

cheeks on the day of your departure, it was because you left behind you a happy past, and your youthful dreams and ambition. But I wished you to have such a trial. It was needed to temper your soul. Sheltered by my care and forethought, you knew nothing of the dangers of the world. You thought that each one lived there in the dignity of his own purity, and the strength of his own convictions, without either struggle or effort. I wanted you to pass through that fiery furnace, and come forth tempered for the battle of life. The boy bade me farewell with swelling heart and tearful eyes; I hoped that the man would return to me. He is come. You have made no false steps upon your way. Your gaze has remained fixed upon one star, your heart was true to one attachment. It was well done; it is rare and beautiful. Artists of your age often drag their inspiring muse in the mud. But you begged her to raise you upon her wings, and she has kept you there. You have often called me your benefactor, to-day you called me master, there is but one more title you can give me."

"One title," cried Benedict, "then you understand, you do not despise my—"

"Your father gives you his hand," said Pomereul. Benedict grasped it, with large tears standing in his eyes, and thus the two men stood face to face for some moments, emotion keeping them silent. It was with regret they both heard Baptiste's voice at the door, asking,

"Can you receive M. André Nicols, sir?"

"Of course," said M. Pomereul advancing towards the door.

"Then, my statue—" said Benedict.

"Is Sabine's property now," said Pomereul, "and by the way, we must let her have this surprise as soon as possible."