

had no right to drive me
dishonor upon you," said

"said Benedict gloomily.
will be famous?"

that word on your lips!
whom can I offer it? Will
of my triumph? No; I
I have succeeded; but I
rage. I wanted fame to
matter where. Do you
? No. To-morrow this
ping; in six months' time
attracting crowds of sight-
me rich, but it cannot
e pure fame that I once
for the crowns I once of-
to the Madonna! All is
ot now draw back."
the rough cast of his St.

he said; "it would have
myself. I saw Sabine as
she sang the *O Jesu* of
never sing again for me."

He made a desperate
sobbed aloud, and threw
ing,
er!"
es.

"I have been too weak
one hand the saint, on the
trated yourself before the

"Xavier," cried Benedict, with the vehemence of deep
grief, "can nothing soften Sabine—prayer, promise. re-
pentance?"

"She could not come in here," said Xavier, pointing
to the various groups and statues which adorned the
room.

"No, no, I know," said Benedict hastily. "But if I
purified the sanctuary where she once promised to dwell,
if I drove the idol from its temple and broke it with the
same hammer that brought it out of nothing, would Sa-
bine come?"

"What are you going to do?" said Xavier, terrified to
see that his friend had seized a heavy mallet.

"I am waiting for your answer," said Benedict. "Shall
my false glory and to-morrow's success be annihilated?
Better so, if I must purchase them at the price of re-
morse and suffering."

"But this is a work of genius," said Xavier. "You
will regret what you did in a moment of excitement, and
you will never forgive me or Sabine."

"Would she come back?" cried Benedict again.

"Yes," answered Xavier.

A terrible noise was heard in the studio. Benedict's
hammer had destroyed the group from which an hour
before he expected so much fame and happiness.
"*Hylas and the Nymphs*" flew into bits, and Xavier
stood by in consternation, wondering whether Benedict
had gone mad or whether he was merely obeying the
imperious voice of conscience. In a few moments naught
remained of the fountain but the shapeless remnants
strewn the studio floor. And beside them fell Ben-
edict senseless. Xavier hastily called Beppo, laid Bene-
dict on the sofa in the smoking-room, lowered the cur-
tains separating it from the studio, threw the green
branches offered to the nymphs at the feet of St. Ce-