

seems in no danger of becoming popular in Cap à l'Aigle, but unfortunately the many daisy-strewn graves in the churchyard testify only too accurately to the early cutting off of young lives by that insidious "white man's plague," consumption, which can easily be traced to the huddling together of many breathing creatures in small rooms, almost hermetically sealed during the long winter months.

Here and there on the road to Murray Bay and eastwards towards St. Siméon are rude "Calvaries." Often mere rough painted crosses, sometimes adorned with nails and spears and a crown of thorns. It is no uncommon sight on a summer evening to see a little group devoutly kneeling at the foot of the Cross while the distant note of the Angelus comes trembling up the valley. For what are they pleading? What is the desire of their hearts? Will they be answered in just the way their hearts crave, or in some more mysterious way which is best for their soul's health, though far from their earthly desires? Are they pleading for further blessings or sending up grateful thanks for mercies vouchsafed and perils past? It is all a great mystery. A mystery which gives savour and sweetness to life. A perfume as of spike-nard—that "box of very precious ointment."