



BALD HEAD.

It was a beautiful spring morning fragrant with the perfume of budding flowers, joyous with the song of twittering who from their leafy nests sent out glad welcome to the glorious feast of *Corpus Christi* for which the inhabitants of Sablonnière were busily making final preparations, especially for the procession that public demonstration of faith and love so dear to all, even to those who at other times appeared careless or indifferent, but who now threw off their languor and tried to help be it ever so little towards the triumphant success of the King's passage.

The decorations were carried out on a grand scale. The streets spanned by arches of verdure and bright tricolouring; banners, flags and religious emblems floated from the windows of houses artistically draped in shining white stuff redolent of lavender and studded with beautiful roses. Here and there were improvised repositories quaintly constructed by loving if unskilful hands.

On the stroke of twelve all was in readiness. The crowd gathers in front of the Church. Soon a hushed reverent silence falls upon that vast multitude. Simultaneously they line up on either side of the street leaving a wide