

— stitch, stitch, stitch, — all day long, and humming a tune; you see him cut out the *sabot*, you see him fashion the *soulier-de-bœuf*, and you think, “Here is a man who ought to glow with happiness.” But good! Wait till you hear him railing at his little ones, and growling at the *belle-mère* who is at once his slave and his benefactress. Wait till you see him jostle rudely against the old *pepère* who sits drooling and dribbling in the corner, and then tell me whether he is happy and contented. Look, yonder is Euphemie Toupin, running lightly across the fields, the roses blooming in her face, her eyes sparkling with youth and hope, and her beautiful hair flying loose in the wind. Presently you will hear her calling the cows, — “Come thou! Come thou on!” and the echo will fall softly and sweetly on her own ears, — “Come thou! Come thou on!” And then the memory of another voice calling thus in a neighboring field will rise in her heart, and she will clasp her hands together and give way to her misery.

No, no, messieurs, the peace and contentment at St. Valerien, as elsewhere, are found in the deep skies, in the purple mists that