

fern, and a smaller cluster of lilies of the valley and forget-me-nots, and another from the Society for State Registration.

BOOK OF THE WEEK.

"THE MONEY MAKER."*

"Peace and plenty, peace and plenty," that was the phrase M. Jean Jacques Barbille, miller and money-master, applied to his home scene when he was at the height of his career. Both winter and summer the place had a look of content and comfort, even a kind of opulence. When Jean Jacques' father died, and he came into his own he found himself at thirty a man of substance and unmarried—"who could have had the pick of the province." This was what the Curé said in despair, when Jean Jacques did the incomprehensible thing and married *L'Espagnole*, or "the Spanische," as the lady was always called in the English of the habitant.

Carmen was an adventuress, or perhaps it would be fairer to say she was the daughter of an adventurer, she herself had been a lady's maid. Jean Jacques met her on the boat on his return journey to Quebec.

"She had a wonderful skin, a smooth, velvety cheek, where faint roses came and went; and eh, she was grandly tall—so Jean Jacques thought—while he drew himself up to his full five feet, six and a half, with a determined air. Even at his best, however, Jean Jacques could not reach within three inches of her height."

"*Moi—je suis M'sieu Jean Jacques, philosophe.*" Poor man, his philosophy was sorely tried! His marriage was not a success, but he remained loyal to his beautiful wife.

The Curé ventured to speak to him of Carmen's neglect of her religious duties and he received a rebuff. Jean Jacques did it in good style for a man who had had no particular training in the social arts. This is how he did it and what he said:—

"There have been times when I myself have thought it would be a good thing to rest from the duties of a Catholic, m'sieu le curé."

"No Catholic should speak like that," said the shocked priest.

"What do you know of the reasons of the abstentions of madame? She has a mind that can judge for itself. I have a body that is always going, and it gets too little rest, and that keeps my soul in a flutter too. It must be always getting to mass and getting to confession and saying *aves* and doing penance; it is such a busy little soul of mine; but we are not all alike and madame's body goes in a more stately way. I am like a comet, she is like the sun—steady, steady; round and round, with plenty of sleep and the comfortable darkness. Sometimes madame goes hard; so does the sun in

summer—shines, shines, shines, like a furnace; so it is with the human soul—I think the soul goes hard as well as the body,—churning, churning away in the heat of the sun; and then it gets quiet and goes to sleep in the cloudy day when the body is sick of its bouncing, and it has a rest—the soul has a rest which is good for it, m'sieu. . . . Besides, the soul of madame is her own. I have not made claim upon it, and I will not expect you to do more, m'sieu le curé."

Loyal Jean Jacques! The above extract is wonderfully appealing, and we regret that it is impossible to give the whole passage.

Carmen left Jean Jacques for another, and his daughter Zoe fled with the man of her choice, and Jean Jacques' mill was burned to the ground and his sole remaining six thousand francs were stolen by Carmen's worthless father.

Even the care of Zoe's motherless child is denied him.

"*Moi—je suis philosophe,*" he said gently, and opened the door and stepped forth into the frozen world. Poor Jean Jacques, it was not fair,

H. H.

A LITTLE BOOK OF QUIET.

Here hath God pined and bled
That I might make my bed
More softly and secure.

For here His brow was torn
With the black crown of thorn
That all my thoughts might be
Set upon purity.

Here stretched His either arm
So He might wile and charm
Back to His dear embrace
All the lost human race.

Here were His healing hands
Held down by cruel bands;
Alas! my every sin
Driveth new nails therein!

—From "*The Tree*," by Dorothy
Frances Gurney.

COMING EVENTS.

December 13th.—City Red Cross Hospital, Finsbury Square, E.C. Reception by the Lady Mayoress (President) and the Committee. 4. p.m.

December 15th.—Central Midwives Board Examination, London and Liverpool. The Oral Examination follows in a few days.

December 16th and 17th.—Central Midwives Board. Penal cases. Caxton House, Westminster, S.W. 11 a.m.

A WORD FOR THE WEEK.

Our life is but a little holding, lent
To do a mighty labour—we are one
With heaven and the stars when it is spent
To serve God's aim, else die we with the sun.

—Meredith.

* By Gilbert Parker. Hutchinson & Co., Paternoster Row.

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