

for she wept more than any one when Euphrasie was going, and in the long nights afterwards she lay awake to weep. But there was so much to do nobody could sit and grieve. Joi Billette worked harder than ever, and he found time to help the madame. He cut wood and carried water, and she told him he was handier about the house than Euphrasie, who had too many ideas from books.

It was not such a long year, after all. In the spring and summer there was the farm work to do, the milk to be carried to the cheese factory, and the bark to be gathered for the tannery. Everybody was busy, and Joi Billette was busiest of all. For a little while Euphrasie wrote to him every week, and then she wrote no more. Joi said nothing. He could hear of her through Madame Charette, and that was enough. Perhaps she was too busy, — perhaps everything, except that she had forgotten him. So the year went on, and at last Euphrasie wrote that she was coming home for the *fête* of Jour de l'An. It is the custom here for the absent ones to return home on the first day of the year, to ask their father's blessing; and there is often a friendly contest among