

“Why do you come to me for Joi Billette?” he asked gently. “If he is here, why disturb him? He asks to see no one. He is content.”

“I ask you, where is Joi Billette?” the girl repeated. Her attitude was almost threatening.

“Why come to me?” the Mariste insisted. “What am I?”

“For you,” exclaimed Euphrasie, “I do not care that!” She raised her hand and snapped her fingers. “Where is Joi Billette?”

Her voice rang through the hallway, and at that moment Joi appeared behind the Mariste, his face pale and his eyes full of wonder. When Euphrasie saw him she turned away from the door and began to weep. Joi looked at the Mariste for an explanation, but, without waiting for it, he ran to Euphrasie, as she was going away, and threw his arms around her.

The Mariste nodded his head approvingly, and closed the door.