

Nor vainly here the suppliant's prayer was made :  
The widow opened, crossed herself, and bade  
The old man enter and find needed rest."

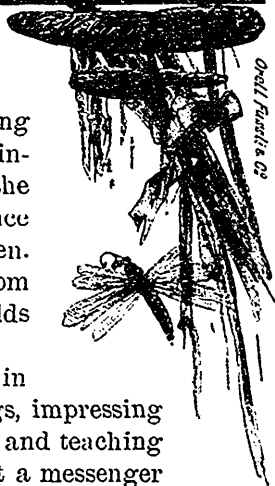


VIEW FROM ABOVE  
ST. PIERRE D'ALBIGNY STATION.

The sequel may be guessed—a seeming beggar is a celestial messenger; the inhospitable village is engulfed in the waters as Sodom and Gomorrah had once been destroyed by fire from heaven. Only two small islands stand out from the midst of the waters—the little fields of the widow and her daughter.

This naïve tradition is still related in the chimney corner on winter evenings, impressing upon the children the duty of charity, and teaching them to see in the passing mendicant a messenger of heaven.

"These islets have been spared by Time's rude hand,  
The waves still break in ripples o'er their strand,  
Saying to those to whom the tale is known :  
'A cup of water to a thirsty one,  
Small though the gift, is ne'er bestowed in vain,  
Eternal recompense that deed shall win,  
When to their Father's house the just are entered in.'"



*Orill Fausella Co*