

answer came from within. I tried the door,—locked. Jacques was not there. Then suddenly there arose from the distance the sounds of drunken cheers, rough, coarse, and boisterous; and then all was again quiet. A feeling of doubt and disappointment crept into my heart, and with its coming there seemed to go from me my faith in the Canadian forest. The sounds which but a few moments before had been so significant of promise, now seemed empty and meaningless, and the whole trip seemed to have lost its charm. I was sorry I had come.

As I started away I was attracted by a distant light shining dimly through the woods, not steadily like a candle or lamp, but pale and flickering, as the reflection of fire upon running water. I picked my way through the darkness, stumbling over fallen trees, until I came to a house. In response to my knocking a woman appeared in the doorway. The light which came from the burning logs in the grate was too dim to reveal her features, but there seemed something very familiar in her voice—a strange sweetness that recalled some memory. As I stepped into the room, a tall, broad-shouldered man sitting before the fire rose quickly to his feet and turned toward me.

Jacques!

“M’ sieu’ it is you? Welcome to my house.”

“Your house?”

A broad smile spread over his face and he turned toward the woman who had just closed the door. “Yes, m’ sieu’, mine and Anette’s.”

“And you do not miss the—the good times, Jacques?” said I, laughing.

We had drawn our chairs before the fire, and Anette coming forward settled herself proudly beside her partner. Putting his arm around her, he slowly answered, “This is the good time, m’ sieu’.”