

for the purpose of preventing a rupture, of which only François and myself can be the judges, but it shall be to give us an opportunity to acclaim you, to express to you our admiration, and our gratitude for your work !'

At this they all clapped hands, transported with delight, and the splendour of the sun seemed to have returned and to stream in a sheet of gold through the lofty windows. Yes, yes, this was the grandfather's triumph in that very classroom where he had fought so bravely, where he had given the best of his heart and his mind to those who would become the people of the morrow. Children, grandchildren, great-grandchildren, all were his pupils, and all surrounded him as if he were a very venerable and powerful patriarch from whom the happy future had sprung. He had kissed Rose, who represented the last generation in its flower, on his lap ; and she had twined her arms about his neck, and was covering his face with kisses. His daughter Louise, and her son Clément had set themselves beside him with Joseph and Charlotte. And Sébastien and Sarah smiled at him and stretched out their clasped hands, while Thérèse and François drawn nearer together, it seemed, by their affection for the august old man, seated themselves at his feet. At last Marc deeply moved, almost stifled by the caresses heaped on him, said jestingly, with a pleasant laugh, 'My children, my children, you must not make a god of me ! You know very well that the churches are being shut up. . . . I am only a hard worker who has finished his day. Besides, I do not want to triumph without my dear Geneviève beside me.'

He drew her near, taking her by the arm, and they kissed her as they had kissed him, in such wise that the husband and wife, once parted, then reconciled and from that time commanding all possible happiness, were conjoined and glorified in that elementary class-room, among those forms on which, again and again, the children's children of the generations going towards the happy city, would sit on their seats.

And that was Marc's reward for all his years of courage and effort. He saw his work before him. Rome had won the battle, France was saved from death, from the dust and ruin in which Catholic nations disappear, one after the other. She had been rid of the clerical faction which had chosen her territory as its battlefield, ravaging her fields, poisoning her people, striving to create darkness in order to dominate