

"Yes," she had said, laying one hand in Bonaventure's and the other in Sidonie's and speaking in the old Acadian tongue, "when I was young and proud I taught 'Thanase to despise and tease him. I did not know then that I was such a coward myself. If I had been a better scholar, Bonaventure, when we used to go to school to the curé together — a better learner — not in the books merely, but in those things that are so much better than the things books teach — how different all might have been! Thank God, Bonaventure, one of us was." She turned to Sidonie to add, — "But that one was Bonaventure. We will all go" — to the funeral — "we will all go and bury vain regrets — with the dead."

The influence of the sad office they had just performed was on the group still, as they paused to give us the words of greeting we coveted. Yet we could see that a certain sense of being very, very rich in happiness was on them all, though differently on every one.

Zoséphine wore the pear-shaped pearl.

The preacher said good-day, and started down the steps that used to lead from the levee down across a pretty fountained court and into the town. But my friend Tarbox — for I must tell you I like to call him my friend, and like it better every day; we can't all be one sort; you'd like him if you knew him as I do — my friend Tarbox beckoned me to detain him.

"Christian!" I called — that is the preacher's real name. He turned back and met Tarbox just where I stood. They laid their arms across each other's shoulders in a very Methodist way, and I heard Tarbox say: