

majestic wrath, shaking his great shaggy head, and like a second Jove, prepared to hurl his thunderbolts. Suddenly a new idea seemed to strike him. Stretching out his massive neck to the fullest extent, with ears laid close and drawn well back, he fixed his eyes on the preacher with a steady gaze. Then having summed up the whole thing, and being convinced that it was merely a storm in a pulpit about nothing, he very deliberately, while keeping his eye still on Dr. Weber, turned his upper lip over his nose and let out a tremendous snort—and then burst out into a torrent of ridicule in goat language:

"Pooh, baa, Weber! Pooh, baa, Weber! But, but, pooh, baa! Mus, mas, pooh, pooh, Weber!" stamping his fore foot to enforce the argument.

Consternation seized the assembled worshippers. What could have possessed poor Poco?

Dr. Weber paused; the confusion drowned his voice. The moment he attempted to speak, Poco renewed his mocking ridicule.

The enraged priest ordered the door-keeper to turn Poco out of the church. The officer hesitated. Poco was a formidable opponent. The doctor insisted. The beadle then came forward, armed with a stick. Now Poco had never in his life been ill-treated, and at his age to be threatened publicly with a stick, made him angrier than ever. The man approached the tombstone. Poco jumped down, and with the tip of his tongue showing between his lips, and a wicked glare in his eye, stepped forward to meet his aggressor. The beadle raised the stick. Poco reared himself on his hind legs, and muttering: "Bet—bet—better not!" charged the man as he was in the act of striking, hit him fair in the waistcoat, and left him prostrate in the dust. He then strode out of the gate with his head in the air, letting off one last tremendous snort, expressive of intense scorn, as he started up the road for home.

Lisette's realistic acting of this scene nearly convulsed me with laughter. After

I regained speech I inquired as to the real cause of Poco's outbreak.

"It must have been Dr. Weber's voice and excited manner," said Monsieur. "Since Poco took to going to church he had never heard any other priest but Father Paul. I don't know what else could have irritated him."

"That was the cause," said Lisette. "for you remember he kept saying: 'Weber, pooh, Weber!'"

"That is conclusive evidence," said I.

"He has never gone to church since that Sunday," said Lisette. "They told us that he must not be allowed there again, but he kept away of his own accord; we had no trouble with him."

"Poco discovered what his betters had learnt long ago," said Monsieur.

"What is that?" asked I. "That we can't always have the one we like."

"No, not that," said Monsieur, "but that theology has often caused bitter feelings in otherwise peaceful places."

"It is not so much theology, but the one-sided statement of theology that causes the trouble. What became of Poco?" I remarked.

"He is still alive, but very feeble from age," said Monsieur. "He is unable to travel up and down the hill. In the winter we bring him down for shelter."

"I would like very much to see him," I said. "It would be something to boast of, that I had seen so remarkable a theologian."

"I'll take you to-morrow to the spot where we are likely to find him," Monsieur replied.

Next morning we started up the mountain, and after a stiff climb, arrived at a level space in a lonely nook. A little stream trickled down and filled a small natural basin in the rock. It was a fit spot for a "holy hermit," weary of the passions of men, and longing for "something far from the sphere of our sorrows." Near by, on a slab of stone, warmed by the sun, lay the aged Poco, chewing his cud, with his ears drawn down over his eyes, just as Lisette had pictured him on the tombstone. His