

m' sieu'. To work all day hard for the money, and when the money come—well we have good time. Is it not fair, m' sieu'? To work hard one must have some fun. For what then is the money good?"

"But," said I, "some day you will be old."

"I have not think of that m' sieu'," and then suddenly, "The fish he will bite fine tomorrow."

"Yes, I hope so. We will start early, so I think I shall go to bed. Good night, Jacques."

But Jacques did not retire. He seemed disturbed, as though a struggle were going on within him. The evening silently changed to night, and Jacques sat thinking. The stars came out one by one until the heavens were dotted with twinkling points of light. The moon showed itself above the trees. And still Jacques sat thinking. Suddenly he arose and came rapidly into the cabin.

"Coming to bed, Jacques?" said I

"Oh, is m' sieu' awake? I must tell you what I have think. I have decide—" and he hesitated.

"Yes."

"I have decide not to drink until—let's see—one year."

I reached for his hand. "It is a bargain, Jacques, for one year." And we were soon asleep.

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Often during the long wintry months, when the open fire was lighted, I would sit in the circle of its cheerful blaze and dream of those Canadian woods; and gazing into the glowing coals I would sometimes picture the little cabin in the wilderness and wonder if Jacques had kept his promise. When the warm days of spring began to awaken sleeping trees and flowers, the forest streams called to me with a sweet persistence. So with the coming of early summer I began my journey.

When I arrived at the little village, evening had already settled over the forest, and the voices of the woods, so numerous by day, were hushed. A slight breeze quietly stirred the branches of the trees, but the soft, almost inaudible sounds seemed to add to the deep stillness. How good it was to be back again in this quiet place. It was the coming home after a long wandering.

I hurried up the path until the cabin loomed before me. Jacques must have retired, for no light appeared in the window. Well, I would awaken him, so I rapped loudly upon the door. But no reply came to my ear; only the murmur of the trees. Surely he was not at the village, for had he not promised. Again I rapped, but no