

"Nay, then, thy trouble is the other way. Look thee! should *I* be called, who would care for *thee*, and remind thee that with a good wife and nothing else thou art rich? But when she dowers thee with a fine house all needfully furnished, and keeps it neat for thee, and mends thy own and her small store of clothes so that none need be purchased, and all of the two hundred dollars thou art able to earn in the year may be reserved for food and winter fire and a roll of *tabac* for thy pipe, then, indeed, thou art passing rich beyond all further want, and an ingrate, and—and—thy 'Toinnette loves thee—and would cheer thee—and will kiss the black devils away! There! —How likest thou the taste?"

"Ah! 'Toinnette, 'Toinnette, thou art the same but for the years and the silver in thy hair, as when I took thee from thy home in the Place Viger long ago, and what I should have done, and would do, without thee, *le bon Dieu* only knows. But even thou canst not deny that the Lenten fare comes often out of season. And one may be permitted to dream of the taste of a glass of wine, the odor of a cigar, and the smell of a feast-day cooking. If we could but gather another fifty dollars in the year, and had even one hundred dollars in hand against the time of sickness, I could almost join thee in thy cheerful survey."

"*Courage, mon ami!* Reassure thyself! If thou hast not wealth, there is yet enough, and thy ship may one day come in. Now, *grace à Dieu*, none demands his unpaid debt, and honorable poverty is no disgrace."

"True, 'Toinnette, mine honor none may take away. And, as thou savest, I have *thee*. For the rest, it shall be as God wills."

The pious expression of resignation came unreservedly from the bottom of the honest old heart, and the sus-