should catch no end of fish. You would help me to spread the nets."

"But father will never let you have the boat, I know," said Thérence.

"Why should he know anything about it? He will be sure to forgive us, when he sees how much fish we bring home."

It was now about a month since the accident, and François, unable to do anything, was strolling about sadly, with his arm in a sling.

The two children were sitting in the porch talking in an under tone, which they ceased as their father drew near. Thérence had lost all her good looks, and was pale and thin from insufficient clothing, and stooping continually over her lace pillow.

François stood looking at them a few minutes, and then turned aside, sighing heavily.

"Should you be afraid to go?" whispered Hector, as soon as his father had gone away.

"I afraid!" said Thérence: "no; I was only thinking whether it would be right."

"What harm can there be? We shan't hurt the boat. We will only go if the sea is very calm. That is why I want you to make up your mind quickly. The sea is like a river to day, and it will be high-water about half-past four or five. We can slip out after supper, nobody will miss us; and even supposing we do not catch much, it will not be