

gospel, and preached his second sermon, on charity.

Well, the gossip soon died out, and no wonder ; for, with all her beauty and wild impulsiveness, where could be found a purer or a tenderer-hearted girl than Euphrasie Charette ? It will be very many years before another such as she will be running and romping and singing through the village, laughing with the young and sympathizing with the old. This was when the great world beyond St. Valerien was a dream as vague to her as the story of *le loup-garou*. Then, when she was a little older and more beautiful than ever, she was sent to the convent at St. Hyacinthe, and there she heard larger rumors of the great world. She had not much to learn in music, — her whole nature was tuned to melody ; but while she was learning her English and her other lessons, she was also learning something of the world she had barely caught a glimpse of. Not much, no, but something, — just a little. Two of her school friends were from the States. French, yes ; their families belonged near Montreal, but had gone to the States, where work is easy and wages are good. Euphrasie, inquis-