

A trifling incident made me admire how serious was the piety of these honest people. I had remarked the particular fondness of the old farm-wife for one of her grand-children, a brat about eight years old. "Little Giles does this, would she repeat, little Giles does that....." Now, during prayers, little Giles behaved himself very badly: he would sit in the chimney, rise up again, go to lean against the wall, and then kneel down to rise once more a moment after. A word of remonstrance from the grandfather had had no effect. When prayers were over, the grand-mother explained to me how, generally at that hour, "little Giles," was in bed long ago. They had allowed him to "sit up" on my account; "but," added the good dame with a grave look, I had made him say his prayers before sunset, for at night-fall, he would not have had all his wits about him."

What is striking in their lives, is the profound peace in which they spend them. Their mode of living is extremely rigorous. Accustomed from childhood to every privation, these robust folks suffer not from it. They see old age coming without fear. They are not afraid of death. They speak with a sort of cheerfulness of going "to rest in the garden of *Monsieur le Curé*." The thought of after-life in no way terrifies them. They serve God and pray.

God, the Blessed Virgin and Saint Anne: all Brittany and the life of the Bretons are contained in these words. They work, they pray and they suffer to do their duty, and they do their duty, cost what it will, to obey God who has placed them on earth and to gain heaven. If they are happy—and they are often so, for their desires are moderate,—they thank God, the Blessed Virgin and Saint Anne; and, if they are unfortunate, they pray to God, to the Blessed Virgin and Saint Anne to give them resignation until they reach heaven. What a beautiful life and what serenity is theirs!