

accept her dowry, and I am sure Sabine thinks as I do."

"Yes," said Sabine, in a voice full of emotion, "you are right, perfectly right."

Pomereul shook his head incredulously.

"Believe me," said Benedict earnestly, "it is better that young people should not have too much money at first. Sometimes their future is marred rather than made by premature good fortune. Money is rather an incentive to idleness than to work. The rich are more apt to gather round them a crowd of parasites and flatterers. For an artist, wealth is a positive misfortune. It induces him to waste his time, and the very praise bestowed on him is often given less to the artist than to the rich man, so that it blinds him to the real value of his work."

"You are right," said Sulpice, pressing Benedict's hand.

"It seems to me, too," said Sabine, blushing, "that it robs the wife of half her merit; it condemns her to idleness, by making her rich all at once. A wealthy bride seems to owe everything to her family, and nothing to her husband. What will it matter, dear father, if the daughter of the millionaire Pomereul be without horses or diamonds? I can use your carriage at need, and Benedict shall see that I know how to dispense with these things cheerfully. My surroundings will be humble; so much the better. I shall go out of my world in marrying an artist, and yet I will remain myself. I do not need large means, which would render work useless, lead me to love the world, and to rival other women in dress and extravagance. We will live upon my husband's earnings as my mother was content to live upon yours."

Pomereul opened his arms to Sabine.