



## THE SANCTUARY



They watched her, Lamoré and the child Anthony, until Fauchet's boat was a speck upon the waters. Lamoré's face was grave. He seemed to have grown old. There was a strange sadness in his eyes.

"She — the good American — she will come to us again?"

It was the voice of the boy Anthony.

"I do not know, my child. We can only wait — Anthony — only wait."

The boy slipped his hand in that of Lamoré, that closed over it quickly.

"And hope," said the child. "Nay, do not be so sad. Always will I love you, *mon père*."

It was the boy Anthony who, three days later, by order of the Great Cardinal, climbed the turret stairs of the chateau and flung the Great Banner with its gold fringe to the breeze.

THE END.