

Madam the nurse, the children all the house-hold are gone to mass....

All but the poor master and he is lonesome. Why didn't he go to mass also ?

He go to mass !...Why he's a man !...And besides, what would they say ?...

They say...They say...Did you ever meet Mr. *They Say* ?

Mr *They-Say* personifies all those who have not the courage of their convictions and who weakly excuse their want of character by saying : I know very well what I should do but I do not do it. I am a coward !.

Don't for a moment imagine Mr *They-Say*, personifies respectable, sensible members of society.

What would these latter say if the master went to mass ?

Simply that he was doing his duty, whereas now he neglects it.

But the master is evidently more afraid of the senseless crowd and consequently buries himself in his house Easter Sunday morning as in a sepulchre.

In a sepulchre. I speak literally. That man is a corpse. Upright men despise him, God upbraids him : "You bear the name of living and you are dead ; I will blot you from the book of life".

Heaven grant this poor deluded corpse may arise before the hour of doom !

His angel guardian wept on the threshold of his dwelling.

The radiant Easter Angel sang as he passed, Alleluia, The Angel guardian of his wife and children repeated with equal joy :

Alleluia !

But the father's and husband's sobbed :

De Profundis, my brother, De Profundis !

The one to the right, a nice house, three windows on the upper flat, two on the lower; door in the centre, white walls, grey shutters, slate roof.

Papa—"Marguerite, come and fasten my necktie."

Marguerite—"In a minute, Papa, I am just finishing tying my shoe-lace."

Mamma—"Nurse, bring me baby's white dress."

Nurse—"Here it is Madam."