

Whilst they were going about, breaking the branches of the old tree, the little girl beheld, near the uprooted trunk, the figure of a beautiful Lady of snow who stood before her and seemed to look at her. The snow-white apparition held a child, who, with his head resting on his mother's shoulder, clasped his tiny arms round her neck. Theroupon, Yvonne, the little girl, called her mother, and they both knelt down.

Anxious when she did not see them return, the poor mother came to the whitened threshold of the cottage, and called them several times; but the wind carried her voice away, and the little children did not answer. She therefore went to the old trunk felled by the wind-storm, and seeing her children kneeling in the snow, she was seized with astonishment; for she saw nothing but strewn branches and the shattered trunk arising, all white with snow, in the middle of the meadow.

She could not understand what made them pray thus, and her surprise redoubled, when she saw them listening to sounds that seemed to charm them, and that she could not hear. In vain did she try to come near the place whence the voice seemed to proceed, she heard nothing, nothing at all, but the murmur of the river that flowed hard by, and the wind sighing in the tall poplars.

“Mother, said the little Bretons, when their prayer was over, have you not seen the beautiful snow Lady? Have you not heard her warnings?” And as their mother did not understand them, they added:

“She told us to flee as soon as the snow on the old trunk would begin to thaw, and to bring with us the little furniture that is left, and the large wooden crucifix of the cottage, and the statue of the Virgin whom we invoke every day.”

A whole week passed away, and the snow was always falling, and poverty remained in their house, and the fire-place was still empty. But, at the end of