

"Gentlemen of the Jury," he said, and his voice was sweet and gentle, "order the prisoner released and have me arrested. I am Jean Valjean."

Consternation sat upon the faces of the Judges. Father Madelein, the beloved mayor of M sur M was known to all of them. He had gone mad, surely.

"Is there a physician in the audience?" cried the Judge. Then followed the great words that can still restore one's faltering faith in the nobility of humanity.

"God, who is on high," said he, "sees what I am doing and that suffices. I have done my best. I concealed myself under another name and tried to re-enter the ranks of the honest, but it seems it can't be done. A man who has been so greatly humbled as I have has no remonstrances to make with Providence and no advice to society. Before going to the galleys I was a poor peasant, stupid, perhaps; they made me vicious. I was a block of wood; I became a firebrand. Later on kindness saved me as cruelty had destroyed me, but you would not understand. Now take me. Here I am, and let that man go free."

And no man there dared to arrest him for in that chamber there were no longer judges, accusers, gendarmes, nothing but staring eyes and sympathizing hearts. No one could have told how he felt. All were inwardly dazzled. They had witnessed the magnificent act of a man who freely delivered himself up that another man might go free.

I think it was the France of Victor Hugo I had come to see.

That year, 1921, brought many of the next-of-kin to see where their dead were buried and the French women made wreaths for the graves of great variety and beauty. The forget-me-nots made with blue beads could hardly be told from the real flowers. Mrs. Leonard bought a