

Contentment seems to be the characteristic of these simple people.

Monsieur was inclined to be reserved and thoughtful, although by no means surly. He could brighten up at times and talk well, and always said something worth listening to. Madame Lisette was cheerfulness itself, and rippled over with gentle mirth. She had a dry humorous way of relating an anecdote that gave its comic points full play.

How fate had contrived to bring about a union between two such opposite temperaments, it is hard to say.

They appeared very happy together, and Monsieur's face would relax from its seriousness and actually broaden into a smile when Lisette related in her comic style some event that had occurred during his absence, accompanying her words with appropriate action. It was irresistibly ludicrous. I always recall with a smile her anecdote about "Poco."

Poco, it appears, was a patriarchal goat of unusual proportions and most imposing presence. From his youth he had displayed an ambition to frequent society far above his kind. Being particularly well behaved while a kid every one indulged his laudable aspirations. He was a welcome guest at all the festive gatherings in the village, where elders as well as children accorded him a recognized position. He would have been a bold man who attempted to treat Poco as an interloper at one of these gatherings. As he advanced in years and became impressed with a sense of the responsibility befitting his position as the head of a numerous family, although he still attended the gatherings, he confined himself to merely regarding with much interest whatever was going on. When the amusements were concluded he quietly left the ground, and majestically stalked through the street homewards with infinite solemnity and dignity.

One Sunday Poco suddenly conceived the idea of going to the village church. The little building stood at the end of the principal street. Under a window near the

west door was a tombstone about three feet high. Standing on this tombstone he could command a full view of pulpit and preacher. The pastor of the church was the very *beau idéal* of the village curé, kindly, sympathizing and patient with the erring. He was beloved by everyone in his parish, which he had served for many years. He had often met Poco and exchanged greetings. He admired the old patriarch immensely, and Poco undoubtedly looked up to him with great affection and veneration.

The pastor's style of preaching was very far from being of the fire and brimstone type; and after one of his kindly sermons, his hearers went home to dinner with a comfortable feeling that the road to heaven had been cleared of all obstacles, and that they were making excellent progress along it. Such was the tone of divine service when Poco presented himself at the church door for the first time one fine Sunday morning. No one seemed at all surprised when he appeared on the scene. To the credit even of the small boys of the congregation, it must be recorded that they kept their seats, and did not even laugh or point. They took his presence as a matter of course. Had they not from their infancy been accustomed to see Poco an honoured guest in every meeting at the village?

After glancing leisurely round, Poco jumped on the tombstone and surveyed the interior of the little church. His inspection satisfied him that his standpoint was everything that could be desired for the comfort and convenience of a church attendant. He always stood during the service, and especially enjoyed the music and singing. When Father Paul ascended the pulpit Poco prepared himself for a reverent attention to the soothing voice of his friend. He reclined on the tombstone, with his left front leg tucked under his breast, the right one stretched out straight before him. He dropped his huge ears over his eyes, to shut out worldly thoughts. He chewed his cud and half closed his eyes. Asleep? Oh, no! He was only closely concentrating his attention on the peaceful thoughts his