

of age, was almost full grown in form and bravery, he had fair curly hair, and blue eyes which sparkled like stars in the twilight. Two precautions he had taken before starting, one was not to light the lantern which Lambinet held as a society emblem, by the top of the handle, and the other in crossing the woods to select the routes strewn with deep recesses and little rivulets, why I don't know, perhaps because the lilt of Easter was in his heart, and his attention wandered.



They pursued their way quietly, meeting none of the dreaded guards ; fear seemed to have made the inhabitants keep within the enclosure of their homes. The priest walked very straight, his head only a little low watching for sure footing. He took no notice of any thing else in his path, not even the early spring flowers planted by himself and which were perhaps budding tonight ; all his thoughts were concentrated in silent adoration, they walked thus through woods and meadows.

What a lovely peaceful Easter night it was ; sunset