

The Father his short-lived-grief over rejoined his old comrades and frequented his old haunts, where no longer restrained by the gentle influence of his Christian wife, he imbibed socialism and impiety as well as whiskey.

"Your boy is growing fast ! We must keep an eye on him. Too bad you ever had him baptized ; but of course, that was your wife's fault. If we had had our way, we would have baptized him with wine and made a famous Socialist of him. But what's done cant be undone, so we'll just do the best we can now and make a little wolf-



hunter of him, won't we Aubin ?" said this particular friend. we have already mentioned, one night during their drunken carousal. Aubin depraved as he was, did not relish the proposal, and kept silence.

Not in the least discouraged his wily interrogator treated him to glass after glass of strong drink, till the glaring eyes told him his man was now but a tool in his hands and his game already won. So he began again :

"Just imagine what I heard. That your boy. Yours ! was going to make his First Communion. You won't allow him, will you ? You won't tolerate any such superstition, will you ?"