

was not permitted to go to church—two weeks passed in hard toil and misery, but alleviated by fond hope and true love. On the Monday morning Paul Sansfaçon drove up to the door, which was opened by Adèle. She was alone, but Louis and Sarah were not far off, and they saw the smart country cart drawn up before their house, where never before a stranger's cart had been, and they hurried home, shrewdly guessing what was up. But Paul was too quick for them. Adèle, by his advice, hastily dressed herself, and taking up her small wardrobe and tying it in a bundle, she jumped up beside Paul, and the smart Canadian pony was whirling them out by the gate, at the moment Louis and Sarah arrived. Loud and deep were the imprecations uttered by Louis; bitter and cruel were the words screamed after them by Sarah. But words do not kill. Adèle was wild with excitement, and wept and laughed by turns; but reassured by Paul, and fanned by the cool breeze as they dashed along the country road, she gradually became quiet, and when they arrived at the church door all her self-possession had returned. It was a simple ceremony which made Paul and Adèle man and wife. No bridesmaids attended. The bride herself, save in the sweet look of love and dependence, did not look a bride; no garland of orange flowers wreathed her hair, no snowy veil drooped from her shoulders; but in her neat peasant dress she vowed before God to take him for better, for worse. Proud and supremely happy, Paul and Adèle left the church and went towards their home. On their way they met Louis and Sarah, in a tumble-down cart drawn by a shaky Rozinante, going to forbid the marriage. Their meanness in the acquisition of horseflesh had frustrated their design. The marriage, after the publication of the banns, had been the gossip of the village, but the hermit life led by Louis prevented him hearing of it.

“For some six or seven years fortune favored Paul and Adèle, and their little boy and girl grew into fine chubby children. Then Paul died of inflammation of the lungs, and the wheelwright business passed into other hands. But he had been a careful man, and had saved money, and on this Adèle lived; but it was burning the candle at both ends, and at last it gave out, and Adèle had to work to gain bread for herself and children. Louis and Sarah had never seen her since her bridal day, and they had become more recluse than ever, working day and night, hoarding money day and night, starving day and night. At last Adèle's strength gave way, and she was laid beside Paul in the village churchyard, and the two little orphans were left alone in the wide, wide world.

“Oh it was pitiful!

Near a whole city full,

Home they had none!

“The curé was a kind-hearted man. He went to Louis Berthiaume and told him of Adèle's death and the destitution of her children; but this did not move the heart of the miserly Louis, and he said not a word. Then the curé spoke with authority. He told him his duty, and he, the curé, would see that he performed that duty, and notified him to be prepared to receive the children within an hour. Little Paul was nine and little Adèle was eight years of age. If their mother had received hard treatment, her poor children received much worse. The slightest fault committed by them ensured a beating from either Louis or Sarah; and the two children grew up in continual fear of punishment. For six years they worked, and were beaten and starved. Little Adèle was even more beautiful than her mother, and one day she was missing. She had been most severely beaten by Louis for plucking a cucumber, and sharing it with her brother. She had wandered to the roadside and sat down by the gate weeping as if her heart would