

after all the right one—the shadow which sin casts and which pride intensifies does vanish, not always, but often, often, beneath the light of knowledge. To know all is to pardon. And if one knows nothing, what can one do?"

The curé smiled; then he murmured: "I am sorry, very sorry, but I cannot help you, my daughter."

"You can at least do this," said Téphany, driven to the wall: "you can tell me frankly whether in your opinion I am justified in trying to find out all I can by fair means."

"By fair means?"

"I know already two facts of importance. These facts will lead me on to others. In a word, I can advance, knowing that not very far away is the truth, or I can turn my back on Pont-Aven for ever."

Her voice must have told the reader of many hearts that the issues at stake involved as much to the woman who stood before him as to the man whose salvation, perhaps, hung upon the answer he was entreated to give. Again he walked to the window and gazed out into the gay little garden beyond. It seemed to Téphany an eternity before he came back and took her hand between his large rough palms.

"You are a good woman," he said gravely, "good and pure." He stared hard into her eyes; but she met his glance without wincing. "You ask me a question which a wiser man than I would find hard to answer, but I am going to answer it according to my lights."

"One moment," said Téphany. He saw that she was trembling violently, that her eyes were wet. "Before you speak I wish to say this; many women ask lightly for advice, meaning to take it or reject it according as it pleases them. I—" she controlled herself, raised her head, and spoke proudly, without a quiver of voice or lips—"I am not one of those women, my father. I have asked for your advice because I—mean—to—take—it."

*(To be continued)*