

A short time ago died, at Hennebont, a veteran ninety-seven years old, named Barbedet. Enrolled, under the First Empire, among the grenadiers of the imperial guard, he had marched all over Europe, and fought numberless battles, without having ever received any wound.

"I had nothing to fear, said he, since I had vowed myself to our good Lady Saint Anne ! Is she not the Patroness of Bretons ?"

And, in truth, he escaped death as if by miracle : at Leipsic, a ball carried off his shako ; at Dresden, his tunic was pierced in several places. But he feared nothing : his confidence in St. Anne seemed to have made him invulnerable.

When he returned from his distant and perilous expeditions, he hardly took time to lay down his slender trooper's luggage and to embrace his parents whom he had not seen for several years. Without taking an hour's rest, he immediately started, on foot, to thank St. Anne who had protected him so well. For Barbedet was a good Christian, and one of those Bretons whose simple and child-like faith is as solid as granite.

Towards the end of his life, each time that *M. le Curé* went to visit him, he would say :

"Are you coming to sign my furlough, *M. le Curé* ? I am beginning to think that God has forgotten me ; and yet it is high time that I should go to join my old comrades in the garden of good fellowship ! I am not afraid of death, I have lived a good Christian, I wish to die the same."

He died, a short time ago, rolling between his half-paralyzed fingers, his beads which helped him to bear with resignation the infirmities of his prolonged old age.

He who lives well, dies a peaceful and happy death.