

~~IN TIME OF PEACE: IN TIME OF WAR.~~

CHAPTER I.

THE yellow rays of the afternoon sun are gilding an October sky and throwing into bold relief the grey stone pile of the Church of St. Sauveur, as it stands on the rocky heights overlooking the River Rance—that restless boundary of the picturesque old town of Dinan. The sun is shining, as it has done many times during the past eight hundred years, through those windows of varied hues, and dyeing regally with crimson and blue the aisle of this old Cathedral of God, and pausing devoutly before its altar, there to linger upon a figure kneeling in prayer. The bent head is crowned by a cap of spotless cambric, which fails to conceal the luxuriant hair beneath; the long cloak of black cloth which has slipped from the bending shoulders exposes the round bodice and white chemisette; the dark blue skirt with