

About ten o'clock the priest began his homeward walk, it was moonlight, and the return was accomplished with less difficulty, the altar-boy walked by the priest's side only reaching to his shoulder, his lighted lantern making fantastic shadows in the moonlight, and now and again whistling to keep himself awake; after walking some



time they came to the farms of beans and flax-seed, the first was deserted; but at the entrance to the second they saw, a man kneeling, his head turned towards them, his arms folded in the form of a cross, and he called to them in a voice broken by sobs saying

"Father, Father."

The priest recognized him as his parishioner who had threatened him a few hours before.

"Poor man said the priest, what are you doing there?"

"I have been crying ever since you passed through my neighbour's farm, I was afraid you would injure my crop, so I forbade you to pass, wretch that I am."

He sobbed so loudly that the priest touched with pity, went close, and stooping over him, embraced him, and tried to console him, and the repentant man said "Father, I beseech you, please pass through my bean farm to night that I may do penance."

To satisfy him the priest and his assistant walked in