

Wind And Sea.

The sea is a jovial comrade;
He laughs wherever he goes;
His meriment shines in the dimpling lines
That wrinkle his hale repose;
He lays himself down at the feet of the sun,
And shakes all over with glee;
And the broad-backed-billows fall faint on the
Shore,
In the mirth of the mighty sea.

But the wind is sad and restless,
And cursed with an inward pain;
You may mark as you will, by valley or hill,
But you hear him still complain.
He wails on the barren mountains
And shrieks on the watery sea,
He sobs in the cedar, and moans in the pine,
And shudders all over the aspen-tree.

Welcome are both their voices;
And I know not which is best—
The laughter that slips from ocean's lips,
Or the comfortless wind's unrest.
There's a pang in all rejoicing,
A joy in the heart of pain;
And the wind that saddens, the sea that glads,
Are singing the self-same strain.

PERE COVIN.

CHAPTER I.

I was at the top of my court—a grassy slope, thickly set with apple-trees—we should call it an orchard in England, where a "court" seems to suggest pavement, which it is far from doing in Normandy. Not but what there are plenty of stones in my court, and Gracie, my precious, only daughter, sits in the sunshine making Druidic circles with them—Gracie, who is a vision of delight, the small tyrant of our fields at home. Mirza, the big dog, is watching her with a grave and puzzled mien, some occult resemblance in the flint stones to well-pollished bones seeming to enchain his interest. There is another circle-maker close by—the cow—tethered by a chain passed round her horns to an iron pin, driven firmly into the soil. To give the cow a new center of operations is my present object—but where to put her? She has eaten up all my grass, and is now looking wistfully at the green tied round Gracie's hat, as if she would like to eat that too.

My speculations are cut short by a low growl from Mirza, the object of which, I see next moment, a man leaning over the gate—the one that leads forward—a sallow, heavy-browed man, in the universal blue blouse and closely fitting fur cap, this last quite out of keeping with the climate. He touched his cap politely.

"Monsieur has a nice cow; but she looks thin. And the grass of the court—it is worth nothing."
"The grass is not bad," I remarked, "if there were only more of it."
"Ah! Monsieur, should see the grass in my court, thick and luscious, and I have no cow to eat it. Will Monsieur sell the cow?"
No, I would not sell the cow. It had cost me too much to acquire a real practical working-cow, whose milk foams in the pail, milk that will develop into cream and butter. I would not part with the cow, but would my new friend sell his grass?

"Oh!" cried Gracie, running up at this moment, "it is my little pere Covin. Bo'jour, petit pere, and have you made the little boat you promised me?"
"Not yet," said Covin, stooping down to kiss the proffered face, I have not found a piece of wood suitable."
"But there is wood everywhere."
Covin, in spite of his heavy and forbidding look, is kind and obliging. He certainly has got a nice piece of grass, with not so many flint stones cropping up. We strike a bargain at once, without troubling the notary to put it into writing—a lease of his court for an indefinite period, at a rent of 5 francs per year, payable quarterly in advance.

As we came out I saw the Professor coming along, and paused to wait for him. The Professor and his wife reside in the neighboring town, our only compatriots within a circle of many miles.

The character I heard of Covin from the Professor, hardly tended to reassure me. He was a fisherman, it seemed, having a boat on the river, and often sleeping on board it. No one in the village liked him; he was "sauvage," morose and uncommunicative, living an utterly lonely life. The only person who had a good word for him was the cure. "Covin," he said, "is industrious and attentive to his religious duties. I have known him to spend hours in the church praying, his face working with strong emotion, his eyes fixed upon the sacred images."

But the cure added gravely that although estimable in some points, he feared the man was passionate and revengeful. His unbridled temper had already brought him into trouble, about which the cure declined to say any more.

I found out what the trouble had been from another quarter. He had attempted to assassinate his "proprietor" (his landlord), and had only lately finished a term of imprisonment for the offense. I comforted myself by the thought, that even the most ungovernable of men would not assassinate a tenant who paid him rent regularly, and I determined that Covin should get his quarterly payment with most scrupulous punctuality.

Soon after this I exchanged my cow for a pony, an operation which called forth many jeers from the Professor. Of course, having a pony and no cow, I no longer wanted grass, but hay. And so next spring I put down both courts for hay.

One evening, soon after, I wanted some fresh grass for the pony, and took my scythe and went up to Covin's court to cut a swathe of the rich, sweet herbage. The clank of the scythe brought Covin out of his cottage, and he watched me for a few moments with lowering brow.

"It is forbidden to cut this grass," he said just as I had finished.
"How?" I cried, "I may not cut my own grass? Do I owe you any rent, Monsieur Covin?"
"I did not let it for such a purpose, I forbid you to cut any more."
"I don't want any more at present, but in a fortnight's time I began to rent the hay."
"If I forbid you!" he cried, in a voice husky with passion.
"All the same, I shall begin."
"And I shall prevent you."
"Good; we shall see!"
He followed me to the gate, muttering and talking to himself. I went home with the unpleasant feeling that it was my destiny to have a desperate feud with M. Covin. All the same I would not give way. The hay should be cut, if I had to cut it myself.

It seemed to me impossible to give way. I was not going to cut into a fellow like that. "I don't want to quarrel with you," I said, slowly, and feeling white all over; "but I mean to cut the grass. Stand away," and I raised the scythe for a sweep.

Covin leaped forward and planted himself in himself in the way of the scythe. I turned aside, and began my stroke at another place. With a wild bound he leaped in front of me, the scythe gave a sickening jar—

CHAPTER II.

Quite faint and queer, I leaned upon my scythe, looking at Covin, who with eyes blazing forth from a face of deadly palor, swayed to and fro, as if about to fall. I sprang forward to help him, but he thrust me away with an indignant gesture. I had wounded him, but I could not tell where. I might have severed an artery; his death might be upon my head. Covin sank upon one knee and threw off his shoe; the scythe had cut through the leather, it was full of blood. There was an ugly wound on his foot, which he began to staunch with wisps of grass that he snatched from about him. The sight of his own blood seemed to increase his fury, and he sprang forward with an access of strength that bounded to his feet and dashed at me. With his face close to mine, pouring forth burning words, he was feeling for something at his side, his knife, no doubt, which he habitually wore, sailor fashion, hanging from his waist. A glance, however, showed me that the knife was not there. Covin, too, had arrived at the same conclusion. The knife had been there a few minutes before—it must have fallen on the grass. We were both searching the ground with our eyes, and I felt sure that if Covin could get hold of it before me that I stood a good chance of a deadly wound. We held each other by a hand, ready to wrestle for possession of the weapon.

"Bo'jour, pere Covin! Now you will make me a little boat. See, pere Covin, here is your knife, you have dropped it."
It was Gracie, who had picked the knife from the grass and placed it in Covin's disengaged hand; Gracie who had come up behind us unseen.

Covin snatched the knife from her; I saw it gleam in the air. Then he threw it far from him into the hedge.
"This time I spare thee, for the child's sake, but I have not done with thee, miserable coward! savage! assassin!"
And he limped off to his cottage, turning back every now and then to repeat the triplet of epithets.

"Hallo! What the dickens is the matter?"
It was the Professor, who, it seems, had accompanied Gracie up the court, and who, not so nimble as the child, had been distanced in the ascent.

"He has some cause to abuse me; I have cut open his foot with my scythe."
"In a fracas?"
"Something of the kind."
"By Jove!" cried the Professor, "what an awkward thing, and in this country, where personal violence is punished without respect of persons. I'll show you the section in the Penal code."
"I had no intention to hurt him."
"That will be judged by the attending circumstances. If there has been a quarrel, high words, you will find that justice will hardly take the most lenient view. But even involuntary wounding is punished with imprisonment."

I drove into town and went to the office of the principal huissier, an official who combined the functions of usher and bailiff of the local court, collects debts and bills, and recovers them if necessary, by a legal process, is the auctioneer, valuer and factotum in all affairs of judgment or execution. It was better to take the bull by the horns, and get the first word in the ear of justice. Besides, the huissier and I were already in friendly relations, as I had bought furniture of his sales and had done other business with him.

The huissier listened with a grave face to my story. He had nothing to do with criminal cases himself, they rested with the police; but clearly I was in a mess. I urged the provocation I had received, hindered from cutting the grass in the court I had paid for.

"As far as that went," remarked the huissier, "the man was probably right. The court attached to a house was generally reserved for pastures only; the man was only defending the rights of his proprietor."
"A likely thing, when he has just come out of prison for wounding him."
"Ah! is that so?" said the huissier, brightening up. "In that case, accompany me, if you please, to the greffier, and we will arrange the affair."

It now appeared that Covin, luckily for me, was on the official black books. Only lately out of prison and reputed a dangerous character, it was hardly likely he would venture to the gendarmerie, or be listened to if he went there. A man with an evil reputation who might be expected some day to commit a desperate crime.

"Bring a process against him, then," suggested the huissier.
"Yes, bring a process!" echoed the greffier, a stout, jovial-looking man. The preliminary process is termed a "conciliation." I trusted that Covin would consider it conciliatory, but I feared otherwise.

However, nothing happened till the day of audience, when I presented myself at court supported by the goodly person of the professor.

"Otez vos chapeaux," cried the huissier, and the little judge entered in state in his robes, with the Cardinal-looking velvet cap and the stout greffier behind him with the book.

But at the end of the month he had disappeared; the house was locked up and no vestige of occupancy about it. We gave him plenty of rope, but at the end of another two months, legal steps were taken for his eviction. The judge, the Mayor, the Greffier—all the officials were in attendance. The cottage was summoned to surrender. It made no reply. Thereupon, after three several demands for admittance, the door was broken open. There was nothing inside but a worm-eaten oaken "buffet" and a pile of fishing-nets. The place was cleared out and the nets deposited at the mairie; and now I thought I should be able to let the cottage, and thus diminish the applications for it, houses being in great demand; but I had not yet settled upon a tenant, being anxious to get a neighbor to my taste. But when I offered the place to the man I had chosen, to my surprise he declined at once to take it. And it was the same with all the rest of my proposed tenants. They were very sorry, but the house would not suit. Presently I found out the reason. Covin had made it known in the village that he had sworn a great oath that the first intruder who slept in his house should not leave it alive. In vain I raised the people upon their cowardice.

"Well," said the stoutest and most courageous among them: "if Monsieur will himself sleep there for the first time, I agree to take the cottage without another word."
I soon saw that this was the only way to quench the dread of Covin in the minds of the villagers, and as long as that dread lasted there was no chance of letting the cottage. I felt too that there was a kind of challenge to my courage in the man's insolent threat. Therefore I made known in the village that on a night I would sleep at Covin's cottage. I should be armed with a loaded revolver, and let jokers beware for I should certainly fire upon any one who disturbed me.

The wind howled in a melancholy fashion, with a great swaying, rushing sound from the forest, as if stumbled along the steep winding path that led to Covin's. I had to grope for the garden gate in the darkness, and as I touched the handle, the door of the loft went to with a loud bang. I had not thought of locking that, and now the wind had got it open and was blowing about it, or perhaps it was Covin on the lookout for me. I climbed up the outside stair that led to the loft, sheltered by the overhanging eaves of the thatched gable, closed the door and locked it, first lighting my lantern in the shelter and looking carefully around. Then I made my way to the front door along the garden path all choked up by luxuriant vegetable growth. The branches and tendrils of the unpruned vine caught at me and drew me back, like detaining fingers, but I went on and opened the door boldly.

The first thing I came in contact with was an object hanging from the rafters, something in the shape of a man swinging slowly around. It was Covin no doubt. Yes, there he was in his habits as he lived, coat, trousers and fisherman's boots—but nothing inside them. Simply Covin in other clothes hanging there. It was a relief for the moment, and yet the fact itself was startling. The clothes were Covin's; they conveyed a distinct impression of their owner. They had not been there in the morning. Covin must, therefore, have visited the place very recently; perhaps even now he was hidden somewhere within. Perhaps, too, there was a secret meaning and significance in this hanging suit of clothes. Was a challenge conveyed in it? Why was not the Professor here to tell me what it signified in his wretched code of primitive morals?

I opened the door and Covin was not concealed on the premises, and I discovered too how he might have effected both exit and entrance. There was a window unfastened in the inner room quite big enough for the purpose, and the marks of muddy feet fresh upon it. But why should he have taken all the trouble?

Oh! there was a paper pinned to the suit of clothes. It was the summons Covin had received to appear in "conciliation." There was a significance about this, as if it had been pinned there in mockery. Anyhow, whatever might be the meaning, Covin should see how I estimated his threats. I cut down Covin's clothes, and, squeezing them into a bundle, threw them out of the window. Then I closed all the shutters and fastenings, and lay down on the mattress I had set up for the purpose, with my rags carefully wrapped about me and the loaded revolver ready to my hand.

I had lit a fire in the hearth with faggots, and that at first threw a bright glow, but by degrees the light dwindled and went out. The wind roared and howled as if the forest had been full of wild beasts. But I was tired and must have slept, although I was not conscious of it when I finally found myself awake. I was awake, but with some delusions of sleep. I had an idea that I was being tried for making away with Covin, and that the verdict was "guilty, to be beaten with a rod of fire." And there was the fiery rod, sure enough—floating in the air, as it seemed to me. Aroused the full consciousness, I gazed at it in a panic of nervous horror. The fiery rod resolved itself into a glare of light, shining through a longitudinal crack in the wooden shutter. That window looked over toward my house. That was the cause of the light? There was no moon. Could it be a fire? I threw open the shutter. There was a bright fire of light from just below and luminous smoke rising through the trees. At the moment the terrible thought shot through my brain: "My house has been fired. Perhaps here is Covin's revenge!"

In my mad rush toward home I remembered that a ladder was the most indispensable tool, and that there was one under the eaves of the stable. I'd save precious moments if I caught this up on my way. There was no doubt of the fire; the sky all of a glow, and a vivid tongue of flame darting heavenward. The ladder had been removed; the fiend who had planned this had carried out his wicked work completely. I hurried on. The village was already alive, and I heard the great church bell clanging out the alarm vigorously. My house was in a blaze; what had become of wife and child?

Happily my wife was safe; she stood by the garden gate, wrapped in a cloak—half distracted, wringing her hands and crying.

Where was Gracie? No one answered my frantic demand, and the next moment I was trying to clamber up to the upper windows by the trelliswork, that, rotten with age, gave way beneath me. But Hetty seized me. "She is not there; she is safe from the fire, but she is gone, snatched away from me."
"By whom?"
"By Covin!"
"Over the hedge?"

I ran in the direction pointed out, where was a weak place in the hedge, through which the high road might be reached. Something had caught in the brambles—a morsel of Gracie's little night-dress. There were footsteps down to the road, and there they ceased to be traceable in the sluf. I could not tell which way he had turned. I must go back to the house and ask my neighbors to help me in the pursuit, to run in various directions. For my own part, I would make for the river, for in that direction I judged he had gone.

When I reached the house again the fire was out. The neighbors had smothered it with blankets and carpets. It had been a petroleum fire, soon kindled and soon burned. The maire was on the scene at this time, and the cure. I told them what had happened, besought them to aid me at once the search for the man who had fired my house and stolen my child. They couldn't hardly believe such an outrage to be possible in this law-abiding country, but there was the patent fact. Gracie was gone, and Covin had taken her.

"He will not harm her, I guarantee that," said the cure.
"Ah! you always had a better opinion of him than he deserved," remarked the maire drily. "But compose yourself, monsieur; the police will find her quickly. To a poor man like Covin, a child is not a valuable treasure. But to set fire to your house, ah, that was malice."
Here Hetty drew me aside.

"It was not Covin," she whispered in a faltering tone, "who set fire to the house; it was I, accidentally."
"Not Covin, but you?" I repeated, quite bewildered.
"Yes; I wanted plenty of light, as you had let me all alone, and before I went to bed I lighted the big 'petrol' lamp. And I upset it, the flames were between me and the door. I ran to the window and screamed."
"Well and what then?"
"Why, a man came with a ladder, and we escaped I and Gracie."
"And the man was—?"
"Covin."

This cast a new and startling light upon the affair. Covin the rescuer, and not the criminal! But why should he have taken Gracie? Probably, although some instinct of courage and humanity had brought him to the help of my wife, yet finding his enemy's daughter in his hands, the impulse to revenge himself had become too strong.

"In the meantime," said the maire, "before doing anything we must dress a proces-verbal. And, first, for the person who gave the earliest alarm of the fire—of course, monsieur will recompense him handsomely. Let him come forward."
But no one came forward to claim the reward or the thanks of the commune. This was a curious circumstance among people not giving to hiding their good deeds, especially when a reward is in question.

"And who set the bell going?" asked the cure, "and roused us all from our sleep? The same brave fellow, doubtless."
"Perhaps he is still in the church," said the maire.
"Let us go and see," suggested the cure.
The church is only just across the road, and the cure admits us through the sacristy door. A rude ancient church, grotesque with age, thick squat columns, with quaint curved volutes, looking in the dim light like so many huge horned monsters. There is a light shining in the Space behind the Altar, where there is a highly-tinted shrine of the Virgin. A taper is burning before the shrine, and by the light we can make out a bundle of something lying in front. The cure stoops down and lifts the shawl; there is a child fast asleep—it is Gracie.

The cure takes her up tenderly in his arms. She wakes and begins to cry, till, seeing her father's face among those about her, she gladly nestles in his arms. I hurry away, too full of joy and gratitude to say a word. Was this, then, Covin's revenge?
For a long time after that I tried in vain to find Covin. I let it be known in the village that he might come back to his cottage whenever he liked and not a word be said about it. Enough money to furnish it well, or to buy a new boat. But although I fancy that he heard of the offer, he never looked advantage of it. One day, however, I heard that he had been seen in the village, and that his boat was moored in the river close by. I managed to intercept him with Gracie, and offer him my hand. Covin put his behind his back.

"Come, let us be friends," I said.
"Can I be friends with a man who has treated my best clothes like this?" said Covin, undoing his bundle and holding up the suit that I had thrown out of the window. I had thought nothing more about it, and certainly the clothes had suffered not a little from exposure.
"I am very sorry, but you shall have a new suit."
"Pardon, monsieur, the old ones suited me very well."
"Come! for the child's sake," I said, let me thank you.

"Monsieur," began Covin, with dignity, "I desire no thanks, for I had it in my heart to do you a great injury. I thought to come upon you as you slept in my cottage, and I hung these clothes up as warning to you, and I said to myself, if he respects my clothes, I will not harm him. But you did not respect my clothes, and then I determined to attack you as you slept. Then I saw a gleam of fire, and heard the scream of a woman. I am a Frenchman, Monsieur, you know the rest. But do I love you, Monsieur, any better for that? You have turned me away from my hearth; it was but a poor hearth, cold and neglected, but once I had a little daughter like yours, a wife too, industrious and careful, and then there was happiness around it, of which I have now only the memory. And from this hearth you thrust me forth."
"Come back to it, Covin, come and be my neighbor."
"Adieu, Monsieur," as if he had not heard me.

"Let me be your friend for what you have done for me and mine."
"Adieu, monsieur," repeated Covin, stonily, as if an injury were a precious possession of which none should deprive him.
"Gracie, speak to him," I said to the child; "go and ask him to stay."
"Do stay, pere Covin," she cried; "Papa will no more be wicked with you, and you shall make me again a little boat."
Covin shook his head sternly, but he snatched up the child and kissed her warmly. Then, as if he could not trust himself any longer, he sprang hastily into his boat and pushed off. He glided away down the slow sullen stream, and was soon lost to sight in the mist and gloom of coming night. Nor has he ever been seen in our neighborhood since. His cottage is still empty, and no one will venture to occupy it. The people in the village believe that he still watches over the place, and that any one who ventured to occupy it would have to reckon with Covin's revenge.

Eccentricities.

There are men who can face a stuffed lion without the quiver of an eyelid or thought of fear; who have been known to walk boldly up to the Cardiff giant and touch his forbidding limbs with the freedom of a child toying with a flower. And yet these same men cannot hear a little woman at home speak to them without their knees giving way and a cold chill running down their back.

What is the explanation of these? It's all very well in these times of financial pressure, weighed in the balance with which the tightness of a new boot, or even the toothache, is nothing to tell a man to look jolly and to affect a fortune if he have it not, but when his bed-room—his last refuge from unreasoning creditors—is invaded by the maid-of-all-work, howling for the three months' wages which he is in arrears, that she may get married—there is no comfort for such a man, not even in the traditional flowing-bowl to which desperation drives so many.

Tommy won't tie any more tinware to any more dog's tails. Thinking to have some fun with which to regale his companions the other afternoon, he borrowed his mother's new tea-kettle quite unbeknown to her. A neighbor's Scotch-tierrier furnished the motive power, and for

a while the boys had a good laugh as the dog ran round and round in a vain attempt to keep the object appended to his narrative at a respectable distance. It was comical to be sure, and the boys slapped their knees and fairly hugged themselves with delight, but when Tommy's mother and the owner of the dog appeared on the scene, coming in opposite directions and unexpectedly seized him, the one by the left ear, and the other by the right, and attempted to lead him off by different ways, the fun was over at least for Tom, and the subsequent proceedings of the dog interested him no more.

"He that Loveth is Born of God."

I hold that Cristian grace abounds
Where charity is seen; that when
We climb to heaven 'tis on the rounds
Of love to men.

This I moreover hold, and dare
Affirm wh'er'er my rh, me may go:
Whatever things be sweet or fair,
Love makes them so.

'Tis not the wide phylactery,
Nor stubborn fast, or staid prayers,
That makes us saints: we judge the tree
By what it bears.

—Whittier.

The Greenlander.

Our friend is up early in the morning, and, unheeding the smarting frosts on his sore face, he puts on his water-proof jacket once more to try a match with fortune, and after so many days of ill-luck I will let him catch an enormous seal, of great regstak. When he is seen coming back there is a shout from the shore of "Ada Kaligpok!" Adam is towing! When he lands there will be hands enough to drag the seal ashore and up to the house. It would be better for the owner if there were not so many, but remember, it is the season of famine. The greedy youngsters of the place gathered round his wife, who is already busy flensing, and has distributed about the half of the skin and blubber in tit-bits, "tamorasats," to the children of the place. Then there are some very urgent presents to be made of the flesh, either raw or boiled. However, they will not forget themselves, and in the hut all is topsy-turvy with excitement and joy. The lamps are relighted; the diamonds are gone! On the stove which is fitted for cooking purposes, the precious blubber is used for fuel. The rest of the skin, with the remainder of blubber is precipitated brought to the shop of the Danish monopoly, there to be exchanged for other articles not half its value, but which dainties now belong to the daily wants of the natives whenever they can afford them. So the urchins now eat away at biscuits from Copenhagen and figs from Symrna. The coffee, from Rio or Jamaica, is roasted in the out-of-doors kitchen represented by two large flat stones on the ground, and roasted with a will.

The house-wife has resumed her seat beside the pot, and stirs it with as much ease as if she never had been out of the habit. Delicious, most blessed kitchen-smells fill the room, and there never have been such a happy lot of people as these. If now, perchance, the husband continues bringing a seal now and then—say every third day—the family will soon be metamorphosed with regard to its appearance, and the household will be furnished with the most necessary utensils, such as pots, pans, teacups, spoons and so forth, all of which will probably be failing at the same time next year. And why not sell your pot and spoon when you have nothing to cook in your pot and nothing to eat with your spoon? The future according to Esquimaux philosophy, must not be considered when you can get a morsel of dried fish or blubber to appease your immediate cravings in exchange for your valuable iron pot or copper stew pan, even though it cannot be bought for twice or thrice the value of the morsel of food for which he has sold it. That the Greenlander cares nothing for just now, and never will, I am afraid. Besides, there is this consolation, that some day he may have the chance of getting another's top or pan, or boots, if he happens to have two pairs; or even—but this must be said in a very low whisper—even his kayak for a tit-bit of some kind or other. Fortunately, there is still so much ambition left that this very seldom occurs. But there is no end to the light-heartedness of these child people, and our friends in the miserable hut will in no way take their recent bereavements as a warning for the future. When Summer comes round they will enjoy themselves in their usual easy going, careless fashion; it will all come right—"ayussassamangalak is what they would say if ever a thought of the coming Winter should cross their minds, which, however, it will not. In all manner of danger they will resign fate the same as in the time of famine and one of the remarks we often hear is "Namiguarpara." I must submit to the will of the Lord.—The Field.

Heaven on Earth.

Some people have singular ideas of perfect happiness. An industrious Scotch man, who resided near New York for twenty years, and who had accumulated a very handsome property, recently set out to the "old country" for his father, with the view that he should share his prosperity, and slip away from his lease of life as smoothly as possible. One day a friend of the family paid a visit to the elegant mansion on the Hudson, where the man was living with his son, and on occasion to compliment the proprietor on the estate on its surpassing loveliness and cosy comfort. The owner, full of life for his beautiful house, said he looked upon it and its surroundings as a "kind of heaven on earth." "Heaven on earth, and no a thimblefu' o' whiskey the hail hoose!" na, nae heaven here.