

success, as her talent for the pencil was of unusual order. Sadie Cordova and her children were firmly established at Poussette's, and this chronicle would be incomplete without a glance at the future of the good-hearted couple. Poussette, who had never meant any harm either in the case of Miss Clairville or Miss Cordova, appeared to be considerably impressed by the events of a certain winter, and after the arrival of Maisie and Jack treated them as his own and gave up the idea of a divorce. The pranks and escapades of two irresponsible, spoilt and active children kept him on the look-out a good deal of his time, and before very long he had decided that children after all were occasionally in the way, and like other good things on this earth, best had in moderation. Still, he never failed to treat them with all kindness, and towards their mother he remained to the last, upon hearing her story of two cruel husbands, one of whom might claim her any day, the very pattern of chivalrous honour. Who shall pronounce the final word as to happiness—the quest of it, the failure to find it, the rapture with which it sometimes announces itself attained! This is no morbid tale, after all, although we may have lingered at times over scenes neither pleasant nor cheerful, for behold!—Mme. Poussette is happy, in her hospital; Dr. Renaud is happy among his patients; Angeel is deliriously happy, with her crayons and paper; all the Archambaults are happy; Maisie and Jack, Poussette and Miss Cordova are all happy, happy in their rude health, with plenty of good food, fun and excitement; even Father Rielle is happy, in his work, having conquered his passion for Miss Clairville, and perhaps when a few years have flown and her health is restored the dweller against her will in the gloomy house of her fathers will emerge from her torpor and engage in some active work that will afford her restless spirit a measure of happiness. Often she cries in the dead of night:—

“Have I deserved this? Have I done wrong that I am