

arms, which for a moment he had raised to heaven under a sudden impulse of enthusiasm.

"The artist is not of this world" he repeated.

"His name, my father, his name that I may let the whole world know it that I may render unto him the glory which is his due."

The monk trembled in every limb; a cold sweat broke out upon his body, a faint color tinged his wan cheeks, his lips were tightly compressed like one not wishing to reveal a mystery, of which he knew the secret.

"His name, his name" cried Rubens.

The monk only shook his head.

"Listen to me brother, you have not understood my meaning. I said to you the artist was not of this world; I did not say he was dead."

"You say he lives, cried the artists in chorus. "Give forth his name."

He has renounced the world — he is in a cloister, he is a monk.

A monk, my father, a monk? Oh, tell me in what convent. He must come out of it. When God stamps a man with the seal of genius, this man should not be buried in obscurity. God gives such a man a sublime mission, and he must accomplish his destiny. Tell me in what cloister he is concealed and I will tear him from it, telling him of the glory that awaits him. If he refuses, I will have him commanded by the Pope to return to the world and resume his brushes. The Pope loves me, my father, and will hearken to my words.

"I will disclose neither his name nor the cloister which has opened its shelter to him," replied the monk in a firm tone.

"The Pope will command you" retorted Rubens exasperated.

"Listen to me replied the monk, listen to me in the name of God. Do you think that this unknown artist, before leaving the world, before renouncing fortune fame and glory, did not first struggle firmly against such a resolution? Think you brother, that he must not have felt bitter deception, great sorrow before he became convinced that all was vanity and affliction of spirit, save only to love and serve God alone. Let him die in peace in