

at a glance, and no sooner had he done so, than he tore the passport to shreds and committed them to the flames. The noble son would not imperil his father's life, for the sake of protecting his own.

When this was done, the father bowed himself, placed his elbows on his knees, and his face in his hands ; and, filled with conflicting emotions, became silent in this new agony. In a chair, near him, sat his affectionate and heroic son. One of the most terrific revolutions known in the world's history had swept over the land. The monarchy and the Roman Catholic church had gone down in a common ruin. The gulf between the old and the new yawned between the father and the son ; but paternal and filial love survived, and held their hearts together. They are having their last interview. Both knew the dangers and uncertainties of the future. It was a time for silence and agony, not talk and tears. There is trouble that dries the eyes, wrenches the heart and seals the lips. Maternal love had taken the mother out of the room. It was one of those supreme moments when the heroism of the woman rises above the storm—a time, when the woman sits calmly on the storm cloud. Even the mother at such times is subordinated to the practical woman.

The son took a final leave of his father. He went out into the dark night. His future was night. But, outside of the door, he found his mother waiting his departure. Here the son received the last embrace, the last kiss from his devoted mother. If the parting with the father within doors was painful and pathetic, what was the parting with the mother out of doors ? The silent stars witnessed it. The Great Father above the stars saw and understood it. The mother and the son lingered in each other's arms ; but the coming of the day lingered not. The mother must carry her aching, bursting heart back into the house ; the son must flee for his life into the dark, unknown future.

Jean Mande, on parting from his mother, received from her hands a parcel, which had been made up by motherly forethought, in the conflict of this midnight hour. Silently and sad, the son directs his steps towards the English coast. This heavy trial compelled silence between husband and wife for the night. There are agonies which neither weeping nor words can relieve. In his hiding place, the next morning, Jean Mande Sigogne opened the parcel given him by his mother, to satisfy his hunger. In it he