

of oak and hazels overhead, dripped merrily upon you as you dragged each mire-clogged foot in turn from the last depth it had fathomed, to plunge its next step into depths unknown.

Through such a lane as this, towards night-fall, one January day, about five and thirty years ago, silently trudged two Little Sisters of the Poor. They had been on foot from day-break ; they had no money ; they had not tasted food since their breakfast of bread and weak coffee at half-past six ; and the basket on the arm of each was still empty.

Their house at Vannes, the first offshoot from the mother-house at Saint-Servan, had only recently been opened, and was very poor. But it was full already of aged and infirm. The simplest articles of furniture were for the most part lacking, and there was no money to buy more. Even the broken food which the good Sisters begged in the town for their helpless folk, was becoming insufficient for their numbers. Therefore was it that, on this January day, the Sister Superior, giving two of her community a few pence each—all the money she had left—bade them go by railway as far as this small sum would take them, and thence on foot to beg provisions from the farms and hamlets round.

As we said, they had been upon their fruitless quest all day, when we find them toiling through the heavy cross road leading from one farm to another. Slushy as it is all through the winter months, this road is dry in summer, as well as delightful, for beauty and shade, and the mingled warnings of “ all the finches of the grove.”

But, says the proverb, “ It’s a long lane that has no turning,” and even this seemingly interminable bog issued at last upon the highroad. Here the prospect opened out in the direction of Quiberon, while, westward, the view was intercepted by a wood. In the grassy angle to the right, formed by the crossing roads, stood a lofty Crucifix of granite. The clouds had rifted in the west ; and, through the long bar of light between, there came a red glow from the setting sun, which lit with golden glory the ancient cross, and the figure of the Divine Infant stretched upon it. It is the Breton way of symbolising the perfect obedience of our dear Redeemer, the “ Lamb