

cupboard beds behind thick granite walls hear that voice: to its music, however faint, are set dreams, fancies, hopes and fears, prayers and songs.

Téphany looked at the river hurrying past the stony places, but she was thinking of the sea. To her, as to every Breton and Bretonne, the sea was the *dulce monstrum*, which through the mists of past and future stands as Fate.

The long twilight of early summer came on slowly. The Aven once red, then golden, was now silver. Soon it would be lead. Téphany shivered, as she had shivered in the chapel of Trémalo, although the night was warm. For at that moment she apprehended the difference between the old Michael and the new. The river led her to the knowledge she sought. Did not the river flow to the terrible bay out yonder, beneath whose troubled waters sits Death, waiting for her victims? And does not every child of Finistère know full well that Death, on occasion, rises to the surface and glides towards the land? And then the shadow of her grisly head falls where the ancient oaks touch branches across those deep-cut lanes of the Province that lead away from, yet always return to the sea.

Téphany shared that fierce hatred of Death which lurks in the Breton heart. The priests have never been able to exorcise this belief in Death as a person who may be seen and heard and touched, and the belief, also, in Death's familiar, the Ankou,¹ who gleans the awful harvest.

In the face of the old Michael life had shone conspicuous. Ah! shone was inadequate. Téphany tried to find a better word. Glared expressed more accurately the vitality and energy of the man. It was as if Michael had drunk of the fountain of life, had steeped himself in its vivifying waters, and henceforth had become immune to disease and death. But the Michael of to-night, still strong, still young, and still

¹ L'Ankou est l'ouvrier de la mort; c'est le dernier défunt de l'année qui, dans chaque paroisse, revient sur terre chercher les trépassés. . . . — ANATOLE LE BRAZ.