

the family, and if he has been hitherto unworthy of a partiality in which we all had our share, I am sure that sooner or later he will deserve it."

"God grant it," said Pomereul.

"Promise me, dear father, to speak mildly to him," said Sulpice.

"Mildly," said Pomereul, "but firmly."

"All will be well then, believe me," said the priest; "and now, to celebrate this betrothal day with something a little less dismal, listen to Sabine's music which is almost as fine as Benedict's sculpture."

The young girl had just left the piano, but she took her seat at the organ, and played one of those marvellous sacred melodies, the *O Jesu*, of Haydn. This sublime prayer of supplication, in which the man's cry of agony is followed by the child's caressing entreaty, was interpreted by Sabine with rare depth and tenderness. Few could perform this piece as she did, and Benedict closing his eyes, beheld above him the groined arches of a chapel, heard a mighty organ taking on its wingéd notes the prayers of the kneeling multitude. When he opened them, he caught such a look of inspiration upon Sabine's face that he cried out to her in a subdued voice,

"Stay like that for one minute more. Next year I will send a Saint Cecilia to the Salon."

When the last notes of the music had died away, Benedict rose to take his leave. He shook hands with M. Pomereul and Sulpice, took a flower which Sabine offered him, and left the house, and the family, whom he thenceforth considered as his own.

"Till to-morrow," Pomereul had said to him; "henceforth your place will be set at the table every day."

When the young artist had gone, Sabine said good night to her father.