

growth of house-leeks, and patches of green and golden moss. There were trees behind it, and thence the ground rose steeply to the top of the ridge of hill.

Pausing with her hand on the latch of the little garden gate, Sœur St. Felix said in a whisper, "It looks so *very* poor ! I see no good in asking *here* !"

"One never knows," answered Sœur Philomene ; "people don't give according to their *means*, but according to their *hearts* !"

"You are right, there, Sister ; still, it hurts me to beg of people who have next to nothing for themselves."

"Well, you get them a good large blessing, any way, if you get them to give." Finding all her objections silenced, good Sœur St. Felix led the way up the narrow path, and knocked at the cottage door.

An old man opened it at once. Though but a peasant, as his garb plainly showed, there was a singular dignity and charm in his countenance and manner, as he courteously invited them to enter.

Sœur St. Felix begged to apologise for coming "to trouble" him ; but he stopped her by saying "we always have a welcome for the Little Sisters of the Poor ! You will not," he added, "expect to receive large alms from people like ourselves, but you are heartily welcome to what we have to give you."

He then went to a piece of furniture by the wall, and took from it a bit of folded paper, which he put into her hand.

To the Sister's utter amazement, she found that he had given her two notes of 100 francs, making a sum equivalent to £8 sterling.

*Mais Monsieur !* she exclaimed, showing the generous donor what he had given her, "pardon me, but is there no mistake ?"

"There is no mistake, dear Sister," he said. "This little gift was intended for you ; I know the good use that will be made of it ; and what we give, we give gladly."

On a low "settle," with the glow of the blazing logs lighting up her sweet face and white winged cap, sat a girl—clad in the dark blue dress and spencer of that part of the country—with a baby boy on her knee. She smiled