinging from side to side. It was a race for life, the frantic brutes were gaining on them, their hoofs thundering along the silent lane. There

prayer for me there, and so be doing a better service than adorning my button-hole," and he smiled at the pretty conceit. "They shall all pray for you," she answered, delightedly. "In less than half an hour there will be as many prayers going up for you as there are flowers in the basket." Teodoro was uneasy. "Will you forget me?" he said in a low tone. "Will there be no prayer for me, too?" "Ah, Theodore," she whispered, low, "I pray for you, not once, but always and everywhere, and he went away silent, but with a great happiness at his heart. She lingered at the foot of the steps, and, as they turned at the gate to give a last salute, she waved her hand to them. "Remember!" she said, holding up the flowers towards Adriano. "In one half-hour from now!" and he laid his hand on his heart and made her his most magnificent bow. But if her last word was to the older brother, her last shy, stolen look was towards the younger one, and, when the gate shut behind them, she bounded up the steps, blushing and laughing and hiding her face in the flowers. Adriano now found himself once more in the mall-phaeton with Teodoro, driving through the Bois de Boulogne, followed by admiring eyes and greeted with charming smiles from many a gay carriage. All this was very congenial and pleasant, and decidedly more reasonable than weeping over his fashionable failings, which no longer seemed very big sins in this worldly atmosphere. "Adriano, why do you always drive in the broad avenues? I should think you would get tired of being stared at, and having to lift your hat and put on your sweetest smile and dimple every five seconds. How many years have you done this sort of thing every pleasant afternoon? Aren't you bored to death by it?" "You see, Tedi, we artists must live for the public," said Adriano, gayly. "They want to see us. Of course it is called a dozen times before the curtain and make the regulation bows and scrapes night after night, yet if the applause fails me some fine day, I imagine I should be a pretty disgruntled fellow. However, Tedi, as your unaccustomed arm will soon be stiff from perpetually lifting your hat, I will mercifully turn into this solitary-looking lane."

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Teodoro's eye caught fire. He leaned back in his seat and drew a deep breath, gazing out before them through the slender, shady tunnel of foliage to where, in the distance, an expanse of sunshine spoke of open country. Dimly he heard a low sound mixing with his dreams, it grew louder, a confused, thunderous noise behind them, and he started and turned hastily round in his seat. "Drive for your life to the open!" the groom's voice hissed into Daretti's ear. "Drive for your life!" and down on the horses' backs fell a stinging lash. The startled grays sprang forward, again the lash fell across their flanks, and they broke into a dead run. Tremblingly Teodoro looked over his shoulder. Worst of all runaways maddened four-in-hand was galloping wildly and furiously along the narrow road behind them, the side to side swaying and swinging from side to side. It was a race for life, the frantic brutes were gaining on them, their hoofs thundering along the silent lane. There

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prayer for me there, and so be doing a better service than adorning my button-hole," and he smiled at the pretty conceit. "They shall all pray for you," she answered, delightedly. "In less than half an hour there will be as many prayers going up for you as there are flowers in the basket." Teodoro was uneasy. "Will you forget me?" he said in a low tone. "Will there be no prayer for me, too?" "Ah, Theodore," she whispered, low, "I pray for you, not once, but always and everywhere, and he went away silent, but with a great happiness at his heart. She lingered at the foot of the steps, and, as they turned at the gate to give a last salute, she waved her hand to them. "Remember!" she said, holding up the flowers towards Adriano. "In one half-hour from now!" and he laid his hand on his heart and made her his most magnificent bow. But if her last word was to the older brother, her last shy, stolen look was towards the younger one, and, when the gate shut behind them, she bounded up the steps, blushing and laughing and hiding her face in the flowers. Adriano now found himself once more in the mall-phaeton with Teodoro, driving through the Bois de Boulogne, followed by admiring eyes and greeted with charming smiles from many a gay carriage. All this was very congenial and pleasant, and decidedly more reasonable than weeping over his fashionable failings, which no longer seemed very big sins in this worldly atmosphere. "Adriano, why do you always drive in the broad avenues? I should think you would get tired of being stared at, and having to lift your hat and put on your sweetest smile and dimple every five seconds. How many years have you done this sort of thing every pleasant afternoon? Aren't you bored to death by it?" "You see, Tedi, we artists must live for the public," said Adriano, gayly. "They want to see us. Of course it is called a dozen times before the curtain and make the regulation bows and scrapes night after night, yet if the applause fails me some fine day, I imagine I should be a pretty disgruntled fellow. However, Tedi, as your unaccustomed arm will soon be stiff from perpetually lifting your hat, I will mercifully turn into this solitary-looking lane."

After a moment he slackened somewhat the pace of his grays, doing, intelligent, clean-limbed animal. Theodore expressed his admiration of their swift, steady gait, their apparent tirelessness, and their absolute obedience. "Yes, I am proud of my beasts," said Daretti. "Thompson and I have trained them and cared for them for four years past, and they have never had a sick day nor played us an ugly trick. When I lose my voice I shall have to take to horse-training for a living with Thompson as a partner."

The young Irish groom sitting behind them heard his name mentioned, but was too well-bred to his position to move a muscle of his smooth, bright young face, though it was a shade straighter, if that were possible. "Speaking of applause," remarked Theodore, "I sometimes think that actors and musicians are not really artists after all, for the true artist works only to carry out an ideal. He loves the beautiful picture, the exquisite poem, for its own sake, and it is love that is his true motive. But the musician, the actor, lives for the public. He must have the sympathy of an audience, and its applause. Art alone is not enough."

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surely she was the same sweet spirit still, even as he knew himself to be the same in truth of heart. With infinite reverence he took her two hands in his and stooped his head to the level of her cheek. Did she turn the sweet face ever so little towards him? He could not tell; he only knew that her lips met his in one shy kiss, and instantly they parted. Then Adrien, seeing their embarrassment, came to the rescue, taking her hand in a gay, teasing fashion, and calling her "child," as if she were indeed only a little girl still, and must, of course, be treated as in the old days. And Lolita was giving Theodore her hand to kiss, and begging them both to come into the inner room to see Madame Valorge, who was awaiting them impatiently. So they all passed in together, and the other guests present drew aside a little that the young men might approach the blind woman who sat in her arm-chair at the farther end of the room.

The meeting was an affecting one. First Theodore, then Adrien knelt by her side, while she laid her hands on their heads in affectionate benediction and welcome. Adriano said little. He felt that there was no excuse for his long neglect, and was deeply touched by the affliction and changed circumstances in which he found this kind friend. Sweet, refined, distinguished as ever, Madame Valorge was the embodiment of one's ideal of old age, and he felt once more that elevation above the mere routine interests of a worldly life that had often come to him in her presence in the past. He drew a sharp breath of sudden regret that he had not let this gentle influence play more part in his life of late. As he followed Theodore's example and knelt by her side, he did not kiss her hand, but, stooping his head low before her, raised a fold of her dress to his lips with a murmured "Forgive me!" Low as it was she heard him, and bent tenderly towards him.

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